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A Woman's Way.

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CHAPTER IV.

NOW we have been home a fortnight. Everything goes on the same as usual. Every evening Stephen finds himself in the little drawing-room of Bedford Villa. Mr. Massinger, I learn, left for Paris the evening of the day we arrived in London, a fact which Annie laments loudly. This evening, the third of December, I am sitting quite by myself. It's bitterly cold, but in spite of this, my sister and aunt have gone to see some wretched performance for which they had been sent stalls, so I am waiting for Stephen just as I waited six weeks ago. Six weeks—can that be all? It seems such a long, long time. We are to be married early in March. Stephen is anxious for it to be as soon as possible. He is not going to keep me waiting to-night, for a knock at the hall door breaks my reverie. From my comfortable seat by the fire, I shrink from facing the blast of the outer air, so I do not open the door to-night, as is my habit when I know it to be Stephen. However, it is not Stephen, but Mr. Massinger, who walks in. I know the color flies from my face, my heart must beat audibly. It is strange what power a man has over a woman when she has once become aware of his love.

"I am so sorry my sister and aunt are both out," I say, rising and giving him my hand.

"The servant told me they were absent," he replied, "but as she said Miss Lockwood was at home, and Miss Lockwood was the person I had come to see, I came in. I come as a bird of ill omen," he goes on, fixing his penetrating eyes on my face. "Stephen cannot be here to-night."

"Indeed?" with a light start.

"No, I have just come from him. I found him swept down by a sudden wave of work. He was just going to send a telegram, but I told him a cab would bring me as soon."

"Thank you for coming," I reply.

"No, I cannot take thanks on false pretenses; I should have come in any case."

"You have been in France, have you not?" I say, after a pause.

"Yes, I only arrived from Paris a few hours ago. I drove straight to Stephen's chambers, because I thought if he was not already with you, we could have come up together. I am a considerate friend for two lovers to have, am I not?" he says, laughing harshly. "But I am fortunate, to-night, in seeing you alone Oh, I went to Paris full of the finest resolves the loftiest schemes for the future. I made up my mind not to return to England for years; and then, the day before yesterday, I can't tell for what reason, but as I was sitting by myself, the thought seized me that you should hear from my own lips how I love you; so I left by the first train. But you know I love you, without my words?"

"Yes, I am afraid, I do," not venturing to lift my eyes.

"When did you first know it?" he says, coming over and standing close by me.

"That last night at the Elms," I reply, "though I think I suspected it before."

"Is it wrong for me to love you?" he inquires.

"It is sad that you should," I return.

"Is it wrong for me to tell you of my love?"

"I think not, if it comforts you at all; but I think, for your sake, it would be wiser to go abroad again until it is all over."

I see that he shudders at the suggestion of my marriage.

After a few moments' silence, he replies, moodily, "Stephen tells me it is to be in March. Well, my mind is made up. I shall stay in London till then, and whatever it costs me afterward, I will be with you just as much as I can. When I am not with you, I am almost mad, just for pure longing to see your face and hear your voice. Do you know, Laura, you have just the beauty to turn a man's brain? I have never been without some vision of your face, and at night it comes through all my dreams. I have that portrait of you in my studio which I took at the Elms. You will come and see my studio to-morrow?"

I HEAR GERALD'S VOICE, AND CATCH THE CHINK OF GOLD.

"Can I?" I say, a little diffidently.

"Oh, yes," he rejoins, with a laugh, "it is perfectly right. Bring your aunt and sister. I told Stephen I should try and get you to come, but I told him to keep out of the way himself, because I wanted your unbiased opinion. I won't ask for music to-night, because I want nothing but to sit and look at you. The next time I come, when Stephen is here, then we will have some singing."

So the hour passes by, and he leaves just before Annie and Miss Graham return. Poor Annie is sadly disappointed, but is something reassured when she hears of our visit to the studio.

The next day we duly go to inspect the pictures. What impresses me much about Gerald, is his wonderful self-control. I can hardly think it possible, knowing what a passionate nature he has—a nature intolerant of the least constraint. To-day, he is frank, courteous and perfectly at his ease, his manner is the same to all of us; perhaps, if anything, just a shade more deferential to Miss Graham. She is so won by him that she cannot help pressing him to return to dinner, but he excuses himself on the ground of a previous engagement, and thanks us warmly for having come. We find Stephen when we get home; he is anxious to hear the result of our visit. My estimate of the pictures seems to satisfy him.

"He has genius, you know," he observes, "but he wants in art what he wants in his life—fortitude. I imagine he is much disturbed in his mind now about something. When he called upon me, the night before last, he looked really ill. I should think he must be in love, only then I know he would tell me. Young fellows always do confide their affairs to me."

"Because you are so sweet with them, I suppose," puts in Annie.

"No, I hardly think it is that, but I can generally give them some advice. They come to regard me purely in the light of a doctor."

Two or three evenings after, a little before Stephen is thinking of giving me his farewell kiss, there comes an impetuous knock at the street door.

"That's Massinger's knock," says Stephen.

In another minute Gerald comes in, looking white and haggard, as one weary of his life.

"Good evening, Miss Lockwood. Ah! Stephen, how do you do, old boy? I know neither of you will kill me for calling so late."

"You don't look as if you wanted much killing; you look more than half dead already," replies Stephen.

"*You* look radiant," replies the other, laying his hand on Stephen's shoulder. "Old fellow, the world is treating you well, now."

"Yes, remarkably well," replies Stephen, with provoking self-content.

"Ah, count no man happy till his death," says Gerald, throwing himself in a chair. "But my object in coming was purely selfish. I have an idea of a picture in my brain, and it won't let me rest. Perhaps some one would sing it to sleep for me?"

"That is a fair invitation, Laura, isn't it?" says Stephen, with a smile. "You always know where to find music; bring your ideas, and Laura will sing them asleep or awake for you, just as you wish."

"What shall I sing?" I ask.

"Oh, make your own choice," he replies.

The song, which some fate impels me to select is a German song—the farewell of two lovers whom some fate unnamed and irrevocable severs. I cannot control my voice, I know the burning truth pours out in every note—the bitter truth which I know at last. My love for Gerald masters me. O God, if he should guess it! What for me, then; what for him; and what for Stephen! When the song ceases, I turn toward Gerald. There is in his eyes an indescribable look, a look which I have never seen before. As for Stephen, thanks to his obtuseness about music, he is sitting in a remote corner of the room, supremely unconscious of everything but the *Saturday Review*, the pages of which he is cutting open.

"I should like to keep one of those verses," says Gerald, tearing a leaf from his note book and writing on it. "Look it over, please, and tell me if I have copied the German correctly," adding, in a low tone, "Just 'yes' or 'no.'"

I take the page, and read: "I must see you alone to-morrow. Meet me at twelve by the fountain in Regent's Park. If you fail to come, you will repent it, too late and too bitterly. You have a desperate man to deal with."

I have no choice, and I say "Yes" as I hand him back the page.

"Well, now that I have had my song," he says, "I'll go. It is not a civil speech, is it? Good night, Miss Lockwood. Good night, Stephen. I won't ask you if you are coming my way, because I know you are not—at least not yet," and so he leaves us.

That night I can get no sleep. I hope many people have not to bear such nights. I listen to the clocks all round, striking the hours; I see the lamp-lighter extinguish the lights as the December morning comes in cold and gray. My want of sleep is not so perceptible in my face as I thought it might be, and I get through the ordeal of breakfast without exciting too much comment. Then, simply saying that I am going to take a ramble by myself, I go out. The air is keen as steel, and the sky looks just as hard.

I reach the appointed spot a few minutes before the time, but, early as I am, Gerald is there.

"I knew you would come," he says, drawing my arm in his, and taking possession of my hand.

"What do you want with me?" I ask, as we begin walking to and fro.

"I want," he replies, "to tell you of a discovery I made last night. Laura, you love me. I found it all out last night during that song. Don't deny it," observing that I am about to speak. "If you can swear solemnly by your soul, which you believe to be immortal, and by the God you believe in, that what I have said is false, I will accept such an oath and leave you; but you cannot."

"No," I answer, "I cannot; but I have pledged myself to marry Stephen, and I shall do so."

"You will not marry Stephen," he replies, hissing the words through his clenched teeth, his eyes seeming to burn down on my face.

"But I think I shall," I reply, yet with a feeling that my words are light as dust.

"See this, Laura," he resumes. "As long as I only loved you, I was prepared, in some way or other, to meet my cruel destiny; but now that I find you love me, do you think it likely, or possible, that I should let anything in this world come between us? My life might have been wrecked through you, but you shall not wreck your own, and Stephen's too. Suppose you did marry him, for how long, do you think, you could keep up the pretense of loving him? Not for a month, not for a week, even. Your love for me and the thought of my love for you would give you no rest night or day."

"Oh, I should grow accustomed to the part in time," I reply. "Gerald, we love one another. This knowledge must suffice us for the years to come."

"Look here," he says, turning quietly round and taking my hand, "if you mean that you are going to leave me. I love you; but I will be pitiless. God would never forgive you in this world or in the other, for this sin. In an hour's time, if you persist, I will have ended this agony; but if my spirit can come between you and him, to blast your lives more than they are blasted already, be certain it will come."

I draw my hand from his, and go on as in a dream for about a hundred yards. Then, for the first time, I start with horror at the knowledge of what I am about to do. I turn back, stretching out my arms. He is standing just where I left him, leaning against a tree-trunk, his face hidden in his hands.

"Gerald," I say, coming up to him and drawing one of his hands down, "you were right, and I was wrong. I will come to you; only I could not tell Stephen; I could not bear to see his pain, or face my sister and my aunt, after they knew. Free me from this difficulty, and I will do whatever you wish."

"You must not see Stephen again, then," he says, promptly. "Go home and keep to your room, with a headache for an excuse, and be here to-morrow by eleven; and then, before God and man, I will make you my wife. But, my darling, how am I to bear with my life till then?"

Then, with one kiss, we part.

I plead a prostrating headache, and do keep my room all the day. In the evening Stephen arrives; Miss Graham comes up to intercede for him:

"Surely, I might manage to come down for a few minutes, or Stephen might come up just to say 'Good night.'"

But I will not see him; on this point I am resolute. The slow hours go on. In the course of time I hear the street door close, and I know that he is gone. Then auntie comes up, full of sympathy for us both. She sits down by my fire, and seems to have settled herself for a long chat. I do so wish she would go. I can-

not bear to meet her frank, confiding eyes; and, when she does get up, do I kiss her more lovingly than usual? I hardly know; but I know I have overcome the last of my trials. I am surprised now at my own calmness. I put two or three of my favorite volumes in my traveling-bag, and I put up very reverently the diamonds which belonged to my dear mother. Then, I have to sit and wait to hear the clocks all round strike the hours and half hours. It seems so strange to think what I am about to do. I can regard it almost as if it were the act of another person. Even now, it would not be too late to throw myself on Stephen's generosity. I know he would free me from my bond in a moment; but again I shrink before the thought of witnessing his suffering. I know I am cowardly and cruel; I would rather he suffered more, so that I did not see it, than suffer less, and I have to bear the sight of his pain. Then, there is my aunt; I know that she will never forgive me, and how could I bear to hear her continuous preaching? I see my error, now; I should never have told Stephen I loved him—and yet I thought I did; and God only knows how I wished to make him happy.

Between four and five, there is the faintest stir of life in the streets. I look out of the window, the stars are glaring frostily, the cold is visible. A market cart lumbers by; then, for a few moments, there is complete silence again. Within a short time passers-by, tramping heavily on the pavement, become more frequent—laborers getting to early morning work. My fire has gone out; I have been afraid to tend it, lest Annie, who sleeps next door and is a light sleeper, should think I am not well, and so should come in. I shall be so glad to be out of the house, so thankful when that final step has been taken. At seven o'clock comes the faint twitter of the sparrows, which ere long increases to a clamor. Then the shrill cry of milkmen rings from house to house, accompanied by jingle and clattering of cans. How every sight and sound seems to burn itself into my mind. The tardy dawn is perceptible, now; the stars are being overwhelmed by great seas of pale mist. I am almost numbed with cold. I have not been to bed, but I do not forget to give the bed the appearance of having been slept in. At eight o'clock, Jane, the housemaid, brings in my morning coffee, which I am glad of, for I am feeling very faint.

"Oh, Jane," I say, before she leaves the room, and appearing to be very busy examining the contents of a drawer that she may not see my face, "if I am not in at breakfast time" (we live in French fashion at Bedford Villa, and have breakfast at about half-past eleven), "you can tell them it is because I have gone to see Miss Farnham."

Miss Farnham is the most intimate friend I have, and it is quite a frequent thing with me to go and surprise her before she is up and spend all day with her. So I have accounted well for my absence till dinner. No one will give me a thought till seven o'clock. I swallow my coffee and hasten down stairs. I give one look of leave-taking to the poor little drawing-rooms, where Stephen will come to-night and not find me. Then I go out into the sharp, biting morning. Where am I to go to? I can think of nothing better than to Regent's Park. Accordingly, there I go, walking to and fro as fast as ever I can, to get some little warmth. I think how it would be, if by any chance I should suddenly see Stephen; how, if being anxious about me, he should leave his work and walk over to St. John's Wood. If he liked, he could come by Regent's Park. The thought gets a morbid power over me. Every man seen in the distance appears to me to be Stephen. The hours crawl by, the water in the Park is frozen. At length the appointed time comes. A new terror seizes me now. If, by any chance, Gerald should not be there! Ah, but there he is. He has a carriage close by; we get into it; the man knows where to drive to.

"I thought the night would never go by, my darling," he cries, folding me in his arms, and warming my cold cheeks and lips with his kisses. "At last you are mine!"

The church we drive to is not more than a quarter of an hour's walk from Bedford Villa. The air of it strikes dense and chill as we enter. There is no one present besides ourselves and the clergyman, with the sexton and his assistant for witnesses. Gerald has asked that the service should be as brief as possible; but before I leave the church I pray very fervently that our union may be blessed. Again we are in the carriage, and now I am Gerald's wife.

"We are going to Paris," he says, "and we had better get on to Dover as soon as possible, had we not? We do not want to run the chance of meeting old friends just yet, do we?"

"No, let us get away from London as soon as we can," I rejoin, warmly.

Arriving at Charing Cross, we find that there will be a train for Dover in half an hour—a half hour which seems to us an age; but, like all things, good and bad, it comes to an end.

Gerald has engaged an entire compartment for us. We shall not find the journey a tedious one.

"Are you quite happy?" he says, as the train bears us on.

"Yes, absolutely happy."

"And do you love me better than any one in the world?" he goes on.

"Yes, a thousand times better than all the other people put into one."

"You would sacrifice more for me, Laura?"

"Yes," without hesitation.

We reached Dover by close of afternoon. It is a wild evening, a shrill wind shrieking and whistling, and snow falling as fast as flake can follow flake. There seem no people traveling; we seem, indeed, to hold almost entire possession of the Lord Warden. I cannot help shuddering at the thought that by this time Annie may have got my letter, posted at Charing Cross, and inclosing one to Stephen. A little before eleven the mail express comes shrieking in.

"What a night to cross!" cry a few wretched passengers, as they make their way on board through the wind and snow.

For my part I love the sea, and I am quite hardy as regards all weather; only as we drive out into the darkness, no star visible anywhere, I think, if I were superstitious, I should not feel the night propitious; but then, thank God, I am not.

CHAPTER V.

We have been married a month to-day. I am passionately happy. I will not let myself think either of Stephen or Annie. I have purchased this daught of happiness dearly, and I will drink it deeply. Gerald certainly gives me the most absolute love; I have no wish which is not, if possible, instantly gratified. We occupy the most charming apartments in Paris; he never wearies of making me beautiful presents.

At last I say, "You cannot afford to be always buying me exquisite things; you are not a millionaire, I know. What is going to be done when all the money is spent?"

"We must some get more, I suppose,' with one of his brightest smiles. "No, that won't be as difficult as your look implies," he went on; "I am really clever at portrait painting. I could have made a lot of money by it, some time ago; but only having myself to think about then, I preferred to make less, and paint what was more congenial to me. You know I always flatter a little in my portraits —that's the great secret of success."

But the day of portrait painting really comes sooner than we have imagined.

"No, we cannot put it off any longer," says Gerald, one morning after breakfast. "I have a pretty large acquaintance in Paris. I will let them know of my willingnesss to paint portraits."

A few days after he came home in radiant spirits. He has a commission to paint a whole family, and one of the richest in Paris.

"Commencing with an awful old lady," he says, passing his hand over my forehead and hair, "and just as withered as she can possibly be."

"She had better be too ugly than too lovely," I return; "the last might make portrait painting too attractive."

I admire him so for the way in which he puts his ambition, for a time, quite on one side, and is so cheerful about it.

The next morning he goes, after breakfast, for the first sitting.

For the first time, since our marriage, I am alone all day. For the life of me, I cannot help feeling unutterably sad; cannot help thinking of Stephen and Annie; to whom, since those farewell letters, I have sent no word. Annie's pleasant voice at intervals recurs to me all through the day, the room seems to be haunted by the sense of her presence. I will write to her, but I suppose I ought to speak to Gerald first, though I am so afraid he may make some objection. Well, if he does, I am strong enough to overcome it.

A little before six in the evening he comes back in radiant spirits.

"The portrait of the old lady will be an immense success, I believe—quite like her, only not half so ugly, what people call a

'pleasing likeness,' the sort of portrait people like to have of any one who is dead."

Then dinner is served, and all through it I am conscious of trying to appear more cheerful than I feel. When the cloth has been removed, when I have played and sung a little, and Gerald is smoking his pipe, I come over and stand by his chair, and I begin, in a rather faltering voice, I am afraid, "I have been thinking, to-day, so much of London, and the people there. I must write to Annie."

His face darkens, as I expected it would. He had been holding my hands, now he lets them go.

"You do not mind my writing, do you?" I say.

"Yes, I do," he rejoins, his voice quivering with suppressed rage. "I suppose, next, pity for Stephen will induce you to write to him."

"Do you think that is a generous speech?" I say, inquiringly, feeling the pride in me beginning to catch fire.

"Generous or not generous," he says, getting up, "you know my wish on the matter."

"I am your slave, then," I return, "is that it?"

"No, you are as free as air," he rejoins, "as free as I am; only you must choose," and with this he leaves the room, and the house, too.

I wish he would come back. I would have called to him, only this my pride would not allow me to do. I know I was right about Annie; but I have chosen a bad time. I am cross with myself for this. We unhappy women can never outpour the expression of our desires! Gerald's love may be a little morbid. Seas will have their tides. I am very penitent; but the hours go by and he does not return. At length, thoroughly exhausted, I lie down on the sofa and cry myself to sleep. Then, after what seems a brief while though in reality it is many hours, I am awakened by a hand passing over my eyes. It is Gerald, bending over me, a look of the uttermost concern in his face. He does seem so wretched, poor fellow, standing there in the early morning light. "I have come back to be forgiven," he says, taking my hand.

"I did not think," I replied, withdrawing it, "you would have absolutely left me in this way at our first misunderstanding. I can hardly believe it now. Do you think it promises well for our future happiness?"

"Ah! my darling," he cries, "it is my love makes me morbid. I think I must have been mad, to-night. You shall write, dearest, to Annie, just as often as you like, and what you like, and you shall write to Stephen, too, if you like, and smile when I ask to see the letter."

"I certainly do not want to write to Stephen," I reply, smiling.

So, as the children say, "it is made up." But I pray God it may not occur again. The frequent recurrence of such scenes would soon fret my love, and make me weary of my life. I gladly write to Annie, and get by return part of a long letter, from which I make some quotations. "My darling Laura," she began, "you will know how happy your letter just received has made me. I have been so anxious about you for the last month, but, sooner or later, I felt sure you would write to me. You ask am I too much horrified at what you have done; and have I ceased to love you. Dearest, of course I shall always love you, but I do think you acted wrongly. I do not say you could help loving Mr. Massinger, though I am surprised at it, Stephen is so much nobler. But you ought to have told Stephen. It was not brave of you. You ask me to tell you everything; well, dear, you can imagine my astonishment on receiving your lines of farewell. I had to read it over six times before I could make anything of it at all. It did seem so strange that, having cared about Stephen, you could have fallen in love so soon with any one so utterly different. I passed your letter to Aunt Graham; she read it through in silence, and when I attempted to speak, she rose up and went straight to her room. I felt very miserable, I can assure you, and my heart almost stood still when I heard Stephen's well-known knock at the door. Aunt came down. She said you were not at home, and handed him your note by way of explanation. You know that he is a man not easily moved, but I saw his fingers were trembling so that he could hardly hold the letter. He read it through twice, then he turned and threw it into the fire. Poor fellow, I never saw any one look so utterly bewildered and hopelessly forsaken; but he did not seem able to say anything. I could only falter out 'It is very dreadful,' but Aunt Graham said, 'Never mind, Stephen, there are more women in the world than one; and for this girl, she is no more any relation of mine. I will never, never forgive her. From this day her name shall not pass my lips again.' She was going to say something more, but Stephen put up his hand, with a gesture bespeaking silence.

"'Don't say any more now,' he said, in a voice which tried to be firm, but was low and husky; 'to-morrow I will see you again,' and without saying more he left the house. What a wretched evening! I had no one to speak to except Lily! The next day we all, even to the servants, conducted ourselves as if there had been a death in the house. It seemed quite strange to see the shutters open and the blinds drawn up. Early in the afternoon, while we were sitting in solemn silence, Stephen came in. To judge from his face, he had evidently had no sleep all night, but he was so quiet in his manner. He said that the fault had been partly his, he had tried for two years to make you love him, and he thought you had tried to do so. 'What,' he said, 'I can't get over, is her not telling me; if she had to break my heart, she might have given me just that last comfort of resigning her with no harsh word.' Aunt Graham repeated loudly that she would never forgive you. 'Well, I think that I have been the most wronged,' he said, 'but I shall try very hard to forgive her.' I do think that he is the sweetest and noblest man who ever lived. 'You must stand by her, Annie,' he said, wringing my hand; 'you won't think it strange my not coming to see you; you know what fearful associations this house has.' Then he went, but he seemed to me to have grown twenty years older in the course of those few hours. I wonder ought I to tell you what he said when he asked me to stand by you. On the whole, I think I will tell you, it may be of some service to you. 'She must always have a friend in you,' he said; 'Massinger is not the man to make her happy. His love is too fierce and exacting; the woman who would be happy with him must understand his character and be a saint;' so, dearest, do be patient. It would be a dreadful thing if, after all, you were to be unhappy in this marriage, for, though you could not appreciate it, in putting Stephen's love aside you have lost a great treasure. We have seen nothing of him since, we do not know where he is. Write, dear, as often as you can; I will write daily."

"I suppose I can read it," says Gerald, who has been watching my face intently during the perusal of Annie's letter.

"Yes, if you like; but I warn you, you will not like it."

He takes the letter and reads it. Then he twists it around and lights his cigar with it.

"Is that the way you are going to treat my letters?" I cry, reaching my hand out instinctively.

"Precisely like that," he rejoins, "all letters that venture to come between husband and wife."

In my next letter to Annie, I tell her to be careful what she says, because Gerald reads all she writes. I know he does not like my home correspondence; but, on the whole, he tries to bear it very well. Some time has passed, and Gerald has given up requiring to see the letters; I know this to be a great concession on his part.

We often spend the evening out, at the house of some friend, or at a theater, but now is an evening on which we have stopped at home. Gerald is in one of his dark moods; he paces up and down, smoking fast, and saying nothing. I know, at such times, he is thinking of his baffled ambition, his art career arrested for the want of money. I venture on a few observations; but, in return, get only monosyllabic replies. Then, thinking a little music may soothe him, I go to the piano and commence playing, but I had hardly begun, when he cries out impatiently, "Oh, for heaven's sake, stop that jingle; every sound jars on my brain to-night." I get up and resume my seat at the fire; the month is March, and the night is keen. At the sight of a letter from Annie, just brought in, I cannot keep from my face and voice the pleasure I feel.

"That is delightful, is it not?" says Gerald, stopping now, for the first time in his walk.

"It is, indeed," I say, opening the envelope. "It is so nice to be spoken to by some one, though the words do have to come over the sea."

"You are the first woman I ever heard of," he replies, "who loves her sister better than her husband."

"When I married you," I say, "I think I gave you some proof of my love."

"What proof?" he rejoins, angrily; "you were in fetters and I broke them. The arms of the man you loved took you from the arms of the man you did not love. If you had married

Stephen, your sister's paragon, express pattern of all perfections, you would have been dead by this time."

"And perhaps I had been happier so."

"Perhaps we both had," he rejoins, going out of the house, and leaving me to comfort myself as best I may with Annie's letter.

A few days after this, coming home from a walk, I am surprised to see a stack of armor in our sitting-room.

"What is this for?" I ask.

"To paint, of course," rejoins Gerald, the color rising in his face a little; "I have come to work at home, now. I have given up portrait painting."

"What will get us our money then?" I exclaimed, half smiling.

"My pictures. They will bring both fame and money. Why should I be content with one, when I can have both?"

"But won't it take some time?" I ask humbly; I am feeling hurt, however, because I think that I should have been consulted.

"You should never have married an artist," he retorts contemptuously. "I think of the fame; you of the money only. May I inquire what last trinket has caught your fancy? We have not yet come to the end of all our resources, it may be possible to get it."

Against his will and against his knowledge, I feel that he is every day forcing me from him, and yet I must not cease to love him, it would break my heart to be so utterly alone.

I rise up and go to him. "Gerald," I say, standing before him and putting my hands in his, "don't speak to me so, dear, it hurts me too deeply; I do not think that I am unforbearing with you, so do be a little patient with me. In all this world we have only one another."

"Ah, forgive me!" he cries, impetuously. "Laura, I am a brute, I am a madman!"

The following days are more peaceful. Gerald does seem to have taken my words to heart, and he paints away very cheerfully at his picture; but, ultimately, things do not mend. There is no doubt that I am terribly weary of this life. Certainly, Stephen was right; though attractive to me in many ways, Gerald has not the nature which could make me happy. I want something myself to lean upon, and I have only some one to bear on me. For this, I have no mental strength.

It is April now, bright, delicate, warm weather, soft, and sun-lit, and showery. Gerald has contracted a habit of spending two or three evenings a week away from me. It is often dawn when he returns. Sometimes he comes home in splendid spirits; at other times moody, depressed, and suspicious, making my life an intolerable burden. When I question him, he is somewhat reserved, saying merely that he passes the evenings with men, with whom he has lately become acquainted, but one night after dinner he gives me permission to go to my room as soon as I like.

"Some of these French fellows are coming," he says; "I do not think that you would care much about their society."

I have certainly no desire to meet them, so I go to my room.

I know presently that Gerald's friends have arrived by a constant stream of laughter, which flows from the sitting-room; but, as the night goes on, I am relieved to find that things only grow quieter. In time all is so still that I am tempted to open my door and listen. I can just catch the faintest sound of voices and then the rattle of dice. Now, at last, then, I know how Gerald spends his evenings, and why he comes home at times in good spirits and at other times so hopelessly depressed. This, then, is to take the place of portrait painting. I lay awake long, but I fall asleep before the party breaks up. I have made up my mind not to speak to Gerald, just yet; but, when I do speak, to tell him that he must relinquish this practice of maintaining his wife on what he has gained through the ill-luck of other men. However, when I see Gerald, some hours after, he informs me that one of his new friends is going to return that night. Then I cannot keep silent any longer, and I speak out.

"I know now," I say, "how you spend your nights. Did you think that last night I did not hear?"

The color rises in his face a little at my words, as he says, with more confusion than I have ever seen him display before, "I wished you to know nothing about this."

"And do you think that that is right, or pleasant?" I reply. "Is it the perfect ideal of marriage for the husband to do what he is ashamed for his wife to know?"

"God knows," ejaculated Gerald, "it was for you I wanted the money, and not for myself."

"I will never touch a farthing of money so gained," I reply. "Gerald, you must make your choice. If you do not love me sufficiently well to work for me, it will be kindness to tell me so, and I will live in one room, and earn my own livelihood, though I work my fingers to the bone. Oh, Gerald, we have not been as happy lately, dear, as we ought to have been, have we? Let us leave Paris; let us go to some quiet corner of Brittany, where we can live quite well on the money we have."

"Could you really do this?" he replies, regarding me with a look of mild wonder.

"Not only could I do it, but I should *like* to do it. Now give me your promise you won't play to-night, or ever again."

"To-night, darling, this once, I must. You don't understand these things. From the man who is coming to-night, I won, yesterday evening, a large sum of money, and I have promised him that to-night he shall have his revenge, and if I were to try and back out of this, I should be thought worse than a coward. But I will promise you to give it up after to-night, and, whether I lose or win, the day after to-morrow we will go to Brittany, and, like the good folks in children's stories, live happy ever after. Be quite easy, darling; you have my promise."

We seem much closer to-day than we have been for some time. We take a walk, and we sit in those sweet old French gardens of the Tuileries, the soft light and air falling everywhere. Gerald has taken warmly to the Brittany plan; we are very merry in the evening over dinner; then, being not at all desirous of meeting his friend, I go to my room, but before I go, Gerald takes me lovingly in his arms, kissing me with infinite tenderness.

"You remember your promise," I say.

"Yes, I remember it—never after to-night." Then I leave him.

A few minutes after, I shudder to hear the false, sweet tones of Gerald's new friend—a friend, thank heaven, no more after to-night. I do so long for this night to be over, and it wears by so slowly. I write a long letter to Annie, telling her of our plans. I read her letters to me all through, and then wearily I go to bed. I long with such feverish impatience for light, that I fall into a short, uneasy sleep, from which I awake with a start. Are they still playing? I wonder. Yes, I can hear Gerald's voice, and then hear the voice of that other man, and I catch the chink of gold. I go back to bed, but not to sleep. Again I get up, and again listen. Just what I heard before—the voices speaking in low tones, and occasionally the rattle of gold. It is so long before the dawn comes! I fix my eyes on the window, watching for it, and in this way I fall asleep. I must have slept for some hours, for when I awake the bright, warm April sunlight is streaming in. It is past five o'clock, still Gerald has not come; he has evidently determined that this last night shall be a full one. I open the door and listen. No sound now—all is silent. There is something awful in this sudden stillness. I wish Gerald would speak. It would be such a comfort to hear his voice again. I wait and listen ten minutes longer; still there is no sound. Then a great and unnamed fear takes hold of me; I put on my dressing-gown, and go to the sitting-room. A short passage connects it with my room. At the door I pause, for it seems to me that I do hear a sound now—the low sound of a just audible moan. I open the door, the morning light flows in through the chinks of the closed shutters, but the candles are not extinguished. Then I can see Gerald. He is half sitting, half lying against a chair pushed some way back from the table, and he is moaning as in some great pain.

"Gerald," I say, coming up to him, while my heart seems to fail me, and my brain swims, "what has happened? You are ill!"

"Yes, I am ill," he replies in a whisper which tries to be loud. "Vilely murdered. I tried to come to you, but I could not; I suppose I fainted."

"Oh, say no more!" I exclaim; "you cannot bear it now."

"I can speak *now*," he goes on; "in an hour's time I may not have strength, the blood is flowing away so fast. Well, he lied and cheated, and I told him he was a liar and a cheat. Then I turned away from him, and at that time he must have come behind and stabbed me. I felt a sharp, sudden pain; all turned dark round me, and then I knew nothing until just now."

I go instantly to summon the servant. When I return to the room, something gleams in my way. I recognize it as the dagger belonging to Gerald's stock of armor from which he used to paint. The point and blade are deeply stained with blood. Thinking it may be called for, I put it aside. Gerald is insensible again. We get him to bed, and I send for the most

eminent doctor in Paris, and tremble to think how much worse it might have been. When the doctor comes—such a kind, sweet-looking old gentleman—I tell him all.

"It can't be anything very serious, you know," I say, "because he could talk to me quite rationally about it. Of course, he has lost a great deal of blood, as you will see for yourself."

Then I am sent out of the room. Oh, how long the time seems. I know he is dressing my husband's sore wound. My servant goes to and fro, fetching one thing after another. It seems to me that my waiting will never end. At last the doctor comes to me, a strange pity on his face.

"He will be better soon, won't he?" I cry eagerly.

"Madam, I must not deceive you," he returns. "You know that I will do all I can, but your husband's wound has touched a vital part, and I fear greatly that no man's skill can keep him with you. Here is a prescription. Have it made up, and administer it according to the directions. I will call again in a few hours."

I never dreamed of this. To fancy death coming near Gerald seemed an impossibility. It cannot be, I cannot face the black horror—but when I go back to the room and see him lying there on the bed, white and immovable, I know that it is true. No change. In a few hours the doctor does call again.

"He is no better," I say, my voice trembling, as we stand together bending over the bed.

"No," he replies gravely, "no better. It would be best for him to pass away like this, but I think before the end that he will recover consciousness for a few minutes. In cases like this, that is what happens most frequently."

His words are verified. Where I am sitting, sick, silent, and almost heart-broken in the darkened room, I hear Gerald whisper my name.

"Yes, darling," I say, going over to him, "you feel a little better now!" But I know the unmistakable look in his eyes—the look that the eyes have when they no longer look toward life.

"No, I am going," he says. "Laura, I have not made you as happy as I wished to do; I have been too morbid in my love, but I have loved you. Show people what I have painted of the picture in the next room. They will guess from it what I might have done some day." And then, breathing hard, each word coming separately, spoken, as it were under Death's very prohibition—"Ask Stephen to forgive me." Then, while my arms are around his neck, while I try to warm his death-cold lips with mine, his head drops on my shoulder and rests there, and I know the end is come.

Now, indeed, I am utterly alone, and but one thought occurs to me, to telegraph to Annie. I receive the greatest kindness from the people in the house, who do everything they can to spare me. All the day I pace up and down the room like one mad; I can shed no tear, I cannot realize what my life is to be. Late at night I go into the bedroom, I draw down the sheet, and the candle light falls full on Gerald's face, so wonderfully handsome even in death, and now with such a look of sublime composure upon it. I think of his warm, living love for me; and how he shall never again be glad at any kiss of mine—and then the tears come. That night I have no sleep; I go over the past day to myself, I remember how twice in the night I got up and heard Gerald's voice; and how, the third time I listened, it was silent; then how I came in and found him, and everything that followed, to his last word. But the next evening, as I sit alone, the door opens gently and Annie comes in. In another moment she has caught me in her dear, loving arms.

"I knew you would come," I say. There is a seal set on the source of my tears, and I can speak quietly. "The funeral is to be to-morrow," and then I tell her everything, and she weeps for sympathy, though I know that she had no love for my dead husband. It is so long since I have slept that I fancy that it is beginning to tell on my brain. Tears turn to fire in my eyes, and I feel at times as if I could laugh myself mad or dead. I have made up my mind, in spite of Annie's remonstrances, to attend the funeral, and the hour finds me dressed ready to do so.

"Oh, but you look too ill to go," says Annie. "You will faint, dearest, before we get to the church."

"No, I don't think so," I reply, feeling I have to choose my words.

In my own heart I have a secret terror of going mad. I see Gerald's face everywhere. I cannot imagine how death has come to him, he was always so strong, so brimful of life, so keenly alive to joy or suffering; and now—he is—nothing.

But here is a heavy tread on the stair, and the men descend, bearing the black burden on their shoulders. I shrink away, but, as they pass, I cannot keep back the wild cry which rings from my lips. I know I stretch out my arms to find Annie, and then great darkness follows.

CHAPTER VI.

When I next awake to a consciousness of real life, delivered from all the horrors and terrors of delirium, it is bright summer weather. Annie is sitting by my bed.

"Have I been long so very ill?" I say.

"Yes, darling, a long time," she replied, "but for the last two weeks you have been getting much better; but you must not talk. The doctor says you are to sleep just as much as ever you can."

"But I need no doctor's prohibition against talking. The few words I have just spoken seem to have sent my brain reeling round and round, and I am so thankful when it grows quiet again. I know that something terrible in my life has happened, but I am glad to be so weak that I cannot think. Oh, these sweet draughts of pure dreamless sleep, how unutterably sweet they are! And after every sleep I grow stronger, and with such love and infinite tact Annie guides me round into life again! To-day, I am to sit up for a few minutes. From bed the prospect appeared delightful, but now, as I step on the floor and feel it turn under me, I wish that such an undertaking had never been proposed. I fall back in Annie's arms and cry bitterly from sheer weakness. I entreat very hard to be allowed to go back to bed, but Annie, who believes the time has come for me to make the effort of sitting up, is not to be moved by threats or tears, and indeed when I do feel myself seated in a luxurious arm-chair, and well propped up by cushions, I quite forgive her. The window is open and the warm June air blows gently in. It is so sweet to feel the wind again, and to hear sounds of life from the streets below, but it makes me dizzy when I attempt to look down. After a little, I am thankful to be back in bed again, and to fall asleep, holding Annie's hand. Every day I grow a little stronger—I am recovering slowly but surely. At the end of a month, the doctor pays his last visit, only giving me parting injunctions. Of course, I am not as strong as most people; I go to bed earlier and I get up later, I walk less and I drive more, but I come down again, though not into the sitting-room I occupied before—Annie has taken another one, in the same house. How can I bless her sufficiently for this! This warm June evening we are sitting by ourselves in the pretty little *salon*. Annie has been reading aloud, but now, the light failing, she has to put her book aside. She has been rather absent-minded, I fancy, for the last hour or two, and now, after an unusually long silence, she says, quite diffidently:

"Laura, would you mind seeing a friend?"

"Are there so many that I should find it hard to bear?" I reply.

"Yes, but this is a very particular friend. It might be painful for you."

"Tell me who it is, dear," I say, beseechingly; "you know I never could bear the game of twenty questions."

"Well then, it is Stephen," she replies.

"Stephen," I echo. He had certainly never come into my wildest conjectures. "I do not think I could meet him. If he were to upbraid me, or treat me with cutting formality, I could not bear it."

"Darling, he will not do that," says Annie; "he has forgiven everything, most absolutely; he has proved himself the most devoted friend. By some act of Providence, he was at our house when your telegram came. The moment he heard that you were in trouble and that I was coming to you, he said, 'Of course I am going too!' Aunt was in such a passion, and tried to dissuade him; but I do not think he even heard her protests. I do not know how I should have borne all the misery and suspense of the last two months but for him. And then he has done so many things which would have been so much more difficult for a woman. You will find him all that is kind. He is just outside under the trees there. I told him that if I put up the right-hand window that was a sign that he might come up. Poor fellow, he does so want to see you."

"Put up the right-hand window, dear," I say. I do not tell her that the idea of seeing Stephen makes me faint. Yet, if we are to meet, it is better to do so in this low light, where he will hardly be able to see my face.

"Annie," I say hastily, "no candles. The dusk is so much pleasanter."

"Dear me, I am afraid that he will be disappointed," says Annie, "if he cannot have a good look at you. However, it shall be as you wish."

And at that moment the door opens, and Stephen comes in.

"It is quite difficult to know who is who, in this a good deal less than half-light," he says, in his low, quiet voice.

"Here she is," says Annie, bringing him over to the sofa on which I am half lying.

"Keep where you are, and don't venture to rise," he says, taking my hands, and using the strength of his gently to prevent me from getting up. "Annie has left her chair beside you, I see. Well, for the brief while I stay, I shall usurp her place."

And he sits down, putting in my lap the most superb bouquet of flowers.

"What! are they for me?" I ask.

"Of course; for whom else should they be?"

"Thank you," I say; "it is very good of you. They will make more than the room fragrant."

"Well, you are better than when I saw you last," he goes on.

"Why, I didn't know that you had seen me before," I say, smiling faintly.

"Oh, hasn't he though!" exclaims Annie, who is leaning over me on the other side of the sofa. "I should not have let him off his daily visit; he was my only support against the doctors. Oh, Stephen, how you did try to keep me up!"

"Yes, I did try, though I confess at times it was terribly hard work." Then, turning to me, "Annie reads to you sometimes, does she not?"

"Yes, a great deal. When I attempt to do so for myself, everything seems to go round with me."

"Well, I want to come and divide with her this pleasure of reading to you," he says; "if I can win Annie over to let me."

"Oh yes, I *must* let you," Annie replies. "We shared our troubles, and we must do the same by our privileges, share and share alike."

"I will come, then, to-morrow, before or after the drive."

"Oh, come before," says Annie, "and drive with us after."

"Yes, do, if you will," I say, earnestly.

So it is arranged; and shortly after Stephen takes his leave. Then I can keep back no longer the tears from my eyes.

"There, now you will be upset," says Annie, when she comes back from having shown Stephen out.

"No, no, dear," I say. "These tears are not sad or bitter; they are rather sweet, I think. Don't you know how affecting mere nobility often is, and Stephen does seem to me to be such a noble man."

"Yes, he certainly is," replies Annie, and her own voice is quivering a little, too; and then, on some light pretext, she laughs to steady it, and very soon after we go to bed.

The next morning I am down stairs and in my place by the window when Stephen comes. He has brought a book which he thinks will interest me, and, after a few observations, he begins reading. It is always a pleasure to hear Stephen read, his voice is so perfectly undulated, and he reads with such exquisite and keen appreciation.

The reading over, we go out for our drive through the *barrière* and into the country beyond. Stephen is a good deal changed; there seems to me now nothing stiff or awkward in his manner. Of course, to the end of time he will have that slight stoop, nor will his face ever be counted a handsome one; but it has in it now a look of sweet, mild, unconscious majesty, which is far more effective, I think, than mere beauty of feature. In my two months' illness, in all the black horror and agony of delirium, I seem to have comprised the wretchedness which might have been spread over a long existence. It seems to have set an impassable gulf between me and my past life—that life so brief, so passionate, so partly bitter and partly sweet. Gerald and his love for me—I know them for realities, and yet they seem far away, and when I think of his great foiled ambition, I cannot help crying to myself; and yet, I believe we could never have made one another happy. No, my heart is not broken; only all its days it must stand empty. Henceforward my life must be without a dream. Just so many days and nights, all joyless, and all leading to the great unknown country.

That day it is late before we get home from our drive.

Two or three evenings after, as Stephen and I sit together in the twilight, mindful of Gerald's last words—his request for forgiveness—I tell Stephen.

For a moment he is silent, then he says quietly, in a low voice, "My dear, he was forgiven before he died."

Two months of driving and reading, and of pleasant night strolls through the beautiful streets of Paris, or round those bright gardens of pleasure, pass by quickly. Then we have to become practical. We have each, Annie and I, some few thousand pounds left to us by our father, and on this, our capital, we have for the last half year been living. I am quite strong enough now to travel, so we must retrench; but this we do not wish to do by living in low-priced, ill-furnished apartments, either in Paris or London. A house somewhere in the country, where houses are cheap—we should both like this better than anything. The plan is, of course, referred to Stephen, and it meets with his warm approval.

"I suppose you will go farther abroad?" I say.

"Ultimately, yes; but I shall first give myself the pleasure of taking you and Annie to England, and of settling you there. I must know where to picture you, in my wanderings."

To resist this would be simply an affectation; so, one bright September morning, we leave beautiful Paris—Paris which has for me such sad and strange associations. Stephen so organizes the journey to London that we have not a moment's delay or discomfort on the way.

"We used to work with one another so well," says Annie; "I feel quite jealous now to see you do everything."

Reaching London, we take apartments. There we begin advertising for the sort of house we want, and we read advertisements through very carefully. Much sooner than we could have expected, we light on the advertisement of a house which seems to be everything we desire. It is situated in Suffolk. It is an old-fashioned residence. It has a poultry yard, and a fine fruit and kitchen garden; moreover, it is completely furnished, and the rental is far lower than we could have hoped. Stephen goes down to view it for us; we know that we can rely perfectly upon his judgment; and the next evening he returns with a glowing account. To all its other advantages he adds an excellent Suffolk servant, whom the tenants about to leave most warmly recommend. So the agreement is sent up, signed, and returned, and one day we three leave London. The name of our new residence is Fir-Tree House. The village near which it stands is three miles distant from the station; and, fearing that I am not equal to the walk, Stephen has managed to have a carriage in waiting for our train. It is such a soft, delicate September day as we drive away between cornfields golden with their piled-up sheaves. Threshers and larks sing to us all the way. We reach Fir-Tree House at about two in the afternoon. We have written to Bridget, our servant, to have something ready for us to eat by the time we come, but what it should be we left to her discretion. We are surprised, however, at the liberal repast we find spread. Bridget's housekeeping will be of no niggardly sort.

After it is over and we have sat some time and chatted, Stephen and I stroll up to the village while Annie stays at home more interested in discovering the resources of the house. A quaint old village, with one long, straggling street, and one shop, sufficiently accommodating to sell everything. The church is delightful, overgrown with ivy, and within very interesting. It has an organ, too, for which I give thanks. In the crisp, sweet, moonlit evening, Stephen and I explore more fully our garden. The door of the kitchen, which opens into one of the side paths, stands ajar, and we can hear Annie and Bridget holding a household conference, the upshot of which seems to be a firm and unshakable resolve on Annie's part to keep always in the house at least one substantial joint to go on with.

"And a very wise determination, too," says Stephen, smiling.

Then we continue our walk.

At length I muster up courage to say what is near my heart.

"I want to thank you, Stephen, before you go, for all your goodness to us. I think it is a great blessedness for a woman to have known any one so noble."

"Don't, please," he replied. "There is no goodness, far less nobility in the case. I have not been able to make the happiness of your life; and since, my dear, you have had to suffer, I am proud of the privilege of having

shared your pain. But the air grows cooler, I will take you in."

It is clear he wishes no more said on the subject.

"May we venture in?" we ask, coming to the door of the kitchen, which looks cheerful enough for anything, with bright firelight playing on its walls.

"Oh, yes, do," says Annie, whose face is very much flushed; "I am trying to make an omelet for supper, but I cannot do it. This is the sixth experiment that I have made; it is a good thing that eggs are cheap here."

