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FROM OXFORD TO CAMBRIDGE.

" Were ever river banks so fair,
Gardens so fit for nightingales as these,
Was ever town so rich in court and towers ? "

THE mention of university life in England brings at once before the mind the picture of two beautiful country towns: the one some sixty miles from London, on the banks of the Thames, "girt with wood and water"; the other in the east of England, on the border of the flat fen country through which the sluggish Cam takes its way; both rich in ancient renown, and filled with the "memorials and things of fame." The home of Science and Art, they represent the head and front of learning and wisdom in Great Britain. Holding equal, if not higher, rank with the universities of Germany and France, they send forth year after year men who are to be found in later life in the highest places of ecclesiastical and political preferment; men who do honor to their Alma Mater wherever they are—in Parliament, in India, at Lambeth or Westminster Abbey. Tennyson, gladdening the world with the sweet songs of poesy; Charles Kingsley, preaching the Christ-like doctrine of the universal brotherhood; Thomas Macaulay, whose brilliant, trenchant sentences stand as the model of perfect composition; the sainted Keble, in whose strains " nor solemn season, nor Sabbath sun, nor saint, escaped the memory of his soul divine." It is impossible to contemplate the homes that nurtured such men and so many others great and good, without a feeling of reverence that is almost oppressive. Never shall we forget the solemn awe with which at Oxford we first gazed upon the Martyrs' monument. We seemed to hear the pious Latimer's death words ringing through the stillness of the quiet morning, as they did perhaps more than three hundred years ago: "Be of good comfort, master Ridley! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

It is hardly possible to avoid a comparison between the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should exist, even in the minds of Englishmen themselves, a fixed conviction of the superior merits of the peculiar methods and customs that obtain at the one of their choice. Each university claims the first place for itself, but will freely

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE—HENRY EIGHTH'S GATEWAY.

concede to the other the position of honor, when compared with all other universities.

As to situation, Oxford must be accorded the advantage, for there is not a lovelier rural town in all England. The old Saxon name was Oxenforde, and explains itself. Some indefatigable antiquarians place its settlement by the Britons in the Homeric days, but it is enough for our credulity to accept the legend that the university was founded by King Alfred in the year 872 A.D. In point of fact there is no authentic record connected with the university beyond the thirteenth century.

Oxford has twenty-one colleges, each of which has its own historic foundation and endowment, and each of which is as independent of the other as Yale, Columbia, and Harvard. Cambridge has seventeen colleges, of which the largest and richest are Trinity, King's and St. John's.

Seated beneath the spreading limes of the Broad Walk, Oxford will bid you admire the green slope of Christ Church Meadow and the goodly prospect, that in ancient days doubtless delighted the proud Wolsey; or, wandering along the shaded banks of the Cherwell in Magdalene College grounds will remind you that these were the favorite haunts of the young Addison when a student there. Cambridge will lead you through avenues of lindens, beside the sleepy Cam, and will show you over-arched vistas where Newton dreamed of worlds and systems undiscovered. Amid the stones of an old street Oxford will show you a black cross that marks the spot where Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer suffered at the stake; Cambridge will lead you to the quiet cloisters of Pembroke and Clare, where in youth the heroic spirit was fostered and developed that bore these martyrs triumphant through the sacrificial fires. Oxford will call the roll of her sons, will speak of Dr. Johnson, of Robert Peel, William Penn, Wellington, Ruskin, Southey; Cambridge will echo Bacon, Milton, Chesterfield, Harvey, Macaulay, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth; finally, Oxford will name the name of William Gladstone, and Cambridge will return those of Edmund Burke and William Pitt. They stand, therefore, shoulder to shoulder, with no need of rivalry, the verdict of the world crowns both alike with the laurel and the oak.

The universities in early years seem to have been established to take the place of that monastic scholasticism that confined all learning to the cloister and the cell. Men from all parts of the kingdom, who desired to lead a life of study, and needed therefore repose and quiet to pursue the different branches of the sciences or liberal arts, as they were called, rhetoric, logic, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, gathered themselves together into a kind of literary guild or work-shop, which in course of time came to be known as universities. These guilds chose their own officers, the Lord Chancellor being at the head. This office is usually held by the most prominent person in the kingdom. Prince Albert was the Chancellor at Cambridge at the time of his death.

An apprenticeship of four years to the prescribed course of study was repaid by the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which entitled the holder to wear a hood lined with lamb's wool, and the privilege of lecturing at his place of education. Three years more entitled him Master of Arts, and then with the scarlet silk lining to his hood he might go forth as he pleased. To these degrees at later dates might be added others for proficiency in some special department, as D.D., M.D., LL.D., and also Doctor of Music. To obtain the instruction of these lecturers in early years, students began to flock to Oxford and Cambridge. There was no provision to take care of them, and they were in the position of independent scholars, who studied as little or as much as they pleased. Gradually, however, hotels and places of residence for them sprang up. One after another, the colleges were founded by men who had studied there themselves, and who used their influence with the Sovereign and persons of wealth to induce them to become the patrons of letters. A long line of illustrious founders followed each other. Kings, queens and prelates planned and endowed at first for a master, and ten, twenty, or fifty scholars, as the case might be. They have grown, century after century, to their present magnificent proportions, though the original endowment is still remembered in the Fellowships that are so eagerly sought and so highly prized.