Then we all duly consult the cookery book, wherein wisdom is darkened by excess of words. We all make suggestions, and at supper time, if we do not have an omelet, we have in lieu of it a dish which eye had not seen nor tongue tasted before, nor is it classified in any culinary volume; and we congratulate one another upon being discoverers.

"Yes," says Annie, eying ruefully the empty dish; "it was an inspiration, but now that it is all gone we shall never be able to make it again. Oh dear," with a sigh, "I wish I had thought of writing out a recipe of it."

In my own mind I am secretly rejoiced that she did not.

We prevail on Stephen to stay and smoke one pipe; he must confer on the house that well-known fragrance.

"Well," he says, when the time for going has arrived, "I shall not see either of you to-morrow, for I am off by the first train. Good-by, Annie," taking her face between his hands and kissing it. Then to me, taking my hand and keeping it, "Good-by! Annie has promised to write to me; write to me sometimes yourself, if you do not feel too weary. Good-by," and with a pressure of the hand he is gone.

To people accustomed to live in cities, there is something strangely impressive in the profound quiet of a night in the country. It either lulls or distracts them; me it soothes and saddens. We are fearfully lonely now that Stephen is gone. We do not attempt to disguise it. As for Annie, she weeps like a child who has lost its mother, he has been so good to us.

CONCLUSION.

Two years have now passed over, two years of quiet, uneventful country life, but not uneventful to Annie. Mr. Henderson, the handsome young clergyman of our village, soon became enamored of her face, her bright nature and pure soul. They wished me to live with them at the rectory, but I would not accept this invitation. Young married people are better by themselves; besides this, I have become attached to Bridget and Fir-Tree House. Stephen is still abroad, but I have, almost by every post, the longest, kindest, and most interesting letters. I am young still, yet I seem to have grown quite a staid, resigned sort of person, and I have thoroughly wedded myself to all country interests. I cultivate rabbits; I know my chickens, and call them all by their names. On Sunday it is my treat to play the organ in church, and twice in the week I practice there. This Saturday evening I close the organ earlier than usual, and leave the church, with its music still playing on in my soul. It is such a wonderful July evening—the last lights of day and the first lights of night are mingling together—sun-down, star-dawn, and moon-rise! There is the glamour of summer over everything. Sweet scents are wafted from hedges and dusky hayfields; grasshoppers and crickets are getting awake. "Laura," says a voice at which I start.

I exclaimed, "Stephen," with a sudden rush of happiness to heart and voice.

"Yes, it is I," he says, drawing my arm in his. "I have been listening to your playing for the last half hour. You know that I cannot distinguish one tune from another, but I like to hear the organ well played, just as one would take pleasure in listening to a beautiful voice, though spoken in a language one could not understand. I called at Fir-Tree House, and when I found that you were not there I went to Annie's. She told me that you were at the church, where I said I would come for you myself."

We are not walking in the direction of Fir-Tree House.

"I thought that you were hundreds of miles away," I say.

"So I was, but a few days ago such a desire to see you came over me that I could not resist it, and I thought perhaps I might be of some little service to you in one way or another."

"It must have been in answer to my wish to see you that you came."

"You have really wished to see me?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I answered.

"Then you have missed me?"

"Yes, most dreadfully; I wish you had not such a roving disposition. If something only would happen to keep you in England; but then, perhaps, you would be too busy in London to come and see us often."

"I will tell you what," he rejoins; "I should like to take a house close by you, so that I could see you every day. I could go to town for you and get you new books when you wanted them."

"I don't think I should want new books if I had you to talk to," I reply.

Then for some minutes we walk on, in silence. The last light of sunset has faded now, and every moment the moon grows stronger. A cart piled up with sweet-smelling hay lumbers heavily past us. The Suffolk farmer, who is plodding along by the head of his horses, gives us a hearty good-night. And Stephen, preoccupied as he is, does not fail to return the greeting.

"Laura," he begins again, "don't let what I am going to say hurt you, and indeed, I don't see why it should. I have nothing to ask you. I think it a precious privilege to know that you regard me in the light of your best friend; but if I die abroad, I should like you to know that, from the hour I first loved you, I have loved you more, day by day, and if, as my wife, I could have guarded you against the troubles of the world, I should have been the happiest, the most thankful of men. But, of course, I know this cannot be."

I feel now that my moment of expiation, so long postponed, has come upon me, so I reply quickly, "Yes, you are quite right, it cannot be."

"I knew it," he says, almost to himself.

"Yes, but not because I do not love you," I go on. "You think I am lonely, and haunted by a sense of disgrace; you would shelter me from the effects of my own mistake. From this sacrifice I will save you; you are the noblest man in all the world, and must have a noble wife."

He stops now, and holds my hand tightly in his. Then he says quite quietly, but in a tone which has something solemn in it, "Laura, nearly three years ago you told me that you loved me. My dear, you made a mistake, then; but now you know what love is. I do not suppose that you can give me the love you gave him, but if in my love you could find rest and refuge, for God's sake speak the truth; make no mistake this time."

"Stephen, Stephen," I cry, passionately, "I love you as much as you would have me; and it is so hard to put this joy from me."

There is no more need of words. In another moment he has drawn me close to him. Now I know I shall never be lonely again. We walk home through the lovely, tender moonlight night. At the door of Fir-Tree House, Stephen leaves me, since Annie has given him a room at the rectory, where they keep early hours.

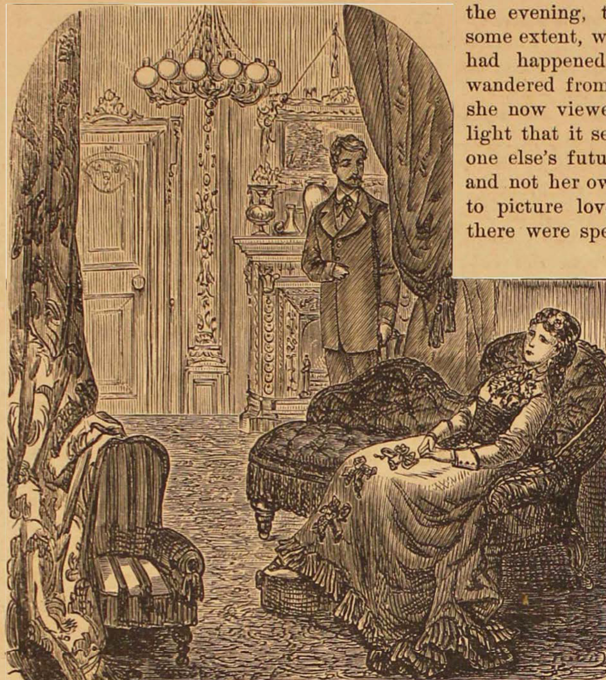
Long I sit, that night, in my garden, full of moonlight and sweet odors. From time to time, I hear the long, full, liquid notes of the nightingale. Oh, the pity, the peace, and the passion of this night! Early in the morning comes Annie, just as radiant as usual, bright as a piece of arrested spring.

"Well, you are happy, are you not?" she says. "I knew all about it a long time ago. Stephen made me promise never to tell you, but last night when he said to me how wretched he had been away from you, I threatened that if he did not speak out, I would break my promise and tell you myself."

"Dear Annie," I say, as I put my arms round her neck, and kiss her. "What do we not owe to you?"

Before the autumn is over, Stephen and I are married. I wonder more and more, every day, how it can be that I, who am so unworthy, should have held through all, the love of this noblest of men. I am happy, deeply happy; but, oh, do not think I am without my cross. Stephen is always loving and tender, but at times he sits sad and silent, and I know at such moments he sees before him the sweet face of his dead mother, whose frail life could not look on the grief of her son and survive it. This sorrow I may not share with him; on this subject my lips had best keep silent. Some of you may think this punishment too slight, yet to me it is heavy. I will try to make Stephen happy—yes, I will try, and I do not think I shall fail. In all the world there is not another man like Stephen.

THE END.



THE REVERIE.

Elizabeth.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS YET," "MADEMOISELLE MARGUERITE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN she had reached the silent safety of her room and stood with the door shut and locked behind her, in the middle of the floor, her poor heart was beating and fluttering so wildly that it seemed as if it would burst from her bosom, and her little hands, as she clasped them tightly together, had grown icy cold. It had been but a second, but Mrs. Woodville had taken the whole scene in, she was sure of it; for, in that quick instant, she had caught her eye, which was fixed on her in surprised indignation and anger. Oh, what would be the result, and why was it that she should feel this sense of shame and humiliation when she thought of it? Surely there was no harm, since Algernon Keeting was her declared and accepted husband. Oh, if she could only tell Mrs. Woodville this. How she longed to go to her now and say that it was true, but she dared not—she must wait until she was summoned. She remained some time sitting before her fire, without removing her clothes, thinking that, perhaps, when the house was quiet she would send for her, and hoping it might be so; but hour after hour passed and no such summons came, and so Elizabeth slowly undressed and laid down. Gradually she had grown calmer, and now the mighty fact of her great joy was so vividly present to her, as she acted over and over in her thoughts the events of the evening, that it served to do away, to some extent, with the painful effect of what had happened since. Presently her mind wandered from that off to the future, which she now viewed by such a new and altered light that it seemed to her it must be some one else's future way that she was viewing and not her own, which she had been wont to picture loveless and solitary. Of course there were specks on the horizon, and some of these very near at hand. Of course she thought much of Miss Decourcy, and that thought carried its own anxiety with it, but she was quite sure of one thing that greatly lessened that trouble, and that was that Miss Decourcy did not love Mr. Keeting. Even the small acquaintance she had had with her had convinced her that she was not a person of any depth of feeling, and she had watched her carefully when Mr. Keeting was with her, and had seen that she received his attentions, which had recently been so ardently expressed, with evident pleasure, but with no more emotion or animation than she showed at the attentions of the different young men whom Elizabeth had sometimes seen talking with her when she would occasionally happen to be in the drawing-room in the evening when guests came. Indeed, there was one person, young Edgeworth Danell, who was a very rich neighbor of the Woodville's, who seemed to possess, for Miss Decourcy, a stronger interest than Elizabeth had ever seen her show in any one else, and whose advances she had received with far more eagerness than she had ever shown to Keeting. So Elizabeth had no qualms of conscience at the thought that she was depriving Miss Decourcy of her lover; she was happy, rather, when she thought of it, that she would save him from the shame and misery of marrying where he gave and received no love. Of greater importance to her was the thought that, by his marriage with her, he would almost certainly be cut off from his aunt's inheritance, for she could never think of Mr. Keeting except with the surroundings of wealth and ease. A life of privation and discomfort would be nothing very hard for her to bear, but she could well imagine that it would be very different with Mr. Keeting; but it was not probable that he would ever have this to contend with, as his relatives were all rich people, and, for all she knew, he might already have some means that would make his future life comfortable, and accompanied with the surroundings of ease that he had been accustomed to; and then, too, she knew he had studied law at college, though he had not yet begun its practice, and she had no fear but that, with his talent and ability and determination, he would overcome obstacles and carve out his own way to success. Still, the relinquishment of the prospect of inheriting a couple of hundred thousands was a great thing for a man to endure, and she had not an atom of hope but that this sacrifice would be the necessary result of his refusing to marry according to his aunt's wishes and choosing for his wife an obscure and penniless girl. But even this could not serve to distress or grieve Elizabeth to any great extent, with the thought of her overwhelming happiness in her mind. As she had said before, she measured his love by hers, and it would have been but a slight sacrifice for her to make for his sake.

Elizabeth did not sleep that night. She did not seek or desire it—she had too much happiness to remember, and too much future joy to anticipate, to resign herself willingly to unconsciousness and oblivion. As the first pale streaks of dawn made themselves seen in the far east, and the feeble light forced itself between the crevices of her curtains, she arose and walked toward the window, restless and tired of bed. As she passed the door, a white bit of folded paper caught her eye, and stooping quickly she read these words written in Mr. Keeting's hand, and dated two o'clock, A.M.

"I must see you as soon as possible. I cannot wait for the opportunity to come, but must *make* one, for I *must* put you right in this matter, which I cannot do until I have had a short explanation with you. It makes me wretched to think how anxious and unhappy you must be, and I longed so to be able to comfort and reassure you at once, that, after you left me, I went to Eleanor's room to explain to her at once how matters stood, but she would not see me. I fear, my poor darling, that she is very angry; but if you will only try not to mind, it need make no difference really, for she *can* do nothing to separate us; and as long as we are together, why need we mind anything? Don't be anxious and unhappy—I will put it all right when I see you. And what harm can happen to you, when you have me near at hand, ready to protect you with my life from the very smallest injury? I am eager for morning to come, for by eight o'clock you must meet me in the field, at the foot of the hill, where we met on that first evening that I came. Do not be afraid. It is not probable that any one will see us, and I need detain you but a little while; and if they do, have we not a right to come and go as we choose? You are my promised wife, Elizabeth; remember that, and let it nerve you to be brave and courageous. Do not fail to come; and above all, my dear one, have no fear, for do I not stand ever between you and danger?

"Yours ever and always, A. K."

It was remarkable what strength Elizabeth drew from this note. It reassured her so completely, and made her feel so brave and strong, that after looking at her watch, and seeing that it was already after six, she began to dress, and just as she had fastened the last button, and was about to pin her hat and jacket, there came a soft tap at the door. She was surprised and startled. Was it possible that Mr. Keeting had been so indiscreet as to come for her and expect her to go with him? She hastily opened the door, expecting to see her lover's eager countenance, and to her sur-

prise, she found herself face to face with Mrs. Woodville. That lady had evidently just risen, and had assumed hastily a loose dressing-gown, which she wore over her night-dress. She did not look angry, but there was an expression of the greatest hauteur on her face, mixed with the strongest disapprobation, and she was, in look and manner as cold as stone.

"You will excuse me for coming to you thus early, Miss Cuthbert," she said, advancing into the room and taking a seat, and motioning Elizabeth to another; "but of course I would not do so unless I came on a matter of great importance, as I need not tell you that I do. You must have something to say to me in regard to the extraordinary spectacle that I was witness to last night, though extenuation or explanation is out of the question." Elizabeth was fired by her cold and cutting words into an unusual show of resolution and high spirit.

"I quite expected that you would desire some explanation of what you saw," she answered calmly, "and I am entirely prepared to give you one that ought to prove satisfactory. Mr. Keeting and myself are engaged to be married."

Elizabeth was utterly unprepared for the manner in which Mrs. Woodville received this announcement. She had expected to see her roused to angry indignation, and was prepared for sharp and bitter words, but to see her face grow suddenly less hard and proud, though many shades more sad, was a surprise to her so great, that it needed the light which her next words threw on the subject to enable Elizabeth to account for it.

"This is a shameful business," she said, regretfully. "Algernon has done a dishonorable and treacherous thing. You have been weak and foolish, too, Miss Cuthbert, but the greater blame is upon him, for leading you into this."

Elizabeth's face flushed scarlet.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Woodville," she said, trying to be calm. "I don't see that I have been led into anything but an honorable engagement of marriage to a man to whom I give my fullest regard and confidence, and who gives me his in return. Surely, other girls have been led into this often enough before, without being considered to have done anything to be called shameful."

"Miss Cuthbert," Mrs. Woodville said, decidedly, "I am sorry for you; but I must not allow you to deceive yourself about this thing. Can it be possible that you really think that Mr. Keeting means to give up a brilliant, high-born, beautiful girl, whom he has known from childhood, and by marriage with whom he will secure a large fortune, for the sake of a girl whom he has met but yesterday, as it were, and for whom he can have only a passing fancy? I am sorry for you, as I said; and I am surprised, inexpressibly surprised, at Algernon, and heartily ashamed of him as well."

"You have no need to be," said Elizabeth, proudly. "If you valued your brother as you should, your feeling with regard to him would be the reverse of shame. But I might have known that you would not think leniently of his intention to marry a girl penniless and obscure as I am; this I ought reasonably to have expected. However, there is no necessity for us to talk upon that point. In the nature of things, we could not see it alike. But there is one point in which I must put you right. You are mistaken in supposing that Mr. Keeting and I were strangers until we met here. He spent the whole of last summer in the immediate neighborhood of my cousin's home, where I have been living, and we saw each other almost daily; and so, when we met here, it was not as strangers, but as old friends."

Mrs. Woodville was plainly immensely surprised at this announcement, and, from her countenance, not a little troubled as well.

"This is all news to me," she said, coldly; "and you will excuse me for saying, that I think it rather a remarkable thing that I was not informed of this fact. It cannot be an accident that it has been kept from me."

"No, it was not an accident. I urgently requested Mr. Keeting not to let it be known, because I desired no position in this house except the one that I had as your children's governess; and I thought, if I let him make the fact known that I was an old acquaintance, indeed, a warm friend of his, it would make it uncomfortable for all parties. He wished to do it—indeed, only the most urgent efforts on my part could prevent his doing it. Of course, I need not tell you that, at that time, I had no idea that our positions would be changed to what they are now."

"And how long has it been since this idea dawned upon you? Excuse my asking; but I cannot see that further misapprehensions in this matter can do anything but harm."

"I never dreamed of it until last night," said Elizabeth, candidly. "He had sometimes spoken to me of such things in the past, but a misunderstanding and division, which cannot be sufficiently deplored, had separated us, which was only removed and explained away last night."

She did not like to tell the nature of these; to say she had repulsed and rejected his advances.

Mrs. Woodville had listened to her with increasing anxiety and alarm upon her features, and when she finished speaking, she said:

"This is more serious than I had thought. All this induces the belief that Algernon is in earnest in his feeling for you—a thing I did not in the least believe when I came here, and can hardly realize as yet; but, granting that this is so, Miss Cuthbert, the fact remains unaltered. You cannot marry my brother. It can never be."

"And why not, Mrs. Woodville?" Elizabeth asked, throwing up her small head proudly, and looking at that moment as high-bred a young creature as any in the land. "Am I a tainted and contaminated person, that he must not pollute himself by marrying me? Am I wicked or degraded, that he cannot stoop to me? Am I dishonored or disgraced, that he cannot link his name with mine? What is it then? I am neither rich nor influential nor of great account in the world, but are these things disgraceful? No, thank heaven! If they were, I would be the first to send him from me. There would be no need for any one to urge me to give him up. If his marriage with me would taint his name or sully his honor, I would die sooner than marry him, but, oh, thank heaven, this is not so! I give to him a pure, untarnished love, and the life he links with his is one whose past actions he may scan and scrutinize to the last letter. I give him a heart whose fresh first fruits are offered up to him, and a being that has never yet responded to any sign of tenderness from mortal man, until he waked its silent and unkown love from its lethargy, and stirred it into fullest, truest life. And I give him the love of an honest, earnest soul, whose first care shall be to go with him upward to higher things—either to lead or follow—and a young and youthful and healthy body, untouched by sickness or disease. This is the dowry I bring him, a poor one in your eyes, but not in his, thank heaven, not in his! He has a noble heart—a loyal, tender, kind, unworldly heart—and gifts such as these he will not despise."

Mrs. Woodville was moved, in spite of herself, by the girl's vehement earnestness, and there was a ring of honest candor and truth in her voice which could not be destitute of effect. But she steeled herself against these influences, and reverted to one part of Elizabeth's vindication which she had seized upon in her mind when the words had left her lips

"Miss Cuthbert," she said, in decided, energetic tones, "you said just now that if Algernon's marriage with you would sully his honor, you would die sooner than marry him. Those are strong words: do you mean what you say?"

"To the last letter," Elizabeth said.

"Well, then, as I told you before, you will have to give him up. I tell you again I am sorry for you, but I must tell you too that if my brother married you there would be a blot upon his honor that he would not recover from to his dying day."

Elizabeth listened eagerly, impatient of the pause Mrs. Woodville made after these words. What could she mean? Had she learned in some way of her father's discreditable mode of life? But no, it could hardly be that, for, since her wider knowledge of those whom the world made much of and delighted to honor, Elizabeth had learned that her old feeling of shame upon this subject was a morbid one. As an inmate of Mrs. Woodville's house she had come in contact with, or observed from a distance, many a man who she knew was held in high account by honorable and refined society, of whom it was openly known and acknowledged that the practice of gambling was a more or less constant one, and, having seen how the world condoned and extenuated it, she had grown to feel it far less a stigma of shame, though no less a wrong and discredit. So it could not be that, that Mrs. Woodville meant, and there was nothing else that she could divine or fancy; so it was with a stout heart and an inward disbelief that she said calmly:

"Go on, Mrs. Woodville. Let me hear."

But Mrs. Woodville hesitated a moment longer before saying:

"As I said before, Miss Cuthbert, Algernon

is to blame, much to blame in this. He has let himself be overcome by a culpable weakness. He has done a false, wrong thing."

"He has not been false," said Elizabeth, with glad conviction. "He has been truer to me than you could believe or think."

"True to you, perhaps; but would his fault be the less if he had been, at the same time, false to some one else?"

"But he has not," said Elizabeth. "He has told me that I am the one woman he has loved, and I am, therefore, the one woman to whom he owed loyalty."

"What he has told you may or may not be true," said Mrs. Woodville; "of that I cannot judge; but I will tell you now of something that he has plainly not told you, and that is, that, at the moment in which he spoke to you last night, and gave and received the promise of marriage, he was in honor pledged to some one else. He was engaged to marry Miss Decourcy."

Elizabeth shook her head disbelievingly, and the look of joyful confidence that had been on her face did not leave it.

"That cannot be true, Mrs. Woodville. You have misconstrued what you have seen," she said. "He would not have asked me to marry him unless he had been free to offer—it would have been an insult else. He has made Miss Decourcy no offer of marriage, and he does not consider himself bound by the mere fact of his aunt's wishes. Nor do I. He is willing to relinquish his aunt's fortune for my sake, and, much as I deplore the thought of any privation for him, this high proof of his love for me is a part of the happiness that I feel."

"It is a hard duty that I have before me, Miss Cuthbert," Mrs. Woodville said; "but I must not let you labor under any misapprehension about this. There can be no mistake on my part. I do not state this fact upon any observations of my own. Algernon and Flora went to the party in the coupé together, and on the way he asked her to marry him, and she accepted. I have it from her own lips."

At these words Elizabeth's cheek blanched and her confidence was shaken for the first time. She had no words in which to disprove this, and now a swift recollection of the confession he had spoken of and said he had left the party to make to her, came to her mind, and with a clutch of agony and fear upon her heart, she turned her head away from Mrs. Woodville and dropped her face in her hands.

"If this is true," she said in a changed unsteady voice, "you have proved your point, and I acknowledge that Mr. Keeting is Miss Decourcy's lover and not mine, and in that case you are right—his honor is pledged. But I will not believe it until I have the assurance of it from his own lips. Until then I cannot dare believe it. Go away now, Mrs. Woodville, please. You have been kind, and you would have spared me if you could, and I thank you, but go away from me now."

Mrs. Woodville was kind in her way, but she was incapable of disinterestedness. She saw, in Elizabeth's sudden and profound grief, something that she could make serve her purpose, as she thought, and her end must be gained by any means that could be found.

"I am going," she said, "but before I do there is one appeal that I must make to you. I see how you are suffering, and the sight distresses me, but ought you not to measure the suffering you feel, by that of the suffering Flora Decourcy will feel if she has to face, like you, the possibility of relinquishing the dearest dreams of her life?"

"She cannot feel as I do," Elizabeth answered. "She has not the deep feeling for Mr. Keeting that I have. I have watched her, and I know this."

"But you have been mistaken. Until last night I doubted, too, if she was capable of any great depth of affection, but her happy looks and words, when she was telling me

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about it, undeceived me. So, hard as it may be, Miss Cuthbert, you ought to remember that if you take this new-found happiness away from her, you will be condemning her to the very suffering you are now having a foretaste of, and it will go harder with her than with you. She has been unaccustomed to being denied, and she has had less preparation for such a trouble than you, who have been trained in a severer school, I judge. I leave you with these thoughts to reflect upon, and one other yet. Algernon has been educated with the idea that he would inherit his aunt's fortune, and he has never learned to live plainly, and would find it harder and more irksome than you could imagine now. And if he marries against his aunt's will, he will have to live plainly and deny himself the things that he has been accustomed to call necessities, but which are impossible for a poor man; and daily deprivations and discomforts like this are a great strain upon a man's affections, and I, who know Algernon better than you, assure you that he could not stand it. These may seem cruel things to tell you, but they are absolute truths, and you would do well to consider them before you decide to injure the man you profess to love by being the cause of his tainting his honor irretrievably by treachery and falseness, and to be the cause of great unhappiness to a young and happy girl, who has been educated with the idea that she is to marry Algernon, and, therefore, would feel the blow more bitterly than would be possible with you; and, lastly, remember into what poverty and want you would be bringing Algernon, and think well of these things before you decide. I will leave you now, as I must see Algernon before Flora wakes. If I can help it, she shall never know of this; you can prevent it and save her from this grief, if you will. I shall come to you again, Miss Cuthbert, and, meantime, if you wish to see me, send for me. As the children have holiday now, you need not leave your room, unless you wish; and when you have come to a decision as to what you will do, you will let me know."

"You forget," said Elizabeth, with a cold, hard voice, and a look of something very like despair in her face—"you forget that I can come to no decision without seeing Mr. Keeting."

"That you shall do," said Mrs. Woodville readily. "I will make arrangements for your having as long a private conversation with him as you like."

Elizabeth said a cold "Thank you," and went with Mrs. Woodville to the door. As she opened it, Mr. Keeting, carefully dressed, and with his hat on, was passing along the hall. She knew that he was going to the trysting place to meet her, it being within a few minutes of the appointed time.

"I am glad to see you up so early, Algernon," Mrs. Woodville said, "as I particularly wish to speak with you at once. Come with me to your room."

But Keeting had caught sight of the white misery of Elizabeth's face, and instead of turning back, he took a step toward her. But she looked at him and shook her head.

"Go with your sister, now," she said; "I will see you later. I cannot bear it now."

"Stop, Eleanor," said Mr. Keeting, "and say what you have to say to me here and now."

"Algernon, that is impossible," said Mrs. Woodville, decidedly; "think how apt we are to be seen and interrupted. Think of the servants! Miss Cuthbert desires you to go with me. I have promised Miss Cuthbert to arrange for her seeing you later, as long as you choose, but I must see you now."

"Do you desire it?" he said, looking away from his sister and full at Elizabeth. "It shall be just as you say."

"Yes, I wish it," she said, lowly; "I will see you later."

Mrs. Woodville had walked on at Elizabeth's words, but before Mr. Keeting followed her, he said, in a tender, fervent tone to the latter:

"You do wrong not to trust me. Do not look so sad, Elizabeth. And remember this, nothing can part us really." Then he turned away and followed his sister, and Elizabeth turned back in her room and threw herself upon the bed with a sigh that was almost a groan.

CHAPTER XIV.

In about an hour, Mrs. Woodville sent to know if Miss Cuthbert would have her breakfast in her room, and when Elizabeth said she would and Jenny had kindly served and attended her and removed the almost untouched tray, she sat a few moments thinking intensely of the exciting events that were just past and just about to come. In the midst of these reflections there came a tap at the door, and Mrs. Woodville entered, dressed for driving.

"Miss Cuthbert," she said, "I have talked with Algernon, but he will agree to nothing until he has seen you. When he has told you, as he will, that his word was pledged to some-one else, before he asked you to marry him, I do not doubt that you will do what any honorable woman must do, release him from all bonds to you and help him to keep his pledged word to another. And I have been thinking that, in that case, or in any case, it will be painful for you to remain at Woodville now; and it has therefore occurred to me to suggest that you should go to your relatives for the Christmas holidays—this would seem a very simple and natural thing to every one—and I hope you will allow me to defray the expenses of your trip. If you agree with me, you might set out to-day."

Mrs. Woodville paused as if expecting some response, and Elizabeth said promptly: "I shall be ready for the evening train. I thank you for suggesting it. I shall be only too glad to get away."

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Miss Cuthbert, even for so short a time; I shall look forward to your return. Miss Decourcy and myself are going out for a round of visits, which will occupy us during the whole afternoon; we will lunch at the Moores' perhaps, and not return until after you are gone. Algernon, who is feverish and seems not well, has kept his room to-day, and I have made his being unwell the excuse to Flora, who also explains, in that way, his sudden departure from the party last night. She knows nothing of what has occurred, and, unless you choose voluntarily to inflict this pain upon her, she will never know. Miss Cuthbert, I will tell you again plainly that Miss Decourcy is the proper wife for my brother. There is everything to be said in favor of such a marriage as this, and if you break it off, and prevent it, for the fulfillment of your own selfish aims, take my word for it, the day will come when you will bitterly repent it. No doubt Algernon loves you very much now, but the very strongest love will never stand such a strain as this, and by-and-by, if you marry him, when poverty, and trouble, and debts, and increased cares and responsibilities come, you will remember my words when it is too late. I must leave you now; but here is money, which I beg you will accept for the expenses of your journey, which, you remember, would not have been incurred but for my suggestion that you should go away for a while, and which it is, therefore, my place to provide for. You must not, therefore, look upon it in the light of an obligation." She laid a roll of notes down on the table by which they were standing as she spoke, but Elizabeth pushed them from her, saying coldly:

"I do not need this. I have spent next to nothing of the half-year's salary that you have paid me, and I prefer to defray my own expenses. You mean to be kind, I know, but you must take it back." There was so much decision in her composed words, that Mrs. Woodville thought it best not to press the matter, so she took the notes back, saying as she did so:

"I am sorry that you decide it so, but of course I am bound to regard your wish in the matter. There is only one more thing to be said, Miss Cuthbert, and that is, that Algernon will meet you in the morning-room at twelve, and I have taken measures to prevent your being interrupted in any way. And now good-by. I wish you a safe journey and a speedy return. I shall write to you later. It is painful for me to have to part from you under such circumstances, Miss Cuthbert, but I trust you will have begun to be happier when we meet again. Troubles of this kind do not kill one, though they are hard things for young people to bear."

She held out her hand to Miss Cuthbert, who put hers into it mechanically, and echoed mechanically, too, Mrs. Woodville's farewell greeting, and then the door had closed upon her, and again Elizabeth was alone.

Her first act was to draw out her watch and look at it, and when she saw that it was half past eleven and that in one half hour she would go to meet her lover, a little quick flush sprang to her pale cheek, and the sluggish blood began to course rapidly though her veins. But her slender limbs were weak from sleeplessness and exhaustion, and, almost unable to stand, she sank upon a chair. Those last words of Mrs. Woodville's rang in her ears.

"How sure she is of me! How plain it is that she expects this sacrifice of me—this voluntary relinquishment of sunshine and daylight, and acceptance of dark, unbroken night for the rest of my days," she said to herself. "She tells me that troubles of this kind do not kill people, as if she could know what such troubles are! Oh, why am I made of such different stuff from other people? Why can I not take things as the people around me take them? and put from me the urgings of passionate love, and take in its place mercenariness, designingness and the worship of creature comforts? But I cannot do it—it is not for me a thing possible, and thank heaven, oh, thank heaven, that it is so."

Elizabeth had firmly made up her mind to her course, which was this: If her lover confirmed Mrs. Woodville's statement that he was engaged to marry Miss Decourcy before he came to her last night—as, alas, she was certain now that he must do—she would give him up.

The stable clock struck twelve, with loud aggressive strokes; the hall clock, nearer by, struck twelve busily and cheerfully; the little door above the dial of the clock on the landing flew open, and the cuckoo came out for his longest, fullest draught of daylight in all the twenty-four hours, and uttered his little cry twelve times and vanished. The silvery tongue of the malachite clock in the morning-room had finished its twelfth clear stroke, and the man who had been standing for fifteen minutes with his eyes riveted on its face, turned them now upon the closed door opposite and stood there waiting with his heart in his eager eyes. It was not for long that he waited, for soon his listening ear caught the sound of a gentle foot-fall, and in another second the door had opened softly and closed again behind a slender, shapely, black-clad form, and he was face to face with his beautiful sweetheart. He took a step forward and held out his arms, and Elizabeth, with a little moan of pain and weakness, resigned her slender body to their strong support, and while he clasped her close, close to his heart, her flower-like head dropped weakly on his shoulder, and a gush of long-pent tears streamed down her cheeks, unchecked.

"My dearest, my one love, my poor little storm-tossed flower," he said, stroking her smooth, brown tresses with tender, caressing fingers, and pressing his passionate kisses on her brow. "It is all over now—we are together again, and we never shall be parted more. Such a night as the one just past, we shall never know again, neither of us. Pain and fear and wretchedness have kept sleep and hope and joy from each of us, but the struggle is over, and the same decision has come to each. We will throw aside the thought of the world's censure and the world's rewards together—riches, advancement, honor, dishonor, these are mere words—we will cast them away to the winds, for love is ours, and 'love is enough!'"

He ceased to speak and bent above her once again; but she would not lift her face nor speak to him; her little brown head sunk lower still on his shoulder and she drew the closer to him; she even freed her prisoned hands and clasped them about his neck and drew his dear head closer down, until it rested on her own. There was such an utter abandonment of grief expressed in her passionate motions that Mr. Keeting was alarmed.

"Elizabeth," he said gently, "you are not unhappy now, are you? Oh, remember how I have said I will guard you with my life from harm."

She lifted her head from its resting-place then, and unclasped her hands from his neck, and resolutely unwound his arms from about her, and stood a little way off, looking at him with a new-found resolution and resolve that dried up her tears at their source, and even gave to her weak and trembling limbs an added strength. The time had come, and her fit of weakness was over.

"Mr. Keeting," she said, quietly, "it will not do for you and me to buoy ourselves up with false hopes. The time has come for us to say good-by, and this is our parting hour."

"It never shall be so," he cried, moving toward her with eagerly outstretched arms; but she stepped back from him, and with a repelling motion of her hand motioned him from her. He paused where he stood and his vacant arms dropped heavily to his side, but the determination of his face never altered as he said: "Have I not said that nothing should

separate us? and am I not in sacred earnest when I say so still? Elizabeth, you cannot mean it. Think what a new-found thing our happiness is! My sweet, you are only doing this to test me. It must be that—but you will not find me to fail you. I can bear this test or any other, to the uttermost."

She shook her small head sadly and uttered a little sigh full of the pathos of recent tears, but the calm grief of her face was all unmixed with any look of weakness or concession.

"It is not that," she said; "it could never be my thought to put your love to any test like this, for I believe in you, Algernon; I haven't one glimmer of doubt or disbelief concerning your love for me."

"If that is so," he broke in, wildly, all his healthy countenance covered with a pale, unlovely whiteness, "why do you torture me with talking of our parting?"

"Because," she answered, as her sweet eyes rested on him, with a confident strong smile, "I believe your love for me is of the very highest, noblest type—a love that is brave and strong enough to say: 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'"

"Then you are wrong," he answered, hotly; "my love for you is no such love as that. It is the overwhelming need of my nature, which nothing else on earth can fill, save only the answering tenderness of your heart."

"And that you have, and that you know you have! but dearly as I love you, Algernon, the pain of this renunciation will be less than to carry with me the thought that there is a blot upon your name, a taint upon your honor, because you broke faith with a woman whose claim upon you is a stronger one than mine. No, do not deny it. The time will come when you will see that it is so. Miss Decourcy—and not I—is your promised bride."

"Listen, my sweet: you don't know what you are saying. Miss Decourcy is as nothing to us, and you, Elizabeth, this very you, whose cruel lips can say such hard, false words, you are my promised bride."

Poor Elizabeth! such arguments as these were hard to resist—harder than she had dreamed they could be—harder far than his anger and indignation.

"Let us sit down, Algernon," she said, "we have the day before us. We have time to talk this over calmly, and to prepare ourselves to say good-by with calmness and resignation."

She sank down on a little lounge near by, and he dropped at her side, clasping her hands in his own and letting his drooped head sink upon his breast. There was much to be said, and refuted, and decided, but with the gentlest care, the quietest deliberation, she freed her hands from his, and putting one beneath his chin she raised his sorrow-stricken face, until his loving eyes met hers.

"Dear, beautiful, reproachful eyes," she said, "they are looking at me disapprovingly and sadly now, but they are always gentle, always kind. Do you think I shall not carry with me their kind looks and see them every day and every hour before me? I am going to give you up, my dearest, my beloved, my best friend, but it can do no harm for me to think of you, and remember that, when you most needed a helpful, strengthening friend, I was by your side and gave to you that aid, without which you would have yielded to a shameful weakness, and been overcome by a terrible wrong."

"Elizabeth, how can you say these things, again and yet again?" the young man answered in a tone of angry reproach. "Do you think I will give you up when I have known the sweetness of your love for one short evening only, and have hungered and thirsted for it during weary months before? Do you think I prize you so little that I will let a phantom such as this divide us? You do not know me! You do not comprehend my love!" He had risen to his feet, and was standing, white and eager, before her, but his vehemence and excitement moved Elizabeth as little as his reproaches and endearments had done. Through all there was that look of unmoved resolve which kept its place unchangedly on the calm sorrow of her face.

"Algernon," she said, looking up at him, and speaking in a steady, gentle voice, "you do not know how I thank heaven for the light and strength that has been given me in this hour. A light which shows me clearly our two separate ways, and a strength that gives me the power to follow mine and lead you on to yours."

"Elizabeth, there can be no divided way for us," the young man cried. "Our way may be beset with difficulties and trials, but after all it will ever be the way of peace and joy, because we shall tread it together."

His fond words touched her to the heart, but their reiteration showed her plainer yet that there was need of a yet greater show of resolution and determination on her part before her lover's eager thoughts could be turned into the channel into which it was resolved that they should flow. The tenderness and love which hitherto had shone on her pale face gave place now to a look of unmixed determination and resolve. She rose from her seat, too, and walked a few paces to a tall stuffed chair that stood near by, and stood there facing him.

"Algernon," she said, in a calm voice, unlike the loving tones in which it had thrilled him so to hear her speak his name a moment before, "will you tell me how you would explain to the world and to Miss Decourcy, and, above all, to your own sense of honor, such a course as you propose to follow out? You have received of Miss Decourcy her promise to become your wife—what right have you to draw back from the fulfillment of your part of the pledge?"

"Oh, Elizabeth, I was wild when I did it," he cried; "the light of your little, pale, and suffering face that showed a troubled heart, which, as I blindly thought, you would never give me the right to comfort, had deprived me of my senses. I had been watching you grow daily more and more pale and sad and thin, and last night I said to myself that I could bear the sight no longer. I had resolved to make some excuse and go away, for the sight of your sorrow and my inability to help it was driving me mad. I said to myself that I never could be happy without you, and that it was plain as day that your love was a thing too good and blissful for me ever to attain, and so disappointment and sadness were my portion for life. What then? I tried to think about the matter calmly, and I came to this resolution—that, since happiness was denied me, and there was nothing that could take the place in my heart of having the joy of your love, I would try—inspired by the thought of your endurance and patience and nobleness—to turn my hand to the fulfillment of some definite duty, and put an end here and now to my indolent, purposeless, useless mode of life. But a beginning must be made—some definite step must be taken, and since I was cut off from happiness, it seemed to me my best plan was to pursue the course that I should have taken if I had never known you, and fulfill the hopes and wishes of my family and friends, and ask Miss Decourcy, to whom I was in honor bound, unless a higher claim was upon me (as it is), to be my wife. In a few brief words, a five minutes' conversation, I asked her and she accepted. The arrangement was made with the most business-like simplicity and dispatch. There were no protestations of affection on either side. She looked upon it, as I did, as the mere fulfillment of plans that had been made for us by others, and she accepted it, because the acceptance gave her the prospect of future ease and affluence, and the power that these bring with them, and, at the same time, she recognized in me a person who would be apt to treat her with kindness, and to interfere in no way with the fulfillment of her plans and pursuits; and I dare say she may have a sort of liking for me, but she does not *love* me, Elizabeth, and I do not love her, and you *do* love me, Elizabeth, and so do I love you—so truly, so immeasurably, so undividedly, that the very thought that we shall spend our lives together is complete happiness to me, and the approval of friends, the affluence, the fortune, the world's opinion that I relinquish are as nothing in comparison—literally nothing."

As he finished speaking Elizabeth looked at him with a glad, sweet smile, which made the eager light of hope rise strong and joyous in his eyes, and ring out clear and happy in his voice as he said:

"You relent! you give up! you will persist in this terrible thought no longer? Oh, thank heaven that that dreadful look of cold resolve has left you, and once more I see you smiling and happy."

"Stop, Algernon," she said, drawing back, and folding her arms across the chair's high back as she motioned him from her. "You do not understand my smile. You do not know why it is that I look and feel this sudden joy. I am happy—I am content, and glad, and proud, because of the greatness of your love for me. I smile because I am laying up a precious store of gladness and content for future days and years. Is your love for me so great and strong a thing as this?—that it makes you willing to resign home, and friends, and position, and power, and luxury, for my sake? And oh, believing this, and joying in it, as I do, do you think *my* love is so poor a thing that it cannot make sacrifices too? No, Algernon. I can thank and bless you for what you are willing to resign, for my

sake ; but your honor is pledged to Miss Decourcy, and I give you up."

With a great groan of bafflement and pain, the young man dropped on a chair, and buried his wretched, disappointed face in his hands. In a moment Elizabeth was at his side, and had drawn his brown head, with its soft locks all disheveled and shaken out of their usual careful smoothness, toward her ; but, for the first time, he failed to respond to her signs of tenderness. He even thrust her hands away, and put her from him.

"I thought it could not be," he said, lifting up his sad, indignant face, and looking at her where she stood repulsed and sad. "I was a fool to think that you could love me in the blind, mad way that you have taught me to love you. As long as it was all smooth sailing, you were conformable enough ; but when you see that marriage with me will involve us both in trouble, and reproaches, and recriminations, you give me up, not loving me enough to stand by me when trouble and reproach shall come. You that I believed in so utterly when you said you would stand by me through evil report and good."

He did not see the look of bitter pain that came to her fair face, as he uttered these hard words, and surely there was no indication of anything but love and tenderness in the sweet voice when she spoke next.

"Algernon," she said, "I will forget those words, for they are hard, and cruel, and unjust, and the only store of joy that I have got to light the dark days of my coming life will be the memory of your kindness, which, thank heaven, has been constant and enduring enough to do away with this one act of cruelty and wrong—for, Algernon, you must know words like that are cruel ones. My dear, I love you so completely that I could go with you to prison or to death, if need be. *Surely, surely* you do not need to be told this! But my love is of too high and true a kind to lead you to dishonor. While your word is given to another, any acceptance of your pledges to me would be wrong on my part. Algernon, don't turn your face away—look up and say a kind good-by to me, for, dear, we are parting forever."

"Listen, Elizabeth," he said, springing to his feet, and speaking with vehement eagerness : "I will go to her, to Flora, and ask her for my promise back again, and tell her all the truth. She does not love me, and she will be willing to release me, especially as the rupture of the engagement being my act, it is I that will find disfavor with my aunt, and not she, and every benefit that could have come to her in this marriage, may be retained by her. Oh, if I do this—if she gives me back my promise, and sets me free, my darling, my darling, will you take me back?"

Elizabeth's cheek turned whiter than it had been in all this trying interview, although a swift pang of joy and possible hope had come to her despairing heart. It was a dreadful thought that this battle might have to be fought over again, and the hope was but a slender one. She disbelieved in Mrs. Woodville's conviction that Miss Decourcy loved Mr. Keeting, but she knew the weight that worldly considerations would have with her, and, instigated by Mrs. Woodville, she was almost sure that Miss Decourcy would treat the matter of his attachment to herself as a preposterous thing, by no means to be recognized or countenanced for a moment, and she did not doubt that Mrs. Woodville would strongly recommend her to take the thing as a joke and decline to release her brother. Besides this, Elizabeth could see that Miss Decourcy did not like her and was impatient of the friendly terms on which she was received in the house, and she knew, also, that she was a woman who loved power, and as long as she had the active support of Keeting's family she was not likely to give him up to so ineligible a person as Miss Cuthbert. So Elizabeth stifled back the rising hope within her, and answered with the old determination and yet more than the old tenderness in her tone.

"It is not likely that this will come about, Algernon, and we had better not think of it. It is not necessary to say what I would do if you were free. You are not free, and if you gained your freedom by any wrong or unkind means, I could not give you that high love which only you would like to have. Algernon, we must say good-by. I have packing to do, and must be ready for the train at four. Oh, my dear, dear love, don't say you disbelieve in my devotion to you. It is the one thing that would be more than I could bear." The strong voice broke now, for the first time, and the pale face became unutterably sorrowful and sad with the pain of parting, and she took a few steps forward to reach the sofa, but her tired limbs tottered beneath her and she was trembling like a leaf, when he sprang forward and caught her to his heart.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried, with passionate contrition, as he leaned over her and devoured with his eager eyes every lineament of her sweet, despairing face ; "forget the wretched, foolish words that I have said, and remember only this, that I love you beyond measure, and that a part of the blessedness of this great love is the belief that in this hour your heart responds throb for throb to mine, and that in sorrow and pain as well as in our love, we are no longer two, but one. Elizabeth, I shall let you go from me to-day, but it will not be for long. I shall follow you, my darling, and when we meet again it will be to part no more forever."

"God bless you for your love," she said, "God bless you for your tenderness and goodness, but, oh, beloved, I think it would be better if we did not think of this. If we resolved that we would give each other up, because right and duty called on us to make the sacrifice, it would be a better way, and then, if what is most unlikely happened, and we should find that the sacrifice was unnecessary, it would make the joy and happiness of that no whit less sweet. Algernon," she went on, lowly, "it is probable, almost certain, I think, that after to-day we shall not meet again."

Oh, the fond, unyielding, disbelieving smile with which he heard her! Against her will it thrilled and animated her with a great flood of the hopefulness and confidence she had been trying to put from her, but her resolute, sweet face showed no sign of this as she went on:

"Mrs. Woodville wants me to come back again, but that I cannot do. I must put far from me the associations and remembrances of this place, for I must try, as you will try, too, dearest, to live my life out bravely to its end. Why, it would be the highest wrong and ingratitude of me not to be patient and content, for think how far more blessed I am than I had ever hoped or believed! Oh, Algernon, to that dark time, before I knew your love for me, or even dared to dream of it as possible, the sadness of this parting moment even is effulgent day! What right have I to sorrow and repine? A greater good than I had ever dreamed has come to me, and surely the fair memory of your love will be to me peace and joy and contentment, such as I had never thought to know."

She looked up in his face as she ended with a calm and tranquil smile, the sweeter and more fond, perhaps, because of the renunciation it expressed ; but in her lover's ardent eyes there was no semblance of this look. His gaze was full of love and tenderness, but no renouncing or resigned expression came to meet the farewell fondness of her eyes.

"Algernon, try to think that this is our last parting," she said gently ; "indeed, my dear, it will make what is coming easier for you. I do not share your hopes ; they seem to me impossible and unauthorized. My dear, it seems a far more natural thing for me to be giving you up, than to be dwelling on the thought of being with you always. That always seemed a hard, strange thing for me to realize, even for the one short night that the thought was in my mind. Your destiny seemed to be marked so differently. A beautiful, and as I hope and trust, a loving wife had been chosen for you, and a fine fortune, which, as I also trust, you will spend nobly, was ready at your hand, and parents, family, and friends were ready to support and congratulate you and give you their approval as you moved along the even current of your life, and it would seem a natural and proper thing, if only love could go therewith. But when the time came that you saw love in the opposite balance, you showed the strength and beauty of your soul and proved that you were willing to give all for love and count the world well lost. Dear, noble, kind, unworldly heart, and so would have been if the world was all ; but no, love, it is something more than that that you would have to yield—something dearer than the world, and something which I shall love you all the more for showing is dearer to you than your poor, fond love herself, dear as she knows she is!"

There was a proud, exultant joy in the tone in which she ended, but, in a moment, a sad memory had come in its place, and she muttered lowly :

"If accident should throw us in each other's way in future, we shall never meet again as we are now, so my love, my love, remember this and give me your good-by. I know you do not look upon this thing as I do, dear,—heaven knows I wish you could, for it will

come to you when I am gone, and you must face and fight it all alone. Stop, Algernon, don't speak," she said quickly, for a swift dark frown had come to her lover's face as she had spoken yet again of this moment as their final parting. "Oh, my dear, dear love, for my sake say no hard unjustifiable words to me now. Remember how they will live forever in my memory, and let them be such words as will give me peace and joy instead of pain. Say this—say 'God bless you, Elizabeth, and when other ties and other loves grow up around me, I shall still think of you sometimes, and remember that you loved me well enough to save me from grave dishonor that would have overtaken me, but for your intercepting hand.' And, Algernon, if you are happy then, with tender ties around you, sometimes say this, won't you, 'The little girl that loved me so well in the long ago, was right. She acted for the best, and I can see now what my youthful passion made me blind to then, that in doing what she did, she gave to me the highest evidence of love.' Ah, my dear, you will not say it now! Heaven knows—perhaps you are not able; but in coming time you will remember what I say, and will give me these kind thoughts that are the things I crave most ardently on earth."

She ceased to speak, and rested for a moment more, quiet and safe within the shelter of those strong, fond arms. She felt that she must go—that she had stayed too long already. "But how to take last leave of all I loved," this was the thought that in its grave sorrowfulness and sad importance kept her mute and still. How long she might have stayed there folded in his arms there is no way of telling, but a sudden sound aroused them, and she sprang away from him. It was the noise of heavy wheels upon the gravel.

"The time is come," she said, the portentousness and mighty sorrow of the thought filling her soul so completely that all the proud strength she had boasted gave place utterly. "Oh, Algernon, I have loved you!" she said, wildly, smiting her little hands together quickly and then resigning them to his eager clasp. "Do not think I ever will forget you or let another love enter my heart. Oh, beloved, you have been the one love of my past life, and my future shall know no other. Good-by, good-by, good-by, beloved. God bless and keep you always."

He clasped her in his arms one moment and pressed her to his heart.

"Good-by, my own," he muttered lowly, with a look and voice of unmeasured love; "God have you in his faithful keeping till we meet again."

And then he sealed her willing lips with one long kiss, and then he loosed her from his clasp and she flitted from his sight. Voices—animated women's voices—were now heard approaching, but Keeting did not stay to see whom these belonged to. He threw up the sash of the low French window and stepped out upon the piazza, and as Mrs. Woodville, who came first, entered the little, cheerful morning-room, she caught sight of her brother's stalwart figure vanishing into the woods.

(*To be continued.*)

From Kent to Devon;

Or, Summer Rambles on the English Coast.

BY H. F. REDFERN.

HASTINGS, to-day the fashionable watering-place, one of the many summer homes of the wealth and fashion of the English metropolis, has a history nearly as old as any place in England; for here, or at Pevensey, a very few miles west, Julius Cæsar is believed to have landed in his expedition of conquest about 50 B.C., although some historians give the preference to Deal, but the weight of evidence is in favor of the former place. Several hundred years later, Pevensey, a fishing village still, was the scene of the landing of another conqueror, William of Normandy. The fleet left St. Pierre, and landed at Pevensey on the eve of the feast of St. Michael, 1066. The duke was the first to disembark, and in leaping from his boat to the shore stumbled and fell; but this, instead of being construed as an ill omen was turned by the intrepid warrior into a harbinger of success, for, grasping in his fall a handful of the loose sand, he exclaimed, in the hearing of those by whom he was surrounded, that he thus took possession of the country.

At this time Harold, the last Saxon king of England, was engaged in successfully repelling an invasion of the Danes, under Harold of Norway, his brother, who was slain. Upon the news of the landing of William of Normandy, he immediately set out from York for the southern coast, flushed with victory, and longing to meet the new foe. Meanwhile, the duke had shifted his camp from Pevensey to Hastings. After many feints and much manœuvering on both sides, a battle was fought on the 14th of October, 1066, at a place called Senlac, on Heathfield Down, now called Battle, about nine miles from Hastings. This resulted in the total defeat of the English army and the death of Harold and all his kin, the king being shot with an arrow through the eye. His body was taken from the field of battle, and interred in Westminster Abbey, though some writers have affirmed that he was buried with indignity by the sea shore, by order of William, though this is at variance with the impressions of his character which have come down to us; like most brave men, he probably knew how to be generous in the hour of victory. The whole history of this expedition of the Duke of Normandy is represented pictorially in the Bayeux Tapestry which was worked by Matilda, his wife.

Battle Abbey was erected by William, at the village of that name, on the spot where the standard of Harold was planted, in commemoration of the victory. Only the gate is now standing.

The present claim of Hastings to notoriety consists in its being a place of resort, on account of its sea-bathing and bracing air. Although the shingle beach is not nearly so handsome or inviting as many others on the South Coast, yet the sea and air are here so invigorating as to be largely prescribed for those in delicate health. The marine views are, on the whole, as fine as any on the coast—not, perhaps, so full of danger as at places in the Straits of Dover, for there is here more sea room. The words of the poet may often be brought to mind as one sits on the low bluff back of the shingly beach:

> "And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill;
> But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still.
>
> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O sea,
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

The town is situated in a hollow, and is surrounded on three sides by cliffs, the fourth being open to the sea. Hastings formerly possessed an extensive shipping trade and a commodious harbor, but, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the latter was destroyed by a storm, and its commercial interests have never been restored. The marine parade is, perhaps, the finest on the coast, and a most interesting ruin exists—no less a place than the castle where the Duke of Normandy lodged previous to the battle of Hastings. There are extensive boat and shipbuilding interests carried on, otherwise the town is exclusively given over to visitors. The aim of the greater part of its population is the pursuit of pleasure, and the mission of the remainder seems to be to minister to the wants of the first named. The most arduous toil seems to be that of watching the children, and these in turn

> "Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back."

The rival of Hastings is St. Leonard's-on-Sea, a little to the westward, and of quite recent growth.

Between the headlands of Dungeness and Beachy Head—of which last, more hereafter—lie the towns of Winchelsea, Hastings, St. Leonard's, and Eastbourne, and several unimportant hamlets or fishing villages. Winchelsea is a very old town, and, with Eastbourne, in days long past, drew a handsome revenue from the fleets of fishing vessels that made these two places their headquarters.

Not a little of the romantic and dangerous is associated with the tales of the deeds of smugglers hereabouts. Near Eastbourne was, till within a few years, shown what was called the ruins of the "Smuggler's Hut." It stood at the head of a ravine that, opening on the level height of cliffs on the landward side, sloped gradually, between almost perpendicular walls, to the beach, and, at high tide, the sea flowed for some distance into the gully or chine. The following narrative, which it may not be out of place to relate here, of events which transpired in its vicinity, has served to while away a winter hour in the capacious chimney corner of many a fisherman's cabin.

The hut was once the abode of one Jack Williams, ostensibly a fisherman, but who was suspected by more than one of the good people of Eastbourne, and also by the coast-

guard men, of being in league with more than one of the numerous bands of smugglers that made this part of the coast their landing place. Most of these followed outwardly the convenient occupation of fishermen, and frequently made a run over to the opposite coast for cargoes of French brandy, laces, silks, etc., which, if successfully landed, would net the daring crew a small fortune—as fortunes went in those days. Others, more bold, threw off all disguise, and were openly known as smugglers; these last were, of course, far more desperate, but when caught were more easily dealt with, there being in their cases no lack of proof for conviction and confiscation of the entire cargo. Jack Williams belonged to the former gentry, and in his boat, the *Polly*, had made several successful "runs," the situation of his cabin at the head of the chine, as these ravines are called, affording him every facility for landing his illicit cargo, and up to the date of the story had escaped detection, although, as he himself expressed it, the place was getting too hot to be pleasant, and he was seriously thinking of retiring from the "business."

One night, as he was smoking his pipe and sipping a glass of something 'ot, which had been imported without the trifling formality of passing the custom house, he was disturbed by a knock at the door of the cabin. Wondering who his visitor could be, he unbarred the door, and was saluted with "A fine night, uncle," from the lips of a stalwart young man, a splendid specimen of the British seaman.

"What brings 'ee to t' cabin this time o' night, lad?" was Jack's query, as he closed and barred the door again behind his nephew. Stopping to fill his pipe before speaking, the new-comer, Roger Martin, proceeded to unfold his errand. The matter was of such importance that the two were in a close confab till past midnight, when they separated with a grip of the hand, and seemingly a perfect understanding between them.

Roger Martin was the owner of a smart lugger, and was also a fisherman, and belonged to the same class as did Williams. He had been fairly successful, and could boast of a cottage and a tidy bit of land round it wherewith to make his old mother's days comfortable. Roger, however, was not content to let well enough alone; but some two years before the date of the story, must needs fall in love with pretty Millie Grant, the only child of the wealthiest man in Eastbourne, Simon Grant, the miller. The old man had set his face against Roger from the start, declaring that his Millie should marry no "penniless fisher lout," as he contemptuously called Roger, quite unjustly it would seem, for, although far beneath Simon Grant in wealth, Roger was at least his equal in knowledge. Time went on, however, and the lovers seemed only more confirmed in their liking for each other; and even old Simon owned to himself that a finer lad than Roger Martin there was not in all Sussex. As may be imagined, the young man had long since asked the miller for his one ewe lamb, but had only met with a stern refusal. A few days previous to the visit to the hut of Williams he had again laid siege to Millie's father, and had begged hard for his consent to their marriage. Now, Simon Grant was well on in years, and acknowledged to himself that he would like to see his child some honest man's wife before he died. And in addition to this, there was the answer from Millie, when he had interrogated her, that she could wed with none but Roger. The upshot of the matter was that old Simon had told Roger that, if he should be worth two thousand pounds by Michaelmas, he might have Millie; for, said he: "I'll not give my child to a beggar, love him as she may."

Now, all Roger's wealth, house, land, and boat, would not fetch more than five hundred pounds, and to raise the rest was the object of his visit to Jack Williams, which had evidently ended to his complete satisfaction, for he walked briskly down the steep path leading to the town, and caroled a sea-ditty as he thought of the short time that, if all went well, would elapse before he claimed his bride. Suffice it to say here, that, aided by Jack Williams, to whom he had promised a goodly share of the profits, he had matured a plan for landing a cargo of contraband articles that would net him more than the sum needed to make up his two thousand pounds.

However questionable this mode may seem to-day, it must be remembered that it was far from being a disreputable calling a hundred years ago, when the high, and in many cases unjust, revenue tariff offered every temptation to adventurous men to engage in the endeavor to outwit the custom house

Toward sunset, on a sultry day in August, the coast-guard on the cliff near Eastbourne observed a fishing-boat standing in for the shore. The light breeze only just filled her brown sails, and so still was the air that now and again the flapping of the canvas could be heard as the breeze lulled for a few moments.

"This should be the *Polly*, I'm thinking," said one of the men, as he laid down his glass, after a long look at the slowly approaching craft. "Jack Williams little expects the warm welcome we'll have for him when he gets in." His companion laughed, and said, "I'll venture that there'll not be much left of the 'Smuggler's Hut' at sunrise to-morrow!" Both men chuckled, and fell to observing the boat again, which was within a couple of miles of the cliff, and the breeze having entirely died out, was now motionless on the water. Night was falling fast when our two friends of the coast-guard were relieved from duty. After pointing out the boat, and exchanging a few words with the relief, they departed. Darkness now covered the scene, and so intent had the guard been on watching the boat they said was the *Polly*, that they had not noticed a larger craft that had crept up from the eastward, and was even now in the shadow of the shore.

Intelligence had been conveyed to the captain of the coast-guard a few days before, from an apparently reliable source, that Jack Williams would attempt to land a large cargo—the largest, in fact, he had ever carried—at the old place, the chine leading from the beach to his hut.

Promptly at the hour appointed, guards were stationed round the house, and on the beach was a strong force to seize the boat, should she venture near the shore. Suffice it to say that poor Williams and all his crew were captured in the very act of landing several suspicious-looking kegs and boxes, and were all escorted to the guard-house, while a party proceeded to ransack the hut.

Meanwhile, the second vessel which has been mentioned, the *Arrow*, on board of which was Roger Martin, her owner, had approached nearer to the shore, and aided by the diversion of all the available force to the scene of the operations against Captain Williams, had succeeded in landing an immense cargo of brandy, silk, and laces, enough to make the fortune of Roger and his uncle and all the crew. Of course, it was all part of the plan concocted by Roger and his uncle, and on the principle of "giving a sprat to catch a whale." It is hardly necessary to say that there was nothing contraband in the cargo taken from the *Polly*, the kegs being filled with water, and the boxes with dried fish!

In Eastbourne they will show you Roger Martin's house and mill, where he married Millie Grant and lived to a green old age.

Beachy Head in a south-easter! Who that has seen it could fail to be impressed with its grandeur! Two hundred feet of rock and the spray and cloud meeting at the top! From the ocean side the face of the cliff only visible through occasional rifts in the sheet of spray and mist that rises far above its summit. It reminds one of Point Judith or Cape Hatteras on the American coast.

Off Beachy Head was fought, June 30, 1690, the great battle between the allied English and Dutch fleets commanded by Admiral Herbert and the French fleet commanded by Admiral Tourville, shortly after the accession of William of Orange to the English throne. Through bad management on the part of the English commander the French were victorious, and the allied fleet was badly scattered. The French, however, beyond the burning of the small town of Teignmouth, failed to follow up their advantage, at a time, too, when the Thames shipping and the city of London were completely, though not for long, at their mercy.

An excursion a short distance inland from any convenient point on the coast well repays the tourist. The Sussex Downs are world-famous for their breed of sheep. Indeed, the land is fit for little else; the chalk formation of the cliffs extends many miles inland, forming a kind of undulating table-land, if such a compound term may be used, gradually descending into the valleys in the interior. The soil of this grazing land is only a few inches deep above the chalk, and is covered by a growth of short, nutritious grass. So thin is the covering of earth, that it is impossible to use the plow; even the removal of stones is forbidden, for the fresh breezes which roam over these uplands would speedily carry the scanty soil away. Beyond an occasional crop of turnips, there is no agriculture on the Downs, but the whole attention of the population being directed to sheep raising, has resulted in the production of a breed renowned the world over, and South Down mutton is "a dish to set before a king."

The Strawberry.

BY MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

THE fragrance of flowers, the golden sunshine of June, and all the delicate tints of roses are blended into harmony in the first fruit of summer. Every sense is charmed at the same moment, and the pleasure of taste is carried to its highest point by the beauty and fragrance of the living rubies that are heaped together as though to show the painter what possibilities of gradation lie in a single color. Ruskin says there is never a bit of color in Nature that is not gradated, and perhaps no more perfect example could be found than the strawberry. It is a study in red. From the moment it shows the first flush of rose, with which it acknowledges the caresses of the sunshine, to the bright scarlet or dark crimson of perfect ripeness, it plays and dallies with the delicate shades of color as though in very coquetry or caprice, and at the point of complete maturity, no ruby flaming in a royal diadem displays a more resplendent hue. And yet this perfect fruit is not nurtured by a tropical sun, but thrives and flourishes in perfection as far north as the borders of the Arctic Zone. Indeed, it is from the plants of the north that the finest varieties have been obtained—the Alpine strawberry growing upon the border line of perpetual snow, and which is found in Lapland in greater abundance than anywhere else in the world. The wood strawberry of England is familiar to all readers of English books, and plays no inconspicuous part in many an old ballad through which it breathes its own sweetness. Where it chooses its own habitat, it establishes a colony by some quiet brook, and, putting on its seven-league boots, travels all over the adjoining meadow, and mingles in its starry white blossoms with the May buttercups, but takes very good care to make no sign when the precious fruit is ripening; but hides it away under broad leaves, where it remains secure

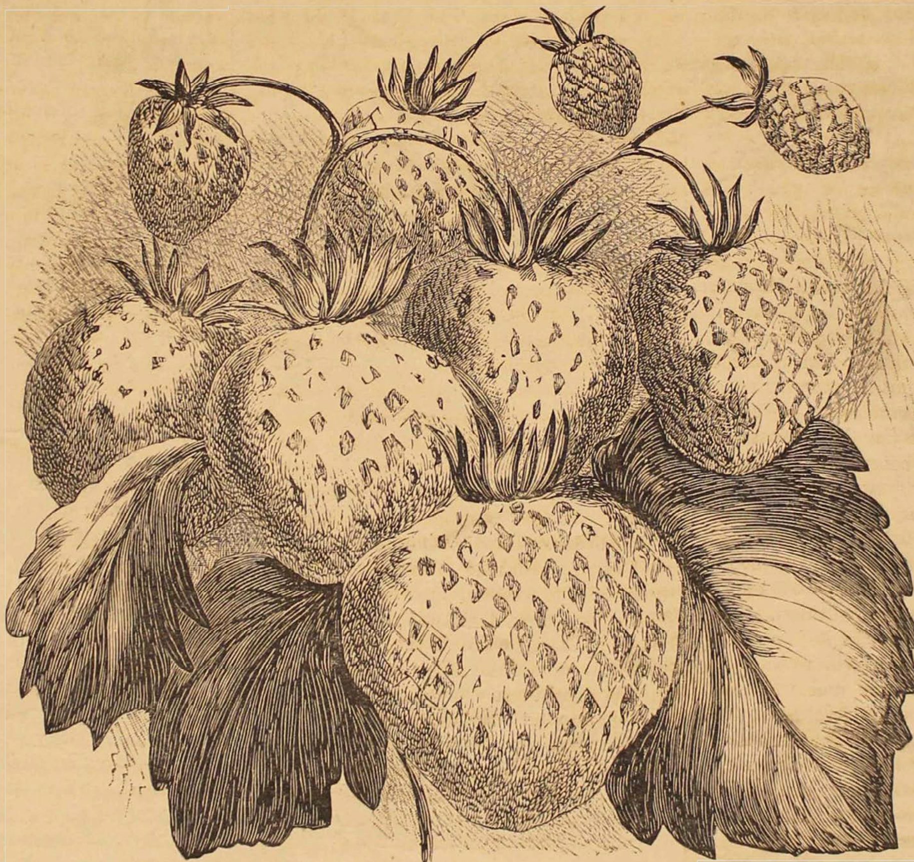
"Till its fragrance betrayeth its hiding place."

But the strawberry could not remain undisturbed in its native meadows. It was soon claimed by cultivation, and transplanted within the bounds of the garden. In *Richard III.*, Gloster says to the Bishop of Ely:

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there."

And in *Henry V.*, the same reverend bishop says:

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality."



THE HOVEY SEEDLING.

We doubt if the experience of our fruitgrowers would indorse the bishop's sentiment, since modern science teaches a very different doctrine. Indeed it has been proven true among vegetables, as well as men, that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and the gardener who would secure a fine kind of fruit must take care that they are *not* neighbored by that of baser quality.

The *Fragaria vesca* (*see cut*), or Alpine strawberry, is common throughout Europe, and is found in the northern part of Asia and America. Botanists tell us that of strawberries, there are few species; some say not more than three or four, which are well defined. Of these, the United States claims two. The *Fragaria Virginiana* is found throughout the length and breadth of North America. Its shining leaves, and globe-shaped fruit are well known as far west as the Rocky Mountains; and where it grows upon the open prairie, as it was wont to do, in great abundance, before the iron track was laid across the verdant sweeps of those vast plains, it reaches up through the long grass, and hangs its crimson berries out where they may freely drink the sunshine. The traveler would sometimes see between him and the sinking sun, a line of glowing red, like a flush of scarlet flowers, and coming up to it, would find, to his surprise, a feast of delicious strawberries, his astonishment increasing, as he examined the tall, erect stem, from which the fruit was hung, often four to fourteen inches long, and stretching up to this height without a curve, a strange instance of adaptation of the habit of growth to the habitat, since the same species in an eastern meadow would show no more ambitious aspirations than a field violet.

All strawberries belong to the order *Rosaceæ* (genus *Fragaria*), and, though the number of species is extremely limited, the varieties are endless, as any one may easily satisfy himself by looking over any horticultural catalogue. They are the result of hybridizing and crossing, and are mostly artificially produced. The cultivation of the strawberry has assumed an important place in horticulture, and promises to occupy one still more prominent. The fruit growers are continually trying to introduce new varieties, but only now and then one is found to be of real value, or to have sufficient merit to dispute the palm with those already in the market.

The leading variety of the United States is the Hovey seedling, of which we give an accurate family portrait. It is of a brilliant scarlet in color, and one of the most tempting berries in appearance, as well as excellent in flavor. The "akenes" or seed in this kind are sunk below the surface, in pits symmetrically arranged, but in many the seeds are erect upon the surface. These akenes are the true fruit, technically speaking; the beautiful crimson pulp being only the convex receptacle which is the seat upon which the ovaries rest; as these advance toward ripeness, the substance of the receptacle changes and enlarges, and finally becomes what is popularly regarded

as the fruit, the ovaries (akenes or seeds), being carried to its outer surface, and scattered over it as they are seen in the matured strawberry.

Most of the order are hardy and evergreen, and until within the last fifty years it was considered that they required little care save to scatter the ground with straw to protect the early fruit, and also when ripe to keep it unsoiled—a custom which gave it its name. But the advance and practical application of science to horticulture has brought in a very different system of culture, and under the best approved methods, strawberry beds are as neatly arranged and thoroughly worked, as any other crop, and the tangled appearance of an old-fashioned strawberry bed would shock all modern ideas. By systematic and intelligent treatment, strawberries may be made to bear during seven months of the year. By pinching off the flowers of the early blooming varieties, the blossoms of the following spring may be induced to appear in autumn, and the naturally early bearer, may be kept back by a shaded northern exposure, while others may be hastened by one sunny and warm, and seeds raised in pots may be forced into fruitage during the months of November and December. Thus, by the judicious use of various methods the table may be supplied with this delicious fruit through nearly all the year. In New York, fresh strawberries may be had, by those who are willing to pay for them, from February to October, but, of course, the market out of the "season," which generally begins in the latter part of May and lasts until the first of July, is very limited.

ALPINE STRAWBERRY.

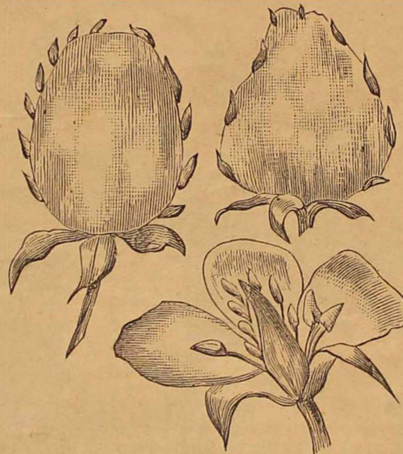
A very remarkable variety is the Chilian berry, found only upon the Pacific coast, with creamy-white flowers and rose-colored fruit, which is said to be sometimes as large as a hen's egg.

The Indian species is the one cultivated in our hot-houses for ornament. It is extremely elegant for hanging baskets, and is covered with a scarlet fruit which has not the least taste, and is dry and shining like wax.

There are only two species of the genus *Fragaria* which have colored flowers, one is red and the other yellow, and there is one which is apetalous, all others have white blossoms.

The "Hautboy," which is well known in this country, grows wild in England, but is not indigenous. All strawberries are propagated by runners, but new varieties are produced by seed from flowers carefully cross fertilized. Some American varieties are pistilate only, and when this is the case it is necessary to plant them near those with perfect flowers.

The strawberry needs a rich and light soil, abundant moisture, and careful cultivation; but it will always amply reward the gardener's toil. Ladies may find a most agreeable occupation, as well as add to the luxury of their tables, by devoting a portion of their time to the study of the best methods of its scientific culture. It is, indeed, surprising to us that so many possessed of means and appliances, do not oftener find pleasure in the lighter labors of the garden. Hawthorne says that there are no pleasures that so recreate the mind as those of the garden, and, indeed, if fruit raising be pursued scientifically, and regard be had at the same time to the study of beauty, it may give much the same gratification as the pursuit of art. It seems, indeed, a sort of creation in which nature aids the artist with the perfect colors of her palette.


FRAGARIA VESCA, ALPINE STRAWBERRY.

A Wonderful Walking-Stick.

We have received (says *Nature*) from Messrs. Eberstein of Dresden, a specimen of an interesting "walking-stick for naturalists or tourists." The stick is a perfect *multum in parvo*, and contains quite a museum of scientific instruments. The handle alone contains a compass, a double magnifying glass or pocket microscope, and a whistle. Below it there are a thermometer on one side of the stick and a sandglass on the other. The body of the stick is partly hollow, and its interior holds a small bottle, which is intended to contain chloroform or ether for killing insects. Along the outside of the body there is a half-meter measure, showing decimeters and centimeters. Near the end of the stick a knife-blade may be opened, which serves for cutting off objects which cannot be reached by hand. At the extreme end a screw may hold in turn a spade (for botanists), a hammer (for geologists), a hatchet, or a strong spike, which would be of great use on glaciers. The whole is neatly finished in black polished wood.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

IN a conversation with a young lady a short time since, who is a vocalist by profession, and earns a moderate livelihood by her profession, I was struck by the cheerful, practical, common-sense view she took of her own affairs, and the honest independence which characterized her methods. If this was the way in which the majority looked at life, and accepted the situation, I thought, we should not have so many helpless women and girls to be taken care of.

There is nothing advantageous in this young woman's individuality, or belongings. She is not handsome, nor very young; her voice is not remarkable, and such cultivation as it has received has been won by herself with great difficulty, and under the most discouraging circumstances. She has no father or mother, and her relatives ignore her existence altogether, or are only an obstacle to her advancement, as her pride makes her avoid them rather than ask for their countenance in any way. She does not know, from week to week, or even day to day, what she can rely upon; for her engagements are brief and spasmodic, and her pupils (for music lessons) few and far between. Yet her body, though not plump, is in fair condition, and always neatly clothed, and her mind apparently serene.

"Do you not feel anxious and worried about the future?" a friend asked of her. "No," she replied, "why should I? I take every chance I can get; such people as I, who are not proud, are always wanted, and if I could not earn a living by singing and teaching, I could by chamber-work and waiting. I love to do chamber-work, and I love to wait on table, and I can do both very nicely." "Would you not feel that you were lowering yourself by doing such work?" was asked. "Well, I don't know," she responded thoughtfully. "I think not. You see, all I care about is to get my living honestly, be free from debt, and able to be among clean people. The one dread I have of poverty is dirt, and I think, vermin, such as mice and roaches. I assure you," she remarked, laughingly, "since my aunt died, and I have been obliged to stay in boarding-houses (not first-class), I have studied up the subject very carefully, and now consider myself an authority on the getting rid of such pests and nuisances." "But do you not long for a home of your own, and freedom from petty wearing anxieties?" was the next question, rather cruelly put; but it was in the interest of hundreds of young

women in the same case, and in order to see what this true, simple girl had thought out for herself as the best thing to do with her own life.

She waited a moment, and then said, "I don't think much about that now; I did once, but *he* died, and there are not many men who would care about marrying a woman nearly thirty, and so uninteresting as I am. Besides, there are not many marrying men now-a-days, and the number who support their wives and families, and maintain decent respectable homes, is still less. I have seen a good deal of a sort of married life, in which the burdens were all on one side, and in which the anxieties of a woman with husband to look after, and children to maintain, far exceeded mine. I do not anticipate, therefore, at my age, anything in my future but what I can carve out for myself; and my one ambition is a room all to myself, in a central position, and in a nice French apartment house, which I can furnish and keep all the time as a store-house for books, and little relics in the way of pictures and keepsakes. If I cannot manage that I shall fall back on my other idea, and get a 'situation' in some nice family, where I shall try to make myself so useful and necessary, that they will accord me some privileges, perhaps a small room to myself, which I can make my 'cosy corner,' my home."

Does this sound rather narrow, and common, and pitiful, to some ambitious young readers? But that is because they do not understand, as well as the listener did, all the possibilities of the life thus sketched out. There are so many resources now for unmarried women, that did not exist a few years ago, that no life enriched by taste and cultivation, or even by honest industry, can be called empty, or need be poor, or to be despised.

The empty life,—the pitiable life is that which hangs its hopes on the doings of others, which has no garnered heritage of its own—which eternally waits to be filled from the harvesting of those who are more courageous, more faithful, more honest, more true than themselves.

The question of work is the most important with which women have got to deal, and it is high time they grappled with it seriously. It is no use to stand still, and cry out for opportunities so long as the chances that exist lie neglected at our feet. The few women lawyers, and women doctors, and women preachers, and women authors, who occupy high and influential positions to-day, have reached them through years of hard work, and obscure, and unrecognized endeavors; perhaps if you are capable of the same exertion, the same self-denial, the same persevering labor, for labor's sake, the same giving up of all other objects for the sake of this one paramount ambition, you will achieve the same results. But the requisite devotion coupled with the requisite power is rarely found, and so the really great in any walk of life are very scarce, in fact may be counted on the fingers anywhere. "Genius," somebody has remarked, "is an infinite capacity for taking trouble."

If this is true, then our prospects for genius in the future are growing smaller every day, for the incoming generation, even more than that which has preceded it, seems to be decidedly averse to taking any trouble whatever. Life, with a constantly increasing number of people, seems to be made up of attempts to shirk, in some way, their duties, or their obligations. Perhaps the growth of modern machinery, the introduction of so many "modern improvements," the labor-saving contrivances, the numerous appliances for supplementing handwork, which have the effect of lowering the moral tone of work, and separating it from the humanity and the individuality which formerly characterized and ennobled it, are partly responsible for this state of things. It is a great thing to be conscientious all the way through, and known and recognized for the faithful, honest, and intelligent performance of whatever you have to do, whether it is dusting and sweeping a room, or painting a picture; making a bed, or writing a book.

In these days of display and competition, we are too apt to let pretense stand for truth, forgetful of the relationship between the motive and the act, the deteriorating influence of low aims on the one side, and the elevating tendency of high ideals upon the other. It is our business to guard against this danger—which has not only its inconvenient and troublesome physical, but its moral side as well.

It looks, just now, as if it would be necessary, for some generations to come, that women should work at work that brings money in order to live, and it will save much trouble in the future if each will think the facts out for herself, and make up her mind not only to accept the situation but do her best with it.

Now, what have women worked at? What can they work at? What do they work at that suits them best, and from which a livelihood can be most certainly gained?

The two great necessaries of the world are food and raiment, and in this country at least it is women who are mostly concerned in their preparation. How has this work been performed? Is cooking perfected? Has the making of dresses and other garments been reduced to a science? Has the organization of certain departments of food and clothing with great commissariats of supplies been the work (in the majority of cases) of men or women?

To these questions only very unsatisfactory replies can be given. No standard has been created by women in any branch of work of which they have control. No original researches have uprooted old traditions, or organized strength forced upon opinion new and better ways. Generation after generation, they have fed dyspeptics and dyspepsia, and contrive to do so without any strong, united effort to arrest attention and remedy the evil. General Sigel has stated publicly that "Bull Run" was due to "pie and doughnuts." Our men had no strength when they first went to war, they could not fight, they were always pining after the pie and cake which they used to have at home, and which had really formed a much larger part of their living than fresh meat. The "pie" is usually a dreadful compound of greasy crust with very little fruit, and the cake a mixture of grease with sugar or molasses, white flour, and saleratus. Is it surprising that men grow gaunt and cadaverous, their stomachs weak and their complexions sallow on such food as this?

Soup, the great strengthening and life-giving element in food, has been almost entirely neglected. Is economy an object? There is no way in which so much can be obtained for so little! Is a true physiological order to be observed? The clear, delicate soup, in small quantity, is the best preparation for the meat and vegetables which are to follow! Great cooks have existed, but they have been men, great works have been written which have become text-books for the practice of culinary art, but they also are by men. Enterprise and organization furnish the majority of families now-a-days (in cities) with bread of a uniform quality, canned fruits, preserved meats, "prepared" flour, all sorts of cakes, and crackers, and other articles, better, and as cheap, if not cheaper than they can be made at the average home. It is men who are responsible for these enterprises; where women are employed in them it is in a subordinate capacity. These are not pleasant facts, and to say that women have been "kept down," does not account for them. Now that women can do pretty much anything they please, there is still but little improvement in the direction which they have mainly under their own control. They want new employments with the honors and emoluments attached to them, which are at best fitted for and limited to the few; but our cooking is left to the ignorant, and the making of our clothing to those whose direct interest it is to make it as little useful and little permanent as possible.

It would really be much more to our credit, and furnish the strongest of all arguments for entrance into the field of men's activities, if we had first properly organized, and perfected our own. Of course, there is the fact that capital is required for important undertakings; but women of capital never use it, as men do, in building up a business—they live upon it, or distribute it in doubtful charities. The reason is to be found in their timidity; they are afraid to take risks; but is this timidity constitutional; or the growth of circumstances? At any rate it does not save them from being forced into the position of bread-winners for themselves and others.

Almost any kind of work is worth money that is well and thoroughly done, and its value rises with the estimate put upon its degree of excellence. On the other hand, poor work of any kind either receives nothing at all, or is done at starvation prices. Thus, a poor book or painting, hardly up to the "dead level," will scarcely pay for the salt consumed in the time expended upon it, and will not bring to the author or artist half so much as one elegant costume to the artistic dressmaker, who rides in a carriage, while the merely average lawyer, or doctor, or minister, goes afoot. A cook who is a *chef* gets a salary equal to that of a managing editor of a "great" daily paper. It may be said that there are few *chefs*, but there are also few managing editors. The numbers are always small that are ready and able to take

superior positions, for the reason that they require comprehensive faculty, a wide experience as well as special training. All these are the result of long and thorough work in subordinate places, and this is precisely the kind and degree of labor in a trade, business, or profession which women are not inclined to give, which at least they rarely do give. It is not sufficient to sit down with a comfortable belief in one's own capacity; we must be able to test it by comparing what we can do—what we *are* doing, with what has been done—what *is* being done by others in the same time. Are the results which we obtain the best that, under the circumstances, can be obtained? If they are not, then it is our business to endeavor to improve them. And do not let us make the mistake of attending to the unimportant matters first. There are young ladies who go wild on painting, and decalcomanie, and decorative art, whose hosiery would look better for neat and orderly mending. There are women who spend precious hours dressing a mantelpiece with a fringed cover, who would be saved from future loss and suffering by a knowledge of physiological laws, and observance of them in the family.

Mere babies, before they have learned to read and write, start "children's" papers, and foolish people encourage them. Why, one requires all knowledge and all wisdom to teach a child! Young girls as soon as they have got through with their first love affair (always an unhappy one), want to write an autobiography, quite sure that no one has ever experienced such suffering as theirs. The more ignorant the individuals, the more they want to teach the rest of the world what they appear to think it is waiting to learn from their lips.

The world is cursed to-day with ignorant work that stands in the way of better, and prevents it from receiving the encouragement it deserves. Much of this is due to our system of education, which turns out boys and girls afflicted with a smattering of almost everything, but knowing no one thing thoroughly, and nothing at all of what is to form their chief occupation and means of livelihood.

The way to dignify labor is not to shirk it, and try to get away from it, but to do it in the best manner, make its results more valuable, and develop workers whose character shall ennoble their work. Good work in any direction requires good thinking, and the very power to think out a subject presupposes cultivation of the higher faculties by a certain amount of reading and study of the work of others. If we could only have some of the beneficial effects of even a common-school education put into ordinary occupations—into cooking, sewing, and the like. But the only way this can be effected is by having young, strong, intelligent, well-educated women take hold of such work, and do it with all the enthusiasm that they put into Berlin wool, crochet, and painting on china. Life is so pleasant where its work is well and cheerfully done; where its obligations are fulfilled; where its burdens are divided, its joys shared, and no duty considered too onerous, or neglected because too trivial. It is all that is required to make earth a paradise.

Estrangement.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

YES, darling, I could yield thee up,
Nor yet be broken-hearted,
Believing in the other land
Our souls should not be parted.
But oh! what balm can soothe the pain
Which rends, yet will not sever?
To gaze into thy living eyes,
And feel thee lost forever!

Something about Gems.

THIRTY years ago, when recovering from a long illness, I remember opening my eyes one evening to see seated in her cosy arm-chair before the glowing fire, my dear old grandmother. Her busy fingers were weaving, row by row, a scarlet stocking, and as her needles flew back and forth in the bright light of the soft-coal fire, a blaze of what might have been starlight flashed and glanced from one of her withered old hands. "Why is it?" I thought, but too weak to make any effort to solve the mystery then, I shut my eyes and went to sleep.

But I did not forget it, and a few days after I asked my old black "Mammy" what made diamonds look so like a drop of light. "I don't know, honey; you had better ask Mars Charles. But 'pears to me I've heard somebody say as how diamonds was the tears God let fall when he found out how naughty our fust parents had been."

I *did* ask "Mars Charles," and his answer was certainly less poetical and not a whit more satisfactory to my childish mind than "Mammy's" had been, when he told me that diamonds were "composed of pure crystallized carbon, a material to be found in its uncrystallized state everywhere, in the bread we eat and the coal and wood we burn."

Since then, I have seen many pure and limpid stones and pondered much over the various gems and minerals which delight our eyes and open before us long vistas of dreamy fancies by their shimmer and glow.

The taste for gems I have found is not confined to us upon whom the ends of the earth have fallen. Penetrate as far as we can into the distant past, we still find evidence of an intense love for gems. Ancient Egypt offers us proof of this from her mummy-pits, and the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum from their ashes and lava. In the songs and ballads of Hindoo mythology precious stones are often mentioned. Pliny tells us that the garments and utensils of the Indians were lavishly adorned with gems, though what stones they were he does not say. The only one of whose identity we are certain is the sapphire, since its name is the same in almost all languages or with but slight alteration (Hebrew, *sapphir*, Chaldaic *sapirinon*, Greek, *sapphros*, Latin, *sapphirus*, etc., and is described in Scripture as a blue stone, "like unto the vault of heaven."

Although we find that "every man and woman whose heart made them willing," brought offerings towards the building of the Tabernacle, yet only the rulers of the tribes brought the "onyx and stones to be set" for the breast-plate, to be worn by the high priest, a fact which makes us conclude that precious stones were not at that period in the possession of the majority of even the wealthy.

The first stone in the breast-plate, according to our version, was the Sardius (odem, in Hebrew), which may mean any red stone from a cornelian to a ruby. Hebrew legends state that the *blushing* ruby was a symbol of Reuben, who brought shame upon himself by his irreverent conduct toward his father. The finest rubies are brought from Burmah, where the mines, being a royal monopoly, are rigorously guarded, the most valuable stones being always retained for the royal treasury. The color of a ruby may vary from the most delicate rose-tint to the deepest carmine. The most valuable is that shade called "pigeon's blood," which is of a pure, deep, rich red, unalloyed by any admixture of other color.

There are some corundums which have a six-pointed star across the crystal, and when the gem is of fine color this adds greatly to its beauty, though really the effect of an imperfection in the stone.

Brahmin tradition tells us that the abode of the gods was lighted by enormous rubies and emeralds, and the King of Burmah still bears for one of his many titles that of Lord of the Rubies. There can be no doubt that this gem was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, for intaglios are still in existence engraved on this stone 500 B. C., which was the highest period of Greek art.

Pildah, translated topaz, derives its name from an island, Tepozion, supposed to be situated in the Red Sea. There are two varieties of the topaz, one gold-colored and the other a greenish-yellow called chrysophrase, from its blending of leek color and gold.

Bareketh, the third stone, literally translated, means flashing stone, though in our version it is given as carbuncle. Orientals assert that Noah's ark was lighted by a carbuncle, and some ancient writers say that these gems drop from the clouds amidst flashes of lightning.

Nophek, the fourth stone, signifies in Hebrew carbuncle (authorized version, emerald). There are various species of this gem, the most valuable of which are the Indian and Garamantine or Chalcidonian. One author says the Garamantine, from which term arises our modern name of garnet, inclines to blackness, but if held against the fire or sunlight it surpasses all other carbuncles in luster and glows like a burning coal.

The Sapphir, or sapphire, the fifth stone in the high-priest's breast-plate, is often men-

tioned in the Bible as a gem of surpassing beauty, and tradition asserts that the Ten Commandments were engraved on stones made of sapphire. This gem is found principally in Ceylon, and is of all tints and shades of blue, sometimes mixed with black, which gives it an inky appearance, and sometimes with red, which though not perceptible by daylight, yet gives it an amethystine appearance by lamplight.

The ancients applied this name indiscriminately to all blue stones, though they undoubtedly knew the Oriental sapphire. Pliny mentions a blue stone, spotted or veined with gold, which was, however, probably lapis-lazuli. Sapphires were said to prevent evil thoughts, and St. Jerome says the sapphire procures favor with princes, pacifies one's enemies, frees from enchantment, and obtains freedom from captivity.

The jaholem, or diamond, was formerly said to be found only in gold mines, but this has been disproved, for it is often found in localities yielding crystal, to which it bears a marked affinity. This gem surpasses all others in hardness and brilliancy, and is found in Hindostan, Brazil, Sumatra, Borneo, the Ural Mountains, and Australia. Many places which, according to Travernier, a French jeweler, who traveled in the East in 1650, produced diamonds in immense quantities, have of late years become so unproductive that the very names of the places are unknown to the present inhabitants of India.

The mines of Golconda, in Travernier's time, employed 60,000 persons, and the historian Ferichta records that Sultan Marmoud, who reigned from 1177 to 1296, left in his treasury more than four hundred pounds' weight of this valuable gem. The origin of the carat weight, it may be interesting to know, is derived from the Arabic word kuara, the name of the seeds of a pod-bearing plant growing on the gold coast of Africa, which are almost invariably of equal weight, and were used for weighing grains or the dust of gold. This weight was adopted in Hindostan, and has spread over the entire world.

Leshem, or ligure, is supposed to have been turquoise, which in ancient times was considered of great value, chiefly because of the superstitions which hung about it.

The Shebo, according to the authorized version, is agate, but the Rabbins translate it hyacinth. This stone is somewhat similar in color to an amethyst, the hyacinth being of a sky blue and the amethyst more approaching the tint of a dark violet.

The Achlamah amethyst, or as Rabbinnical writers say, onyx, is classified according to color or to the place from whence they come. If classed according to color, they are of five varieties. The first is white, like the human nail, for which reason indeed it has received the Greek name of onyx, signifying *nail.* The second is white striped with red, the third is white striped with black, the fourth is entirely black, and the fifth and most valuable is black with white stripes.

Tharshish, or beryl, is also rendered by chrysolite. There are four varieties of this stone, the Arabian, German, Indian, and Ethiopian, and they differ in color, hardness, and beauty. The Ethiopian was of a soft-green, glistening like a golden star when reflecting the sunlight, and was not only most beautiful, but also most valuable.

The Shoham, which is onyx in our version, the Rabbins translate as emerald. This gem is found in many localities, and tradition states that Griffins build their nests amid the rugged mountains of Siberia to guard the treasures of emeralds which the gold mines of those regions contain.

Very fine emeralds are found near Santa Fé de Bogota in limestone rock containing ammonites and shells. The cause of the lovely green of this stone has been a much-debated question, but some now suppose that it is produced by an organic substance similar to clorophylle, which constitutes the coloring matter in the leaves of plants, though it is possible that it may be derived from the decomposition of the animals whose remains are fossilized in the rock, forming the matrix of the gem.

Pliny tells us that on the tomb of Hermias, in the Island of Cypress, there was a sculptured lion with eyes of emerald, which shone so brightly that they frightened away the fishes, until the fishermen had them replaced by other stones, when the fish returned to their accustomed haunts.

Nero, we know, used to observe the gladiatorial combats through an eye-glass of emerald, and one of the chief ornaments in Charlemagne's crown was a lustrous emerald.

After the conquest of Peru, great numbers fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The priests of the goddess Esmerelda, who was supposed to reside in an emerald the size of an ostrich egg, had been in the habit of persuading the people that the goddess esteemed no gift so highly as one of her own daughters, and on holy days great numbers were brought as offerings by the worshipers, and in this way they had been accumulating for centuries, to the after enrichment of the Spaniards.