Fortunately for the visitor, Commemoration at Oxford falls a week earlier than at Cambridge, so that one may be present on both occasions. Encœnia, or Commencement Day, at Oxford is the fourteenth of June. Degree Day at Cambridge the twenty-first. The Sunday before is called Commemoration, because on that day a sermon is preached by some eminent divine who has been invited as an honored guest. After the sermon the list of the founders and benefactors of the various colleges is read, with appropriate prayers for them, and commendation of their generosity. The service must be tedious to those who listen to it year after year, but the sermon is usually an intellectual feast.

The week preceding Commemoration Sunday is an unbroken round of gayety and festivity. The "coaching and cramming" is ended: with the older men the examination long over and the honors announced; the successful aspirants for the hood are calmly expectant; the "plucked" or disappointed men hopelessly resigned or harmlessly indignant; but all, with philosophical wisdom worthy of their training, determine at least to have their share in the concerts, the boating, the tennis, the bicycling, the flower-shows, etc., that bring the nobility, the fashion, and the beauty of England yearly to gladden and make brilliant the close of the academic year.

The culmination of the week and this "merry-go-round" is the university ball, where among the managers and the guests appear the proudest names of the kingdom.

The exercises of the Encœnia at Oxford are held in the Sheldonian Theater, and consist first in the conferring of degrees upon persons who have won in the field of science, literature or arms, the right to receive the highest honors. It was our privilege to see such distinction conferred upon Sir William Muir, on whose breast already glittered the Star of India and many other decorations; on Prof. Goldwin Smith; and third in order, but not in rank, on Mr. Robert Browning, whose presence was greeted with boisterous cheers and well-deserved applause. The prize poems and essays followed, Greek, Latin, and English heroic verse, by the fortunate candidates. The English poem was particularly noticed as most worthy. It is called the Newdegate prize, and was read by a *spirituel* looking young Scotchman, who had chosen for his subject "A vision of dead cities by night and by the sea. A dirge of buried sea-towns, and in especial of Carthage."

It was really a fine production, and, if we mistake not, the name of its author, Dugald Sutherland MacColl, will find a place among the future poets of England. We heard with interest, and perhaps a little surprise, that Oscar Wilde had read the English poem at the Encœnia a few years since. "He really was a bright fellow," said a friend, a Fellow of Jesus College, "but he had some curious fancies; for instance, when he came to attend lecture or to examination, he would sometimes bring forth a dainty cambric handkerchief, delicately perfumed, and with the air of a Persian monarch place it beside him upon the table or desk, before beginning his Greek verse or Latin translation."

The distances in England are so short that it was quite convenient to leave Oxford after a dinner at six, and reach Leamington, where we were to rest, before nine in the even-

WALK FROM THE SECOND QUADRANGLE TO THE BRIDGE—TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

ing. Two days of wandering and idling along the rippling Avon, from Warwick to Stratford, from Kenilworth to Coventry, and a quiet, misty Saturday afternoon found us speeding across the country to Cambridge. Our experiences differed not greatly from those of good Mrs. Brown, as given in the Cambridge "*Light Green*" : * "Of all the railroads as I ever came across, that Great'n is out and out the worst, thro' bein' that tejus slow, and the carridges a mask of dirt, as you might grow cabbidges on, as the sayin' is, and took all the freshness out of my light blue pollynaise, as I'd thought the correct thing at Cambridge." Being more prudent than Mrs. B., our light blue pollynaise was safely stowed away, so we could stand the soot and coal dust better ; but, like her, we were glad enough to reach the "everlastin', endless platform" at Cambridge. She, doubtless, met her good friends there, while we, with bag and baggage, were put down, in less than ten minutes, at the Bull Hotel. The hotel was very crowded, and as we followed through an interminable hall to the very last room back, Boots deposited our trunk with a sigh and said apologetically, "H'it's on h'account of the young gen'l'm's friends a' bein' 'ere, ma'am. But some 'll be leavin' this h'evenin', ma'am, h'I'm sure."

The quarters were not bad, and if the sun had only shone with the dawning Sabbath, there would have been no thought of cheerlessness ; but as even the weather in England is often averse to a change, it took some courage to face the prospect of a week, with the outlook from one window the unattractive buildings of St. Catharine's College, or "Cat's," in university parlance, and a ragged court-yard the other.

*Students' Magazine.