Jaspeh, or Jasper, was probably most known by the use to which it was put for cameos and monumental work. Onomakritos, who wrote 500 B.C., speaks of the "grass green jasper which rejoices the eye of man, and is looked on with pleasure by the immortals." Pliny describes ten kinds of jasper, and it is probable that the emerald pillars in the Temple of Hercules, at Tyre, and the emerald obelisk described by Herodotus were of green jasper. Many ancient cuttings are still extant, so wrought as to bring the various colors of the stone into contrast. There are two marvelous vases of this substance in the Vatican, one of red jasper with white stripes, and the other of black jasper with yellow stripes.

The blood-stone is a variety of jasper, and it is a legend that at the Crucifixion the blood which followed the spear-thrust fell upon a dark-green jasper lying at its base, from whence sprang the variety, and I remember seeing in some foreign church a bust of the *Ecce Homo*, where the red spots were most ingeniously and unpleasantly made to suggest drops of blood.

There are several other stones mentioned in the Bible, besides those contained in the breast-plate. *Gabish*, occurring in Job, means hail-stone, and probably refers to rock crystal; the *Shamir*, spoken of in Ezekiel as "an adamant, harder than flint," undoubtedly means a diamond. The Rabbins state that the stones used in the erection of Solomon's Temple were hewn by means of the *Shamir*, as the law of Moses forbade the use of iron implements. Some commentators, however, have understood this to mean a miraculous worm, which being placed on the stone cleaved it into those parts which had been previously marked.

Although not bearing directly on our subject, it is curious and interesting to observe that, with the exception of *three* gems, those worn by the high priest were also to be found among the royal ornaments worn by the King of Tyre, whose covering was "the sardius, topaz, and diamond, the beryl, onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, emerald, and the carbuncle."

Rock crystal is to be found in almost every part of the globe, and sometimes in crystals of immense size. One specimen in the *Jardin des Plantes*, Paris, measures three feet in diameter, and weighs eight hundred pounds. In India, the natives hollow it out into cups and vases of extreme thinness, and frequently cover them with elaborate ornamentation. In Japan, it is cut into large round balls, used for cooling the hands. The natives of India believe the crystal to be the mother of the diamond, and call that gem the ripe, and crystal the unripe diamond.

During the middle ages, cups and goblets made of it were highly esteemed, because it was thought to be incapable of holding poisons, betraying their presence by either breaking or becoming obscured. Nero possessed two magnificent cups of crystal, engraved with subjects from the *Iliad.* When his downfall occurred, he destroyed them, that no one else might drink from them.

In the *Musée de Cluny*, Paris, are two lions' heads cut from rock crystal, which were taken from a tomb of the third or fourth century, on the River Rhone, and also a chess-board and men cut from the same material, which were once the property of the French crown.

The Opal, of which there are many varieties, is one of the most exquisite of gems. The noble or precious opal, the "fire" or reddish opal, the common, the semi-opal, the opal-jasper, containing oxide of iron, and found in the neighborhood of the geysers of Iceland, and the wood opal, or opalized wood, of which huge masses are found in Hungary and Tasmania, whole trees being changed into that substance—are some of the varieties. The precious opal, when held between the eye and the light, is of a milky reddish hue, but seen by reflected light, it displays in flashes, flakes, or specks, all the tints of the finest gems.

This stone is very brittle, and much more brilliant on a warm day. The Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to water—a fact which Sir Walter Scott made use of in *Anne of Geierstein*, although there he ascribed it to supernatural agency. After the publication of that romance, the belief that opals were unlucky obtained such credence that they went

entirely out of fashion—a mark of bad taste, when we consider they are the only gems which cannot be imitated. The finest opal known is one in the museum at Vienna, obtained from Czernowitza, where mines have been worked since 1400. It is of great size and remarkable beauty.

That pearls have been considered one of the richest gifts of nature from remote ages, we may conclude by the frequent mention made of them by that wisest of Jewish kings, who "made silver and gold at Jerusalem as plénteous as stones, and cedar trees as the sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance."

Hindoo mythology ascribes the creation of pearls to the god Vishnu, and Pliny says they are formed of the drops of morning dew swallowed by the oyster. When Pompey conquered Mithridates, he found in the treasury a portrait of the king formed of pearls in mosaic, and several crowns of the same material.

Baroques, which are excrescences in the mother-of-pearl, are occasionally very large and display some extraordinary freaks of nature. Caire, a celebrated French jeweler, possessed one representing the Order of the Fleece, another representing a bearded dog, and still another representing a Chinese with crossed legs.

The principal pearl fisheries are on the west coast of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, Aroo Islands, New Guinea, the Red Sea, and America. The fisheries in Panama and California were probably known to the ancient Mexicans, for we learn from old Spanish histories that the Aztec kings had immense numbers of fine pearls, and we also read that the palace of Montezuma was studded with pearls and emeralds.

Although such substances as lapis-lazuli, coral, and malachite do not properly belong to the family of gems, yet they have been so long used for personal adornment that they may almost claim a relationship. Lapis-lazuli is usually found in granite or calcareous limestone with iron pyrites disseminated through the mass, which, when polished, gives it the appearance of being spotted with gold. Pliny says, "In sapphiris aurum punctis collucet caerulis; similis est cælo sereno, propter ausea puncta stellis ornato;" which may be translated, "In the blue sapphire shine golden specks; it is like a serene sky adorned with stars, on account of its golden points."

It is a favorite stone for the adornment of Spanish and Italian churches, the largest piece, it is said, in the world being in the church of the Gesù in Rome. It is in the form of a sphere, above the altar, beneath which reposes the remains of St. Ignatius, the founder of the order of Jesuits.

Amber is greatly used in Oriental countries for ornamentation, and is found in great abundance on the Prussian shores of the Baltic and also in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, etc. Various experiments have proved the fact of its vegetable origin, an idea surmised by Pliny. The trees which produced it have been named *pinites succinifer*, and Goepert says, that not less than 163 species of insects have been found, most of which are unknown to us except by what can be learned from their remains encased in amber.

The Greeks had a very pretty tradition concerning the origin of amber, which was, that it arose from the tears of the sisters of Phaeton, who, lamenting his death, were turned into poplar trees and poured forth their perpetual tears into the River Eridanus, which were congealed into succinum or amber.

Malachite is a beautiful copper ore, the finest qualities coming from the mines of Prince Demidoff, in Siberia. There is a magnificent malachite vase in the Vatican, presented to Gregory XVI. by Emperor Nicholas, but it takes away from the admiration we first feel, when we learn that these splendid ornaments are really only *veneered*—the article being made of iron upon which the stone is laid.

Coral is too well known to require mention, except to simply recall the pretty Greek legend that the blood dropping from the head of Medusa, which Perseus had deposited on some branches near the sea-shore, becoming hard, was taken by the sea nymphs and planted in the sea.

The supernatural power ascribed to gems by the ancients is sometimes amusing to recall. Boetius says the ruby is a sovereign remedy against the plague and poisons, it drives away bad spirits and evil dreams. The jacinth will bring honor, riches, and wisdom to the wearer, the amethyst sharpens the wits, the emerald betrays a false witness by changing its color when in the company of such a one, the chrysolite cools boiling water, the diamond makes men courageous and magnanimous, and the sapphire sympathizes in color with the health of its owner.

The Jews had a belief that if, on the Day of Atonement, when the high-priest asked Jehovah to forgive the sins of the nation, the stones in the Urim and Thummin shone brightly, they were forgiven; if, on the contrary, the gems became black or cloudy, God had turned His face from the petitions of his people.

But the question "what makes the diamond like a drop of light?" still remains unanswered. Plato told us that the origin of precious stones was the vivifying power in the stars, which could convert the most vile and offensive matter into the most perfect objects, and the diamond he says is a kernel in the gold, being the purest part condensed into a transparent mass.

Theophrastus, the friend and disciple of Aristotle, says that water is the basis of all metals, earth of all stones, and that their various qualities, such as hardness and density, are produced by the mode of their coalescence and concretion; in some by the action of heat, in others by the action of cold; thus rock crystal was supposed to be a congelation like ice, and only to be found in the coldest regions.

We, who think ourselves so wise in these latter days, say they are made of such and such chemicals, in such and such proportions, but never yet has any one proposed a theory which could account for the formation of the diamond or discovered what lends its color or tinge to the gem.

Shall we not, therefore, stand in humility and reverence before Him who hath not only prepared the earth, that "out of it cometh bread," but hath also made "the stones of it the place of sapphires, and in it the dust of gold.

Six Weeks After Marriage.

BY "HE."

HE. Pass the sugar, love? If my coffee were but half as sweet as you are it would need no more.

SHE. Now, I don't think you or your coffee need another bit of anything sweet!

HE. Thank you, pet. See, here are the letters; will my Angel read them to me? so that if there is any good news it will be still better from your lips.

SHE. No indeed! We'll read them together, of course. I'll look over your shoulder.

HE. And your gentle breath will fan my cheek—so!

SHE. Ah! An invitation to Mrs. Grant's reception! Shall we go?

HE. Now, dearest, you know that it rests entirely with you. Whatever gives *you* pleasure makes me happy!

SHE. You precious old dear! Then we'll go—that is, if *you* are perfectly willing. Now don't say yes because I do, for wherever you are, there is my happiness. And what shall I wear? You always know about such things better than I.

HE. Now, my angel (ah, how fittingly were you named! Angelica!—Angel!) you are bewitching in the plainest dress, but any one would know that your name was Angelica, should you wear your satin and lace.

SHE. I knew that you would think just as I did, dearest—not about my being an angel, you know, but the dress. But I would wear it if I didn't like it, and it made me look like an Indian, if it pleased you.

HE. As though it would please me for you to look like an Indian! But you couldn't look anything but lovely if you tried. I ordered the carriage at ten. I thought we would go for a drive in the park, that is, if you would enjoy it.

SHE. Will, dearest, I really believe that you are all the time trying to think of something to make me happy.

HE. Ah, Angelica! Would I not do anything to give you one moment's happiness? Sometimes I think we are almost too happy for it to last.

SHE. Oh, don't say that, dear love. It *will* last; and we shall be even happier than this as the years flit by; for will not our love grow deeper and stronger, with the dawn of each new day? And now, dear, if we are going to ride, I must leave you—just for a little while.

HE. Oh! must you go? But don't be long.

SHE. As though I could! Bye-bye!

HE. There—she is gone. *What* if she were gone out of my life forever? Oh, maddening thought! I could not, would not, live without her. Star of my soul! Guiding me to all that is pure and good and true! my love! my life!"

Six *years* after marriage.

HE. Pass the sugar, Ang.

SHE. I declare, William, you use sugar enough to sweeten even as acid a disposition as yours. Is that to-day's paper? What's the news?

HE. Oh! take the paper if you want it;

but you know that I can't bear to have any one look over my shoulder, and breathe into my face.

SHE. Johny, stop eating with your fingers—there! Take that, and see if you can't mind next time you are spoken to!

HE. Why, what has the child done? You are altogether too hasty, Mrs. S——!

SHE. I wish, Mr. Smith, that you would attend to your own affairs. You are forever meddling with that which does not concern you.

HE. Well, whose affairs do you think you are attending to? The child shall not be abused because of your abominable temper. *Angelica*, indeed! *Zantippe* would be more appropriate. Where are my letters—give them to me, and I will go.

SHE. I wish you would! There was but one, and that was from a woman. I'm sure *I* don't know how many female correspondents you have. Oh, you needn't begin to tear around. I mistook the "Mr." for "Mrs." and opened it by mistake.

HE. Oh, yes! Quite likely you opened it by mistake. If there is anything I hate, it *is* having you open my letters; and—John James, come here, sir! what were you doing? Look at that! I'll teach you to destroy my letters again—there! How does that feel? I'll—

SHE. You wretch! How dare you strike a child of mine in that way? Come here, Johny! Poor little fellow! did papa hurt him? There, don't cry. Mamma loves him—never mind!

HE. Mrs. Smith, I *do* wish you would not interfere when I see fit to correct that child. It is strange that a woman doesn't know *any* thing!

SHE. I would like to know what would become of us if every one in the house knew as little as you do!

HE. Let me tell you, madam, this is improper language to use before a child. I'll hear no more of it! You are as ugly and spiteful as a—as a—if there is a divorce to be had for love or money, I'll have it! I was a fool to ever marry!

SHE. You were, indeed, a fool, sir, and I'm afraid you'll never be any better! Oh, if I had only—known what—a b-brute you—w-were b-before I left m-my—hap-py h-home! Such a—l-life as I lead-d! Ha-ad to refus-se the in-vi-ta-ta-tion to-o Weber's party-y b-because I ha-dd noth-in-ng d-ecent-t to—wear-r!

HE. Nothing to wear, indeed! sit there and cry because you have "n-noth-ing-g to-o—w-we-ar!" It's buy, buy, buy, and still you have nothing to wear! Where is that dress for which the bill came in the other day? You've never worn that, have you? My favorite color, too! But I don't care whether you go or not. I'd rather you would stay at home. *I* shall have a better time, I presume.

SHE. I'll go now any how, just to spite you! *Your* favorite color, indeed! Do you suppose I'd wear a dress that makes me look like a tallow candle, just because you liked it? A round train, too, when they wear square altogether now."

HE. Well, you look like a tallow candle any how, so it can't make much difference. Mrs. Smith, you are enough to ruin a man! Do you suppose that I am made of money, that you can afford to be so dainty about your dresses? You will—

SHE. I'll not endure this another moment, sir, not one! And my child shall not listen to such language. Come, Johny! (*Exit.*)

HE. There, she is gone, thank heaven! I remember the time when I thought that I could not live without her, but now I think I could exist quite comfortably. I hadn't tried living *with* her then long enough to know what I was talking about.

The Wild Grape-vine.

BY BRYANT WHITING.

THERE is a breath from a heavenly land,
That haunts the woods in June,
When the brown bee has his harvest time,
And the robins are in tune.

Hum, bees! hum among the clover;
Ring, robins! ring the woodland over;
Ring from chestnut, oak, and pine,
The blooming of the wild grape-vine.

WHERE brooklets dream o'er shaded pools,
Where turtles eye the sun,
Faint notes of perfume fill the air,
Like a tune that's almost done.

Run, brooks! run the blue sea over;
Tell, turtles! tell the crane and plover,
Run and tell, the sun doth shine
On nothing like the wild grape-vine.

WHERE the gum-trees cast dark shadows,
Over green and ferny meadows,
In the sunshine clear and amber,
Twining skyward, vines now clamber.

FAR o'er all the fair fields showering
Scents, the senses overpowering,
With a rapture far more charming,
Than the red-grapes' juices harming.
'Twas on those the fauns and satyrs
Drank success to woodland matters,
Holding wild unseemly revels
On Olympian forest levels;
But this rare, ethereal nectar,
Never mortal nerves will hector.

LITTLE pale green blossom, modest,
Thou'rt the best thought of the forest;
Thou art the heart-beat that revealeth
All the warmth sweet summer feeleth,
When a maiden doth discover,
She is loved by a true lover;
Then her pulse in throbbing pauses,
Such a hush the knowledge causes:
Thus, when first o'er field and moor
Steals thy breath, thou summer wooer,
Still, the rover stands enchanted,
Ere he seeks the region haunted,
By a spirit so endearing,
All his tangled pathway cheering.

THE vines on sunny, lichened rocks,
Fantastic shadows fling,
And twine among the forest boughs,
Where bright-eyed squirrels swing.

Write, rocks! write, on your dumb pages;
Speak, squirrels! speak, you saucy sages!
Among the flowers with breath divine,
The sweetest is the wild grape-vine.

The Flora of the Swiss Alps.

BY MRS. LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

AMONG my home treasures is a somewhat clumsy volume, filled with pressed flowers, the result of many a summer day's wanderings, and the first link of a chain which binds me to more than one true heart across the broad Atlantic.

Can that April morning ever be forgotten when I began my Alpine tramps? The sombre darkness of the pine forests, the brightness of the sunny slopes, the mystic loveliness of the bejeweled glaciers! We sat down to rest, and our seat was a pillow of greenest moss. At our feet nodded and waved flower-cups more brilliant in color than visions of Paradise, the fungi and lichens even wearing a strange and foreign air.

This first impression never vanished, and though our walks were a hundred times repeated, yet we ever greeted with feelings akin to reverence the high-born flora of the Alps. Long years ago the sound practical sense of the Swiss distinguished separate zones of vegetation by special designations, which are still retained, such as Grass Alps, Maien or Hay Alps, Intermediary or Terrace Slopes. Recently scientific men have more accurately divided the country into zones of vegetation according to climate, elevation, geological formation, and other characteristics.

The Alpine flora begins half way up the highland zone, between the altitudes of 2,500 and 4,000 feet, but develops itself more fully in the sub-Alpine region, from 4,000 to 5,500 feet. This hill region is rich in plants that love a turfy soil and marsh lands. In the forest clearings great numbers of tall, large-leaved shrubs and bushes seek out the running streams and cover the moist spots in the meadows. They are juicy, luxuriant plants, with dull-colored flowers, because of the perpetual shadows in which they delight to dwell. To this class belong the milfoil, colt's foot and monk's hood, etc. Hanging over precipices of slaty or primeval rock, we find the Alpine alder, the mountain currant, the spurge laurel, and thornless rose. However, for certain reasons, many of the wild plants which formed the original clothing of this district have almost entirely disappeared. The region is now characterized by the number and variety of its grasses, its countless scrophulariæ, orchideæ, ranunculaceæ, rosaceæ, umbelliferous plants, and the beauty and profusion of its timber trees. Shrubs and underbrush grow luxuriantly on this zone, and it has been asserted that nearly three-fourths of the whole Swiss flora are natives of this and the mountain region adjacent.

On this second zone, the number of plants amounts to 600, chiefly characterized by slender forms, long thin stems, leaves and petioles

placed far apart, small flowers and long roots. This highland zone is separated from the true Alpine region of from 5,500 to 7,000 feet by the belt of extreme forest growth, pointing out the highest limit of large forest trees, which are rarely found above 5,500 feet, except as single individuals.

The certain indication that our wanderings have brought us to the upper zone is the disappearance of those dark green fir forests which cover a large portion of the sub-Alpine zone, and the appearance of special Alpine plants, not as single skirmishers in an enemy's land, but in strong, united battalions. They are distinguished by their short, sturdy growth, thick stems and leaves, and short, compact roots. Shrubs and bushes may be found largely distributed through the sub-Alpine zone, the type and crown of which is the Alpine rose, though the rhododendrons ferrugineum and hirsutum spread themselves through the entire Alpine system, from Nice to Lower Austria. Indeed, every great mountain system of the Old World is proud to claim some member of this genus as indigenous. The Himalayas boast the possession of the largest of this splendid family, Hooker making mention of having gathered blossoms the size of a large lily. The Siberian Alps have a golden yellow species, Kamschatka another, while the tropical mountains of Ceylon, Asia, and Sumatra claim a species very similar to the ferrugineum rhododendrons of Switzerland. To these shrubs may be added a large number of plants holding rank between grasses and bushes.

But before we give more attention to the flowers smiling beneath our gaze, let us throw a backward glance at the forests through which we have passed. The Alpine trees, *par excellence*, are the larch and the arne. Spite the apparent delicacy of the larch, it is as tough and sturdy in its battle with cold and storm as its constant mate, the arne or arolla. It is the principal tree in the Grisons and Valais; is a rapid grower, changes its foliage every autumn, and sends out its roots like radii, so that it is rare to see a larch cast down by a tempest or even with its branches broken by snow. It is the timber in general use in Upper Valais, appearing in a scale of colors, delightful to an artist's eye, varying from pale yellow to a dark brown tint, according to age and exposure to the weather. The largest larch in the Alps a few years since was La Melèze de la Forclaz, in the Vallée des Ormonts, which was regarded by the peasants with almost religious veneration, until destroyed by lightning. It was 275 years old, and 70 feet high. A piece one foot thick was cut from this memorable tree and may now be seen among the botanical treasures in the museum of Lausanne.

The arne (*Pinus cembra*) is the highest climber among Alpine trees. It is rarely found below 5,000 feet, and in Upper Engadine grows in the near vicinity of the glaciers. In its appearance it is unlike any other pine, sending up a taper stem from 60 to 70 feet, covered with an ashy gray bark, its branches growing in a horizontal direction, the ends furnished with shoots united in groups two inches long, and provided with sharp-edged, triangular, lance-like leaves. It blooms every year, producing polished, triangular cones, about four inches in length, which have an agreeable flavor, not unlike pineapple. The wood is hard, fine, and almost imperishable, preserving its pleasant odor for years.

In the Engadine the houses are chiefly constructed of this perfumed wood, which turns red with age. It endures the onslaught of frost and tempests for years. On the Itrammen Alp, near Grindelwald, there existed not long ago a splendid old tree of this genus, giving 60 rings to the inch, and supposed to be 1,500 years old. An arne may be scathed, hollow, blasted by lightning, and yet, faithful to the end, it will still continue to send forth green branches to brave the storm.

In north and west Switzerland these trees, the larch and arolla, are replaced by the red fir (*Pinus abies L.*), which forms almost exclusively all the forests of the lower Alpine regions. This tree is frequently seen growing in exposed situations where it has struck root among the rocks; and such trees are known among the peasants as *Schirm* or *Wetter*-taune, because of the protection they afford to man and beast in the driving snow of winter and the scorching heat of summer. Some of these trees, disabled by a thousand storms, have sent up their reproductive force to the topmost branches, presenting a series of green and leafy bows at the crown with banners of white and black lichens streaming in the wind. The red fir reaches an age of more than 300 years, its timber being unfit for use until it is at least 120 years old.

But now let us leave the perfumed forest and look at the blossoms nestling at our feet. In places where the summer is too short or the soil too rough to be used as a grazing spot for cattle we find the *élite* of the flora, for whom we are seeking, in luxuriant profusion and freshness. Of the two thousand flowering plants of Switzerland, less than 450 inhabit the subnival zone. The distinction between the flora of the upper and lower regions is sharp and well-defined. Occasionally, it is true, a few have dropped down to the Maien Alps, and a few others, such as the ubiquitous honeysuckle, dandelion, and trefoil, have clambered up into the higher altitudes from their birthplace in the plains; but as a rule, they do not bear transplanting, nor does the soil give a kindly welcome to foreign plants. There are various reasons for this. One is the amount of heat necessary for the perfection of certain species. The red saxifrage and the Alpine rose begin to grow while the earth is still frozen about them, but even so they develop much more rapidly on their native heights than if transferred to the plains below. The warmth in the valley, though of longer continuance, is much weaker than on the heights, where the direct influence of the sun's rays, together with the pure, rarefied mountain air, gives great energy to the circulation of the sap. For this cause the slopes near Sion offer a rich growth of rare upland flowers combined with an almost sub-tropical flora, such as the Cactus Opuntia and Agave Americana. These slopes, consisting of steep and lofty rocks on the northern side of the Rhone are a perfect oven, reflecting and irradiating an almost tropical heat.

The district about Zermatt has been described as the richest region in Switzerland in botanical treasures, but this exuberance of Alpine plants appears on both sides of the Pennine Alps. A perfect oasis of splendid Alpine flowers grows amidst the glacier of Zardezan in a desert of snow. On the southern slope of these Pennine Alps, near the Col de Serena, are masses of brilliant flowers springing almost from under the snow; large patches of the Soldanella Alpina and the Yellow Star of Bethlehem being dotted about by hundreds.

The Paradise of ferns is on the southern side of Monte Rosa. There the graceful tufts of the parsley fern (*Allosurus crispus*) peeps out from under every nook and stone, and the Lycopodium Helveticum spreads its green masses on every rock. But rare and beautiful ferns are also to be found on the southerly slopes of Mt. Blanc; the Woodsiæ iluenis and the entire family of Polypodiums growing everywhere among the rocks and stones.

Almost all Alpine plants are perennial, and few bear transplanting. The long-continued heat of the lowland summer is hurtful to them, and they grow puny and exhausted under its influence; droughts too are injurious, not so much the dryness of the air as of the soil; for no matter how dry the mountain atmosphere may be, the soil is constantly moist through the filtering of snow-water from the glaciers. Nature, too, has provided a special security for many of these tender creatures by a bearded covering which attracts and retains atmospheric moisture. There is still another cause, which may seem strange to those who have not thought much on the subject; these high-born plants are checked in their growth and frequently killed by the cold they encounter in the valleys. Not the sharp, biting cold of mid-winter, but the early frosts of autumn and the late frosts of spring, when after a few balmy days, north-east winds whistle over the unprotected plants enticed from their warm earth-coverings by soft air and sunshine. These Alpine plants are not the Cinderella's of the Flora, ready to submit with graceful patience to all low and mean ills; but aristocratic dames who will never falter before trials, if so be they are allowed to hold their birthright of station undisturbed. The most interesting of these are the Gentiana glacialis and nivalis, which the writer has found growing actually on the glacier ice, and the strangely beautiful Edelweiss which grows at a height of 8,000 feet.

A tendency to underground stalk formation is decided, their roots spreading out underground to a great extent, and only throwing up a few inches of stem upon which are developed the leaves and flowers. Only thus can they perpetuate their species. In the lowlands the process of vegetation may go on undisturbed until the full maturity of fruit and seeds, but not so on these subnival slopes, where the snow does not disappear till late in June, only to reappear early in September. The blossoms of the subnival plants are remarkable for their size, the closeness of their petals, and for the intensity of their coloring. So radiantly are they clad that our lowland favor-

ites grow pale and faded when held by their side. The pure white, the vivid yellow, the clear rose, the rich carmine, the deep violet, the brilliant emerald, and the metallic, shimmering blue. The cause for this brilliancy of hues is said to be found in the intensity of light, the refined purity of the air, and the snow-water which nourishes their roots.

The odor, too, of these plants, though not to be compared with those of the tropics, is much stronger than those of the same family found on the plains. Myosotis Alpestris and Gentiana purpurea, which are quite scentless in the valley, have a pleasant fragrance on the mountains; while Primula viscosa and auricula, transplanted to a lower region, lose both color and scent.

Nor need the most timorous have any fear of encountering poisonous plants, for it is an interesting fact that among the genuine Alpine class, there are few, if any, narcotic or poisonous ones, while many medicinal herbs are found on the verge of the snow line.

In the subnival or lower snow region vegetable life is compressed into narrow limits. Trees vanish altogether; for the adventurous arnes, which occasionally shoot up to 7,000 feet, can only be regarded as anomalies. Now begins that kingdom of flowerless, cellular plants, which attain here an importance they can never reach elsewhere. The entire vegetable dress at this altitude is reduced to plants assuming the character of the moss genus, showing in isolated islands among the rocks and snow, shooting up in tufts with short stems, and sometimes a single stylus and stamen appearing amongst a mass of leaves.

Here too we find those black and yellow-tipped, red and cream-colored crusts which overspread the standing rocks as well as the masses of débris left by land-slides and avalanches. Let us look at them with veneration, and thank these pioneers of the army of plants, who not only clothe the rocky peaks with beauty and color, but by their own death and decomposition prepare the way for a higher state of vegetable life. There is something imposing and almost pathetic in this still, yet ceaselessly busy life: the spores of the Lecideæ germinating even in the shining fissures of the quartz formation, existing year after year in defiance of cold, and contented with the scantiest nutriment.

Mosses and lichens share the ground in this zone. Wherever the greenish, yellowish-black, brick-red varieties of the Lecideæ, Parmelias, and Endocarpiæ encrust the rocks, we may confidently expect to find the curly, miniature forests of the reindeer moss (*Cenomyce*), and the brown cushions of Iceland moss (*Cetrariæ*). When the air is dry these plants wither and crumble to dust under our tread; but so great is their vitality that the least dampness will cause their branches to swell, and the long-hindered course of life to flow anew. And now, the writer feels she can hardly close this brief glance at a subject so replete with interest better than by saying to her readers as Saint Bernard said to his disciples: "Believe my experience, you will find in our forests something more choice than in books; the trees and the rocks will yield lessons preferable to those of the ablest masters."

Humbug Row, Vanity Fair.

BY MARY TORRENCE.

IT was a very handsome row. The brown stone mansions looked quite stately and dignified. But to Vera Merle it was like the left-hand region across the Styx. But then, Vera was tired of Humbug Row, and never having tried anything else, she may not have been a good judge.

Tom Fenton was just passing the window. Rather a peculiar figure for Humbug Row, but he was only passing through on his way to Poverty Street, just back of this magnificent row.

Vera wondered how it would seem to live in Poverty Street. It would at least be a break in the monotony of life.

She wondered if that fountain in the yard would never be weary of leaping, and plashing, and sparkling in the sunlight. It actually seemed to enjoy existence. It sent out all the grace and glow of a happy spirit in gleaming sprays that leaped joyously into the clear sunlight, and fell back in glittering drops into the marble basin, with a sweet tinkling of laughter, that sounded very pleasant to Tom Fenton; but to Vera it was a part of Humbug Row, therefore it was intolerable to her in its unvarying softness. She almost envied Tom Fenton; he was so comfortably free from Humbug Row and respectable monotony.

As for Tom, it is just possible that, had he seen this girl sitting in the lace-draped window, with curly head resting on her jeweled hand, and the soft folds of her silk dress lying in graceful waves about her, he might have wished that he lived in Humbug Row; his thoughts might have reverted, half sadly, to another maiden, even fairer in his eyes, who, if that stately dwelling belonged to him, might sit in graceful indolence, arrayed in purple and fine linen. One's view of this life is taken from one's own stand-point, and two cannot survey it from the same look-out station.

Judge Richman was coming down the street. Even he had ceased to awaken a lively interest in Vera's mind. It used to amuse her intensely to watch him go along the street with that indescribably pompous air that seemed to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." She used to divert her mind with an effort to discover a probable law of economy which permitted Nature to invest so small a soul with so large a body, but that little mystery had proved too much for her, and she gave it up long ago. After all, what difference did it make? Humbug Row didn't want souls particularly; what could it have done with them? But bodies were imperatively necessary as a means of displaying stylish apparel, and Judge Richman's form was an admirable tailor's advertisement. To be sure, his diamonds were suggestive of tears, shed by Justice and Humanity, on his path to glory, and frozen in the icy regions of his heart, but to the casual observer they were sparkling brilliants, testimonials of Judge Richman's commercial and social importance, and must be respected accordingly. For you must know that Humbug Row is situated in a grand and glorious republic, in which one man is as good as another, if he has as much money. And Judge Richman had.

Far off at the horizon Vera saw a long line of trees, straight, regular, unbroken, save when one, o'erstepping all the rest, stood tall and stately, like the one great man in a generation. That tree was the event in life in Humbug Row; the one thing that differed from all the rest, and the only object in Vera's prospect that could in any way create a sensation. Vera envied that tree. It must be very proud as it stood there so tall and independent, and looked down on its companions. She wished that she were that little bird, that sometimes braved the hostile elements of Humbug Row to sit in that tree by her window and sing to her. She would fly to the very highest branch of that tall tree and ask the whispering leaves of what the tree was thinking. Of course they would tell her. They were the voice of the tree, and they were on the best of terms with the birds.

Then she began to wonder why that little bird came to sing to her. Did it love her so that it was willing to brave all the unpleasantness of the locality for her sake? All the music on that Row was discordant. All excepting what——

"Vera!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Has Madame Lapelle sent your dress home?"

"No, mamma."

"What does she mean? To-morrow is the day of our dinner-party, and there are always a hundred changes to be made in a dress that she sends home before it can be worn. Vera, I don't believe you care anything about it. I'm perfectly ashamed of your inexcusable carelessness and indifference."

No, Vera didn't care anything about it. She was tired of dresses. Not that she desired a return to the primitive simplicity which characterized the costumes in the garden of Eden, but she was tired of hearing about them.

She didn't care for dinner-parties, either. Or no, she did care for them very much. She hated and dreaded them. If she might have been permitted to introduce some new feature into one, she would not care so much. Something to create a sensation, were it even an Indian from the western wilds, or a gorilla from somewhere, wherever they grow, or somebody with an idea. She wondered what the result would be if some one should introduce an idea. Wouldn't it be as startling as an earthquake! She had never happened to see any one with such an object, and if the Fates should permit one distinguished by that possession to wander into Humbug Row, it didn't follow that he would be invited to dinner. And if he should be, would he dare bring it with him? Not unless he had all the bravery of the Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders, and the Pilgrim Fathers, combined in one. No, cruel Fate would never bestow on her the bliss of a new sensation at a dinner-party in Humbug Row.

There would be Mrs. Chrysostom, who would

remark in a confidential and encouraging undertone:

"Vera, my child, you are a little pale to-day; are you quite sure that that peculiar shade of blue is becoming to your complexion? My dear, is not your collar slightly awry? My love allow me to suggest that curls are too undignified for a young lady of your age and position." If the world were coming to an end, Mrs. Chrysostom wouldn't forget to see what you had on and how you wore your hair.

There would be Mr. Alcibiades Smythe, whose conversational powers were limited to the eloquent expressions, "Yes, miss," "No, miss," and whose attentions were about equally divided between her and his blonde mustache, with perhaps a slight turning of the scale toward the latter.

There would be Mrs. de la Browne, who had just returned from a European tour. She would discourse eloquently on the subject of high art, and talk familiarly of "Pollos Belvidery," and other distinguished characters. Her special mission was to entertain Monsieur de Charmois, who didn't understand English very well, and her French not at all. It afforded some amusement to watch the look of perplexity that overspread the unfortunate gentleman's countenance on the occasion of a conversation with Mrs. de la Browne; the descent through all the phases of mystification to final stupefaction, the little rays of light that would gleam through the general obscurity, as a faint glimmering of her meaning seemed to dawn upon his intellect, the fading away into denser darkness as that gleam died out. Vera laughed yet as she recalled the complacency with which the lady informed mamma that she had been having a delightful French conversation with that charming "Mosheer" de Charmois, while the gentleman drew a sigh of relief, and remarked to her:

"Eh, mademoiselle, l'Anglais is the most funny speak that I did ever heard."

And Vera assented, adding wickedly,

"But it must be a comfort to you to converse with Mrs. de la Browne, who speaks French so well."

"Eh, mademoiselle; speaks she the French?"

"Oh, yes; she speaks like a native they say."

"Oui, mademoiselle?" meditatively; "semblable—I should say, like to a natif of the—what call you it?—Sandwich Islands."

Yes, it was intensely funny, but Vera was fearful that Mons. de Charmois would not live very much longer. When she met him yesterday, he looked weary and haggard, and when Mrs. de la Browne passed and said, "Bong joor, mosheer," he shuddered, visibly. She must speak to mamma about it, and suggest that the unhappy man be encouraged to practice English, or allowed to indulge in pious meditation. Mrs. de la Browne must not be permitted to kill him until some other amusement presented itself. She never could find it in the other elements of that dinner-party, she knew.

Once, a long time ago, she had timidly suggested that Mr. Harley, her music teacher, should be invited, but the lecture she received in reply, taught her some of the rules that govern Humbug Row. She distinctly remembered that upon that occasion she innocently began, "Why, did not grandpa teach—?" but her mother interrupted her with:

"Go to your room, child; you weary me with your incessant folly!"

So she learned two lessons; that educated people are not respectable, and that one's grandfather is a wearisome subject in Humbug Row.

No, Mr. Harley would not be at their party, but Mr. Bullion would. To be sure, the one was a gentleman, the other only a monkey, but a gilded monkey is so rare and valuable a specimen in zoölogy that Humbug Row was very proud of having secured one. That was another of the unsolved enigmas for Vera. She wondered if there were so many conundrums in the life of the one who was to prepare the dinner that was to surprise the fashionable world of Humbug Row to-morrow. She would like to go down into the kitchen and assist in those mysterious bakings and boilings, just to learn what that phase of life was like. But then she couldn't cook. She had tried once to get breakfast when she was spending the summer with Aunt Judith in the country. Not that the aristocracy of that Row was in the habit of spending the summer with its relations in the country; but that summer papa was embarrassed in business, and they couldn't afford to go to a fashionable resort; so mamma told her dear five hundred that she was so tired of Long Branch, and Newport, and Saratoga, and her health was so wretched, that she could not endure the fatigue of the sea-shore, so they had concluded to go to the most charming little place in the world, away up in the mountains; and when Vera, in a sudden burst of confidence, spoke of the delights of life at Aunt Judith's, she was sent from the room, and chillingly requested to absent herself from the parlor if she had no knowledge of what was proper in conversation. So she learned that it was not proper to speak of one's relations in any way, and she wondered if propriety required one to come into the world without any relations. But just now she was thinking of that breakfast that she tried to cook. She burned the bread, and the meat was raw; each potato was a concentrated demon of dyspepsia, and an enterprising hardware merchant might have made a fortune selling the eggs for grindstones. She never did know what was the matter with those eggs; they certainly were cooked enough to be done; just an hour by the clock. No, she wouldn't do for a cook.

When Mellie Grant's father failed, and sank below the horizon of Humbug Row, Mellie taught in a school. But Vera saw her once after that, and she wore a celluloid pin. Vera looked at her diamond ring. No, she couldn't wear celluloid; it would be worse than dinner parties and Alcibiades Smythe.

She recalled her gaze from the window, and resumed her reading. It was the threadbare story of a saintly maiden, who made unheard-of sacrifices, and performed incredible exploits in the cause of humanity, and was rewarded for her amiability by being married in the final chapter to a rich man.

Moral—Girls, be good, and you shall marry rich men.

Why don't the novelists vary the monotony occasionally by giving a poor creature, now and then, the luxury of marrying a poor man? Vera did not think condemnation to perpetual dinner parties on Humbug Row an adequate compensation for so much saintliness. If it were the inevitable result of virtue, she was glad that she had laughed at Mrs. de la Browne, and been spiteful to Mrs. Chrysostom, and tortured Mr. Alcibiades.

But it wouldn't do for Vera to write a novel. She would make her heroine disgrace herself by marrying her music—ah, she must not think of that. The sunset light had died away, and twilight came floating up from the far-off line of trees. It was too dark to read any more, and Vera was tired of her book. She threw it down, and went out into the soft, cool evening air. A river flowed by the Merle grounds, back of the house. A white-limbed, dreamy-faced Nereid stood on the bank. She had wandered from the sparkling waves in the gray dawn of a summer morning, and been petrified in the uncongenial atmosphere of Humbug Row, and now stood facing her river home, with a world of longing in her sad face.

"Ah, poor Nereid, poor unhappy water-sprite," said Vera, throwing her arm about the marble form. "How I pity you, poor fairy, for you were free and happy once, and you lost it all by your reckless curiosity. How the memory of it must come to torture you now in your prison house, where you must stay forever, for fairies never die. They spring from the heart of some royal flower, under the soft light of the full moon, and go living on and on, and never grow old nor die. How beautiful and happy you must have been when you floated out from a pearl-petaled, gold-hearted water-lily, and went down to Neptune's palace in the coral cave. If it be true that 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' your fate is sadder than mine, sweet fairy, for I never knew anything better than Humbug Row. The nectar of the gods does not haunt me with its tantalizing memory as I faint in Sahara. And then, I shall die some time. I may live to be seventy years old; think of it, fairy, seventy years, and I am seventeen now. But you must live on through all the coming ages in this stony form, for fairies are immortal as we, but if earthly trammels hedge them round, they cannot be broken as ours can. Oh, I pity you, poor fay!"

She looked longingly out upon the water; longingly as if she, too, had been some stray nymph. A slender boat glided up swiftly from the sunset, where, for the first time, Vera noticed a cloud veiling the farewell golden rays. But the boat was not of the cloud, it was a creature of the sunlight and free air, and it glanced like a beautiful bird over the rippling waves, and paused in answer to the appealing gesture that Vera's hand unconsciously made.

The boatman bowed and shook his head in regretful negative.

"I wish I could, but I dare not."

"Please, just once; only for a few minutes."

"True daughter of Eve; you tempt me with forbidden fruit, regardless of what the consequences may be."

"Yes, and you may prove yourself a lineal descendant of Adam, by yielding to the temptation, and then putting the blame on me."

"I fancy that would not be very much satisfaction to me. Should I do as you wish, Miss Merle, I should be dismissed as quite unworthy of my position as instructor of youth, and—I shouldn't like that."

"Oh, they will never know, Mr. Harley. Mamma is lecturing the dress-maker, and will not complete that very amiable, praiseworthy task for half an hour. Papa is down town, and no one else ever comes here. Just for a few minutes," she pleaded with childish persistency, "and you may scold me all through my next lesson, and strike my fingers with your pencil, if they touch the wrong keys. I know you will enjoy that."

"Very much, indeed." He sprang from the boat and assisted her in, looking into her eager eyes with an expression of mingled amusement and gravity.

Though Vera was a young lady in society, she had insisted so strongly on continuing her musical studies beyond the fashionable boarding-school point, that her mother had consented to her wish ; as Mr. Harley happened to be the musical fashion in Humbug Row, just then, he had been engaged as her instructor.

"I must have some wicked pleasure today," she said, deprecatingly, as a strong movement of the oar swept the boat into the current. "We shall have company to-morrow, and I shall be obliged to be good and proper, and all those disagreeable things. You are performing a work of benevolence, for I could not possibly carry a desirable amiability into my duties to-morrow if I had not some pleasant memory to brace me up."

"I am very glad if my action can be classed somewhere among the Christian graces. It helps to prove that maxim which puzzles us a little sometimes : Virtue is its own reward."

"Oh, you are truly charitable. If you hadn't done as I wanted you to do I should be indescribably hateful to-morrow, and shock dear Mrs. Chrysostom and good Mr. Alcibiades."

"You shouldn't do that. Mr. Alcibiades is a very superior gentleman."

"To be sure. Do you happen to know what 'superior gentleman' means?"

"Possibly not. I always supposed it to mean something highly creditable."

"Not at all. It is only a polite way of saying that one is superlatively hateful, transcendently intolerable, and unendurable to the last degree."

"Is it possible? The capabilities of the English language completely amaze me, Miss Vera. I have been trying all my life to attain those qualities which would occasion my being referred to as a superior person. Do assure me that I have not succeeded."

"Certainly, Mr. Harley ; you are not in the least superior. You are only—nice."

"Nice? But that is too mystifying. How am I to know but that smooth sounding word may have depths which contain a signification even worse than that of the respectable word 'superior?'"

But Vera did not wish to become an animated dictionary, so she leaned over the edge of the boat and dipped her fingers into the sparkling waves. And the cloud followed closer, closer, until it had darkened the golden, sunset light.

"Only a few minutes," said Mr. Harley, breaking a long silence. "I fear our few minutes have been very long. Vera—Miss Merle, do you see that cloud?"

"Yes," said Vera, listlessly ; "Isn't it pretty against the blue sky?"

But Mr. Harley was not thinking of its beauty. Unconsciously he had allowed the boat to drift far down with the current, and now he strained every nerve to regain the shore. But the cloud came steadily on, on, like some black-winged bird of prey, ready to swoop down upon its prey. And with it came the storm-king with his powerful breath, and sword of fire, and thunderous voice. And the fairy boat, slender creature of summer sunshine and gentle breeze, struggled vainly in his mighty hand, then sank beneath the tossing waves. Vera Merle had gone forever from Humbug Row.

A Visit to Saint Isaac's Cathedral at St. Petersburg.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL, C.E.

Ex-Assistant Engineer, Suez Canal; Ex-Sub-Director of the Imperial Iron Mines, Czarnechef, Russia.

"ETTO sdess Issakof sobor," exclaimed the driver of my drogky, as he pointed with pride to the majestic and gilded dome of the Saint Peter of the north, as I was on my way from the English quay to the Hotel d'Angleterre on Issakofski sabor. And well might he feel some pride, for this magnificent edifice cannot fail to excite the admiration of those who appreciate grand proportions, a simple but lofty style of architecture, and noble porticoes.

The situation is also highly suitable, for unlike St. Paul's in London, Notre Dame in Paris, or St. Ouen in Rouen, it stands in the midst of one of the largest open spaces in the capital, surrounded by its finest buildings and monuments, and it will give the traveler some idea of what Russian mines, quarries, and workmen can produce. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the model or the grandeur of its proportions. And as I contemplated its magnificent portico and swelling domes from the window of my room, it seemed to me that it was the work of Titans and not of men. Unlike St. Peter's at Rome or St. Paul's in London no ornament meets the eye ; the architect, Monsieur Montferrand, has left all the impression to be produced by the stupendous proportions of the edifice and the costliness of the materials.

On the spot where the St. Isaac Cathedral stands, the Russians had been at work upon a place of worship for the last century.

The original one was in wood, and was erected by Peter the Great in 1710, but this was subsequently destroyed, and the Great Catherine commenced another, which was completed in 1801. That also vanished in its turn, and the present magnificent structure has been erected in the course of three reigns, having been commenced in 1819 and consecrated in 1858. To make a firm and solid foundation for the gigantic structure, a whole forest of piles had to be driven into the swampy soil at the enormous cost of 1,000,000 dollars.

It is constructed, as usual, in the form of a Greek cross of four equal sides, and each of the four grand entrances is approached from the level of the *Place* by three broad flights of steps, each whole flight being composed of one entire piece of granite formed out of masses of rock brought from Finland. These steps lead from the four sides of the building to the four principal entrances, each of which has a superb peristyle. The pillars of these peristyles strike the beholder with admiration. They are sixty feet in height and seven in diameter, all of them magnificent, round, and highly polished monoliths from Finland. They are crowned with Corinthian capitals of bronze, and support the enormous beam or frieze formed of six fine-polished blocks.

Over the peristyles, and at twice their height, rises the grand central cupola, higher than its width in the Byzantine proportion. It is supported by thirty polished granite columns, which, although gigantic in themselves, look small compared with those below. The cupola is of cast iron, the first of that size ever constructed, and is covered with copper overlaid with gold, and glitters like the sun over Mont Blanc. From its center rises a small elegant rotunda, a miniature repetition of the whole, looking like a chateau on the mountain top. The whole is surmounted by a gigantic gilt bronze cross.*

Four smaller cupolas, similar to the central one, stand around and complete the harmony visible in every part. The ornamentations of the façade and windows, and the group of figures over the pediment of the grand portico, was designed and executed by Muno Le Maire, a French artist of rare merit.

It represents the Angel at the Tomb, with the Magdalen and other females on one side, and the terrified soldiers in every attitude of consternation on the other. These bronze figures are twelve feet in height, and were cast at Munich. Entering the noble doorway, which is closed by a pair of magnificent bronze doors, thirty feet high and fourteen wide, and covered with basso relievos repre-

* We may here correct a popular error respecting the signification of the Crescent so frequently seen in combination with the Cross on Russian cupolas. It is *not* emblematical of the triumph of the Greek Church over Mohammedanism, after the expulsion of the Tartars from Russia, for it was a device used in the earliest Russian churches long before the invasion, and was imported from Byzantium on the introduction of Christianity.

senting the Ten Commandments, you find yourself in the most magnificent, sublime, and grand Temple of the Most High. And in contemplating the dazzling splendor of the place one feels as if he had suddenly been translated to the Jerusalem above, of which the Belovéd gives such a beautiful description in his last book.

Directly in front of you as you enter is the *Ikonostas* or Screen of the Shrine, supported by magnificent columns of malachite thirty feet high and four in diameter; these columns are hollow cast iron tubes covered with that beautiful stone, and they exceed anything of the kind in the world. The pillars on either side of the door of the *Ikonostas* are of lapis lazuli, said to have cost 100,000 rubles, but beautiful as they are they have an incongruous appearance next the malachite. The royal doors of the *Ikonostas* are of gilt bronze, some twenty-four feet high by fourteen wide.

The inmost Shrine is placed in a small Grecian temple with a dome supported by eight Corinthian columns of malachite, ten feet high, with gilt bases and capitals. The exterior of the dome is covered with a profusion of gilding on a ground of malachite, and the interior is of lapis lazuli, while the floor is of polished marbles of various colors, which have been found in the Russian Empire, and the whole is raised on steps of polished porphyry. There is, perhaps, a little too much gilding about this charming jewel to please the eye, but this is in accordance with the usage of the Greek Church. It was presented to the emperor by Prince Demidoff, who procured the malachite from his mines in Siberia, and sent it to France to be worked; its value is estimated at 1,000,000 rubles. All the pictures on the walls are of the first order of art, and were executed by Russian artists. It was on the Feast of the Assumption that I visited this magnificent temple, and the effect which the grand, solemn, and imposing ceremonies had on my mind will not soon be obliterated.

The singing was beautiful, and was, I think, the most effective portion of the service. The choristers of this cathedral rank in efficiency next after those of the Imperial Chapel at the Winter Palace. In all the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church, as in the cathedrals of England, and at Trinity Church, New York, the soprano parts are executed by boys. Considerable expense is incurred for deep basses; the best voices being everywhere sought for and remunerated very liberally. They are not exactly for the choir, but for certain recitative solos occasionally required in service, and which must always be delivered by amazingly strong and deep bass voices, such as "*Gospodi pomilui*" (The Lord have mercy! or, Lord we pray thee, etc.). It has some whatthe effect of as many double basses, all executing the same short *arpeggio* passage and repeating it without any variation in the chord, time, or tune; it is, therefore, tedious when frequently heard.

Most of the prayers are also intoned, and the effect is grand and sublime, as they are said in th eancient Slavonic.

One of the most impressive portions of the service is toward the close. The doors of the *Ikonostas* are then shut, the chanting ceases, the incense bearers withdraw, and every one seems breathless with attention; at length the "Royal Doors" are re-opened and thrown back, and the Metropolitan, carrying on his head an enormous volume which he steadies with both hands, comes forward and commences a long recitative, during which every one bends low in an attitude of humble adoration. The large volume contains the Gospel, and the prayer is for the Tzar.

The cathedral was all ablaze with innumerable wax tapers, as each person on entering a church purchases one or more and lights it.

This kindling of tapers and lamps in Russian churches is a pleasing custom. The little flame is so living a symbol of the continued life of the soul, and beyond all other material things, flame is the best representation of the spiritual. The Russians have so closely adopted this idea that there is no interment, no baptism, no betrothing, in short, no sacred ceremony without taper or lamp. Fire is for them the pledge of the presence of the Holy Ghost, and hence illuminations play the most important part in the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church.

Correspondents' Class.

THIS department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(ED.)

"HENRIETTA."—1. In regard to the first painting there is necessarily a difference of treatment to be observed between the manner of conducting the masculine portrait, and that of bringing forward the portrait of a lady. The tints used for the former are warmer and stronger than those used for the latter, and the manner of commencing children's portraits is yet more delicate. The painter rarely meets with two complexions exactly alike; the artist's judgment and experience must guide him.

2. The first painting of the features may be satisfactorily effected by using a shade tint, composed of indian red, raw umber, and black. The lights being laid in with two or three tints of white and light red mixed to different degrees of depth. At this stage of the work, lay in all the shaded parts of the face, employing the graduated light tints to work into the deeper tones, but using the color as sparingly as possible. The principal masses of shade must be laid with breadth. The uniformity of the shade may be modified and broken by a little of some warmer tint in the markings of the nostrils, the line of the mouth between the lips, the eyelids, and other parts. As the tints employed at this stage of the work are few, the lights and gradations in nature will suggest their places; but the lights should fall short of the highest lights of the natural complexion, these being held in reserve for finishing. The mask having been thus worked over, the whole must be freely united with a soft brush, to exclude all hardness from the outline and insipidity from the shadows. Six or eight clean brushes of various sizes, and additional colors will now be needed. Approach the complexion with some of the more luminous tints, and work with a good body of color on the highest lights. The tints to be used here will still fall short of the highest lights, which are yet to come. Some work from the shaded masses up to the lights, but the result is the same by commencing with the lights, a method more easily explained. This impaste of the lights being effected, follow by succeeding gradations down to the shadows, and finally touch upon the reflexes, going over the entire face, so as to cover with tints approaching the life all the previous thin painting. The additional tints necessary for this part of the work may be composed of white, light red, and vermilion in various degrees; and for the more mellow lights, white, light red, and Naples yellow. Transfer the tints to their places as quickly as possible; they must not be saddened and over-wrought by the brush, but left spirited and transparent.

3. Glazing is the process of finishing shadows in ultimate paintings. It is effected by working over shaded portions of the picture with transparent colors, either singly or in combination. Transparent colors are also used to pass over the lights of a picture, in order to tone and harmonize them. The dead coloring of all passages that are to be glazed should be laid with a clean, solid body.

4. The hair.—There is little difficulty in laying the dead coloring of the hair. If the color be fair—a light brown—the lights will be warm, and it is best to lay them with a tint heightened by Naples yellow, brought up to the highest tints by a little white. The shades and hues of light hair are of great diversity; we find them sometimes flaxen, and rather cold than warm, especially in the lights; but when the hair is darker, and of a light auburn or chestnut color, it will be necessary to paint the lights with a strong tint of yellow. For painting black or very dark brown hair, any of the deep, warm colors may be used with black. The reflections of hair of this color are cold, and they graduate in a ratio inverse to the depth of tone in the shades, until from the most intensely black hair we find cast the most brilliant and coldest reflection, the effect being enhanced by the blackness of the hair. In the first painting of the hair, rub in the forms and markings as nearly as possible to the dispositions intended to be maintained.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—May I inquire what colors in oil painting should be used for painting transparent grapes, white grapes, and other delicate fruits? What paints are transparent? BESSIE."

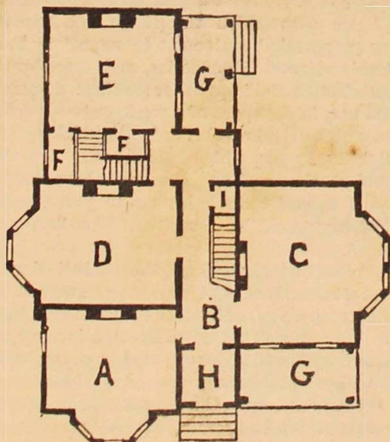
"COR. CLASS:—What kind of varnish is best for varnishing oil paintings? My teacher had old-fashioned ideas about it, and thought it caused paintings to crack in places, so I never learned how to use it. In my paint-box I have a bottle labeled 'Extra Damar.' Is that for varnishing, and must it be diluted, and what with? Is copal varnish ever used? I would be glad for some one to tell me what kind is best, whether to dilute it or not, what with, and what proportions?
"LUCILLE."

"COR. CLASS:—Can you give me directions for mounting and varnishing the little gems that we get in the 'DEMOREST'S MONTHLY'?
"M. E. J."

"COR. CLASS:—Can you furnish directions for water-color painting? 1. Materials? 2. Paper? 3. Use of brush? 4. Wiping out lights? 5. Scraping? 6. Rays of light? 7. Outline?"

Architectural Design.

THIS residence was erected during the past year by Wm. F. Ross, Esq., at Glenfield, Allegheny Co., Pa., from designs, drawings, etc., prepared by Edward M. Butz.



FIRST STORY.

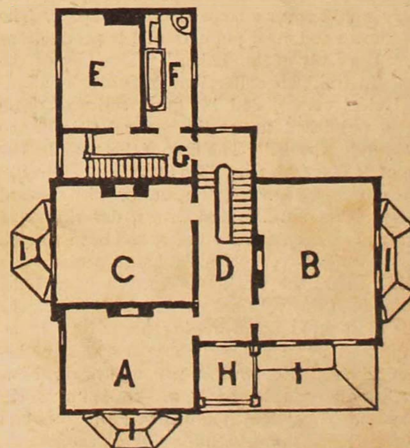
The following is a general description of same.

THE FIRST FLOOR CONTAINS APARTMENTS AS FOLLOWS:

A Library, 16 x 18 feet, with bay window in front as shown on plan.
B Main stair hall, 8 x 20 feet.
C Parlor, 16 x 20 feet, with bay window at side.
D Dining-room, 16 x 18 feet.
E Kitchen, 14 x 16 feet, with pantries and back stair hall between the same and dining-room; also connection with main stair hall.
F F are Pantries.
H Front Vestibule, 8 x 8 feet.
I Coat Closet, under main stairs.
G G Verandas.

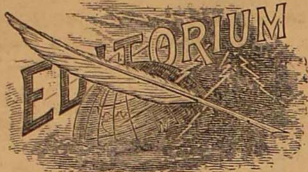
THE SECOND FLOOR CONTAINS APARTMENTS AS FOLLOWS:

A Chamber, 16 x 18 feet.
B Chamber, 16 x 20 feet.
C Chamber, 16 x 20 feet.
D Main Stair, 8 x 20 feet.
E Servants' Room, 10 x 14 feet.



F Bath Room, 6 x 14 feet.
G G Back Stair Hall, same having connection with main stair hall on the platform as shown.
H Balcony over vestibule of first story.
I I I I Veranda Roofs.

It will be seen by examining the plans and designs, that the house is perfect and complete in all its details, and presents a fine exterior, all as shown by the above design, and is a house that can be erected at a reasonable cost—from four to five thousand dollars—all according to finish desired. For information regarding said design, address E. M. Butz, Architect, Allegheny, Pa.



Sir Walter Scott.

(*See full-page Steel Engraving.*)

THIS illustrious author, poet, and journalist was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. His father was a writer to the Signet; his mother, Anne Rutherford, the daughter of a medical Professor in the University of Edinburgh. He was a delicate boy, and from the age of three years was sent to reside with his paternal grandfather at a farm at Sandyknowe, in order to improve his health. He returned in five years greatly strengthened, but with a lameness which remained with him throughout his life. His education was obtained at the High School, and subsequently at the University of Edinburgh. He was afterward regularly apprenticed to the law, in the office of his father, but developed much more of a faculty for making ballads than conducting legal business. He managed, however, to secure an income, upon which he married, and was afterward appointed deputy sheriff before he reached his thirtieth year.

He had previous to this time published many stories as well as many fugitive pieces of verse, but it was in his thirty-first year that he produced the first two volumes of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in the following year a collection of ancient ballads, all of which were preliminary to his first great work, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

His faculty for work was something marvelous, and a mere list of all his works in prose and poetry would cover a large amount of space. The best known and most popular of his productions are, "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," his collections of Scottish ballads and lyrical poems, and his great series of prose works, published under the general title of the "Waverley Novels." The first of these, under the title of "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since," came out in 1814, when the author was upward of forty years old. Its first sheets, descriptive of Highland scenery and costumes, had been written nine years before, but mislaid, and accidentally finding them, the work was hurried up, and the second and third volumes written in three weeks—the most rapid novel-writing probably ever accomplished by an author whose works have become classics. His prolific pen was never, however, wholly occupied in the production of works of fiction. He collected and edited the works of several other authors, including Dryden and Swift. He contributed to reviews and the periodical literature of the country, and wrote several of the best articles for the Encyclopedia Britannica.

During the whole of this time, he had held a principal clerkship in the Scottish Court of Session, and, as was subsequently discovered, had been a secret partner in the great printing house of Ballantyne & Co. This latter fact was the cause of his most serious misfortunes; the failure of the establishment for one hundred thousand pounds involved him in heavy liabilities, which, however, he fully met before his death, through the large prices received for his works. The liquidation extended, however, over many years, and doubtless exhausted his strength and life.

His home (Abbotsford), which he clung to with tenacity, had originally been a small farm, lying on the banks of the Tweed, near Selkirk, and only four miles from Melrose, but by adding little by little, gradually grew into an extensive and lordly domain. For many years after he had been made a baronet by George IV. he lived in magnificent style on this beautiful estate, and, after his reverses, still retained it as a homestead, though he resigned his town house, and greatly reduced his style of living.

More than almost any other literary man, Sir Walter Scott was known and admired of his contemporaries all over the world. Wherever he went, honors, such as are seldom paid to literary men, awaited him, and his works in prose and poetry have filled Scotland with a glory which can never be lost. The scenes described in his "Lady of the Lake" are the constant resort of summer tourists from all over the civilized world, and his home is the Mecca of thousands of pilgrims, who press its soil as if it were indeed "holy ground."

Sir Walter was a great lover and collector of all sorts of curiosities and what we now call *bric-à-brac*. Upon the acquisition of antique objects connected with the history and renown of Scotland he spent large sums of money, and several rooms at Abbotsford are not only filled with them, but quantities are stowed away in chests, closets, and drawers. A great-granddaughter of Sir Walter, his last lineal descendant, is the present owner and occupant of Abbotsford, and the favorite leather-covered chair in which Sir Walter is sitting may be seen in his library with his writing table and books, very much in the position in which he left them, by any traveler who will take the pains to secure for himself an undying memory by visiting the spot so much beloved, and near which (in Dryburgh Abbey) rests all that remains of Scotland's greatest author.

A Musical Craze.

IT is not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of this country when so universal an insanity has existed for any play, opera, or performance as has developed itself recently in the production of the musical comedy of the *H. M. S. Pinafore*. This work by an English composer (Gilbert) was scarcely understood at first, even by the critics, who treated it very slightingly, as an operetta of no conspicuous merit, but containing some pretty airs, which might create for it a sort of popularity.

Of its real merit as a work of art, or as a burlesque of burlesques, or a travesty on the rage for opera-bouffe, no one seems to have had the glimmering of an idea. It was the public that first discovered the exquisite beauty of the music, and the admirable art with which the most effective contrasts were managed, as for example in the eccentric character of *Dick Deadeye*, whose whole part is a foil to the too cloying, almost honeyed sweetness of the principal part of the music. Then the nicety with which the principal parts are balanced is another strong element of success, and its many-sidedness, or power of attracting audiences from different points of view, is another. For example, fairly sung, and ordinarily presented, it is pretty sure of pleasing, at least moderately, but its power of attraction is increased tenfold by the insight of a manager and his company into the hidden purpose of the author. Instead of producing it in forced, strained, exaggerated burlesque style, it should be sung seriously, and all the absurd things done and vocalized with the earnestness of a camp meeting. In this way the "points" are made with much more distinctness, and the entire composition becomes one of the most marked and effective parodies of vocal English absurdities that can be possibly imagined.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about the decline of the public taste, and the lack of appreciation of legitimate drama. But the truth is the public are tired to death of the legitimate drama. The changes have been rung upon it, and every fresh aspirant for fame has added one more to the large list of devotees to the same well-worn divinities, until patience has given out, and the public is ready to welcome with avidity anything that is original and pleasing, even if it does not take a century of time and an army of commentators to understand it. It is quite true that Shakespeare never grows old, and that a knowledge of his works from the footlights point of view, as well as that of the closet, is necessary to the completion of the most ordinary education. But because the high place is conceded, it is all the more desirable that the presentation of such plays as Shakespeare's should be restricted both to fitting representatives and fitting representations, and not be made the common stock of every inflated tyro, who "struts a brief hour," and is then happily lost to sight, without being to memory dear.

The stage is just now in a transition period; feelings and opinions are very much modified in regard to its possibilities and tendencies. The fact that a company drawn altogether from the church choirs from a conservative city like Philadelphia, a number of them members of the churches with which they were connected, could play an engagement in a New York city theater of some months' duration, singing *Pinafore* during the week, and going home by midnight train on Saturday, to attend church duties on Sunday, is a fact which a few years ago would not have been possible. It is not worth while to be bigoted or dogmatic nowadays, for we rarely wake up without discovering that something has been brought to the surface within twenty-four hours which had hitherto been undreamed of in our philosophy.

More Light.

THE unthinking ignorance of the majority of the people has never been better illustrated than by the haste with which the public first received every exaggerated statement in regard to Prof. Edison's scientific discoveries, and then, by the dissatisfaction and impatience manifested because he did not, in the space of a week or two, perfect ideas which would revolutionize the whole system of lighting by gas, which in itself is so new that remote districts and neighborhoods have not yet adopted it, and train lightning to perform the part of household handmaid, as well as fleet-footed steed.

That the thing can be done, there is little doubt; that it will be done within no very extended period of time, we have Mr. Edison's word for asserting. We can well afford to have patience therefore, and wait until the extraordinary young experimenter has had time to at least marshal his forces, and try the reins upon the erratic and dangerous elements which he is trying to reduce to submission. Electric light, instantaneous, yet controllable, is only a question of time.

Primrose Gatherers.

(See full-page Steel Engraving.)

THE lovely picture which we present under this head is purely English in its detail and conception. The green, velvety grass, so soft, and humid, and redolent of the soil, which grows so luxuriantly, and in which children roll and tumble the livelong day, is almost unknown here, the utmost care failing to produce that which is an outgrowth and feature of the moist temperate climate rarely visited by the sharp and sudden contrasts to which we are constantly exposed. Primroses are also a peculiarly English flower—among the earliest to make their appearance, their sweetness, their profusion, the fact that they are usually found in the lowliest spots, to which they lend a grace and charm that poets have sung and memory treasured, endears them to the English heart.

Happy little primrose gatherers! whatever life holds for you, no fairer or brighter experience in after years will ever be able to take entirely away from memory and consciousness the happy hours spent in the green meadows under the trees; the sunshine glinting, the shadows falling, the primroses waiting to make the little hearts happy with their modest beauty and their fragrance.

Sunset in the White Mountains.

(See full-page in Oil.)

UNDER this title we present to our subscribers a charming picture after C. H. Chapin, a well-known artist in water colors, which is executed by a new process, and furnishes a vivid reminiscence of the beauty of earth, air, sky, and water of that famous region. No one can ever know exactly what constitutes the charm of the Switzerland of America, without a visit there during the beauty of the autumn as well as the loveliness of the summer season. The greatest attraction is in the ever-varying features of a landscape made up of the strongest contrasts—the most rugged mountains, —the greenest and most rugged valleys—a very work-shop of nature, where lake and river, forest and hill, that diversify and render picturesque more populous and commonplace regions, seem to have their beginnings, and be turned out as children are turned out of ancestral homes, to make a place for themselves in the great world. The striking characteristics of this celebrated region, which has been the favorite summer resort of so many tourists, are well illustrated in the beautiful picture which we offer as a souvenir to those who remember with pleasure a sojourn among the White Mountains, and as a promise of what is to come for those who still have that as a treat in prospect.

An Art Excursion to Europe

HAS been organized by Prof. G. F. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University, which promises to be one of the most useful and attractive that has ever been planned on a large scale. The party starts June 28, by the *City of Berlin*, of the Inman line, and will return early in September. The route takes in all the great art-centers and almost every place and object artistically worth seeing, together with the most picturesque scenes and objects in the Old World. All the arrangements are first class, and the cost, lights, service, and fees included, is only $540, a small sum indeed to cover so much that is worth seeing and knowing.

Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE Museum of Art has been removed from the old Cruger Mansion, in Fourteenth Street, to the permanent fire-proof building erected for it by the city in the Central Park. Its collections already include many that are rare and valuable, in addition to the famous Cesnola and Kurium antiquities. The value of such an art-center cannot be estimated, and it is most desirable that its influence should be strengthened and its capacity for aiding study and research increased by every possible means. The trustees, in appealing to the public for aid in a gigantic work which has been largely carried on by private munificence, present the following statement of objects and intentions:

To form, as heretofore, loan collections of pictures, statuary, and other objects of art, similar to the practice of the Kensington Museum.

To obtain carefully selected series of casts of antique and modern sculpture for the use of art students.

To increase and perfect its collection of art antiquities and archæological specimens.

To make large additions to the collection of pottery and porcelain.

To purchase architectural models, with casts of valuable examples.

To establish a collection exhibiting the progress and position of the industrial arts. To include in compact form, in each department, the raw material, the material in process of manufacture, and the completed work, with models or samples of the tools and machinery used. This collection to comprise, among other articles, gems, gold and silver work, bronzes and other metal work, household decorations, such as paper hangings, pressed leather, furniture, etc., textile fabrics, bookbinding, laces, dyes, stained glass, etc.

To carry out these and other like purposes the trustees ask the sum of $150,000; subscription to be payable when $100,000 shall have been subscribed, with the understanding that the first general application of the money will be—

To purchase the Avery collection of porcelain.
To buy the King collection of gems.
To purchase casts.
To purchase architectural models.
To purchase archæological antiquities.
To purchase examples of fabrics, and start a school of design for the arts and trades.
To establish a system of prize medals or awards.
To create a fund for lectures on art.

Subscribers may designate, if they so desire, the objects to which their donations shall be applied. Subscriptions can also be made payable one half in the present year and one half in 1880.

The very fact that New York is so cosmopolitan a city, makes it extremely difficult to obtain funds for merely local purposes. It is easier to raise money for a famine in India, a fire in Chicago, or pestilence anywhere, than for home improvements which are not provided for by taxation.

Smaller and more provincial cities, whose population is less migratory, can appeal much more successfully to local pride, and accomplish much more at home because so much less is expected of them abroad. Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his coadjutors, deserve well of the citizens of New York for the wisdom and judgment with which they have executed a responsible and thankless task, and it is to be hoped that the means will be furnished them to carry on a work which is of the greatest importance to the art resources, culture, and growth of the metropolis. A permanent endowment ought to place the trustees beyond the necessity of making public appeals for aid.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"WE left our parlor in good order, you remember, after its grand sweeping and dusting," say I on the third meeting of our housekeeping class. "Oh, all but the pictures; I forgot them."

"What about the pictures?" says Miss Kitty Van Ranselaer. "Are we going to dabble in the fine arts?"

"No farther than you might call cleanliness a fine art, my dear."

"It comes next to godliness," says Sophie Mapes a little timidly; "so I should think it might be called a fine art."

"A refined art, certainly," say I, "and as such highly worth cultivating. Dirt and refinement would be an unnatural association not to be looked for."

"I don't think I should know whether a house or a room was clean or dirty," confesses Jennie, with great candor.

"Perhaps you would be not only unconscious of the dirt, but rather in favor of it," says Miss Kitty.

"Decidedly," responds Jennie; "if I had to clean it up myself as the alternative."

"Oh, Jennie," I say, not liking to have the lively girl do herself such an injustice; "I met your father on Broadway one day last week, and asked him what you were doing with yourself, to which he replied that your principal employment when he was at home seemed to be whistling 'Nancy Lee,' and cleaning house."

"I don't think he need have told I whistled," says Jennie, making a queer little wry face.

"I beg your pardon," I hasten to say, "I need not have told either; but as I never could whistle myself in spite of all my efforts, I supposed it was an accomplishment girls were rather proud of."

"My brother Dick says that if girls are going to wear cutaway jackets and Stanley ties for a permanent rig, they ought to whistle and smoke," says Nellie Greene.

"Oh!" I cry in horror; "spare us the last accomplishment, and we will bear any amount of the first."

"Will you tell me," asks Miss Lyman, "what you mean by the care of pictures?"

"Thank you, my dear," say I with some mortification; "I am obliged to you for recalling the business before the house. What I mean by the care of pictures, is cleaning and keeping them in good order."

"I never dare to touch pictures except to dust them with a feather duster," says Sophie. "Do they need any other care?"

"That depends. There is such a thing as giving them too much care, but there are better ways of dusting them than with a feather brush," I say. "It is an excellent practice to keep a piece of cotton batting on purpose to wipe off picture frames with. A gentleman in this city, who owns over two hundred oil paintings, tells me that he wipes his pictures once a week with an old cambric handkerchief, which has not actually been dipped in oil, but is just open to a suspicion of being greasy. He also said most emphatically, that if a painting was soiled, smoked, or defaced from any cause, it was very unwise for a person without experience to attempt to repair it by any of the methods that abound in newspapers and

books of general information. There are reliable persons who clean or revarnish pictures scientifically, and to such only should a painting in need of repair be trusted. It is necessary to be careful, also, in cautioning the professional expert against exceeding orders, as, by their officious zeal, these persons have been known to deplorably injure valuable works of art."

"Can anything be done to improve the appearance of gilt frames that are rubbed and shabby?" asks a young lady who had come with Sophie Mapes.

"If the frames are 'high gilt,' or polished, I really do not know of any way to restore their beauty, but if they have the dead gold, or satin finish, I can tell you how to make them look as well as new. Get some of the French gold powder and mix it with the prepared varnish that is put up in little bottles exclusively for the purpose, and paint the whole frame with it, giving it two coats if necessary. I will promise that if you do the work carefully, the frame will look exactly as well as if you paid a dealer five dollars for doing it for you. The gold paint is a great invention, and I should be very sorry to be without it. If a corner or any part of a frame becomes defaced you can put on a little of the paint without going over the whole."

"What should be done with black-walnut frames?"

"They," I continue, "will only need rubbing with linseed oil occasionally, to darken the wood, and daily dusting like other things. But never fail to do justice to the glass that is over engravings; it should be kept in order the same as a looking-glass."

"Not washed?" questions one of the class.

"They will not need washing," I answer, "if they are rubbed occasionally with slightly moistened whiting and chamois leather, and wiped dry with either a fresh piece of chamois skin, or a silk handkerchief."

"We have some nice engravings," remarks Miss Van Ranselaer, "that we have been obliged to take down from the walls because the margins have become so stained and defaced. I don't see either how they could get to looking so, with glasses to protect them."

"I don't think it is in the least difficult to imagine how it happened; probably the glasses were washed, and the water, as a natural consequence, settled around the frame and soaked into the paper, carrying with it the stain of soap and dust, and, very likely, producing mold and mildew in the slow process of drying. But," I go on to say, "you need not give up your engravings on that account, for you can fit on a new margin to each one, or you can cut away all the white part and paste the picture upon a new piece of cardboard the size of the frame. I have seen engravings admirably remounted in both of these ways. Before we leave the picture subject let me tell you of a good way to make whiting very fine. If there is sand, clay, or any gritty substance in it, the glass that is rubbed with it will be scratched, and that is a very bad result, for pictures should be seen through a glass that is invisibly clear. Put the whiting in a bowl and pour water on it; after a while, when it has settled to the bottom, pour off the water and replenish. Repeat this process several times; then, when the substance has become dry enough to cake, turn it out of the bowl and scrape the dirt and foreign particles from the bottom, put the whiting back in the bowl, wet it again, and spread it in the sun. When it is dry it will be as fine as powder, and can be put away in a covered tin box to keep for use."

"It is quite a jump from pictures and parlors to the linen closet," says Nellie Greene, "but mamma wants me to take charge of hers this year, and I want to know what the undertaking involves. Do you think it would be a great deal of trouble?"

"Excuse me, my dear," I say, as gently as I can, "but it seems to me, that trouble should not be a consideration where helping your mother is in question."

The color floods Nellie's face as she says quickly: "Oh, I never thought of that; of course I'd do anything to help my mother, but I never thought of her having any other motive than just to have me learn to take care of things in the house."

"Very likely that was the reason," I say, "but I am sure you can relieve her of a good deal of care if you will assume the responsibility that she wishes. I should advise you as soon as you enter upon your duty, to count and classify all the articles of bed, table and house linen under your care, and note them down in a book. Then, every week it would be well to count and compare, to find if the number is complete. You ought also to know how much of your stock is in use, how much in the wash, and how much remaining on the shelves. Everything should be neatly arranged in separate piles, the fine linen sheets by themselves, the coarser ones in a separate pile, and the cotton ones in another. Towels should be arranged in the same order; pillow cases, counterpanes, napkins, doilies and table-cloths should likewise share the same attention, and being, like towels, things for which there is daily demand, should be placed in a very accessible part of the closet. When the weekly wash is brought up, it should be your regular habit to look over the linen and see if any stitches are necessary."

"I didn't suppose respectable people ever patched and mended table-cloths and sheets and such things," interrupts Miss Kitty Van Ranselaer superciliously.

"Is patching your only idea of repairs then?" ask I. "There is a good deal to be done toward keeping linen in order beside setting in patches; for instance, examine the hems of the table-cloths, sheets, and napkins, and see if the corner stitches have given way and a few raveled threads begun to appear. If such is the case, and the article has been washed once or twice while in that condition, the best plan will be, to cut off the hem and turn up a fresh one. If by the use of clothes-pins the selvedges of any of the linen have been torn or slashed, the tear should be darned and a hem made on the damaged side, for the double purpose of strengthening it and to conceal the mend. Table-cloths, even when quite new, are liable to accidents from the carelessness of some persons who cannot be induced to remember the propriety of cutting their bread or biscuit upon their plate instead of on the cloth. When a cut is discovered it should be darned as neatly as possible with fine linen floss. French ladies regard darning upon table linen as quite a graceful accomplishment."

"There is really no accounting for taste," remarks Jennie with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"For instance: the taste one of my young friends has for darning lace net for tidies and toilet mats," I say rather maliciously, and Jennie pouts a little, for as children say, "the cap fits."

"But," I go on to say, "unless a person is in really straitened circumstances, I do not advocate very much mending of actually wornout tablecloths. It is not necessary either, to throw them away when they reach that state, because the ends will generally be tolerably good when the middle begins to exhibit an excess of open work."

"I hope you don't mean to advocate cutting them open and seaming the outside edges together in the middle, as some people do sheets?" cries Jennie, looking horrified. "I wouldn't eat my dinner off a table-cloth with a seam."

"The idea!" says Miss Kitty contemptuously.

"Don't be alarmed," say I, laughing at their disgust. "I shouldn't be any better pleased with such an embellishment than you would. I was only going to say that you could make four common napkins, or two serviettes or tray napkins, out of the ends, and roll up the wornout centers to put carefully away in the linen bag that every good housekeeper should keep, for there are occasions when nothing can be more useful or valuable than soft, old linen."

If I were Librarian,

I WOULD arrange the most useful, instructive and best-toned books within easiest reach, and put the others in places more difficult of access.

In the novel section I would let the good ones remain on lower shelves, and so catalogue the others as to be more out of reach.

If a really worthless book were called for, and I had to give it out, when it came back it should not lie upon my desk or on a table near the door, to tempt the first comer, but it should be at once returned to its shelf.

If a lecture or a course of lectures were given in the place, I would select what the library contained on the subject, and let such volumes lie in a prominent spot. Many persons, after hearing a good lecture, resolve to inform themselves further on the subject, and not infrequently go to a public library with a vague intention of taking out some book with reference to it. But the necessary effort to find and select such an one is so great an obstacle, so few librarians give definite assistance in the matter, some new or tempting novel *is right at hand*, that, alas! the awakened thirst is quenched, which, if stimulated, might have altered the whole tone of their reading.

The majority of persons will perhaps feed on light or useless books, but I am convinced numbers could be led into a higher taste by a persevering effort on the part of librarians to lead them. And if persons who would take this pains were chosen for librarians, the increasing demand for better reading would be seen in a few years.

Among mere novels, the range from good to bad is a wide one, and when a very poor one were asked for, if the librarian quietly suggested a better, I think it would often be taken in its stead.

What frequent opportunities librarians have for doing this, any observing person can realize who has heard the oft-repeated remark, "Give us any nice book," "Tell us something good to take out."

Of course I do not mean that such a person should have hobbies in literature and thrust upon others his favorite books.

But he could watch the signs of the times as merchants do the markets. And if he cared for the elevation of others as a merchant cares for gain, we should see it done. An intelligent person in such a position might do as much good without expending a cent, as if he distributed hundreds in the purchase of books.

It often causes a thrill of joy to read the statement that a new library has been opened in a town or village. But the joy is marred by the reflection that it is so often the channel of evil influence or doubtful good.

In the department of journals also, a librarian might exercise a good influence.

Prominence might be given to many an able journal, which is now permitted so to lie out of the way that no one notices it. Attention might be called to any useful article by marking it.

I once observed in a foreign journal the statement, that in some part of Sweden, a slate was conspicuously hung up in a public library, on which any book, paper or article could be noticed. Why might not this plan be well adopted in our libraries? To get the routine so well performed as not to lose his situation, seems too often the only aim of a librarian. Ought it so to be?

What a Strawberry said.

BY MARY ST. MAUR.

"THE working-classes are not to be despised." I dropped the little strawberry that I had been piercing with my needle, as this sentence was uttered in a clear, hard tone.

I was sitting alone; if I had been asked where that voice came from, I should have replied, those words actually proceeded from that strawberry. All the years it had been in my possession, never had such a thing happened.

It would not have happened now, had you not tried my feelings beyond endurance. When should I have been left in peace, and that castle-building suspended, had I not asserted myself? I really believe you have never seen me face to face. If you will tear away that false, but fair exterior, I will tell you my history.

You see before you a thimbleful of bluish black grains that might easily scratch to ruin your pretty opal ring.

My name is Emery, and I belong to the justly celebrated Alumina family; in our branch are found the most precious gems, next in hardness to the diamond.

I am the working member, and make myself invaluable to the world. The hardness of my organization enables me to grind any softer substances. There is not a steam-engine, printing-press, or any kind of machinery made, that I have not worn all its parts to smoothness by my perseverance. Plate-glass owes its even surface to me, and precious gems yield their imperfections to my touch.

The purest specimens of my race come from the Eastern world, the islands of the Grecian Archipelago yielding inexhaustible supplies.

My home was in the mountains east of ancient Ephesus. There I lived in the free, pure air, happy and undisturbed, until one day I was tossed into a basket with some of my companions, and slung over a camel's back. Many of my associates lying in huge bowlders on the ground, resisted all iron tools that were used to reduce their size, that they also might share the fate that awaited me.

I knew they must suffer for this stubbornness, for soon great fires were burning around them. After they had been exposed to the heat several hours they yielded to the heavy blows that at once rent them asunder.

The camels started, and we passed through a lovely country till we reached Smyrna, whence we were shipped to different parts of the world.

I cannot stop to enumerate the vicissitudes through which I have passed, but I have been crushed and ground to powder that I might suit the caprices of man; but my spirit is as strong as ever. I cannot be made useless.

I was not sorry to hear, in my travels, that our branch of the family had been discovered in many localities in the United States, the best specimens being found in Chester, Mass. Now I hope we may remain in our own land; but in this age, when machines do men's work, my expectations are vain.

Perhaps you did not fully understand the sentence which awoke you from that day-dream.

At that moment I was thinking of my nearest relative, Madame Corundum, who, I will not deny, ranks a grade higher in importance than myself, yet that is no reason she should look with scorn upon me.

We had frequent conversations on the subject. Said she, "Emery, don't talk to me; you know you are too often found associated with the plebian vein to be of great importance."

Said I, "Madame, I can hold my own if I am, and how often are you crushed to powder because you endeavor to assume crystallizations of which you are incapable?"

"That is, as you well know, in consequence of the purity of my character," replied she. "It was only yesterday that I heard two of the workmen say that a prize had been offered by the Royal Museum of Berlin for a perfect crystal of Corundum, and I should not be surprised if I am the one they are looking for," said Madame, glittering and swelling with pride.

"My dear friend and relative," replied I, "don't hurt any of those six sides of yours with grand expectations; you would then no longer be a rhombic prism, but only a heap of grains, like myself.

At these words, Corundum really looked so handsome that I did not doubt her hopes might be realized, but she controlled herself, fearing there might be truth in my warning.

"I am determined," said I, "never to be ashamed of my position. If I am glued to paper, muslin, or applied to wheels for useful purposes, and even made in patent razor strops, I shall still preserve my individuality."

"I admire your spirit more than your sarcasms," answered she, after a short pause.

"Pardon me, Madame, I did not intend to injure your feelings, but you know we are both formed from clay, or alumina. The purer the substance the nearer we approach perfection, and culminate in the most lovely gems the world is proud to own."

"Well," said Corundum, in a pacified tone, "let us settle these differences in our mutual pride of the beauty that is above us."

"Still, I must, in justice to myself, assert that my substance is the same as the sapphires. I only fail to equal them in purity, depth, and brilliancy of color. The ruby is red; if large in size, it is more rare than the diamond; if the color be green, it is known as oriental emerald; if yellow, oriental topaz; when violet in color, it is known as oriental amethyst; and if brown, it is called adamantine spar, but blue is the true sapphire color."

"Sometimes, when the stone is polished, a six-pointed star is disclosed—"

This valuable information was concluded with a deep sigh.

It was our last conversation, for the next day I was carried away as I have described.

I will tell you what I never told Corundum. She was really a beautifully formed crystal, of a pale ruby tinge. If her retreat was ever discovered she is now probably enjoying all the admiration her ambition craved.

The Law in New York as it Relates to Family—Dower.

BY LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE.

A BRIEF statement of the laws of New York as they affect the rights of property will be of interest to our readers, since every woman should have a clear understanding of what are her claims in the ownership and inheritance of estates.

One of the oldest and most long-established privileges is that of the widow's right of dower, that is, her claim to the use for her life of one-third of her husband's real estate, whether he leave a will or not. This claim is one of the oldest usages of Anglo-Saxon nations, dating, in its origin, to a remote antiquity, and having been long held as a right which all legal enactments should respect, it is found hedged around with every security in that compendium of jurisprudence which is the foundation of all our legislation, the English common law, and from that is taken the statute which confers the right of dower in this State.

"A widow shall be endowed of the one-third part of all the lands whereof her husband was seized of an estate of inheritance at any time during marriage."—(Rev. Stat. N. Y., Part II., Chap. ii., p. 1121.)

The right thus given to the widow takes precedence of every other claim; no will can be made which can debar her from her dower, and it must be satisfied before the husband's debts are paid. Even where a mortgage has been executed during the husband's life, if made without his wife's consent, at his death, so soon as the mortgage can be paid, the widow is entitled to one-third of the property.

All this applies, it must be remembered, to *real estate* alone, that is to houses and lands, and has no reference whatever to personal estate, which includes every other form of property of which a man may be seized, as bank stocks, goods in store, horses and cattle, furniture, etc.

The law of distribution of personal estate differs widely from that governing the realty. A man has absolute control over it, and can will every dollar of it away from his wife; but, in case he dies intestate, *i. e.* without a will, then the widow is entitled to one-third of this also, the remainder being shared equally among the children, if there be any; in case there are no children, then the widow is entitled to half the estate, whether real or personal, the rest going to the next of kin, brothers and sisters, etc.

The widow's right of dower, or a life-use of one-third of the realty, is, however, a claim so universal that it is protected by statute in nearly every State in the Union, and this claim rests with iron hand upon every acre of land and every tenement that a man owns. It is for this reason that a man cannot, without his wife's consent, sell any portion of his real estate, since, should he do so, and live twenty years thereafter, his widow would still, at his death, be entitled to claim one-third of the property thus sold. Whenever, therefore, a man wishes to dispose of real estate, his wife must sign away her right of dower voluntarily, to relieve the purchaser of this claim.

This law would seem to be only just, since it protects a woman in her title to some provision after her husband's death; and yet it often works curiously against a man. We once knew, for instance, of a dealer in real estate, who, without due reflection, married a charming girl of eighteen. From this moment he found himself much hampered in his transactions, as he could make no sales without his wife's signature, and, until she was twenty-one, her signature was not binding.

It will be seen that, as the right of dower affects only real estate, a widow may be left, at her husband's death, utterly destitute, as many men, even in very comfortable circumstances, own little or no real estate; while, even among wealthy men, the bulk of the property is usually personal estate, as railroad shares, government bonds, goods in store, etc., and on this the widow has no claim. A husband can, by will, deprive her of it all, or, what is much more frequently the case, as the debts must first be paid, it often happens that, through mismanagement, out of a seemingly fine estate, there is little or nothing left for the widow, even where husband and wife have labored together to build up a fortune, as in keeping a store, for instance, the joint earnings belonging entirely to the husband; in case of his death the whole property may be willed away or seized for debts.

A striking instance of the hardship which the existing laws sometimes work, was illustrated by the well known litigation on the Taylor will. The property was estimated as worth at least three

millions, nearly all personal estate. The will made ample provision for the widow, but it was contested; the lawyers' fees were enormous, amounting to nearly a million; there was some indebtedness and, practically, at the end of some years of litigation the estate is gone, the widow having nothing for her support except one-third of the real estate, which gave an amount barely sufficient to afford a decent maintenance.

By provision of the law, "A widow may tarry in the best house of her husband for forty days after his death, without being liable for rent, and have reasonable sustenance from the estate."—(Rev. Stat., Part II., Chap. ii., p. 1123.)

For this first month of bereavement she is thus protected. At the end of that time, if the property be personalty she must abide the slow settlement, and accept her portion after all debts are paid. But if it be real estate, whatever may be the indebtedness, she is at once entitled to the use of the third part, secured inalienably by her right of dower.

What Women are Doing.

At Leghorn more than a thousand women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, etc.

Rev. Ellen G. Gustin has been called to be pastor of a church in Westerly, R. I.

Mrs. Patience Albro, of Foster, Conn., has just died at the age of 102. She lived on the same farm seventy-five years.

Mrs. M. E. Dickinson is now lecturing to large and appreciative audiences in Missouri, upon the "Political Status of Women."

Miss Lou C. Allen was made Professor of Domestic Science, which is a marked step in advance, at the eleventh anniversary of the State Industrial University at Champaign, Illinois.

Miss F. E. Willard, of Chicago, recently addressed the students of Michigan University at Ann Arbor upon temperance, and a society was at once organized among them with 600 pledged members.

Mrs. E. B. Grannis publishes the *Little Gem*, a periodical for young readers which has taken up Kindergarten work.

Mrs. Mary F. Thomas, President of the Indiana Woman Suffrage Association, is the first who brought the question of Suffrage before a State Legislature; and the Indiana Suffrage Association is the oldest organization of the kind in the United States.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia, President of the Woman's National Temperance Union, lectured last week before the ladies of Binghamton College, organizing about a hundred of them into a Young Ladies' National Temperance Union before leaving the college, including among the number seventeen Seniors and forty-two Juniors.

Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell intends to enter the ministry again soon. Mrs. Blackwell was the first ordained minister among women in this country. She was settled and ordained at South Butler, in New York, nearly thirty years ago.

Miss Berrian, a wealthy Stamford woman, has purchased a new brick building in the village for $10,000, the first floor of which is to be used as a reading-room, while the remainder will be fitted up as a temperance boarding-house for young men who refrain from intoxicating drink.

Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, of Davenport, Iowa, recently deceased, has, by her will, devoted $161,-900 out of $223,000 to the churches, parishes and charities of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Among some fourteen bequests, the large sum of $50,000 was given to a "Home for the Friendless."

Mrs. C. M. Williams has just been elected President of the State National Bank, at Raleigh, N. C. Her husband had held the office. When he died Mrs. Williams was elected. This is the first instance where a woman has been chosen as head of a public corporation of this character.

A Marshall County (Iowa) paper has the following complimentary notice of a woman Recorder: "Among the best county officials is Miss Jennie Tuffrie, the Deputy Recorder; faithful as the sun, she is the real officer, and helps Capt. Messenger through all his difficulties, as he is a crippled soldier. She has been deputy for over three years."

Women Teachers in New Jersey.—The report made by the New Jersey Board of Education states that as the appropriation for salaries was last year smaller than usual, the salaries were reduced, so that a number of men quitted the profession, and women filled their places. Instead of this being a disadvantage, the standard of scholarship required for license has been raised, and the examinations exact more of the candidates.

Sewing in Boston Schools.—Every girl who passes through the Boston schools now receives three years' instruction in various kinds of needlework, and is capable of being an expert seamstress. It is said that the benefits resulting from this instruction are seen in the improved appearance of the children's clothing in the schools, and are felt in thousands of homes.

Prof. Maria Mitchell has established a course of free lectures on "Science," by women, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Mrs. Ellen Swallow Richards, Miss Graceanna Lewis, Mrs. A. B. Blackwell and Dr. Helen Webster are among the lecturers. The movement is under the auspices of the Committee on Science of the "Association for the Advancement of Women," of which Miss Mitchell is chairman.

Women as Government Officials.—Mr. Alexander Delmar, a former director of the United States Bureau of Statistics, made the experiment of employing women in his department, and said, in answer to inquiries about their efficiency, that "they made the best of clerks." A Philadelphia paper says: "They were honest and faithful; they were not given to gossip and intrigue, hoping thereby to supplant each other; they kept their books well, and were, as a class, finely educated. Mr. Delmar would probably have indorsed the proposition made at a late 'Women's Congress,' that the government should appoint women as assistants in taking the census, as in certain departments of inquiry their qualifications were higher than those of men. This would be the time to propose it, as much of the discussion in Congress, on the new bills, turns on the fact that the men engaged in the work will be voters, and so bring in political elements, and, as yet, the women are clear of that rock, and could keep the work on a legitimate basis."

Mrs. Josephine R. Lowell, of the State Charities Aid Association, of New York, has prepared a bill to establish a reformatory for women. A board of trustees are to select and determine upon a plan, and to purchase an eligible site for the erection of a suitable building to accommodate five hundred inmates, together with the households of a superintendent and necessary subordinates, but the cost shall not exceed $300,000. The building, when completed, is to be used for the confinement of female offenders between the ages of fifteen and thirty who have never been convicted of a felony.

A Distinction with a Difference.—Hon. W. J. Bowdich, in a recent speech, said: "More than six times as many women as men are teachers, and those in our high schools are qualified to teach young men about the 'civil policy of this Commonwealth and of the United States.'

"More women than men are engaged in the manufacture of carpetings, cotton goods, and paper: twice as many in the manufacture of worsted goods: three times as many in the manufacture of silk goods, and five times as many in the manufacture of clothing.

"On the other hand, five times as many boys as girls are in reformatories. More than five times as many men as women are convicts. More than twice as many men as women are paupers, and about five times as many men as women are engaged in the manufacture of liquor—the nurse of pauperism and crime!"

Mrs. Erminie Smith gave a paper recently, before the New York Academy of Science, based on original geological investigations, which was highly commended by such experts as Prof. Newberry, President of the Academy. Mrs. Smith gave a course of lectures on geology, in Jersey City (where she lives), during the past winter, and founded and has sustained the "Eclectic" Club of that place at her own expense. At the closing meeting, a magnificent Japanese cabinet was presented to her by a number of ladies in acknowledgment of the success of her efforts to "elevate the standard of social and intellectual enjoyment in the community." Mrs. Smith possesses the finest private cabinet of gems in the State.

The London Society for obtaining Homes for Working Girls has opened its second Home, the "Victoria" House, Queen's Road, Bayswater; the first one was the "Alexandria" House, St. John's Street, West Smithfield. The *English-Woman's Review*, says: "Board can be obtained in these Homes for about 4s. 6d. a week; each girl has to pay a weekly sum of 1s. 9d. or 2s. 6d. (according to the room selected) for lodging, and they have also to pay for their own washing. Such Homes cannot be made self-supporting; the slender payments of the girls cannot meet the heavy charges of rent, taxes, coals, etc., and to charge more would be to exclude the very class most needing them. Not only money but cast-off clothes would be very acceptable, for many of these girls only earn from 6s. to 9s. weekly, and therefore can only just meet these low charges for board and lodging without having any surplus left for clothes."

Livret de l'Union des Amies de la Jeune Fille. Neuchâtel.—This is a useful little *brochure*, which merits our notice from the simplicity and good sense which have been used in its compilation. The union of young girls' friends was established in Switzerland in September, 1877, with the object of creating a network of protection for young girls who are compelled to leave their homes to go out and earn wages. The society endeavors to get lady correspondents in every town, small or great, and these ladies make themselves thoroughly acquainted with all associations which may be useful to their protégés: infirmaries, convalescent hospitals, homes, young women's associations, places of worship for different sects, evening schools, etc., etc. It is particularly appropriate that this union of ladies should take its rise in Switzerland, as so many Swiss girls go out to service in foreign countries, away from all friends or assistance from home.

A Housekeepers' Association.—The good example given by Berlin housekeepers has been copied with great success during the last three years in Vienna, as we learn from a correspondent to the *Droit des Femmes*. Vienna is *par excellence* an expensive city to live in (about one-third dearer, it is supposed, than Paris), and it was to put a stop to

the increasing extravagance of expenditure, which was seriously injuring the position of middle-class families with moderate means, that in December, 1874, a few intelligent and courageous women founded the Vienna *Hausfrauen-Verein*, or Housekeepers' Union, in spite of the prophecies of ill-success which greeted them on all sides. The ladies proposed to provide all housekeeping wants—food, drinkables, fuel, lighting, domestic utensils, even baths, at a moderate price. A lady of great courage, Madame Johanna Meynert, wife of the celebrated Professor Meynert, of the School of Medicine at Vienna, assumed the post of leader, and the prosperity of the association is due chiefly to her.

Every member pays an entrance-fee of two florins (an Austrian florin is 2s.), and every year a subscription of six florins. This subscription entitles them to receive at their houses free of carriage the above-mentioned articles, which saves much trouble and loss of time to mistresses and servants. Each purchase must be made with ready money.

In February, 1875, the Central Committee opened a free register for women seeking domestic employment of any kind; maids, housekeepers, nursemaids, laundresses, dressmakers, teachers, companions, etc., etc. From the time that this office was opened, to the end of 1878, 3,696 women have obtained employment through its means, and have thus been saved, in all probability, from the extremity of misery.

A little later, in 1876, some of the members of the *Hausfrauen-Verein* united to establish a fund which should award prizes to honest and laborious servants. Each prize consists of twenty florins (£2), and twenty-five poor women have already received prizes.

In July, 1877, the institution was still further increased by an office for the sale of women's work, embroidery, tapestry, drawings, all objects which, though requiring both intelligence and skill to produce them, are most pitiably paid for when made for shops. In a year and a half this office has paid the workwomen 3,578 florins, and this does not represent the entire advantages obtained by them.

The Association of the Viennese Housekeepers now numbers 1,543 members, among whom are ladies of the best houses in the city. Nineteen officials, women and young girls for the most part, look after the storehouses, the book-keeping, and the sales. The supervision of the whole is done voluntarily by the ladies whom the association appoints. In the shops all is activity and order: the work in the register office is no less brisk: everywhere there is evidence of women learning to live honestly and independently by their own labor, whether as servants, artists, workwomen, or teachers.

Like the elder institution in Berlin, the Viennese ladies have got a newspaper, the *Wiener Hausfrauen Zeitung*, which appears once a week, which contains price-lists, and also spirited original articles. It indicates clearly the beginning of a new and active development among the Viennese ladies, many of whom are nobly dedicating themselves to progress and improvement of every kind.

One of the Best and Most Useful Organizations in London is the Provident and Protective League for Working Women. The chief object of this League, which is now in the fifth year of its existence, has been to found protective and benefit unions in such trades as women are engaged in, with the objects:—1. Of protecting the trade interests of the members by endeavoring, if necessary, to prevent the undue depression of wages, and to equalize the hours of work. 2. Of providing a fund from which a weekly allowance may be obtained by members if sick or out of work. 3. Of collecting useful trade information, and registering employment notices, so that trouble in searching for work may be saved to the workers; and 4. Of promoting arbitration in cases of dispute between employers and employed. The Unions, after the preliminary help which the League is alone able to give, depend entirely upon the weekly contributions of members—both for payment of allowances or benefits, and for working expenses. There are now seven Unions in London, including that latest established—the Fancy-Box Makers. The oldest in date is the Bookbinders' Union, which was begun September, 1874. Eight months later the second society, that of Upholstresses, was organized. The Shirt and Collar Makers' Union began in July, 1875. The Sewing Machinists' Union in 1876. The Dressmakers', Milliners', and Mantlemakers' Union was re-organized in March, 1878, and the London Tailoresses' Union, May, 1877. Each Union arranges its own scale of payments and allowances. In some of the societies the subscription is 2d., in some 3d. a week; the entrance fee varies from 1s. to 2s., and the allowance in sickness or non-employment is 5s. per week for from one to eight weeks during the year.

Among the institutions for the benefit of working women which the League has instituted and carries on independently of the Unions, are the following, which are in active operation:—

A Circulating Library. Books are lent out to members of Unions for 6d. per quarter; to non-members for 9d. per quarter.

The Women's Halfpenny Bank. Deposits from one halfpenny upwards received every Monday night. Loans of £1 and 10s. are advanced from the Bank funds at small interest.

The Women's Union Swimming Club. Subscriptions 6d. per month. Six lessons given for 3s.

Employment Registration for women in whose trades Unions are not yet formed. Three newspapers, containing large numbers of trade advertisements, are taken and can be seen at the office every morning.

A Share in a House at Southend, by means of which—on payment of 4s.—comfortable accommodation can be had for one week by members of the Unions requiring rest and change of air.

Monthly Social Evening Meetings, to which members of the Unions and their friends are invited. Short addresses, music, and singing form part of the entertainment.

This is an outline of the work of the League, and it is wonderful with how small a fund it has been enabled to carry it on—less than £120 for a year's work. The superior economy of women as administrators has often been pointed out, and it hardly needs any other illustration than the magnitude of this work done with the smallness of the means to do it.

Works of Women exhibited in the Spring Exhibition of the New York Academy of Design:

"Strawberries" (6), Virginia Granberry; "Lady Hilda" (66), Mrs. H. P. Gray; "The Neighbors" (55), Miss C. M. Clowes; "Autumn" (56), Henrietta A. Granberry; "June" (39), Virginia Granberry; "Apple-blossoms" (35), Miss L. Fery; "A Corner in Lilac and Gold" (18), Agnes D. Abbott; "Marsh Mallows" (41), Mrs. T. M. Wheeler; "New Scholar" (98), Jennie Brownscombe; "The Basket-Maker" (97), Eliza Austin; "La Marchesa Emilia Puerari di Rome—A Study from Life" (115), Miss E. A. Penniman; "Portrait" (119), Mrs. H. P. Gray; "Old Roman Peasant" (134), Miss E. L. Booth; "Paring Apples" (184), Miss A. E. Wadsworth; "A Brown Study" (201), Caroline A. Cranch; "Wild Flowers" (11), Mrs. J. Dillon; "Panel Flowers" (19), Alice Wheeler; "Chrysanthemums" (27), Agnes D. Abbott; "Chrysanthemums" (29), Mrs. J. Dillon; "Flowers" (31), Rosa Inness; "Portrait of a Child" (232), Mrs. H. A. Loop; "Old Road from the Grounds of the Blooming-Grove Park Association" (233), Laura Woodward; "The Boot-black" (224), E. Virginia Wade; "Girl with Cat" (235), Miss E. L. Booth; "Relic of Southampton" (262), Virginia Tucker; "The Road to the Village" (275), Agnes D. Abbott; "Hollyhocks" (24), Cornelia F. Bradley; "Study of Eupatorium" (10), Fanny Eliot Gifford; "Poppies" (20), Cornelia F. Bradley; "Eastern Point, York, Maine" (282), Miss A. M. Curtis; "Mending the Old Flag" (288), Cornelia W. Conant; "Portrait" (297), Annie Crawford; "A Tea Rose" (305), Caroline A. Cranch; "Portrait" (319), Mrs. H. A. Loop; "November—near Norwich, Conn." (343), Mrs. S. S. Holbrook; "The Dreamer" (370), Mrs. F. C. Houston; "Hamel's Landing" (372), Mrs. Louis B. Culver; "Newark—From the Meadows" (355), Mrs. Thomas Moran; "Magnolia Grandiflora" (40), Mary Franklin; "A Study of Hollyhocks" (13), Miss Murray; "Chrysanthemums" (21), Mrs. James Otis; "Peonies" (30), Miss H. Sidney Baylies; "Portrait" (401), Annie Crawford; "Among the Daisies" (428), Mrs. H. A. Foop; "Landscape" (440), Mrs. J. H. Brush; "Sketch" (449), Ella A. Moss; "Portrait" (473), Cora Richardson; "The Tender Grace of a Day that is Dead" (486), Mary W. McLain; "Within and Without" (530), Mrs. S. M. Osborne; "Portrait of a Child" (523), Mrs. H. A. Loop; "Portrait" (538), Ada H. Higgs; "On the St. John's River, Florida" (550), Mrs. Thomas Moran; "Near Palatka, Florida" (554), Mrs. Thomas Moran; "Thistles" (559), Lucy Donaldson; "Story of Rip Van Winkle" (603), Mrs. M. P. Thompson; "Sleeping Peri" (586), E. Virginia Wade; "Roses" (584), Harriet J. Holbrook; "Ophelia" (593), E. Virginia Wade; "Panel" (592), Miss M. L. Grant; "Roses" (583), Miss M. L. Galum; "Apple-blossoms" (581), Miss S. Mattern; "Fringed Gentian" (579), Miss E. H. Haines.

Notable Works of Women Artists, exhibited by the Society of Lady Artists in London. Whole number on exhibition eight hundred and thirty-five.

Miss Lennie Watt's contributions to the exhibition are "Sketching in Spring-time" (563), "A Quiet Nook under the Cliff" (653), "Buttercups and Daisies" (304), and "Far Away" (308); "The Five Sisters of York" (278), Mrs. Louise Jopling; "A Windy Day" (422), Miss Hilda Montalba; "Butchers' Row, Shrewsbury" (171), "The Lawn Market, Edinburgh" (198), Miss Louise Rayner; "Waiting for a Breeze" (73), Miss K. Macaulay; "Bidborough Church, Kent," Grace H. Hastie; Miss Raynor in No. 813, "The Grass Market, Edinburgh;" "Harbledown Church" (65), and "Tewkesbury Abbey" (74), Miss Margaret Rayner; "A Fiji Island Canoe" (296), Miss Hilda Montalba; Miss A. Lenox's oval study of a female head, "A Flower of the Tropics" (66); "A Sketch on the Fife Coast" (145), is by Jessie Frier; "Caught at the Cupboard" (114), Mrs. Backhouse; "Sunset at the Old Pier, Oban" (184), Miss K. Macaulay; "Rising Thunderstorm," Miss F. Assenbaum; "The Field on the Hillside," Mrs. Hutchinson; "Pavilion du Vieux Pont de Sèvres," Sophia Beale; "East Cliff, Whitby," Mrs. T. W. Simpson; "The First Golden Tints of Autumn, N. Wales," Mrs. P. J. Naffel; "Monkstone Point, S. Wales," Caroline F. Williams; "Autumn Tints, Meanwood, Yorkshire," M. D. Martin; and "Padworth Common, Berks," Miss Bessie J. Spiers.

Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. E. M. Ward, and Miss S. S. Warren, have, from one reason or another, been unable to contribute.

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER VI.

"Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord he was of high degree,
He was determined to go abroad,
To go strange countries for to see!"

"MY DEAR PROUD SISTERS:—Your Cinderella is afraid that your prediction is to be verified, that the clock is about to strike twelve! And Fate is not likely to be so kind to her as to the Cinderella for whom you named her. When the clock strikes she will, probably, return to the ashes of her chimney corner, forever and aye; and all because her godmother thinks the prince has come to the ball, and she doesn't! I have written you such little scraps of letters that I know you haven't much idea how things are going with me, but to-day Aunt John has gone to a most distinguished funeral (that is what she said), and I have time to give you some account of my doings.

"Boston and Aunt John are both queer. I can't say that I find them exactly what I hoped. And yet what Boston might be without aunt—perish the thought! She is certainly my benefactress; she says herself, that she is 'the plank between me and the ocean of poverty and oblivion!'

"Boston society is divided into two sets, fashionable and literary. They don't mingle, as I thought they did. Aunt John is fashionable, but is haunted by a dreadful suspicion that it is 'higher-toned' to be literary, and clings, like a drowning man to a straw, to the hem of the literary clique's garment, whenever she can catch it. Surprising as it may seem, it is necessary to belong to an old family to gain an entrance to the literary circle. Genius without a grandfather is severely frowned upon. Aunt John makes the bones of the Wentworth family her stepping stones to higher things. She traces our pedigree back to William the Conqueror, for the edification of everybody that she can corner, and she has kept me raking up my dead and gone ancestors till I feel like a ghoul.

"(The late Mr. Bearse, I have discovered, was a brewer, who began life utterly friendless in a great city, with nothing but the traditional loaf of bread done up in a red bandanna handkerchief. Behind the bandanna handkerchief he is lost in the mists of obscurity. This side of it he amassed a large fortune, and then, considerately, died, just as his manners and grammar were becoming intolerable to his wife's increasing ambition.)

"As a result of Aunt John's social efforts in my behalf, I have been to a 'conversation,' a 'blue tea,' and two meetings of the club.

"At the 'conversation,' a middle-aged woman, with drab hair, and spectacles, conversed upon Heine; she 'raked him fore and aft,' as Stephen Ilsley would say, and gave us the impression that it was a great pity he died before she had a chance to give him a piece of her mind. She wouldn't give anybody a chance to put in a word; a brilliant-looking young woman attempted it, two or three times, in a very bright way, but only to be ingloriously snubbed. I heard, afterwards, that she was a school teacher, and only admitted on sufferance to the charmed circle, so it was doubly audacious in her to lift her voice. There were a good many young girls there, most of them with eye-glasses pinching their plump noses, and a rather severe expression of countenance. I could not say that they all looked deeply edified, however, and in the midst of the learned disquisition, I heard a whisper near me to the effect that 'Laura's wedding-dress was to have an apron front made entirely of orange blossoms.'

"The 'blue tea' was as delightful as the conversation was dreary. Think of hearing the authors themselves read poems, which were afterwards to grace the pages of that wonderful magazine, for the sake of having which we have worn cotton gloves the year round! And then the easy, graceful, simple sociability that prevailed, was so pleasant, especially as the conversation had led me to expect an awful amount of stiffness and pretension. I find that the 'bluest' of the literary clique, the *real lions*, are charming people. I felt almost ready to forgive Aunt John for struggling to get into such delightful society. At the —— club meeting we heard an essay on Evolution, so learned and brilliant that I came away firmly convinced that I was an ape.

"Of course, one meets *some* of the 'blue' people in general society, and the fashionables seem to regard their presence rather as an honor. 'Society' is exclusive, but what the necessary qualifications for admission are I can't find out. I think the leaders have an arbitrary power, for there are people with money, and blood, and brains, and people without either of the three. Of course there is an endless round of dancing. Aunt John will not let me off for a single night, and I feel already like the little girl in the fairy-story who was fated to dance on and on, until she had danced around the world. I am so thankful when we have a whole evening at the opera, instead! It isn't that I don't like dancing—you know better than that—but I like a little less of it, and I *don't* like to have Aunt John select my partners. And that brings me around to the prince again. His name is Maurice Gross, and Aunt John says he is made of money. Astonishing to say, he is neither old nor ugly. If it were not for a very shiny bald spot on his crown, and a slight hook in his nose, like an old man who comes to the door to exchange vases for old clothes, he would be handsome. He has no relatives living that I ever heard of. His father was a brewer, and at one time a partner of the deceased Mr. Bearse. He is a young man of elegant leisure, who occasionally amuses himself by stock operations. (If I knew what that was, I would tell you.) Uncle John says he is very shrewd at money getting, and I suspect myself that he has a right to the hook in his nose.

"He did me the honor to propose to me, and I did myself the honor to refuse him.

"I knew that Aunt John had brought me here for the purpose of making a brilliant match for me, and thereby adding to her own prestige, but I did not know that her heart was firmly set upon Maurice Gross. But when I ventured to say him nay, I discovered that it was. I witnessed an exhibition of the temper with which she keeps poor Uncle John in subjection. I have almost despised him, in my heart, as a weak and spiritless man, but I begin to think that if I were bound for life to a woman who went into a perfect transport of rage, and screamed and raved when anything crossed her, I should think meekness the better part of valor.

"She almost exhausted the English language in searching for uncomplimentary epithets to bestow upon me, and ordered me 'back to the miserable obscurity from which she took me.' Of course I packed my trunk, intending to take the next train for Shaftesbury. But when she discovered my intention, she actually got down on her knees and begged my forgiveness, and entreated me to stay! When I consented to, I supposed it was with the understanding that I was to hear no more of Mr. Maurice Gross; but she has renewed the attack, only changing her weapons. She coaxes and entreats me not to 'let such wonderful good fortune slip through my fingers.' She declares that he is a model of all the virtues and graces, without any of the little vices common to rich young men. And I have no doubt that he is a very estimable young man, but I am like Mrs. Bumpus—I 'ain't of that happy disposition that can set by everybody!' And I don't 'set by' Mr. Maurice Gross. If I should return shortly to my 'miserable obscurity' do not be surprised.

"Gale Bearse has not 'fallen in love' with me, according to your prediction, Pennyroyal. I think 'that jolly little red-headed sister of mine with the pretty eyes,' as he calls you, made much more of an impression upon him. There is something very nice about him, in spite of his foppish ways. He is studying law now, 'because it is the thing for a fellow to do something, though it is a confounded bore, you know.' I don't think he will ever 'add a splendor to his name,' by way of the law, or any other pursuit which requires brains. You write me so little about Shaftesbury people! Is Miss Judith on the rampage? and whom is Ju in love with? Kitty and Stephen came to see me, the other day. Does Joel find calamities enough to keep him happy? and does anybody drive Miss Bumpus to putting on her apron now I am gone? You didn't tell me whether Miriam Sylvester was better. Don't forget it, when you write next, and write soon. And don't worry about me, or think I am unhappy if I haven't found fairy godmothers, or balls, or princes, all that fond fancy painted.

"YOUR LOVING GATTY."

The next morning after this letter reached Hollow Nest Farm, two rather striking figures might have been seen to enter the Boston-bound train, at Shaftesbury Station: a little old lady, with withered cheeks, and snapping black eyes, in a green satin dress, without overskirt, and as short as the most ardent dress reformer could desire, a black velvet cape reaching just below her waist, and trimmed with very deep fringe, and a black velvet bonnet adorned in the front with red roses and green leaves, and so large that it gave a top-heavy appearance to her little figure. In her hand she carried a large bag, with sides of worsted embroidery, one side ornamented with gay-colored flowers, the other side bearing, in red letters, upon a green ground, the inscription, "P. P.'s Indispensable."

This was Miss Prissy Pendexter, in holiday guise.

Penelope was striking from her awkwardness, increased by the ingenious misfitting of her clothes. Miss Trimmins, the dressmaker at Shaftesbury Mills, was a genius, in her way; there was no grace or symmetry so great that one of her garments would not destroy it; she could have made a dowdy of Cleopatra, Gatty was wont to assert; and when, instead of Cleopatra, she had an awkward, rapidly-growing girl's figure to begin upon, Miss Trimmins was certainly capable of reaching the climax of dowdiness. And then Penelope's mortification because of her red hair was so extreme, that she persisted in hiding it under an immense veil, green in spite of her mourning, and completely muffling her head.

It was evident, as they entered the car, that both Miss Prissy and Penelope possessed "a charm to draw the gazer's eye." Miss Prissy was either serenely unconscious, or took the repeated glances of her fellow-passengers as admiring ones, directed to her toilet; but Penelope's sensitiveness had awakened, under Miss Rose Germaine's scornful glances, and she felt now that she looked altogether worse than anybody in the world ever

did or could, and longed intensely to extinguish herself altogether under the green veil.

Miss Prissy prepared to be comfortable. She took off her velvet cape, and folded it carefully, then her bonnet, and fastened that securely to the baggage-rack, over her head. Then she muffled herself, head and all, in a great plaid shawl, and leaned back in her seat, with an air of perfect contentment.

Gradually, Penelope's distressing self-consciousness vanished, dispelled by delightful anticipations of her visit to Boston. She had not carried her point, and entered upon her business career without difficulty.

Lily, serene as she usually was, narrowly missed an attack of hysterics when Penelope first declared her intention to her, and her entreaties and reproaches were not easy to bear—at least Penelope did not find them so. She was older than Penelope—almost four years; was not her judgment better? It was better to be poor, better to accept a gift, now and then, from Aunt John, than to disgrace themselves, to lower themselves forever and ever. This was what Lily said, over and over again, with floods of tears. And sometimes Penelope almost felt that it was her duty to abandon her project and not disgrace Lily. But when she thought of the years stretching on before her, full of dreary poverty and dependence, she could not force herself to do it.

And after her first transport was over, Lily's natural amiability led her to resolve to bear Penelope's folly with patience; she felt that her youngest sister's peculiarities must have been intended as discipline for her, to promote the development of her Christian graces, and resolved to bear with them accordingly.

Lily was the one to bear the dreadful news to the squire's family. Miss Rose Germaine had stayed a week, and Penelope felt an unaccountable shrinking from meeting her again. Her mourning had been an excuse for staying away from the little dancing party that was given in Miss Rose's honor, and she had not seen even Stephen, who was obliged to return to Cambridge on the morning after the party, since the night when he had driven her home.

"Of course, none of them would say much about your being a shop-girl, for fear of wounding my feelings," reported Lily, on her return from the squire's. "And I think, too, they were so shocked and pained that their feelings were too deep for utterance! Miss Judith said that she was deeply pained to find that you were so selfish and mercenary; that she thought you had independence and talent, and ought to devote yourself to the amelioration of your sex's condition!"

"Who cares for Miss Judith's rubbish!" said Penelope, hotly.

Poor Penelope! she had awaked to the knowledge that she cared for her friends' opinion. She felt as if she had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and discovered that the evil was a monster called Caste, to whom everybody must pay homage, or have their bones crunched. She—even she—was not insignificant enough for the monster to pass her by. And this vexation had not 'made her spirit meek!' It would be pleasant to say that she was so strong and so sweet that it neither troubled nor irritated her, but she was new to the world—only sixteen—and as human as she could be; and it would not be true.

"Of course there isn't much sense in that," admitted Lily, frankly. "I would about as soon have you keep store as to go about lecturing; though, to be sure, people would only call that eccentric, they wouldn't say you had lowered yourself. Well, Ju said how very practical you were, and that she had just begun to find it out, and that she didn't think gentlemen fancied young ladies with such strong-minded ideas about being independent."

"That's Ju all over! I should like to know what *gentlemen* have to do with me!" said Penelope, scornfully.

"Sarah said she thought it was a great pity that you should not try teaching," pursued Lily. "And Toote said 'the idea of Penny in a store! I wonder if she'll ever get to be a funny little old maid like Miss Prissy! and I wonder what Steph will say!'"

To all this Penelope had replied only with scorn, when she heard it, but she thought it all over, now, as the cars whirled her onward, and Miss Prissy reclined in unwonted silence beside her.

The first step in her career was taken, and she did not regret it, but she did wish they would not all be so silly!

She must not go to see Gatty, for fear of disgracing her, and, indeed, she had a stubborn little pride of her own which would have made it very difficult for her to go to Aunt John's house. Aunt John who had said "nothing could be made of her!"

What Gatty would say about her "lowering herself" was yet to be learned; probably she would agree with Lily, thought Penelope.

And then she took Gatty's letter from her pocket, and read it over, for the third time.

"I hope, oh, I do hope that Gatty isn't going to marry Mr. Maurice Gross, with a hook in his nose!" she said to herself. "You may marry a man whom you don't care for one bit, just for money, but you mustn't work for money, or you will lower yourself! Such a queer world! But I would rather marry the Jew, Fagin, in 'Oliver Twist,' than to live with Aunt John! Oh, why won't she come home and marry John Sylvester! I know she is crazy to hear from him, the horrid, sly, little thing, else why did she ask me to tell her particularly how Miriam Sylvester is?—Miriam, who is a confirmed invalid, and has been neither better nor worse these five years."

And just then, as if the old proverb about angels' wings were true, Penelope caught sight of John Sylvester a few seats in front of her. His back had been toward her, and she had not recognized him until he turned his head. He saw her at the same moment, and came toward her at once; a young man with a dark, handsome face, and remarkably frank and pleasant eyes. Just the right sort of a brother-in-law to have, thought Penelope, and felt increased disgust at the thought of Maurice Gross. Penelope was always setting up an ideal brother-in-law, varying as she grew older, and her tastes changed. She never dreamed over a possible lover or husband, as most girls do; she, of course, should be an old maid, upon that point she had quite decided, but she did hope she might have one nice brother-in-law; two, who should be just to her mind, would be too much to hope for. John Sylvester was her ideal brother-in-law.

"Are you going to Boston?" said the young man, dropping into a vacant seat in front of her.

"Yes. I am a business woman, now," said Penelope, with her head very erect.

"Yes, I heard of it," smiling. "I don't know which is to be more congratulated, you or Miss Prissy."

Miss Prissy raised her head at this, and sniffed contemptuously. "You don't think we are either of us to be congratulated, John Sylvester; don't come here with your flattery! You think women are only fit to purr and simper and wear folderols!"

And Miss Prissy subsided into her shawl, only to raise her head again the next moment to say:

"I don't mean to be hard on you, John Sylvester. You are not to blame for your sex, but don't make pretty speeches to *me!*"

"Now, Miss Prissy! when you and I used to be such good friends, when I used to drive all the hand-organ men away for you, and you gave me my first choice when you opened a new box of marbles!"

But Miss Prissy was not to be mollified.

"What are you going to Boston for? Dangling after Gatty Wentworth still?" she demanded, sharply.

The young man flushed, and looked as if his temper were scarcely equal to such a strain.

"I am going to Boston on Squire Ilsley's business," he answered, with dignity.

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Prissy, and shrouded herself, face and all, in her shawl.

"But you are going to see Gatty, aren't you?" asked Penelope, the straight-forward. "I hope you will, because I can't go, you know, and I am sure she wants to see—somebody from home."

"You can't go?" repeated the young man, in a tone of surprise.

"No, of course not—because—because Gatty sees very fine people, you know, and Aunt John would be horrified to have them see me, and she would faint if she knew that I had come to Boston to buy goods. I don't want to disgrace Gatty."

"Would she feel it to be a disgrace?" asked John Sylvester.

"I think she would be glad to see me, anyway," said Penelope. "But still—Gatty is pretty proud."

"I know she is," said John, with something very like a sigh.

"I shan't go," said Penelope, decidedly, "but I wish you would tell her ——"

"It is not at all probable that I shall see her."

"Do go!" said Penelope, coaxingly. "She wants to hear from Miriam so much! There, I will show you a little bit of her letter, where she asks about her." And Penelope unfolded before John Sylvester's manifestly eager eyes that portion of Gatty's letter which was devoted to inquiries concerning Shaftesbury people. As he finished reading it, there was a gleam of delight in his eyes, answering to the mischievous one in Penelope's. Evidently he was not too modest to read between the lines, as she had done.

The next moment Penelope felt conscience-stricken, as if she had betrayed a momentous secret of Gatty's, and entered the despised ranks of match-makers.

"What was it that you wanted me to tell her? I may have time to run in upon her, for a moment," said John, with a shame-faced look.

"I have forgotten now. I dare say it was of no consequence," said Penelope, with coldness born of remorse.

After that there was silence between them for a long time. And when they began to converse again, Gatty was not their subject. The day sped away, but not swiftly enough for Penelope, who was impatient for her first sight of a great city. Miss Prissy devoted herself to "cat naps," rousing herself occasionally to peer suspiciously at John Sylvester, as if he were an ogre, who might be momentarily expected to gobble Penelope up.

It was almost dark when they alighted from the cars, in the great depot in Boston. There was a bustle and confusion that was bewildering to country-bred Penelope, but Miss Prissy, armed with an umbrella, and bearing her gay shawl like a flag, marched through the crowd, with an air of grim determination, "shooing" the clamorous hackmen away, as if they were so many chickens.

She rejected indignantly John's proposal to take a carriage.

Their destination—the house of a friend where Miss Prissy had lodged on all her visits to Boston for forty years—was but a short distance away,

and she "would have him understand that business women didn't squander money in that way." John, remarking confidentially to Penelope that he was more afraid of Miss Prissy than he had been of the whole rebel army, meekly took up Penelope's luggage and his own, and followed in Miss Prissy's wake.

In a narrow street that ran down the side of a steep hill, Miss Prissy's friend was found to reside. The houses were all alike, narrow, and dingy, and old-fashioned, and possessed a kind of mournful dignity, from the fact that not the slightest attempt had been made to modernize them—like ancient maiden ladies who, conscious of being *passée*, scorned rejuvenating arts, and retired together to this seclusion, where the new generation was not likely to seek them, to muse upon the vanity of all things.

"Oh, what queer houses, and what a steep hill! The houses would all slide down if they didn't hold each other up, wouldn't they?" cried Penelope.

"A chit like you had better not make fun of this street! Men who threw the British tea overboard and shed their blood at Bunker Hill lived in these houses!" said Miss Prissy with the air of a Fourth of July orator.

"Why, Miss Prissy, did *men* do such grand things?" said John Sylvester, mischievously.

"Yes, but I've no doubt that their wives put them up to it!" said the unabashed Miss Prissy.

By this time Miss Prissy had mounted, with her martial air, the steps of a house, older and dingier, if possible, than its neighbors; and John Sylvester, after having obtained Miss Prissy's consent to his taking Penelope to the theater that night, took his leave. Penelope's head was completely turned by this latest stroke of good fortune, this realization of her wildest dream. And Miss Prissy must have had a soft spot in her withered old heart, which was touched by the sight of her eager delight, or she never would have consented to deliver her to the tender mercies of a male creature, for an entire evening. To go herself and watch over her charge would have been an act of self-denial, greater than Miss Prissy was capable of, for she had a horror of theaters. Her sole visit to one had been when a burlesque had been performed, with fire-fiends, apes, witches, crashing thunder, blinding lightning, and startling transformations, and brought up, as she had been, in the ancient New England faith, that the devil was the presiding genius of theaters, Miss Prissy was scared; it was easy to trace satanic agency in the production of such scenes as those! And Miss Prissy had never set foot in a theater since. But she was very tolerant of that peculiarity which makes youth wish to see for itself, and she was sure that one sight of the wonders which the "gentleman in black" conjures up would be enough for Penelope.

Their hostess was a maiden lady, as ancient as Miss Prissy, but, unlike Miss Prissy, adorned with a "false front" of flaxen hair, a simper, and a pair of black mitts, which showed to great advantage a pair of small, white, wonderfully youthful looking hands. She spoke of the lodgers, with which her house was filled as her "guests," and explained, confidentially to Penelope, that, on account of the general rascality of male servants she had discharged her "indoor man," and was hesitating about employing another, and that her cook and parlor maid had been found to be dishonest, and she had been obliged to dismiss them, so that they found her reduced to a painful extremity, forced to rely upon the ministrations of one servant. Penelope expressed a fear to Miss Prissy lest their sojourn might be an inconvenience to her friend, in her extremity, and received this sharp rejoinder:

"Stuff and nonsense! There's no extremity about Eliza Reven, but extreme idiocy! She's had old Ann ever since I can remember, and she never had any other servant, and she couldn't afford another! But she don't think she's telling lies, child, she imagines it's true! She wouldn't tell a lie about anything else, to save her life! And she isn't exactly crazy, either, but ever since her father lost all his money, when she was twenty, and the man she was engaged to—more fool she!—deserted her, she's been imagining that she lived just as she did before, and that that scamp is coming back to marry her. If she takes a fancy to you she'll probably tell you that she is engaged. Eliza Reven was always a fool, and how I ever happened to take to her is a mystery. I suppose I like her now because I've got used to her. Friends are usually people that you have been thrown in with, and got used to, more than people that suit you!"

Penelope felt sure that Miss Reven was a candidate for a lunatic asylum, and took pains to avert the threatened confidential disclosure.

Penelope's first experience in theater-going was very unlike Miss Prissy's. In place of imps and goblins and transformations, was that charming little pastoral play, "Dora." Penelope felt as if the gates of fairyland had opened to her. In her dreams, for years afterwards, she saw the beautiful wheat field, and heard the "Brook Song" from the lips of the lovely, unloved Dora, and heard the quaint old Christmas carol, that sounded so exactly as if it came through clear, frosty air, over the snow:

"The first Noel that the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay,
Tending their flocks, on the cold winter's night,
When the snow was so deep!"

During the first act she had not let her glance wander from the stage, but when the curtain fell she took a survey of the audience, and suddenly cried, "Oh, Gatty! Gatty!" as an exceedingly stylish young lady, in the balcony, turned her face toward them. "It certainly is Gatty, isn't it?" But her hair is done so differently, and isn't her dress beautiful? Doesn't she—oh, doesn't she look lovely? And the gentleman with her is Mr. Maurice Gross—for there is the hook in his nose? And there is Aunt John, on the other side of Gatty. And oh, how horridly devoted he is! I wish Gatty *wouldn't* let him be! I hope Gatty won't see me. You don't think she has already?"

"No, she hasn't looked this way. Her escort seems to absorb her attention," said John Sylvester.

Penelope looked at him quickly, amazed at the bitter tone, which she would have thought impossible to genial John Sylvester.

"Did you see her before I did?" she asked.

"Yes, I saw her when we came in," said John, quietly.

After that, though Penelope became almost wholly absorbed in the play again, she was conscious that John scarcely glanced at the stage, but sat gazing, as if fascinated, at Gatty and her lover. Penelope felt relieved that Gatty did not happen to look in their direction, and left the theater before them, so there was no danger of their meeting.

As they parted at Miss Reven's door that night, Penelope said, rather hesitatingly:

"I have changed my mind about sending a message to Gatty. You may tell her —— "

"I have changed my mind, too. I shall not go to see her," said John, decidedly, and added "good night," before Penelope had time for a word.

She stood in the doorway for a minute, listening to his retreating tread, made irregular by what the "gushing" girls of Shaftesbury called his "fascinating little limp," and then shut the door, with a sigh.

"Oh, what a goose that Gatty is! and such a horrid old flirt, too! She deserves nothing better than to be tied for life to that nose!" she said to herself.

(To be continued.)

Peter Van Musschenbroek's Nose.

His name was not Munchausen but Musschenbroek, and this is not fiction but a true statement of facts. Read my little story then with due respect, and if your mind is at all practicable you will decide, I think, that it is not best to put your nose into everything, even though in this case good may have come from so doing.

Peter Van Musschenbroek had been in his laboratory all the morning: the air was unusually dry (Mr. Van Musschenbroek lived in Leyden) and his electrical machine had worked admirably. He was dreaming of a series of possible discoveries while enjoying his lunch of cheese and pears, when a fantasy suddenly seized him—a strange desire to taste electrical water.

He quickly filled a beer glass of unusual size, made a connection between the fluid and his machine by means of a brass wire and then commenced to turn the glass wheel. When he thought the water sufficiently charged to enable him to taste the sulphur, or whatever flavor electricity might happen to have, he took the glass in his hand and raised it toward his lips.

Unfortunately, Peter Van Musschenbroek had, as most of us have, a decided prominence in the middle of his face. Scarcely was the glass lifted toward this promontory when the sensitive organ received a frightful electrical discharge, so severe indeed that, as the learned man afterward said, he would not agree to receive another such shock even if the whole kingdom of France should be offered as inducement.

When Van Musschenbroek recovered his senses, which had been scattered for a time by his accident, he immediately wrote all the details of his adventure to his friend Monsieur Reaumur of Paris. And what do you suppose Monsieur Reaumur did?

He made his will, charged a glass of water with electricity as his friend had previously done, and bravely led *his* nose to the battle.

But Monsieur Reaumur's nose refused to give any sign of fear, although it was not insignificant in point of size. Had Monsieur Musschenbroek been attempting to perpetrate a bad joke on his old friend, thought Monsieur Reaumur, by inducing him to drink water instead of wine for his dinner?

With this idea in his mind he wrote a letter to Leyden. How Van Musschenbroek replied, I do not know, but his words must have been conclusive, for no sooner had they been read, than twenty of Monsieur Reaumur's pupils made ready to discover, if possible the difference between the noses of Monsieur Van Musschenbroek and Monsieur Reaumur. Fancy if you can the twenty young men standing in a row, each with a glass of water heavily charged with electricity in his hand!

At a given signal the twenty glasses are raised, —five of the students fall to the floor,—the others look on bewildered until some one makes the mystery clear by advancing the theory, afterward proved, that glass made with soda retains electricity perfectly, while glass made with potash allows it to escape. In Paris, potash is used in the composition of glass,—in Leyden, soda—and to this accident we owe the discovery of the Leyden Jar!

Comic Rhymes.

THE FROG CONCERT.

BY GEORGE N. BUNGAY.

Sweet minstrels of the air and sun,
The birds when morning is begun,
And oft at other times of day,
Cheer us with their soft roundelay,
Dipping their bills in drops of rain,
They sing a clear and charming strain,
In praise of water pure and bright,
Transparent streams of liquid light.
Well, not to be outdone by birds,
The frogs put music to their words,
And held a concert in their camp,
Where mushrooms grow in meadows damp,
And toad-stools with their cushions round,
Like fancy chairs stood on the ground.
On one of these the leader stood,
When he was in his happy mood,
And swayed his *bâton* to and fro,
As other music teachers do.
The choir in chorus tuned their throats,
And wedded sounds to water-notes.
One held beneath his yielding chin
A miniature wild violin;
Another blew upon a reed
Tones that were heard across the mead.
Here, one upon a toad-stool sat,
At a piano sharp and flat;
By turns the music that he made
Was in accord with cornets played.
All sorts of instruments were there,
And voices sounding in the air.
Sometimes the listener caught a stave,
That sounded like a coming wave;
And then from mouths far stretched and wide,
A gurgle like the falling tide.
They had their *horns* and filled them late,
But not *horns that intoxicate*.
They asked no pay for notes they'd blown,
For they had *green-backs* of their own.
If they had feathers and could fly,
Their notes, not they, would then get *high*;
For they are sober frogs, and hold
They need no drink but water cold.

Baby's Revenge.

BY MRS. EUNICE E. G. ALLYN.

It was past the time when babies ought to go to bed, but the baby of this particular household was wide awake and crowing.

Baby had a very young mother and a very young father, but he never seemed to realize his misfortune. However, there was an auntie in the house (mamma's sister) who had "auntied" so many children she was well versed in the lore of baby-land. Baby, when he should be large enough to endure it, was going to be known as Montgomery Clarendon McDonald—it seemed a little more appropriate at present to call him just "baby."

As I have said, it was past the baby's rightful bed-time; the old Brahma chanticleer had long since marshaled all his flock to their respective perches, the blue birds and the robins had uttered their last sweet songs, and even the patient brown-eyed cows had subsided with a half groan on the brown earth, and yet baby kicked and crowed.

"I tell you what, Susie," said Aunt Nettie, "it is wrong to keep that baby up as you do; he will suffer for it."

"Oh, dear! Nettie, you are always so fussy; baby is so wide awake, it would be cruel to put him to bed."

"But you must accustom him to it."

"Don't you suppose a mother's instinct tells her what is right?" said Susie, with an important toss of her curly head.

"Or a father's?" chimed in that heretofore silent twenty-year-old spectator.

"Not always," replied Nettie. "I have known mothers to kill their children through sheer ignorance."

"Have some more grapes, baby?" said Susie.

"Oh, don't, Susie!" auntie remonstrated.

"But just see how he likes them," said papa.

"I wonder if he would like some peach, too?" queried Susie.

So, between the unresisting lips were crowded some pieces of mellow peach, too, and the little uncertain mouth and indescribable chin wiggled it all down, but upon the reasoning part of the rosy face a little frown gathered, as if that part of the baby realized that something, as grandma used to say, "was out o' kilter."

"Baby will pay you for all this," said auntie, as the foolish father and mother kept stuffing the baby with morsels of pears, peaches, and grapes. Presently the little eye-lids became heavy, and Susie exclaimed triumphantly:

"There, now you see, he will go right to sleep, and won't have to be rocked either."

Wise Nettie shook her head, and said nothing, but left her door open, and wrapper and slippers ready, to hear and answer quickly if she were needed.

The clock had just struck twelve, when such a peal of infant agony broke on Nettie's ear, that she only took about three bounds to reach baby's crib.

Peal on peal, scream on scream, resounded through the house. Baby would double up and scream, straighten out and scream, and bend backward and scream; then he would hold his breath as if he would never breathe again, but it was only to get additional force to scream.

Susie held her ears from terror, and shouted: "Oh, Nettie, what is it?"

"Colic or cholera infantum, you simpleton," answered Nettie, using as mild a term as her conscience would allow.

Monti, the father, threw on his clothes with lightning speed, and through the pouring rain ran for the doctor a mile away.

"Serves him right," said Nettie. "I hope they will learn something now, if only this little darling lives through it."

All the time Nettie was busy rubbing the baby, applying to it cloths wrung out of hot water, and doing all she could to relieve its agony. Meantime, such screams were never heard outside of just such a case, but before the doctor arrived, the little form was drawn up and cold, darkness settled under the eyes, the screams had subsided into moans, and poor Susie threw herself prone on the floor, crying:

"My baby is dead! My baby is dead! and I have killed him."

Thus the doctor and Monti found affairs when they arrived.

The doctor wasted no time in words, but with Nettie's help worked vigorously with the baby, but it was a hard struggle, and the doctor's face was grave with anxiety—for the young father and mother were almost as dear to him as his own children—and often it seemed as if the soul of the young sufferer must quit its tortured tenement; but by the time two hours were past, Montgomery Clarendon McDonald lay sweetly sleeping in his crib.

"So you gorged the child," said the old doctor, as he felt that his patient was convalescent—"gorged him as if he had been an anaconda. You don't deserve to have that beautiful boy; he ought to be taken away from you."

"Oh, doctor, I never will again," said Susie. "I never will feed him on anything but milk."

"Why you little goose," answered the doctor, "ripe fruit won't hurt him if you don't mix too many kinds, and don't give it to him too late in the day; and, too, put your baby to bed when the robins go; that is late enough for him, your sister here knows."

"Well, I'll do just exactly as Nettie tells me," sobbed repentant Susie, meekly.

"And doctor," said Monti, "our boy will live, won't he?"

"Yes, this time, but he has had his revenge; he has frightened you almost to death, you have walked two miles in the rain, and I have one, and as I am an old man, and it is hard for me to come out in the rain, I shall charge you a good round sum, take a bed here and stay to breakfast, to make the baby's revenge complete."

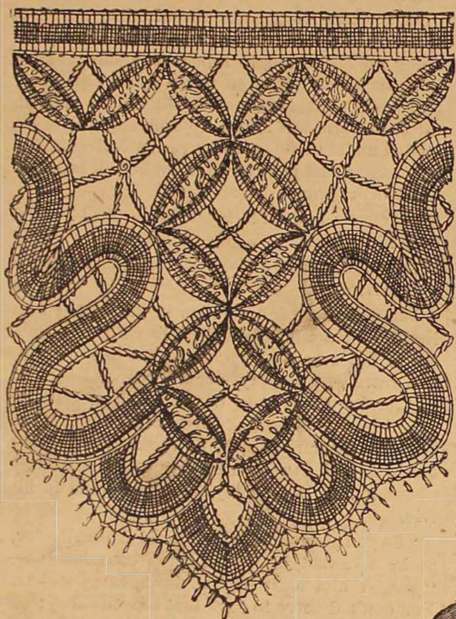
By nine o'clock in the morning baby's sweet smiles returned, and there seemed to be such a self-satisfied smirk all over that little face, that auntie said:

"Look at that baby. I believe the wee tyke knows what he has done, and in his naturally depraved little mind realizes that revenge is sweet."

Answer to Historical Word Pictures.

1. Tell shooting the apple from his son's head.
2. Tyrrell's assistants smothering the princes in the Tower.
3. Coriolanus prevented by the entreaties of his wife, mother, and children from attacking Rome.

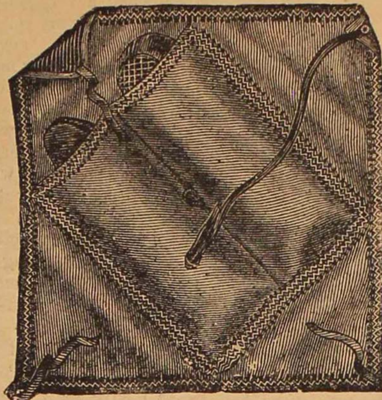
FANCY WORK.



Lace Border.

HONITON and plain braid and picot edge required. This pattern is quickly worked, as no lace stitches are required.

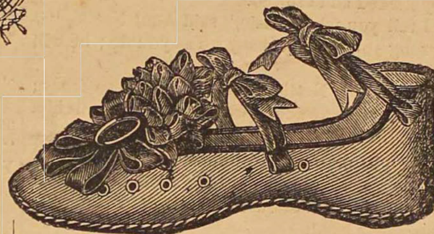
Is very pretty for trimming wrappers, and can be made of black, white or *écru* braids for furniture.



CASE FOR OVERSHOES.

Colored Pattern for Berlin Wool.

LADIES interested in wool-work will find a pretty design embodying a pea fowl and spray of fuchsias, which can be adapted to many purposes, such as cushions for chairs or bureaus, mats, tidies, and the like. It can be copied exactly as given in the sheet, or enlarged, or the colors varied to suit the taste, or match other articles.

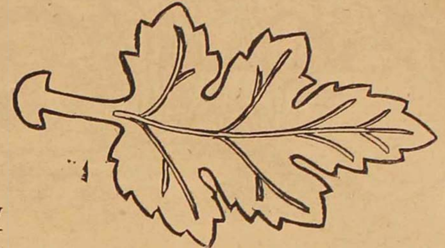


Bathing Slipper.

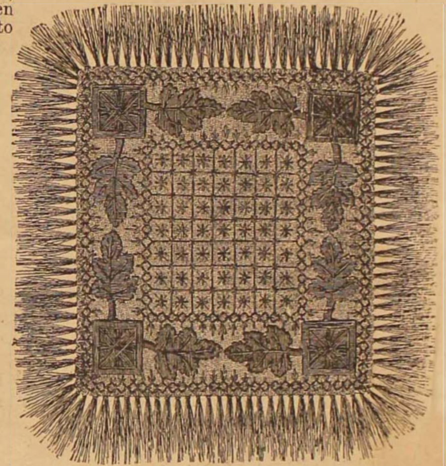
SLIPPER is made of heavy grey or white German ticking, with either a felt, cork or rope sole. Bind the edge of the slipper with worsted braid, and make a full bow of the braid for the top, with a few loops of colored cloth. The straps to go over the top of foot and round the ankle, are made of cloth, buttonhole stitched on the edge.

Case for Overshoes.

FOR this case cut a square of the leather cloth measuring half a yard ; line it with thin flannel, and bind it all round with brown braid. Place two pockets according to design, twelve inches long, twelve and a half inches broad ; lined with the leather cloth, and flannel outside. Round the edge of case and pockets put narrow scollop braid, and fasten it with yellow floss. To fasten the bag, tie all corners in the center, or if preferred it can be rolled like a music roll, and fastened with a button and loop, first turning the two points and tying to keep the shoes in place.



FULL SIZE LEAF FOR MAT.

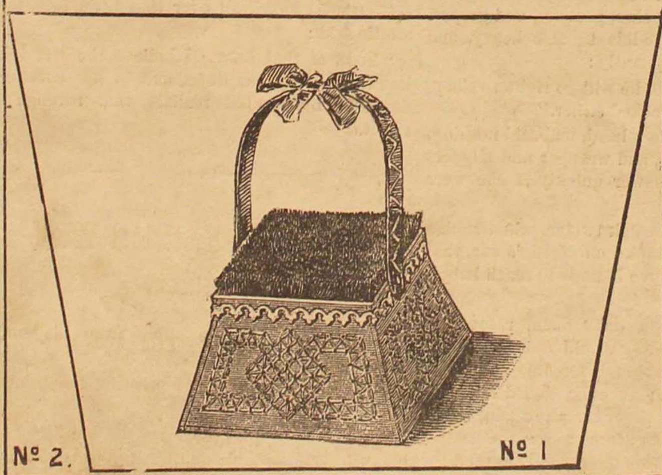


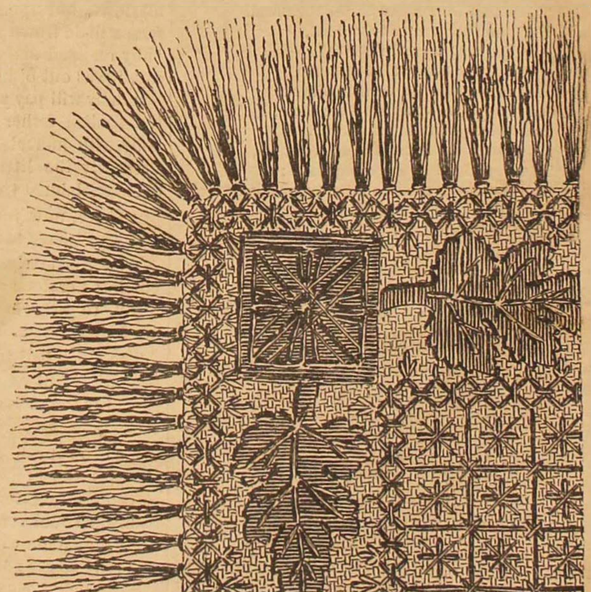
Mat or Tidy,

MADE of brown Java canvas. The leaves are cut of a shade darker velvet and fastened in place by long stitches of yellow floss to represent veins. For the rest of the work on the mat, use blue and black floss. The patterns being so plain no further description is necessary.

Penwiper.

CUT four pieces of card the shape of No. 1, and one of No. 2. Cover them all on one side with blue velvet, and work a fancy pattern in gold color and black floss on each of the number one pieces. Overhand them together to make shape shown in illustration. Pink strips of black cloth, and plait very fine, and fasten in the center of box, with glue. The handle is made of ribbon wire covered with velvet, and worked to correspond with the box. Finish with tiny bows of velvet, where the handle is attached.





SECTION OF MAT ENLARGED.

COIFFURES À LA MODE.

Yachting Costumes.

Fig. 1.—The "Victor" suit, made in dark blue flannel, trimmed with white and black braid for a boy of eight years. This suit comprises a loose blouse waist, and knee pants. Blue, Derby-ribbed stockings, and high buttoned boots. Straw sailor hat, trimmed with broad blue ribbon. Pattern of suit in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, thirty cents each.

Fig. 2.—A stylish yachting costume made of white French bunting, trimmed with plaid bunting in which dark blue, red, yellow and white are combined. The gored skirt reaches just to the instep, and is trimmed with sections of very broad side-plaits of white bunting, alternating with plain spaces of the plaid. The "Birena" overskirt is made of the white, and trimmed with a broad band of the plaid, put on the straight way of the goods; and the "Alberta" waist is made of the white, the bottom trimmed with a band to match that on the overskirt, and a narrow fold of the plaid at the edge of each of the plaits. Belt and *aumônière* of red Russia leather, with silver mountings. White felt hat, and light blue gauze veil. White undressed kid gloves. Oxford ties of black patent leather, and light blue lisle thread stockings. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of waist, twenty cents each size.

New Hats and Bonnets.

The nearer summer approaches the greater the variety of hats and bonnets, and very pretty and picturesque they are. A bonnet or a hat well chosen, gives, at the present time, character to the whole toilet. The chip still retains its position as the popular dress bonnet, but the style *par excellence* is doubtless the Leghorn, and the most distinguished imported model we have seen has a large crown, a wide indented brim, lined with pale gold-colored satin, and an exterior trimming of gold-colored satin ribbon and red feathers.

An imported chip of the same shape showed a lining of black velvet, and very effective ornamentation composed of white ostrich feathers, plaited Breton lace, arranged as double cape, and strings, and fastened with paste buckles, horse-shoe shape, and high upon one side of the crown a beautiful group of skeletonized leaves in crape, delicately shaded.

The summer straws, and chips, and Tuscans, with wide, flexible, or turn-up brims are innumerable; the newest are the satiny braids, a sort of apotheosis in appearance of the Florida straws, but as greatly improved in shape as in the preparation of the fiber. The flowers were never more perfect than this season, and though French milliners are apt to encourage the use of feathers, yet popular taste does not confirm their choice. Plaited Breton lace, paste ornaments, and flowers in profusion, are the features of the bonnet trimmings of the season.

Watering-Place Toilets.

Among the rich toilets prepared for the summer campaign at Saratoga, is a Watteau dress of soft, red, brocaded silk trimmed with old lace, and tassels of white satin, covered with cornets of lace. The bodice was cut square, the sleeves to the elbow.

Another was of jonquil silk trimmed with satin bands in another shade of gold, upon which was embroidered flowers in natural colors, daisies, with yellow and black hearts. A black brocaded grenadine was made over black silk, but raised, and draped at the side over a simulated petticoat of yellow satin. The trimming was black Spanish lace, and bows of yellow and black satin ribbon.

A charming dress of delicate flowered foulard was made quite open at the neck with elbow sleeves, and trimming of white plaited Breton lace. The draping was effected at the sides, and a belt of alternating folds of pale pink silk and the foulard confined the waist across the front. A fichu of white muslin accompanied it, trimmed full with plaited lace and pink bows. A lovely evening dress of white gaseline, half princess, is trimmed with fine knife-plaitings of the material, and folds and bands of rich Persian silk, which traverses the skirt in a diagonal line from the waist to the drapery, in the folds of which it is lost, and is also used to ornament body and sleeves.

A pretty, simple lawn dress, consisting of clustered lines of color upon a delicate tinted ground, is trimmed with fine knife-plaitings of plain white cambric (tinted) and ribbon loops and bows in the shades of the colors of the lines. A white fine French muslin is charming, with a well-defined square, outlined with very deep Valenciennes lace, and exquisite embroidery, which is repeated in the serpentine folds of the train.

Demorest's Quarterly Journal

Has won an unprecedented success during the brief period of its existence. It is a comprehensive Journal of fashion and the family, containing excellent stories, Literary and Art notes, House and Home matters, and the latest and most reliable information in regard to fashions. The illustrations are fresh, original, and ahead of any other fashion publication, and the descriptions full and ample. The Journal has one hundred thousand circulation, and is sent post free to any address for fifteen cents per year.

Invitation English Note-paper has the corners turned down, fastened with a small flat bow of paper which looks like ribbon, and ornamented with a minute and delicate spray, insect, tendril with leaves, or the like, painted by hand.

YACHTING COSTUMES.

Bridal Dresses.

Among the elegant wedding dresses recently worn was one made square with small elbow sleeves of white satin, trimmed with rich cord and Breton lace. The bride carried an old-fashioned bag of satin, drawn in with silk cords, upon her arm, very low, and showing the tip of her lace handkerchief. The mother's dress was of very rich pearl brocade, trimmed with magnificent shaded embroidery upon pearl satin.

Another bride's dress was of beautiful satin brocade, trimmed with Spanish lace, and Spanish lace veil. The bodice was cut square, and a black velvet throatlet was clasped with a brooch of pearls and diamonds. A Madame Angot basket, filled with flowers, hung from the left arm nearly to the edge of the dress.

The bridesmaids, in both instances, wore Swiss muslin dresses, ornamented with white or pale pink, yellow and blue mixtures of satin ribbon.

At a recent church wedding the bride was attended by five bridesmaids, who wore white muslin dresses, trimmed with white satin and Breton lace and bunches of cowslips and violets. The wedding bouquets were *en suite*, consisting of bunches of cowslips for the ladies and bunches of violets for the gentlemen. The bridal dress was of white satin, with beautiful Brussels lace flounces, the gift of the bride's mother, and the trimmings were of orange blossom with a wreath of orange blossom to match. The ornaments worn by the bride consisted of a pendant and ear-rings of diamonds and pearls, presents from her sister.

New silk Mitts are in all pale shades of color, pink, blue, lilac, and pearl.

New Ruffling has a "daisy" edge of lace, or *lisse*, and is very becoming.

ANATOLIA BASQUE.

Anatolia Basque.—Novel in design, and very *distingué* in effect, this basque is tight-fitting, with side-forms in front extending to the shoulders, that are fitted by a single dart in each, and lapped over the front piece in Breton style; side gores under the arms, and side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The back pieces are separated a little below the waist, showing a fan-shaped plaiting which extends below the edge of the basque. A plaited belt begins at the side-form seams in the back, and is brought around to the front edge of the front side-form. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is especially desirable for dressy fabrics and a combination of colors or materials. The trimming, if any is used, must be chosen to correspond with the material used. This design is illustrated elsewhere, in combination with the "Gwendoline" train. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Summer Parasols.

The rage this summer is for striped parasols of medium size, lined, and shut with a spring which projects beyond the lining, and is very quietly notched upon the edge. Another style is known as the Japanese. It is somewhat larger, has a round, low top, and sixteen divisions, which is very inelegant for a parasol made of rich material. When the stripes are narrow and match the trimming of the dress, or the dress itself, the parasol looks very well; but when it is quite different, as it usually is from the figure, or design in the material of the dress, it looks odd, and out of place. Why there should have been such an eruption of stripes in fans and parasols, is only explainable on the theory that there was a quantity of such material in the market, that it was necessary to get worked off. There are very pretty sun umbrellas of foulard which are light, and most suitable for use in the country. The majority are blue, with white polka dots, and white sticks black with dots, or narrow black stripes and ebonized handles, and *écru*.

Some very elegant large sun-umbrellas were imported recently made of black figured silk, bordered with deep Spanish lace in a rich leaf pattern, and having ebonized handles, into which black mother-of-pearl was inlaid in a long, slender, but very delicate design, a sort of twig supporting an insect. The number was limited.

"Mme. Demorest's Corsets are the only ones a lady will ever wear after she has once tried them,"—writes a lady correspondent, and that is the universal testimony. They conquer the prejudices of those who dislike corsets, and who yet feel the need of something to give the elegance of outline requisite to a good appearance with the present style of dress.

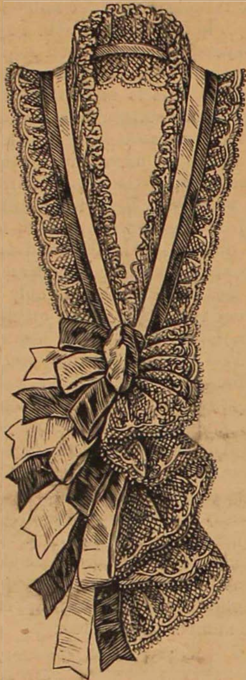
MARTELLA JACKET.

Martella Jacket.—Graceful, simple and stylish, this jacket is about half-fitting, the fronts cut with side forms extending to the shoulder seams, and separating a little below the bust; and the back partially fitting, and having side forms rounded to the armholes. The trimming on the fronts imparts the effect of *revers*, and a deep collar, cuffs and pockets add greatly to the general stylish effect. The design is appropriate for most of the materials selected for out-door wear, for silk, many suit goods, and can be trimmed to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

GWENDOLINE TRAIN.

Gwendoline Train.—Simple and elegant, this graceful train falls long and round at the back which is draped in a simple and slightly *bouffant* manner; and the front and sides are ornamented with a peculiarly graceful drapery, disposed in *panier* style on the hips, and turned back in long *revers* on the front, showing the underskirt trimmed with plaitings and a ruching. The same style of trimming is on the back of the skirt, but any other style can be substituted that is preferred. The design is desirable for a great variety of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and the trimming can be chosen to suit the taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Dressy Lingerie.



A STYLISH *jabot*-collarette made of *crêpe lisse* and Italian lace, trimmed with *gros grain* ribbon of two shades of blue. It is arranged with a very full ruche of *crêpe lisse*, that is separated by two folds of the contrasting ribbons from a very light ruffling of Italian lace, and is finished in front with a *coquille* of the lace, ornamented with loops of the two ribbons intermixed. Price, with ribbons of any desired color or combination of colors, $1.50.

A stylish *fichu* made of ruffles of Italian lace, ornamented with fancy ribbons. It fits closely at the back of the neck, and separates in front into two long ends that are finished with tassels made of the fringed ribbons. Just above the tassels the straps are connected by a band of ribbon edged with lace, thus imparting the effect of a neck open in *Pompadour* style. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.

A lovely *jabot*, made of organdy and *Breton* lace, ornamented with narrow light blue *gros grain* ribbons. It is arranged in a pointed end, edged with deep *Breton* lace, forming numerous folds that impart the daintiest effect to the whole *parure*. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $1.25.

A very effective *jabot*-collarette made of organdy and *Breton* lace, ornamented with bows of pale blue *gros grain* ribbon. It consists of a double ruffling of lace, headed by a deep fold of organdy, that is narrowed in front. The *jabot*, reaching as low down as the waist line, is formed with a full *coquille* interspersed with bows of ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, $2.50.

Justine Mantelet.

THIS particularly stylish garment is made in black serge silk, trimmed profusely with a rich fringe, rows of *Breton* lace plaited very full, and a handsome *passementerie*. A belt confines the tabs in front, but can be omitted if preferred. The double illustration of the garment is given among the separate fashions. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

VERA SLEEVE.

Vera Sleeve.— Especially desirable for evening wear, or for occasions when it is not desired to have the sleeves entirely short, this graceful sleeve reaches the elbow, and is finished by a double row of lace headed by a plain cuff, which is in its turn surmounted by a cuff formed of bias folds. The design is suitable for a great variety of dressy materials, but is especially desirable for a combination of colors or fabrics. Price of pattern, ten cents.

COTTON satine is combined with silk satin to make stylish costumes.

Summer Dressing.

The beauty of summer dressing is its freshness and its comfort, is the lightness and delicacy of the principal materials used in its construction. In the obtaining of lovely summer fabrics there is no difficulty, the variety is only too great, and the temptation of texture, coloring, design, and the like, only too great. But the majority of women have little comfort in seeing the novelties constantly produced, the improvements made by skill and industrial art, in time-honored and well-tested fabrics, because the question always resolves itself down into one, not of taste, but economy and convenience.

Cottons are improved it is true until they are equal in appearance to silk, and, made up after a pretty costume model, are as attractive looking as those that cost twice or three times as much. But then what is the use? they are not silk,—they cost double, or more than double the price of an ordinary cotton dress, and when they get into the wash they are ruined, for if the color is not all washed out of them, they are streaked, and stiffened with starch, discolored, ironed out of shape, made glossy by being pressed on the upper side, or left wrinkled and unfinished, so that resemblance to the bright, fresh, pretty toilet of a few weeks before is entirely lost.

It is therefore a constant problem how to make summer dressing pretty and fresh, yet economical, representative of the newest ideas, yet not too difficult for those who can neither devote all their time nor their energies to the keeping it in condition. The solution usually adopted is to avoid the delicate, light-colored materials, and fall back on such goods as will not need wash, or rather will not "show" dirt. This is why black grenadine and summer silks have been so popular; both are safe and durable, and can be worn upon the majority of occasions.

But the light muslins—the linen lawns, which used to be so much worn in summer, are now scarcely seen at all; and the new cotton goods, the soft-finished cambrics, the lovely chintz satines, the mummy cloths, the real Scotch ginghams, the fine batistes in delicate colorings, are only used by the rich, and not at all by the class who ought to enjoy them.

The question may be asked, why are not light fabrics used now as they were twenty or twenty-five years ago, and the answer is simple: then there were few complications in the making of dresses, they were much more easily laundried, and among middle-class people they were more apt to be done at home, and by some member of a family, rather than an ordinary domestic or washerwoman. It is almost impossible to make one of these uncultivated specimens understand that starch is undesirable; that making a dress glossy in streaks by ironing it on the upper, or what is called the "right" side, ruins it for wear, and that the perfection of washing, or "doing-up" dresses is to have them look as little stiff, as little "done up," and as nearly like new as possible. This can only be effected by washing them in strained bran water, and ironing them on the under side, the bran serving the purpose of both soap and starch.

This process is neither complicated, difficult, nor disagreeable, and one would think that young girls who like pretty dresses, and plenty of them, and to whom it is a matter of importance to keep them looking fresh and new till the last, would direct their energies into this channel, buy the new and lovely, though somewhat more expensive washing materials, make them up themselves, and also wash and iron them when required, not subject them to the ruinous process of mixing indiscriminate scrubbing, stiffening, streaking, dragging, and tearing that they get at the hands of the ordinary laundress. A very little practice would render the operation a matter of but little moment, easily performed during the cool hours of an early summer morning, while the satisfaction would be unlimited and the saving enormous.

Summer Hose.

The growth in luxury consists more in the application of modern ideas to the details of dress, to the creation of an infinite variety, and the putting of the best to every-day use, than to the real acquisition of something finer and better than the world ever saw before. Stockings, for instance, are not made any more lovely and delicate than were those a half a century ago, which could be passed through a ring, and were so minutely open-worked as to be equal in beauty to the richest silk lace.

But such hose are owned now by the dozens instead of by the single pair, and women wear silk, and thread of expensive qualities, who formerly wore worsted, or cotton, of their own knitting, with perhaps a pair of plain "store white" for Sundays.

The most shapely stocking that has ever made its appearance is the silk, or thread, ribbed in solid colors, and open-worked in small patterns. The ribs run up the instep to the ankle, and above the ankle, across or horizontally instead of upright; thus giving roundness to the leg.

The prettiest stocking is the creamy silk, and thread embroidered in different kinds of grasses, in shades of dark green, olive, and brown.

JUSTINE MANTELET.

Justine Mantelet.—A graceful and very *distingué* garment, especially adapted for summer and *demi-saison* wear. The back is quite loose and square in shape, and the fronts fall in two long tabs, which may be left to hang loosely, or be held in by a belt passed around the waist, under the back piece. The design is desirable for *sicilienne*, cashmere, many suit goods, and a variety of thin materials. It can be trimmed richly or simply to suit the taste and the material used. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Summer Fabrics.

The new materials and fabrics for summer wear are so lovely and so varied that it is really very difficult to select where one has liberty of choice.

The newest grenadines have an alternating stripe very narrow, and in chintz colors upon a fine, thin, black mesh, with as narrow a one of velvet; the effect is extremely rich and novel. What are called the "sewing silk" grenadines appear with the addition of a tiny brocaded figure, which enriches without becoming conspicuous, and there are other beautiful grenadines in which a brocaded stripe alternates with one of velvet or satin.

The summer silks in very minute checks, and also in louisines, are among the most useful and attractive of summer dress materials any time, and they are not cast into the shade by the more showy novelties. The louisines are largely used for Misses, and also for very choice ulsters; the popular goods for summer ulsters, however, is linen in a narrow stripe and dark neutral shade of color.

Buntings have established themselves in popular favor, and are very greatly improved. The fine, soft, semi-transparent fabric which now claims to be a kind of bunting, and a secondary class rather more wiry of texture, have little in common with the coarse canvas-like materials which first presented their claims to favor.

Still, even this had its good qualities or it would not have won its way. It is uncrushable; it makes excellent sea-side and traveling dresses, good wherever a touch of wooly warmth and plenty of service are required.

The French buntings are fine, and a little wiry. They are imported this season in very dark shades, accompanied by plaids in which the dark wine-color, navy blue, brown, or invisible green of the plain material reappear.

The more delicate white buntings, sometimes called "gaseline," make lovely evening dresses, but are generally put in contrast with a gold and black, or blue and white narrow striped satin; for young girls they need no such combination, they are prettiest trimmed with plaitings of the same, and ivory satin ribbons, though these may, if preferred, be mixed with blue, or pink, or both. The novelties in thin silks are the pékin, with chintz stripes, or the creamy brocaded stripes alternating with twilled satin, and without mixed colors. These are so cool that they make lovely indoor dresses, particularly for a warm climate. But they are being made up in "Watteau" style largely for garden parties, and may be profusely trimmed with lace.

The flowered French organdies, also trimmed with white lace and ribbons, and the thin white dresses, are suitable and are used for such purposes as the "pékin," of course; but the pékin has the advantage of being newer, and neither wrinkles easily, like thin cotton goods, nor does it require washing.

The lower priced cottons have been so fully written and described in previous issues, that it is not now worth while to devote our space to them.

We have had an enormous success on this Magazine so far during the present year, and intend our subscribers shall reap the benefit.

The story of "Elizabeth" gains in power with each succeeding chapter; it is by far the best of the talented author's productions.

SUMMER COSTUMES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Lace-Pins and Hair-Pins.

NEW lace-pins consist of round bars of gold unpolished, and more or less ornamented with a tiny pendant hung from the center in the form of a Madame Angot basket, with minute forget-me-nots in enamel. The design is repeated in ear-rings.

Another represents a painted hand-screen with long handle, or Chinese fan; and still another, a bar with a small picture depending from, draped, and showing a face in miniature, or tiny landscape between the folds.

New and elegant hair-pins are of pure gold, with very small gold fans, or horse-shoes pendant from them; they are very pretty.

The horse-shoe shape is the favorite one for ornaments, and the new material is paste imitating diamonds. The finer arrows, horse-shoes, and the like of this kind are small, and set in solid silver.

Thin Under-wear.

FINE under-wear is not only remarkable for the delicacy of the fabric of which it is composed, but for the enormous amount of lace used upon it. Handsome chemises and night-dresses are almost always trimmed round the bottom with flounces edged with lace, or with deep lace ruffles.

The upper part of both the garments is more frequently cut square than round, and to the waist is composed almost wholly of lace insertions with heading of lace between, and clusters of narrow ribbon loops for trimming.

Piano Draperies.

FOR three years past, the fashion of causing the vocal or instrumental performer to face the audience at social gatherings has been gaining favor, and it was at first thought wise to remove the cover from the piano, as absorbing sound, which it certainly does. But now, sound is sacrificed to sight; and though the piano cover of the past few years has, to a certain extent, disappeared, yet it is replaced by coverings which must be retained, though the performer were Rubenstein. The new "draperies," as they are called, are not only superb in quality, but artistic in taste. As, here, it is almost impossible to procure genuine antique fabrics, we have from Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, beautiful imitations of the Francis I., Henri II., and Queen Anne stuffs, and these are artistically draped, often supported by an almost life-size bronze or ebony figure, as though a patient slave were in attendance to hold them up. Of these figures, the finest yet imported is that of a eunuch holding a sword. With drapery partly hiding this figure it is startling in effect. Other piano draperies have Japanese or Chinese designs, and rich embroideries figure in this capacity. Nothing is too dingy, however, or dilapidated, provided its design be good. Of course, goods are passed off as Florentine, Venetian, Roman, or Tuscan, which come direct from Paris, and appear, without really being, old. Audacious imitations of Gobelin tapestry are blindly accepted by the unenlightened, the would-be *connoisseur*. Still, in view of the facility of deception, where there is no experience or definite art-knowledge, the deceptions are few, and one can but smile at the credulity of those who suppose that what is almost beyond price abroad, can be purchased here on any corner as one would buy a dozen of linen towels. The smallest scrap of Florentine draperies of mediæval design, "authentic," in a word, is worth ten times its weight in gold.

Summer Costumes for Misses and Children.

FIG. 1.—Traveling costume for a Miss of eight years. The dress is made of dark blue bunting, having a gored skirt trimmed with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce; and a plaited blouse waist. The "English" ulster, which protects the dress, is made of light gray cloth, plaided with a darker shade. This has a "Carrick" collar, and is finished in "tailor" style, with rows of machine stitching. Hat of mixed fancy straw, red and blue, trimmed with blue satin ribbon. Black kid boots, and stockings with fine stripes, alternately blue and *écru*. Skirt pattern in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each size. Pattern of ulster for the same ages as above. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Beulah" costume, made in *foulard*-finished *percale*, dark blue, with polka dots of white, for a Miss of fourteen years. This costume comprises a plaited yoke waist, a gored skirt, bordered with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce trimmed with bands of plain blue; and an overskirt having *bouffant* drapery in the back, and a short apron trimmed with perpendicular bands. Hat of dark blue straw, trimmed with blue satin ribbon, and red rosebuds. Black kid buttoned boots. Pattern of costume in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—The "Daisy" dress, made in white nainsook, trimmed with fine Smyrna lace, for a child of two years. The design is the same, both back and front. Pink lisle thread socks, and pink kid shoes. Pattern in sizes for from six months to six years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 4.—The "Isabel" costume, made in white French bunting, trimmed with satin *pékin*, the stripes pale blue and pink, separated by hair stripes of gold color. The *panier* drapery is especially stylish, and extends to the back, where it is finished by a handsome bow of pink, blue, and gold-colored satin ribbons combined. The bows on the front, and on the drapery of the skirt match the one on the back. Frills of *Breton* lace at the neck and wrists. Low shoes of black patent leather. Pale blue lisle thread stockings. Pattern of costume in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 5.—The "Antoine" suit, made in plaid cloth of shaded browns, for a boy of six years. The costume comprises a belted blouse and knee pants. Brown, Derby-ribbed stockings, and high-buttoned boots with kid tops and patent leather foxings. Straw sailor hat. Pattern of suit in sizes for six and eight years. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 6.—The "Maida" dress, made in cotton satine, a white ground, with a small floral design in bright colors, and the trimmings of plain pink. Frills of Italian lace at the neck and wrists. The opposite view of this dress is shown on Fig. 7. White chip hat, trimmed with white satin ribbon, pink tips, and pink rosebuds. Pale pink stockings, embroidered. Boots with kid foxings, and pale gray cloth tops. Patterns of dress in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 7.—This shows the back view of the "Maida" dress, which is illustrated on Fig. 6. It is made in cream-colored *barége*, trimmed with pale blue silk. Pale blue stockings, embroidered on the sides. Sandals of black kid. For prices and sizes of pattern, see previous description.

Children's Fashions.

THE dressing of children was never more diversified than now, yet it is difficult to particularize those points which give it its character of novelty. The great feature is the picturesque style of the details—the quaint caps and bonnets, the square cut and trimming, the conjunction of lace with dark as well as light materials, the high, stylish boots and hose, and the introduction of high color in such touches as serve to brighten the whole effect.

All this, however, is indescribable, and can only be reproduced by those who are familiar with artistic details, because in many instances these are actually copied from some old picture, and the success of the experiment makes them the fashion.

One of the latest touches, for example, is the little red Phrygian cap, ornamented with red feathers and worn with suits of white flannel or bunting, and red hose.

Another is the small gypsy straw bonnet, surrounded with wreath of May blossom, and prettiest in conjunction with white satine, with tiny leaflet, and ornamentation of deep white needlework, or Madeira embroidery. Some lovely costumes have been made for children in the Princess paletot form, of corded silk or fine corded wool, either in white, pale pink, pale blue, or gray, trimmed with satin and handsome buttons, and accompanied by a sort of cap-bonnet of the satin to match. Instead of satin the wool is sometimes ornamented with bands of embroidery, executed in delicate colors upon silk, and then the bonnet is of silk, the upright "baby" crown divided and held to the head by an embroidered band to match.

All sorts of quaint capes and collars are added to coats and dresses, the double round collar, the lower one two inches deeper than the upper, being the most popular. These are most used, however, for coats and ulsters; dresses are more frequently trimmed a very deep square: and further enriched by upright insertions and outline of handsome Belgian or Irish lace.

Our illustrations for the present month furnish a variety of new designs, which will be useful both as models and as designs from which to obtain suggestions.

The "Isabel" costume is a graceful design for a girl of sixteen—it gives the effect of a tight-fitting Princess dress, with the convenience of basque and trimmed skirt. The new panier drapery is arranged in the most approved style, and the lower part may consist simply of a kilt-plaiting or any form of flounce preferred.

A simple style, and one suitable for a girl of less years, is the "Beulah" costume. It consists of three pieces, a skirt with kilt-plaited flounce, an overskirt, and a blouse waist, and is suited to washing materials, such as checked gingham, cambrics, and the like, and also to plain wool, bunting, flannel and debeige, trimmed with silk or velvet and narrow gold cord or braid upon the edges. This latter style of trimming is employed upon white woolen materials more than any other.

A third dress is the "Maida;" this is a "Princess," with a full drapery which forms paniers and sashes. A plaited plastron extends entirely down the front, which may be of the same, or contrasting material, and the fastening is effected at the back.

The "Daisy" dress is a charming little model for flannel or piqué. It may also be made in linen and without the lace or insertion, either in gingham or seersucker, is exactly the model for "play" dresses in the country. The "Antoine" suit consists of a pretty, well-cut, cross-over

blouse, belted in over plain, short pants, and may be made in tweed, mixed cassimere, linen, checked Oxford suiting or cheviot. If made at home of a washable material, need not cost more than a dollar to a dollar and a half.

The stylish "English" ulster cloak takes five yards and a half of ordinary width water-proof tweed for a girl of ten, or five yards of brown, unfinished linen, which is very wide. The checked linens are newer, but somewhat more expensive and narrower, so that of these, five and a half would be required. It is a capital style for traveling, and if the "Carrick" cape is omitted, and only a collar retained, one yard less of ordinary, and three-quarters less of wider material will be sufficient.

Dark solid ribbed stockings are still fashionable for children, but they are not advisable for summer—unbleached with hair stripes of color are much better, because they are cooler, retain their color in heat and in washing, and have not the depth of color to assist them in wearing rapidly by hard usage.

BEULAH COSTUME.

Beulah Costume.—This stylish costume comprises a blouse waist, a draped overskirt, and a skirt finished with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce. It is an eminently practical design, is adapted to all classes of dress goods, and is particularly desirable for washable fabrics. One view of it is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Pattern in sizes for from ten to sixteen years, price twenty-five cents each.

Isabel Costume.—A *distingué* costume, consisting of a cuirass basque to which a curtain drapery is attached, forming *paniers*, and a trimmed skirt. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart on each side in front, side-gores under the arms, and double side-forms in the back. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and can be simply or elaborately trimmed. It is illustrated on the full-page engraving. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years, price twenty-five cents each.

MAIDA DRESS.

Maida Dress.—This simple and graceful "Princess" dress is tight-fitting, with side forms back and front extending to the shoulder seams, and deep darts taken out under the arms. The front piece is covered with a *plastron* of fine plaits all turned in the same way; but the plaits can be omitted, and the front piece left plain, or made of a contrasting color. The extra fullness of the front side forms imparts the effect of *paniers* to the sides, and the long extensions cut to the same pieces are arranged at the back to form a sash; the sides and back are finished at the bottom with a kilt-plaited flounce, and the neck is ornamented with a turned down collar and a bow. The design is suitable for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of colors or materials. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

PRETTY dresses for country wear are made in the *bouffant* styles of brightly colored Pompadour foulards.

PARURES of turquoises, rubies and sapphires are worn with dinner toilets instead of the traditional diamonds.

ISABEL COSTUME.

DAISY DRESS.

Daisy Dress.—A simple, graceful style of blouse-dress, suitable for children under six years of age. It is loose-fitting and is arranged, both back and front, in three box-plaits, below which a "Spanish" flounce is added to give the necessary length. It can be worn either with or without a sash. The design is especially adapted to washing goods; but it can be made up in all the lighter materials that are usually selected for children's dresses. The trimming must be chosen and arranged to suit the taste and the material employed. Pattern in sizes for from six months to six years of age. Price, twenty cents each.

ANTOINE SUIT.

Antoine Suit.—Stylish and practical, the "Antoine" suit is a very desirable design for boys from six to eight years of age. The blouse is long, the fronts are crossed from the right shoulder to the left side, and the backs are cut without side-forms; the pants are without fullness at the top. The design can be appropriately made up in any of the materials usually selected for boys' clothing. A simple binding, narrow galloon, or rows of machine stitching will be the most suitable finish. Pattern in sizes for six and eight years. Price, thirty cents each.

A NOVEL plain goods in silk or wool is of the color called "chaudron," viz., the gilded brown of a shining caldron.

OUR "PURCHASING BUREAU" has filled some large orders recently with great satisfaction, but it is equally prompt and conscientious whether the order is for a pin, or a piano, a bib, or a bonnet.

"A GREEN SUBSCRIBER."—Bunting is the best material you could find in navy blue at the price. Beige would be better, but it does not come in navy blue. The fashionable method of arranging the hair would be becoming to you, that is, crimping, banging, or making little curls across the front, and combing back the remainder, which arrange in one solid braid at the back. You can wear any of the shades and colors now fashionable except bright red and yellow. There is the making of a good hand in your chirography, but it needs practice in order to obtain freedom.

"MISS M. E. H."—Plaitings do not need lining if made by hand; they should be laid with pins, caught down underneath with threads run in with basting stitches, and then pressed with an iron on the under side also. They may be slightly dampened with a sponge.

"MRS. DR. W. C. K."—Our "Purchasing Bureau" can supply ready-made costumes, which have never failed to give satisfaction.

"CONSTANT READER."—A trimmed skirt, cut walking length, basque, and close-fitting jacket would be the best style for bunting. The present should be sent the day before the wedding, with card attached, addressed to the bride by her united maiden and married name, or if you wish to include both bride and groom in the compliment, address to "Mr. and Mrs. James Smith," or whatever the bridegroom's name may be.

Dark ground papers are used now, with a dado two and a half or three feet high, separated from the wall above by a border. The figures are leafy designs with long stems, and of the same tone, but darker; or lighter in shade, and outlined with lines of white, black, and gold. These are very handsome papers for hall and dining-room.

"MRS. LIZZIE H."—We should advise a cashmere or camel's hair trimmed with satin in brown, or any color preferred; this will probably be a change from anything you have, and will be handsome for a year to come.

"OLIVE."—Could you not freshen the flounce by massing the fullness, and dividing it with straps of satin, cut pointed, and laid in the plain spaces? Then arrange the overskirt into *bouillonées* separated by upright bands of satin, leaving an apron front, and fastening it down to the underskirt so as to give the appearance of a trimmed skirt. If you require the silk thus concealed, you might replace it with lining, and utilize it in remodeling the basque, upon which you could put a simulated satin vest.

"M. L. R."—You could only exchange your hair for a darker braid by paying a bonus; even if your hair were more valuable it would make little difference in the amount you would have to pay, which would be about half the cost of the new braid, unless you could make better terms with some dealer who knew you personally. Thanks for your flattering words.

"MRS. A. M."—It is very foolish to put dress goods away, and save them for years, as they invariably go out of fashion. Your brown poplin will not dye, being a mixture of silk and wool, and must be made up if at all, as it is. Put velvet with it for a suit, or plush for a wrapper, same shade, or a shade darker, and use it up as fast as possible.

"SALLIE."—There are preparations sold which are said to remove superfluous hair, but as we have never tested any of these compounds, or seen them used, we can say nothing in regard to them. The "Belgravia" cologne is undoubtedly as good an article as there is in the market.

"CONSTANT READER."—Address the dean, Dr. E. Blackwell, 53 East 20th st.

"MME. DEMOREST:—I see in *What to Wear* for the fall and winter of 1877–78, that you illustrate and describe a solid grooved band ring, all gold, price $1.00, No. 23, page 82; would you send me that ring any time that I send for it?" *Yes.* "I would like to know the price of what is commonly called 'face curls;' they are worn under the hat over the face? F. R."

Ans. 50 cts. per yard.

"BARBERY" asks:—Can you tell me anything about the *durion* which grows in Borneo?

The *durion* grows on a large and lofty forest tree, somewhat resembling an elm in its general character, but with a more smooth and scaly bark. The fruit is round or slightly oval, about the size of a large cocoanut, of a green color, and covered all over with short, stout spines, the bases of which touch each other, and are consequently somewhat hexagonal while the points are very strong and sharp. It is so completely armed, that if the stalk is broken off it is a difficult matter to lift one from the ground. The outer rind is so thick and tough, that from whatever height it may fall it is never broken. From the base to the apex fine very faint lines may be traced, over which the spines arch a little; these are the sutures of the carpels, and show where the fruit may be divided with a heavy knife and strong hand. The five cells are satiny-white within, and are each filled with an oval mass of cream-colored pulp, imbedded in which are two or three seeds about the size of chestnuts. This pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavor are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard, highly flavored with almonds, gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavor that call to mind cream-cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry and other incongruities. There is a rich glutinous smoothness in the pulp which nothing else I know of in the way of fruit possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. When the fruit is ripe it falls of itself, and the only way to eat durions in perfection is to get them as they fall. The durion is, however, sometimes dangerous. When the fruit begins to ripen, it falls daily and almost hourly, and accidents not unfrequently happen to persons walking or working under the trees. When the durion strikes a man in its fall, it produces a severe wound, the strong spines tearing open the flesh, while the blow itself is heavy; but death rarely ensues, the copious effusion of blood preventing the inflammation which might otherwise take place.

"PET" asks how to make a "bahut?"

A *bahut* is made by taking the most perfect straws that can be found—unbroken ones—and placing them in such a position as to admit of interlacing back and forth a narrow ribbon. There must be about thirty long straws. Three-quarters of a yard is a good length. The first interlacing, in and out, of the ribbon will not sustain the straws, but by the time the second is in the first will remain in place, for a thread can then be run into the first. Below the second, after running another thread through it, place a third, then a fourth. Attach the ends of the ribbon to an upright of cardboard embroidered prettily at the top, or decorated with ribbon if preferred. This done, gather the pendant ends of the straws at the bottom of the card, which must be pointed and tie up like a sheaf of wheat, with a large bow of ribbon after making the upper straws bulge into a basket shape. This done, you select artificial flowers, poppies, wheat and blue corn-flowers, and set them into the opening, allowing them to fall gracefully over the straws between the tops of which you arrange them, you then fasten a long loop of ribbon, with a bow, to the top and hang upon the wall. It is a very pretty ornament if the flowers are arranged in an artistic and unstudied manner.

"ELENOR."—Trimmed skirt and basque, with outside mantelet trimmed with fringe, and capôte bonnet the crown of the stripe, the brim gray satin shirred, would make a very pretty suit. Make bows for the dress of gray satin, and use it judiciously as mounting, but largely. Drape the front of your skirt, separate the sides into *bouillonees* which fasten down with bands of gray satin, piped with black, and arrange the back in a series of large straight puffs, or small paniers. The effect of anover skirt can be given to the sides by cutting the edges out in teeth, and facing them with narrow strips of satin on the under side.

"MARY SMITH."—We cannot find any trace at present of "Out of the night," and a "Leaf from memory;" if they come to light we will let you know.

"B. D. M."—The way to organize a ladies' club, is to call together such ladies are likely to be interested in the project, and organize.

"A TEACHER."—Your ideas are very good. A brown silk would be useful and lady-like, and you could have a jacket or small mantelet and bonnet to match. The "capôte" bonnet, soft crown and shirred brim, is still fashionable, and requires very little trimming, only the crown is now made somewhat larger, and more round than oval. The brim, besides being shirred, should be full a little in front, and lined with a soft lace-edged plaiting. The exterior ornamentation is a twisted band of ribbon, arranged with a large bow in front, and a smaller one in the back.

"STELLA."—The address is 6 East 14th Street.

"E. A. C."—Certainly there would not be any impropriety. It is impossible to judge acts without knowing circumstances. Are you not inclined to be captious? If your affianced is trustworthy, better marry at once, and go and live in the town. A small quantity of hair directly over the forehead is cut short, and brushed down to form a fringe; this is a "bang." Spell *complexion*, as we have written it, not "complected." Navy blue would be becoming to you. Fichus are *old* for young ladies, cascades and *jabots* of lace, with or without ribbon, are pretty and youthful.

"CALHOUN."—The lady's name is always spoken first unless the gentleman is old enough to be her grandfather, or very distinguished, then the lady, if young and undistinguished, is presented to him. Read other answers. The simplest style, hair combed back and braided in one long, solid strand, is the most suitable for a girl of seventeen who still goes to school. Too late for your dress question.

"ALONE."—From Texas. It is probably hereditary, and cannot be helped; do not use nostrums, you will ruin your hair. White hair with a young face is a real beauty. Do not worry about it. There are many women who are never handsome until their hair becomes white.

"OLD MAID."—Gray lawn with black bows down the front would be a pretty and light summer dress for you, not so nice, of course, as black grenadine, but this *must* be made over silk. There is also black thin leno cloth, and a sort of thin black delaine, "open-worked," which is cool, and not very expensive, though not cheap, and not common. Black challis is also a pretty summer material, but it requires much trimming. Dress your sister in pretty chintz cottons, in fine Scotch ginghams, (delicate colors) or dark blue cambrics, bunting for a navy blue dress of serviceable material. York lace is no longer fashionable. Linen torchon is strong, but "Breton" lace, much less serviceable, is the rage this summer.

"TWO SISTERS."—Your choice is restricted to dull silk, grenadine, and the thinnest black woolen materials you could find. We should advise for very warm weather, however, thin dresses of gray lawn, trimmed with black gros grain ribbons, as a relief from the weight of black.

"ELLA."—The presents should be displayed, if at all, in a room apart from the regular reception rooms. See "Correspondents' Class" for information in regard to painting, and pictures.

"INQUIRER."—Tinted white mits are still fashionably worn, and from a $1.00 per pair up to $3.50. Grenadines are figured, and striped also, the fashionable stripes having a brocaded figure.

"EDNA" probably knows that it is not proper or customary for young ladies to send bouquets to gentlemen at all, much less on "short acquaintance."

"LUXURIOUS."—Soft, dull, heavy black silk is a most appropriate fabric for an old lady to wear. It should be trimmed with itself. She should relinquish her crape and wear a lighter gauze one. You can shape your sacque by cutting it, and *apply* a lace border, which will deepen it, shaping it carefully to the form. Fine all wool, or all silk are the most suitable materials for your mother, trimmed with the same.

"MISS J. J."—Make over your black silk as a trimmed skirt and basque, which is more fashionable than skirt and polonaise. By using the trimmed skirt you can have a lining cut for the foundation, and utilize all your silk as mounting.

"EXTY."—It would be perfectly proper for a bride to wear a neat traveling dress during a brief stay at a hotel, and also be present at the *table d'hôte* in the same costume. If she made a stay of more than one day, of course, she would desire to change it for a silk at a second dinner, but it would not be necessary. Either would be suitable.

"BEATRICE."—Make a draped polonaise of the striped grenadine like sample, and pretty basque and overskirt of the white mull. The black grenadine had better be made as a demi-trained skirt upon a silk lining, and arranged with drapery on the side, tied with bows of black satin ribbon. The "Valentine" blouse waist, trimmed with black Breton lace, would make a very pretty basque for it.

"MAY."—There are soft smooth flannels with clustered hair stripe of color upon a drab ground, that would be extremely pretty for a short walking suit, and very useful in your employment. We would not advise velvet as a

trimming for your navy blue summer silk—it is too heavy. Trim with plaitings of the same, if possible, and add a few bows of red and blue satin ribbon, the gendarme combination, as it is called. Your writing is extremely good for the circumstances, and very correct. Try to make it more firm in its outlines. You do very well if you take care of yourself on four dollars per week, and will find it economy to stick to genuine materials, cotton that will wash, all wool, and pure silk, even if the texture be light, rather than fancy mixed fabrics. You have sense and taste. It is difficult to tell you what books to read, without knowing what you can get, but avoid wasting your time on the cheap story books and papers that flood the country. If you can get hold of good literary magazines, or have access to a library, where the works of good women, such as Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Bronté, Miss Muloch, and "George Eliot," are to be found, try to get them, and between times, dive into encyclopedias; almost anything that will give you solid information, and stimulate your interest in what is *real* and *true*.

"Lilian A. Frost."—The *Quarterly Elocutionist* is edited and published by Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, at 35 Union Square. It is one dollar per year.

"M. M."—Blue forget-me-nots would be very pretty upon a bonnet of black silk. A very pretty spray can be purchased for $2.50, and a wreath for a dollar additional. French trimming lace is 25 cents per yard upward. A visite requires very little trimming, counting by yards, but that little should be good fringe and passementerie.

"Little One."—The wedding-ring finger is the third finger of the left hand. The monogram should be that of the name to be. Certainly we could send patterns for anything for which patterns are made, through our purchasing bureau. Darned netting can hardly be said to be "fashionable," used for the purpose mentioned, but it might be used, if the mesh of the net was strong, the pattern handsome, and the darning well executed.

"Marah."—If you wish your mourning to be deep and unquestionable, you must expect to suffer a great deal of discomfort through the hot weather. You might wear a white dressing sacque at home when no strangers or visitors were present, but the nearest approach to a thin dress, admissible for you during the present summer would be a plain sewing silk grenadine, made over dull, soft, Chinese silk, and trimmed with plaitings of the same. The interior plaitings for the neck and wrists should be black silk tulle. The only broad-brimmed hat that you can wear would be a sundown of thin, black lawn, with a plaiting of black tulle under the shirred edge, and a ruche of black tulle surrounding the crown. Your black cashmere should be made with demi-trained skirt, trimmed upon a lining, so that it will be less heavy than two skirts; a basque, and "Justine" mantelet of the material. The trimming dull, crimped fringe.

"Mrs. A. D."—The only kind of goods you could put with the sample of silk you send, would be a solid silk of the ground shade, which is a very dark seal brown.

"Maurice."—There are brocaded silks, and also mixed goods of silk and wool, that you could put with the sample of silk you send. The best way to make it over would be to take it all apart, and combine the silk and other goods upon a lining, in a simple design for a trimmed skirt. Then use the combination, to form a basque like the "Anatolia" for example, or the "Henriette," which is more simple. If you can manage enough of the silk to make the crown of a capôte bonnet, you could get satin to match for the shirred brim, and then with some ribbon, similar in style or pattern to the mixed goods of your suit, you would have a very nice costume.

"Lena."—1. Handicap, in racing, is the adjudging of various weights to horses differing in age, power, or speed, in order to place them all, as far as possible, on an equality. If two unequal players challenge each other at chess, the superior gives up a piece, and this is his handicap. So called from the ancient game referred to by Pepys. In the winners' handicap, the winning horses of previous races being pitted together in a race royal, are first handicapped according to their respective merits. The horse that has won three races has to carry a greater weight than the horse that has won only two, and this latter more than its competitor who is winner of a single race only.

2. The lines are from "*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health;*"

"Much had he read,
Much more had seen: he studied from the life,
And in the original perused mankind."

"Jennie."—1. In the selection of servants for the new Government railroad of Quebec, total abstinence will be an essential requirement for promotion. Engine drivers, firemen, switchmen, operators, despatchers, and foremen must be abstainers.

2. Karl von Piloty is far advanced with his great work, the decoration of the Guildhall of Munich, and it was expected that the labor would be completed at Easter. The frescoes represent the entire history of Munich, and contain portraits of all the eminent men and women who have contributed toward the fame and greatness of the city.

"Frank."—1. On the the 27th of next July, the Bank of England will be 185 years old. The charter, granted first for eleven years, has been renewed from time to time. In the large building on Threadneedle Street, four hundred persons are employed.

2. The official list of German books published during last year has just been issued by the Leipsic Booksellers' Association. The total number of novelties, together with new editions, was 13,912, against 13,925 in the preceding year. In 1868 the number began to exceed 10,000, and since then there has been a steady increase. The class entitled "pedagogic works" stands first. Of these there were in 1878 no fewer than 1,775. Second, come law, politics, statistics, and social questions, with 1,319. Third in the list comes theology, with 1,216; followed by belles lettres, with 1,181; chemistry and pharmacy, with 793; medicine and veterinary surgery, with 789; popular publications and calendars, with 715; history, biography, and memoirs, with 699; art, with 571; trade and industrial subjects, 577; and classical and oriental languages, with 500.

"Musician."—"Sing a Song of Sixpence" dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1609.

"Curiosity."—There are now 143 daily newspapers in Great Britain. Eighteen are published in London, 85 in the provinces, 2 in Wales, 21 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and 1 in Jersey. Seventy-eight are morning papers and 65 evening papers; 70 are published at a penny, 63 at a half-penny, and the remainder at prices varying from 1½*d.* to 3*d.*; 64 are returned as liberal, 37 as conservative, and 42 as independent or neutral.

"Geography."—1. The steamer *Coburg* has, after several unsuccessful attempts, at last forced passage up the River San Juan from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. This success may be attended by important results in extending the trade of this portion of Central America, and will no doubt give a fresh impetus to the plans for the construction of the interoceanic canal by this route. The length of the River San Juan from its mouth to its outflow from the lake, is 63 miles; the lake itself is about 56 miles in length, leaving 64 miles—the remainder of the distance across the isthmus—to be cut artificially. The cost of the undertaking has been estimated at $100,-000,000.

2. The St. Gothard tunnel is now the longest tunnel in the world, the length, bored from both sides, reaching a total of 13,481 yards—28 yards longer than the Mont Cenis. Very nearly 3,000 yards still remain to be excavated. Most of the laborers employed in the galleries are Italians. They work night and day in shifts of eight hours each, and their work is described as being terribly severe. The heat is so great that they cannot wear clothing. They return to the mouth of the tunnel streaming with perspiration, their faces are yellow and ghastly, and they cannot bear the sunlight. Still, they work cheerfully and even save money.

"F. S. E."—We take the best we can get without regard to the source. The author of "Elizabeth," the serial, now being published in the Magazine, is a young Southern lady, and she was also the author of "Strangers Yet," a previous story which appeared in our columns. It must be remembered, however, that every well-known periodical receives about ten times the amount of matter that it can possibly find space for, and that the selection has to be made with reference to many points which it is quite impossible to explain to every would-be contributor. We certainly do not consider ourselves bound to take contributions from any particular section, but we gladly take them from any, when what we receive is superior to what we find elsewhere. Plain self-colored materials, or narrow stripes will be most becoming to you, and we should advise either a simply draped polonaise, with trimmed skirt, or basque with trimmed skirt, draped at the side and diagonally, so as to increase the apparent height.

"Amy M. W."—Address "Purchasing Bureau," care of Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York City. A rosewood writing desk would cost from three to ten dollars, according to style and finish. No external application will actually remove pimples from the face, but they are mitigated by the use of Vaseline, and may be generally cured by exercise, diet, and an occasional Turkish bath.

"Indianapolis."—Cotton velvet, or velveteen, is sometimes used for mantel draperies, but so far as catching dust is concerned, is no great improvement upon rep. There is this drawback to all modern interior decorations, that they require a great deal of care, and take a good deal of time to keep clean. A pattern for the pendant to a mantel cover will shortly be given.

"M. A."—One of the pretty summer silks, in tiny broken check, or chiné pattern, would be the most suitable for the manifold uses to which you desire to put a summer dress, and is the least expensive of any cool costume which is lady-like and does not require washing. A tie of ivory silk, embroidered in delicate fancy color upon the ends, would be suitable to wear with it. A bonnet of soft ivory chip, may be worn with any dress, and is very easily trimmed with flowers, a little Breton lace, and a band of satin ribbon. Lace veils are very little worn now, and will be of but little use to you in making journeys from the country to the city. A good square of gray gauze, would be the most useful, and is easily removed, and as readily replaced. The best way to make your dress will be with basque and trimmed skirt, walking length.

"K. H."—All ceremonious dinners are now served in courses, and not more than one vegetable is served with any one kind of meat, poultry, or game. Smaller, and what are called family dinners only adhere to this rule in serving the soup and fish. After that the joint, or *pièce de resistance*, whatever it may be, may be served with vegetables, a part of the latter being placed before the hostess, and the rest, such as peas, string beans, or tomatoes, being passed around by servants. A supplementary course may consist of chicken, duck, or birds, with a simple salad, and this will be followed by the dessert, the pudding or pies taking the lead, and the fruit, which usually serves to decorate the table, being passed around by servants afterwards, in the baskets or dishes in which it is displayed. The fruit plates are put on with the finger glasses, and small fruit napkins, after the pudding has been removed. Tea and coffee generally await the hostess in the parlor or drawing-room, the servant having placed them there on a salver, previous to the guests leaving the dining-room.

"Mrs. S. L. R."—You can get a microscope of sufficient power to use in the study of geology and botany for $2.25. Our Purchasing Bureau could furnish it. Bartlett's Book of Quotations, the latest edition, is $1.50. Would presume the address of the Secretary of Wellesley College, *is* Wellesley College, Mass.

"Mrs. S. K. L."—Make a polonaise, fasten upon the side, trim with itself, black lace, and a cascade down the front of cardinal ribbon.

"Mrs. Juliet W. R."—The way to get answers, is to send clearly-written, sensible questions. We always answer every one that is possible, that is not a duplicate of another.

"Zu Zu."—The black grenadine dress would be thirty-five to forty dollars, the hat eight. We can supply you, if desired.

"O. B. W."—A lace cap is the most suitable for a little girl, one and a half years old. The pants should reach to the calf of his leg. A little straw jockey hat with tip and band, is the most suitable style for a boy of four. The dolman you mentioned would make a very suitable church wrap, and if made in black goods, could be worn with any dress.

"Annie R. C."—Your sample is the palest shade of salmon, and might be combined with the darkest shade of brown cambric, as that would match the speckle in the material.

"Christabel."—Your two materials combine very nicely, and are not so far out of date as to render them conspicuous. Utilize them by all means.

"Viola B."—You are quite correct in your phrasing. The form should be, "the Misses Scot," or "the Misses Mary and Anna Scot."

"Stella."—White dotted muslin will make you a pretty and simple dress, will require only a little lace as trimming and a few bows of white satin ribbon. If your dress is white, your gloves and shoes should be white also. But this involves, in many instances, very useless and inconvenient expense. A dress of pretty chintz satine, with pale tinted ground, and small design in a clear delicate shade of pink, blue, and olive, would be

much more sensible. It could not only be utilized afterwards for constant summer wear, but worn with ordinary black shoes, and black mitts, lace edging, and bows down the front in the blue and olive of the pattern, to make it very dressy; and if all the girls of a village class or the majority of them, would consent to forego the expensive white outfit, it would save much anxiety and trouble.

"DACIA."—Unless your friend took the agency of some article which could be sold by the shops of the places to which she journeyed, there would be little opportunity for her to earn money in traveling. The article moreover, must so obviously recommend itself, that it would not require very hard or continuous work to get it accepted.

"MISS C. M."—If you will look at the recent back numbers of the Magazine you will find a great deal of information on the subject of mourning. Mourning is very much a matter of personal sense and taste. If persons wear mourning at all, it should be quiet and unobtrusive; not too elaborately made, or fancifully trimmed. The ready made styles in mourning, however, reproduce all the vagaries of capricious fashion. The mourning of a young lady, especially, should be distinguished by its softness of material, and the neatness, even distinction, of its cut, but it should be free from furbelows and showy ornamentation, nor should any glossy material be admitted into its composition. White crimped neck and sleeve ruffles may be worn, made of lawn or *crêpe lisse*, without lace or gold or silver edging; and perfectly plain, white indoor dresses may also be worn, even in deep mourning, with black ribbons.

"MRS. F. J. P."—Your idea of a white dress, with dark wine-colored sash and stockings, for your little boy of two and a half years, is very good, and we doubt not you could think out a dress for your little girl, equally as pretty and stylish. But for the purpose you mention nothing would be more suitable than the "Coat" dress (1844), or the "Flora" dress (1862), made in Scotch gingham, and trimmed with colored embroidery, or in bunting and trimmed with a bright, pretty plaid. A sailor hat in black and white straw, trimmed with dark blue or cardinal ribbons, is as popular and useful a style as any, and has the merit of being cheap.

"1, 2, 3, 4, to A."—Your sample is pure silk, of a nice, though light quality. It is a good medium shade, neither very blue, nor very jet. Its price in New York would either be a dollar and quarter or a dollar and a half per yard.

"PERPLEXITY."—The finest pillows are not now made perfectly square. They are a trifle longer than they are high. The reason is, that at least an inch of the length is lost, but the height is perfectly apparent, and the strictly square pillow has the effect, therefore, of not being square—of being higher than it is long. 24x26 is a very good measurement for large pillows.

"M. L. G."—The fine, close stripe would be the prettiest, and most suitable for you. At least twenty yards would be required, as summer silks require a good deal of trimming, and the ornamentation in this case should be fine plaitings of the silk. Make it up either with polonaise, or trimmed skirt and basque. We should advise a very small demi-train. If a princess polonaise is employed, you might add to the trimming a cascade of black lace down the front, and bows of black *gros grain* ribbon.

"MRS. L."—The prettiest and most suitable trimming for the brocaded grenadines is a new black fringe of fine crimped silk braid alternating with sewing silk, tied in small bell-shaped tassels, and strands of crimped chenille; the light and shade of this combination—its depth and softness—adapt it particularly to the richness and beauty of the fabric. It should either be made over black foulard silk, or the grenadine should be mounted upon a silk skirt.

"LAURIE."—The present styles are easily adapted to simple tastes. Make the seal brown cashmere with a deep basque and trimmed skirt, laying the folds straight across the front, and finishing with a gilt plaiting around the bottom. If the skirt is demi-trained, the plaiting must be as deep again in front as it is at the back. Add to the dress a mantelet fichu of the same material trimmed with brown fringe.

"MRS. A. B. B."—If you want to get much service out of your dress, it would be desirable to have it dyed; still, a dyed silk never looks well, and the almond shade is now very fashionable. It might therefore be as well for you to combine cashmere or camel's hair of the same tint, and make it up with a little capôte to match.

"RUTH ROYAL."—There is nothing that you can combine with your sample, excepting black, or a dark shade of gray; a gray beige would be as good as anything, as it is not worth the expense of a more costly material. The most inexpensive way to make a grenadine, is to cut a gored skirt of plain foulard, walking length, and mount the grenadine upon it. The flouncing can be extended at the back, to form a small demi-train, which should be lined with plaited wiggan, so as to form a support to the thin fabric. One of the prettiest patterns for out-door wear, is the "Justine." This could be made in black silk, and trimmed with lace, like that upon the dress: but we should advise a fine jetted *passementerie* instead of the velvet.

Narrow folds are made of doubled silk, the upper edge turned under, and stitched on with the sewing machine, upon the upper edge only. They should form mere lines.

"REBECCA."—You will find abundant information in regard to spring materials and colors, in the Fashion Department of the present, and two preceding Magazines. The most fashionable style for pillow shams and bedcovers, is antique lace, over pink and blue silk. The cost of the expressage would be as much as the cost of the frames. Your ideas for framing are very good. Colored embroidery for white pillow shams would be very bad taste indeed.

"BELLE G."—Select a style from the "Portfolio."

"MRS. B. O. S."—The "Athalia" overskirt will furnish a very good model for your gray silk, arranged over a plain demi-train. The basques "Henriette," or "Anatolia," are also very good, but perhaps the "Theana" would suit you still better. This would be very pretty with a little combination of brocade, and the brocade might be repeated in the bands which divide the drapery upon the overskirt.

"EVA."—We do not know of any such book as you desire. It is not necessary that ladies should be invited to lay off their wrappings when only making a call, unless the room is warm, and the day is cold. The least hurtful method of curling the hair, is with the old-fashioned curl papers. The simplest and best method of cleaning gold jewelry, is by washing with tepid water and fine soap, to which a few drops of ammonia has been added. Rinse off with clear water, and lay in fine hard wood sawdust, or dry polish with wash leather. Plated ware that has become black by being laid away, may be restored by washing in weak ammonia water and cleaning while wet with ordinary whiting, moistened, and applied with a very soft brush. Brighten with wash leather, after rubbing the articles with a linen cloth, and a little dry powder. You cannot get patterns of covers for furniture, because almost every set requires to be different. You can easily cut the patterns yourself, however, and make them either in chintz or striped linen. The color and size of the patterns should have some reference to the color and size of the room. The boneless corset does not mould the waist like other corsets, but they are arranged to support the weight of hose and skirt, by having our "Stocking Suspenders," and "Skirt Supporter," attached to them.

"HELEN ADAIR."—The material of your dress is pretty, and from your description it must be made in modern style. Why should you make it over? You might lengthen the basque by adding to it a waistcoat of silk brocaded in the chintz pattern, and add to the trimming bows of satin ribbon, in two of the chintz colors.

"ACTRESS."—It would be safer to have your shawl cleaned by a professional cleaner. If the shawl is woolen there is no difficulty, but silk requires care, and the cleaning is such a tedious process, that it is never thoroughly done at home.

"MARGUERITE."—We did not intend to intimate that you should wait at all, or at least, any longer than you chose, before sending another contribution.

"MRS. J. M. F."—We have no exchange department.

"M. N."—Straw and chip are universally used for summer bonnets as felt and velvet for winter, and trimming is a matter of choice, and corresponds with the rest of the toilet.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The washing suits of the present season, both dark and light, are usually made of figured goods, and not of plain solid colors. When solid colors are used, they are generally trimmed with a stripe. Light red gloves are still fashionable. A white straw hat trimmed with flowers and one of the mixed stripe satin ribbons would be the most suitable for you.

"CONSTANCE."—You might have your black silk princess dress cut over into a walking suit with the addition of a little more silk, and you would probably find it much more useful. The lace polonaise would be of little use as an overdress, as you could not shape it to the form, but must permit it to follow the outlines of the dress. A princess dress is too old for a girl of twenty, unless it is made short.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—Your sample is a sort of pongee, but it is difficult to arrange a combination for so peculiar a shade. You might trim it with a narrow black and white satin striped fabric, but we know of no single color that would properly combine with it, that is different from itself.

"ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS."—*Bullfinch's Age of Chivalry* will tell you all about King Arthur, and of the Knights of the Round Table, of which he was the chief.

"A FRIEND AND PATRON."—An ulster will be the most useful garment you can take for traveling purposes. There is no such a thing as a white leghorn. Leghorn is always yellow, and they are very fashionable this summer in large shapes with wide irregular brims that may be turned up or not at pleasure. Your empress cloth is hardly suitable for a summer dress, the color is too high. The best use to which you could put it, would be a morning wrapper. We do not know what you could do with the dresses you describe, except wear them as they are. They do not seem to be worth the trouble or expense of making over. We should advise one pretty summer silk, made with a small demi-train, a trimmed skirt, and handsome basque, in addition to those you have. The "Henriette" would be a good pattern for the basque.

"MARGIE."—A charming costume in chintz satine could be made by taking the pattern of the "walking" skirt, trimming it with a single flounce at the back, a quarter of a yard deep, and three narrow ones in front, each one set on with a heading, and without any overlapping, and the overskirt "Birena." Add to this a blouse waist, such as the "Valentine," and trim the whole with white embroidery or *torchon* lace, and the effect will be at once novel and exceedingly stylish, without being very expensive. Instead of the lace or embroidery, a plain cambric, in a solid color, may be used for the trimming, and this will make the cost much less, though of course the effect will not be so rich.

"QUISSIE."—Black silk lace may be used to trim a black and white summer silk, either *Chene* or cross-bar, but it would be more effective placed over tinted Valenciennes. The summer silk mentioned would be a very useful dress for visiting in the city, and it should be made up in dressy style with ribbon bows added to the lace trimming. The best way to make over your brocaded poplin is to put gray camel's hair or *beige* with it, and thus make of it a useful walking or excursion dress. Part of your outfit for a two weeks' stay in a fashionable boarding-house will be a couple of pretty morning dresses, one of which should be a white figured satine, trimmed with embroidery, and the other a French or English cambric, made as a wrapper for the dressing-room, but neat enough for wear occasionally at the breakfast table. A handsome black grenadine and a summer silk are sufficient for walking, street, church, and visiting dresses.

"PERPLEXED."—It is not necessary to reply to an invitation to an informal reception or kettledrum, unless R. S. V. P. or the request in plain English is distinctly made, but it is proper in such a case to leave a card or make a call upon the entertainer within a week of the date of the entertainment, the same as if you were present. Should a written reply be sent, however, only the simplest formula is required. "Mrs. A. regrets that a positive previous engagement compels her to decline Mrs. B.'s polite invitation for the seventh instant." You can easily make one card include all the members of the family in calling, but if there are visitors who are strangers, it is very essential that you should leave a separate card for each of these, in order that the attention may be marked and distinctive. The salad is helped with the spoon, the fork being used to collect and hold it in the spoon, and, therefore, held in the left hand. Salad spoons and forks of carved wood are more fashionable than any other. Boiled eggs are sent to table in silver holders, the central plate of which is pierced with holes like a castor, in which the eggs are set. Some of these are made with a spirit lamp, and covered so that the eggs are boiled on the table. There are many devices for egg holders, some of which are very quaint and pretty. Of course people help themselves as they require, and may break them into a glass, or eat them out of the shell from small standard egg-cups, as they prefer. The servant should leave the goblet standing while pouring water.

The members of a family should always be served last when visitors are present, whether ladies or gentlemen.

If a gentleman passes a plate to a lady, however, she should not refuse to take it. Strangers who have been invited to a formal reception may, without any breach of politeness, invite their entertainers to a less formal entertainment in return. A certain number is not requisite in order to wear gloves at an evening gathering. It depends much more upon the sort of gathering it is; still, numbers have something to do with it, and if they go beyond the limits of a small social or family gathering, gloves are quite in order, though not always essential.

"C. W. L."—The weight of solid silver, and the ring of true metal are the readiest tests of genuineness. The very best way to keep silver-ware bright, is to wash it in hot water with soap, and rub it dry with soft linen towels. Should it become discolored, use a little moistened whiting, and polish with leather.

"An Old Subscriber."—The invitation to the breakfast, occupies a separate card from that of the regular invitation to the church, which is executed upon small note-paper. The card would simply say: "Reception at the house of the bride's parents, from ten to twelve." It is not necessary for a bride to wear a veil, even if her dress is white silk or satin. It may be completed by flowers. Groomsmen are obsolete. The bride and groom leave the marriage-altar first, and are followed by the "maids" and the relatives in order. Wedding favors are rarely given, but bride-cake is now always cut up, and distributed in small boxes tied with white ribbon, at all fashionable weddings. The groom should wear a frock coat, dark gray pants, black vest, silk tie, and gloves of a light mastic shade, what is popularly known as morning costume. A "swallow tail" is strictly a dress coat, and reserved exclusively for evening wear by gentlemen. A light traveling suit would be perfectly proper for the gentleman to wear on the wedding trip.

"Mrs. H."—The instrument you mention for measuring has not been heard of by us for several years. We can give you no information concerning it.

"Colorado."—The side combs, illustrated in the February number, are $1.25 per set, and arrows one dollar each. Checked ginghams are forty-five cents per yard. Each and all may be obtained through our Purchasing Bureau.

"Admiring Subscriber."—Matter to be printed should be written only on one side of the sheet. It should have the writer's name, address, and the price expected distinctly marked, and postage inclosed for return, if the MS. is not wanted.

"Mrs. MacM. H."—Your sample of matelassé is better suited to a jacket, polonaise, or combination with a plain material than combination with a complete dress. If it must make a dress, however, we should advise a short, demi-trained princess trimmed with rows of narrow braid and buttons, jacket to match. For your little girl of six years, the "Zoe" dress, which is good for washing or woolen materials.

"Y. C. I."—You could use navy blue damassee with blue black cashmere, if the navy blue is dark enough. It would in that case be better and more suitable for street wear than a combination of black satin.

Make out a little programme for your party, invite some musical people and some who can give you some bright or humorous little readings or recitations. Also, you could introduce the game of Authors or Consequences. For a suitable dress for a quiet wedding, see reply to "Anxious Mind."

"Han Bee."—There are two schools in New York that educate teachers by Kindergarten Method—one or two years' training is essential to a thorough comprehension of the study and practice, and the fee is from one to two hundred dollars per year.

Lemon Tree Wood.—A writer in the *Gardener's Monthly*, says that when in Rome, a few years ago, he was shown some work made out of the lemon tree that was considered almost as good as if made from box; and he makes the suggestion that a plantation of lemon trees for the wood, to say nothing of the fruit, would be profitable. The lemon tree is generally grown for fruit, but it would no doubt do well from a wood-growing point of view in less favorable climates. The lemon tree ought to do well at the South, and in many parts of California, and as boxwood is becoming quite scarce and expensive, the experiment is worth trying.

LITERATURE

Good Words from Abroad.

If there is one thing above all others that affords us the most gratification, it is the high appreciation, and enlarged and constantly increased circulation of our periodicals abroad. A telegram from the International News Company of London, just received, calls for an additional one thousand copies, and the following from two of the best papers will show how our Magazine is estimated by the London press.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine. The March number of this excellent household magazine contains a fruit picture in oil, a charming specimen of color printing, a steel engraving of Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, and a first-class engraving of the Tomb of Grace Darling. These alone are well worth the shilling, which is the price of the magazine. The literary department of the work is on a par. It is marvelous the quantity of excellent reading which its pages contain; and, for the information of our lady readers, we may state that ample space is devoted to the fashions for the month, both in reading and illustrations. A supplement of full-sized patterns is also presented with the part. The printing, paper, in fact the whole get-up of the magazine, is admirable, and does credit to America from whence it emanates.—(London) *Weekly Budget*, March 8.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine is almost beyond praise, devoted to the artistic, the useful, and the beautiful. The editors let no division fall below high excellence. Any one of the illustrations would make a magazine famous. There is a plate in oil representing a group of fruit, a capital steel portrait of Tennyson, and another steel engraving of the Tomb of Grace Darling. The sketches, poems, and essays are brimful of good points and originality. There is a special fashion department, and the full-size pattern is of a beautiful mantle called the Zoline.—(London) *Weekly Times*, March 9.

Demorest's Magazine for April contains a lovely French flower chromo, a splendid full-page engraving, "Ecce Homo," Christ bearing the heavy cross, and a full-page print of "Windsor Castle." In the literary and fashion columns there is excellent variety.—*Toledo Journal.*

Demorest's Monthly comes to us in still better shape than ever. The contents are superior to those of any of its predecessors. On the first page there is a magnificent chromo of a rustic scene, "a girl reaching through the bars with a handful of the first fruits of the year—strawberries, cherries, currants." The expression of joy in the girl's countenance, as seen in the roguish twinkle of her eyes, is characteristic, and could not be excelled. The second page contains a fine steel engraving "Fac-simile of the famed etching of P. P. Rubens," and the third bears in its center a beautiful little chromo, entitled "Happy New Year." The fashions are unusually good, and the number is a perfect specimen throughout, and it opens up a new era in the life of magazine literature. The ladies ought to subscribe for this magazine.—*The Pioneer, Bridgeton, N. J.*

If you want the best, prettiest, and the most desirable Ladies' Magazine in the world, send for Demorest; it is brimful of all you want to know, and the engravings are worth twice the money. Only $3.00 a year.—*Lenoir Topic.*

"Six Little Rebels."—This little work consists of a series of reminiscences of the war, woven into the form of a chatty, pleasant story, by Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, "Kate True," and published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. The six little rebels are six interesting and very natural children, with the exception of Dolly, who is one of those preternaturally good little heroines who never make mistakes, and is so alarmingly self-conscious in telling her own story, that it makes her seem like a dreadful little egotist. This is no drawback, however, to the interest of the childish adventures mixed with matters of a graver nature, which constitute the major part of the work, and make it a famous bed-time story-book. Mrs. Woods is well known as the author of many popular stories and poems, and "Six Little Rebels" seems to be intended as the beginning of a new series of story-books for children, which will doubtless prove very attractive.

Dress.—The latest contribution to the "Art At Home" series, published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, is a little work with the above title, by Mrs. Oliphant. It consists of a series of chapters, or essays, on the fundamental laws of dress, on its treatment by poets, on its historical significance, on its relation to present needs, and winds up with an appendix wherein the facts are given with regard to ancient costume. The name of the author is sufficient guaranty of the ability and charm with which the subject is treated, a subject which is beginning to have an art, as well as fashionable, significance.

"College Tell-Tale."—This is a very neat monthly of twenty-four pages, conducted by the students of Packard's Business College. The March number contains the proceedings of the twentieth anniversary of the institution, held at Chickering Hall, last December. Among the speakers on that occasion was President Hunter, of the Normal College of the City of New York, whose handsome acknowledgment of the value of Mr. Packard's methods, and of the substantial aid they have afforded to vast numbers of young men, and women also, was well deserved. There is always some man or woman behind any good or successful work, and it is Mr. Packard's personality which has inspired his work and made it representative of some of the most useful thought of the age. Mr. Packard was one of the first to recognize the wisdom of equal opportunities for boys and girls, and has seized every opportunity to furnish aid to any really worthy effort for their advancement. *The College Tell-Tale* is far superior to ordinary college journals, and does credit, both to the students and their preceptor.

"The Flowery Orient; or, Temples and Shrines in Heathen Lands," is the rather long title of a charming set of dainty ribbon-bound volumes, which describe many of the most famous temples, shrines, and customs which obtain in heathen countries, and interweave natural and instructive lessons in the most attractive manner. As gift books from teachers to Sunday-school scholars they are most appropriate, and every church ought to purchase at least a hundred sets for distribution as effective aids to missionary work.

"The American Woman in Europe."—The author of *The American Woman in Europe* has won distinction as the writer of one of the most brilliant series of literary papers ever published in a periodical in this country, no matter what its pretensions. His efforts which have appeared in a weekly paper, have usually dealt with books, or the relations of great public or literary events to existing circumstances and conditions, but in the series embodied in the volume above named he deals with some of the facts of New York society which rise like white caps to its surface, and serve as points of attraction to other aspiring members of its conglomerate circles. The work is one of somewhat less than a hundred pages, a mere *brochure*, in white and blue, for summer reading, but it exhibits all the author's broad and cultivated insight, all his brilliancy of style, sustained by sound judgment, solid knowledge, and ripe thought. It is quite time the public knew that "M. W. H." stands for Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, one of the clearest thinkers and best writers the journalism of our day has produced.

"The Barque Future; or, Life in the Far North." This work, translated by Mrs. Ole Bull from the original, by Jonas Sie, is an interesting contribution to northern literature, from the press of S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, who have made a specialty of the folk-lore of this wild, weird, and romantic region, and done much to popularize its ancient legends in this country. The charm of the *Barque Future* is in its realism, and the actuality with which it brings the reader face to face with the every-day life, the thoughts, the feelings, the motives of action, of a rude, but strong and great-hearted people. The translation is somewhat faulty, from a literary and constructive point of view, but it is happy and advantageous in preserving the strength and purity of many local idioms. It is very neatly printed and bound for the price, which is only $1.00.

EXTRAORDINARY

PREMIUM LIST

FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Each subscriber at $3 has a choice of a premium enumerated on special list, full particulars of which will be found on another page.

Any person obtaining a club of two names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

A perfect Plaiting machine with six dozen pins, complete; post free; or,

Jennie June's Cook Book. The most popular of modern authorities on cooking; 340 pages, handsome cloth binding, post-free; or,

One of the popular editions of the poets, foolscap 8vo, toned paper, and illuminated cloth, gilt edges, and beautifully illustrated. Postage free:

Scott.	Shelley.	Lover.
Byron.	Herbert.	Bloomfield.
Moore.	Southey.	Leigh Hunt.
Wordsworth.	Coleridge.	Dryden.
Cowper.	Shakespeare.	Ainsworth.
Milton.	Campbell.	Eliza Cook.
Goldsmith.	Chaucer.	Keble.
Pope.	Spencer.	L. E. L.
Burns.	Keats.	Humor and Wit.
Tennyson.	Rogers.	Don Quixote.
Hood.	Kirk White.	
Hemans.	Montgomery.	

A pair of fine silver-plated Butter-knives. Post free ; or,

Two fine silver-plated Napkin-rings. Post free ; or,

A beautiful Pocket Bible, in Turkey morocco, tuck, gilt edges, and a Concordance to the Scriptures. Post free ; or,

A Steel Bracket and Fret-saw Frame complete, with six extra saws, and Williams' "Fret sawing for Pleasure and Profit;" a complete treatise on the art. Post-free; or,

Fancy Work. 300 pages, 6 x 8½ inches. 600 Illustrations. Post free ; or,

Household Elegancies. Post free ; or,

Window Gardening. Post free ; or,

Beautiful Homes. Post free. Cloth gilt.

These works are uniform in size, and elegantly bound in cloth, and superbly illustrated and printed.

A pair of 8-inch Scissors, best quality. Post free ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of three names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

A Boudoir Clock in nickel-plated case and stand, one of the most complete time-keepers made ; or,

A Patent Fringing Machine ; *see advertisement elsewhere* ; or,

A ten-inch Rosewood Writing Desk ; or,

Three fine double silver-plated Napkin-rings. Post free ; or,

Three Butter-knives. Post free ; or,

A 12mo Bible, gilt edges. Post free ; or,

A fine Stereoscope and Graphoscope combined, in solid walnut, on a box stand for holding the pictures. Post free ; or,

An Excelsior Dissecting Pocket Microscope for the use of students, etc., etc. This unique instrument has three lenses of great power. Post free ; or

One of the following elegant volumes of standard and popular authors, size large demy 8vo, with steel portraits and illustrations, elegantly bound in a uniform Roxbury style, with gilt tops. Post free :

Shakespeare's Complete Works. 715 pages.
Burns' Complete Works. 480 pages.
Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. 468 pages.
Lord Byron's Poetical Works. 444 pages.
Josephus : The Whole Works of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish Historian. 684 pages.
The Works of Daniel Defoe. 607 pages.
The Works of Tobias Smollett. 623 pages.
The Works of the British Dramatists. 549 pages.
Moore : The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. 475 pages.
Sterne : The Works of Laurence Sterne. 455 pages.
Boswell's Johnson : The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. 560 pages.
Mrs. Hemans : The Poems of Felicia Hemans. 652 pages.
Cowper : The Complete Works of William Cowper. 730 pages.
Cicero's Life and Letters. 828 pages.
Xenophon's Works. 760 pages.
The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. 608 pages.
The English Essayists. 536 pages.
The Tattler and the Guardian. 752 pages.
The Arabian Knights' Entertainments. 450 pages.
The Works of Jonathan Swift. 615 pages.
The Canterbury Tales, Etc. 616 pages.
The Writings of Henry Fielding. 703 pages.

These books are especially recommended as full and complete editions, very desirable for libraries, etc. Large size, on fine toned paper and clear type.

Any person obtaining a club of four names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

Shakespeare's Works in one volume. Large 8vo, eleven hundred pages, elegant print on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges. Postage free ; or,

A Combination Plaiter and Fluter. Will make many kinds of plaits that cannot be made by hand, and much superior in quality, than by any other machine. Post free; or,

A Welcome Carpet Sweeper. the most simple and successful article for the keeping of carpets in good order ; or,

A twelve-inch Rosewood Writing Desk ; or,

Six silver-plated Tea-spoons, best quality. Post free ; or,

A Fine Carving Knife and Fork, hard-rubber handle. Post free ; or,

Six hard-rubber handle Dessert Knives. Post free; or,

A Fluting Machine, six-inch rollers—the best machine in use ; or

A Coal-Oil Cooking Stove, a safe and reliable article, economical and useful ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of five names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

Six hard-rubber handle Dinner Knives. Post free ; or,

A Sixteen-inch Rosewood Writing Desk; or,

An Eight-day Cabinet Clock, rosewood case; or,

Any person obtaining a club of six names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

Six fine patent ivory-handle Dinner Knives. Post free; or,

A Fine patent ivory-handle Carving Knife and Fork. Post free ; or,

Six fine patent ivory-handle Tea Knives. Post free ; or,

Six solid steel-handle, silver-plated Dessert Knives. Post free ; or,

Seven volumes of the works of Charles Dickens, bound in cloth, with illustrations ; *for description see single premium list* ; or,

A sixteen-inch Rosewood Writing Desk; or,

Six fine double silver-plated Napkin-rings. Postage free ; or,

Six fine quality double silver-plated Dessert Forks. Post free.

Any person obtaining a club of seven names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

Six solid steel-handle, silver-plated Dinner Knives. Postage free ; or

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, four volumes, octavo, handsomely bound in cloth.

Any person obtaining a club of eight names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

An elegant silver-plated Soup Ladle. Post free ; or,

A Tea Set of French white china consisting of twenty-two pieces, viz.: six cups and saucers, two cake-plates, one cream-pitcher, six plates, one butter-dish ; or,

Six fine double silver-plated Tablespoons. Post free ; or,

Six fine double silver-plated Dinner Forks. Post free ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of ten names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

Twelve volumes of the Universe Edition of the Waverley Novels (*being half the set, of twenty-five volumes*), in handsome cloth binding ; or,

A fine silver-plated Castor, with five cruets; or,

A complete set of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, complete in six volumes, handsome cloth binding ; or

A silver-plated cake basket ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of twelve names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

The complete works of Charles Dickens, in fourteen volumes, all illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth. *For description see single premium list* ; or,

A Tea Set of French white china, consisting of thirty-one pieces, viz.: six cups and saucers, two cake-plates, one slop-bowl, one cream-pitcher, one sugar-bowl, six plates, six preserve-plates, one butter-dish, one fruit-dish; or,

A Bronze Parlor Mantel Clock, eight-day, strikes. Height, 19 inches, surmounted by a beautiful figure of Evangeline ; or,

A Dessert Set, consisting of two fruit-dishes (Compotier's), and twelve plates, assorted colors, with fruit painted on each piece ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of sixteen names will be entitled to the following premium:

A splendid Tea Set of French white china, consisting of fifty-five pieces, viz.: twelve cups and saucers, two cake-plates, one slop bowl, one cream-pitcher, one sugar bowl, twelve plates, twelve preserve-plates, one butter-dish, one fruit-dish ; or,

Any person obtaining a club of twenty names will be entitled to one of the following premiums:

A Singer Manufacturing Company's New Family Sewing Machine, black walnut table, with drawer ; with a hemmer and braider, screw-driver, oil-can full of oil, a dozen of assorted needles, extra needle-plate, and directions' for the use of the machine; or

A complete set of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels. Universe edition. Twenty-five volumes in superior cloth binding. *See single premium list for description* ; or,

A Dinner Set of French white china, consisting of twenty-three pieces, viz.: sauceboat, salad-bowl, pickle-dish, two covered dishes, five dishes — assorted sizes, six plates, six pudding-plates, and one pitcher; or,

A Bickford Knitting Machine, nickel-plated. Price, $35. *This is one of the most useful and desirable machines to have in a family.*

Any person obtaining a club of twenty-two names will be entitled to the following premium:

An American Waltham Watch, jeweled with Nickel-balance, in a 2¼ ounce silver case. Mailed free.

Any person obtaining a club of sixty names will be entitled to

A Lady's Gold Watch, American Waltham Manufacture, with two pairs of extra jewels, and expansion balance. Mailed free.

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Delayed Premiums.

SUBSCRIBERS who have ordered and not received their premiums of pictures, will please read the following extract *from our list.* It will explain why the premium has not been forwarded. We have several hundred of these on hand, which we desire to forward as soon as the persons entitled to them comply with our published terms.

"1.—A selection of ANY TWO of the following magnificent and artistic Oil Pictures.

'THE LION'S BRIDE,' 21 x 15 inches.
'ROCK OF AGES,' 15 x 21 inches.
'THE CAPTIVE CHILD,' 26 x 17 inches.
'AFTER THE STORM,' 26 x 16 inches.
'THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET,' 26 x 17 inches.

"These chromos are mounted on canvas and stretcher, and varnished ready for framing without additional charge, and forwarded by Express (to be paid by the subscriber when received), unless fifty cents additional is received with the order, in which case the Pictures will be sent by mail or express, charges paid.

"Suitable and elegant frames of French walnut and gold, with engraved corners, will be furnished for $1.50 each. Making the whole cost, including subscription to the MAGAZINE, $6.00, but richly worth five times that amount. The Framed Pictures can only be forwarded by express, the charges for which are payable by the subscriber on receiving them."

We should immediately forward all delayed, provided the express companies could deliver them at a cost not exceeding fifty cents each, but the larger portion of them are in distant places, where the charges would be disproportionably high, and only deliverable by the mails within the prescribed rate of fifty cents which must be prepaid in stamps.

Should you desire your present unserved selection changed to any other article on our list—*many of which are postage free*—you can make the change.

Premiums Due.

THOSE of our subscribers to whom premiums are due, both single and for clubs, more particularly those entitled to single premiums, are requested to select the same from the extensive list on the second page of our cover for this month. Our business the past season has been burdened with so much of the demand for back premiums as to entail considerable disappointment to subscribers for 1879, the supply of some articles becoming exhausted (*Button Hooks, Knives, and Scissors*) by the unexpected demand from subscribers of 1878. We have now a full supply of every article on our list, and we hope you will select your premiums without delay. Those who have already selected oil pictures that have not been received in consequence of the requisite sum of fifty cents not being forwarded for postage, can change their selections to any other article. To those who desire the pictures, we would say that the stock on hand is small, and when exhausted will not be renewed.

Our Premium Pictures.

As we shall shortly withdraw the five superb oil pictures from our premium list, we make this announcement that our subscribers and their friends may avail themselves of the few remaining copies, as they will not be reproduced after the stock on hand is exhausted.

A selection of any two has been given to each three dollar subscriber to Demorest's Monthly, and those who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity to complete a full set can do so at the following rates:

1 Picture,	60c
2 "	$1.00
3 "	1.35
4 "	1.65
5 Pictures, *one of each*,	1.90

More than one picture of each kind will not be furnished at the above prices.

They are mounted on canvas and stretcher, and varnished ready for framing without additional charge.

The above prices do not include the cost of transportation therefor. If you desire them forwarded by mail, twenty-five cents must be added for each picture, or otherwise we shall forward by express at the expense of the purchaser.

In distant States and Territories it is advisable to forward the postage, in consequence of the high charges by express.

"THE LION'S BRIDE," 21x15 inches.
"ROCK OF AGES," 15x21 inches.
"THE CAPTIVE CHILD," 26x17 inches.
"AFTER THE STORM," 26x16 inches.
"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET," 26x17 inches.

Suitable and elegant frames of French walnut and gold, with engraved corners will be furnished for $1.50 each. The framed pictures can only be forwarded by express, the charges for which are payable by the subscriber on receiving them.

Extract Notice.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This deservedly popular monthly is an exquisite affair. Eight additional pages make it the largest of the fashion monthlies. The number before us contains a superb oil picture, a fine steel portrait of one of America's most illustrious men, the poet Longfellow, with a biography, a Christmas poem by Mrs. M. A. Kidder, fashion plates, patterns, etc.

We give the magazine this complimentary notice because it deserves it, unsolicited. If any of our readers desire to subscribe for it, we will be pleased to show them a copy and take their names.—*Doylestown Journal.*

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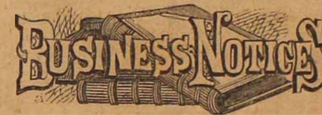

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