After breakfast, however, there came a change in our point of view. The very pleasant landlady —it is a notable fact that almost all the country or provincial hotels of England are managed by women—was eager to make us comfortable.

"Certainly you shall be moved before noon. We have a beautiful room, with two bright windows, on Trumpington street, vacated last night. It was occupied, with the parlor adjoining, by the Prince of Wales when he came to the 'commemoration' two years ago. The bedroom will be one and sixpence more, however, than the room you have."

Had we been at all dismayed at the "one and sixpence," the idea of American Democracy stepping, as it were, into the very shoes of royalty, would have been decisive. We agreed for the Prince of Wales' room at once.

"I hope you slept comfortably last night?" continued our gracious hostess. "The bed in your room was owned by Louis Philippe. I paid quite a price for it at a London sale. No doubt you noticed the handsome brass mountings?"

To what giddy heights were we climbing. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Such close companionship with Louis Philippe and the Prince of Wales was beyond our wildest dreams. So then, with mind at ease, we had time to listen to the bells of great St. Mary's. The service for the Commemoration of Benefactors was to be held there at half past ten. It was but a step up the street from the hotel, but the steady stream of passers warned us that soon there would be neither time nor space to spare.

We found the church already quite full. As we looked over the congregation we wished heartily for a resident friend who might have identified for us some of the dignitaries present. Great St. Mary's is the university church, and the chancel is filled with proper chairs and seats for the vice-chancellor and the university officers. The center of the church was occupied this morning by the masters of the different colleges, the tutors and professors, with their families and friends. The undergraduates and scholars were consigned to the galleries. Two beadles, each bearing a silver mace, led the university procession. The vice-chancellor and university professors, in scarlet robes, came next, and two solemn individuals, in sweeping black gowns and tasseled hoods, followed by two attendants, bearing each an immense leathern book, with brass clasp and chain, came at the end. These were the proctors, much dreaded as the disciplinary officers of the university. Their attendants are usually men of might, and are called "bull dogs." The massive book they carry is supposed to contain the laws and regulations of the university, and is the proctor's insignia of office. Without it he has no authority, so when on duty it is his indispensable companion. With it his authority is supreme.

All other offenses may, perhaps, be condoned, but rebellion to a proctor is attended by speedy dismissal from the college and university. Fortunately for these officials, their term of office is not of long duration, and they are not generally loth to resign it. They are chosen from the college professors. The service was led by the vice-chancellor. The laudatory psalms were chanted and then the lesson was read. It was chosen from a most appropriate chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and began : "Let us now praise famous men. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning."

The verses seemed to have been written for the occasion

To our great disappointment, it was announced that the Rev. Dr. ——, who was to have delivered the address, had sent it to be read by one of the proctors, he being too unwell to be present. Lacking the finish and brilliancy which its delivery by the author would have given, no one was sorry when it ended, and the time came for the remembrance of the great and generous dead. It was a long list of famous names, and the monotonous voice of the proctor grew deeper and more solemn as he began with "Sigebert, King of the East Angles in the seventh century."

One of Cambridge's proudest sons has called the roll in lines of classic stateliness that befit the subject:

"But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn,
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown, and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murdered saint, and the majestic lord
That broke the bonds of Rome."

There were gifts and bequests for every conceivable purpose, from a fund, given by some generous old dame, for the relief of poor and sick students, to a collection of fossils and plates for the museum and botanic gardens.

It was no feeble response that came at last to the words with which the vice-chancellor closed the whole service.

"The memory of the righteous shall remain for evermore."*

Besides her colleges, Cambridge has not many lions to show the visitor. Castle Mound, a great round embankment, in the suburbs, is the point from which not only the town itself, but all the surrounding country may be seen, even as far as the majestic towers of Ely Cathedral in the distance. It is supposed to have been built by the early Britons as a place of defense, but the Romans have left traces of their occupation of it in the coins, weapons, pottery, etc., that have been unearthed.

It was from the Saxons that Cambridge received her original name of Canta-brygge. Chaucer has located it thus:

"At Trompington, not far from Canta-brygge,
Ther goth a brook, and over it a brygge."

Hence the name Can-tab for a Cambridge student.

Cambridge can show one of the famous round churches, built in the time of the crusades, after the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. There are only four of these churches in England.

The seventeen colleges vary greatly in size, wealth, and status; though this last feature is quite capricious, as one college, for some reason, will have a run and be altogether the fashion for a few years, as, for instance, when the Prince of Wales studied at Trinity. Suddenly something will bring a smaller foundation into prominence, and its list of students will be at once lengthened. The largest and richest colleges, as we have before mentioned, are Trinity, King's, and St. John's. These, with Queen's and Magdalene, or *Maudlin*, as it is called, have beautiful gardens with the Cam river in the rear, which adds greatly to their attractiveness. The names of the colleges seem to have been given either for their founders, as Pembroke, Clare, Downing, Sidney, Sussex, or to have been taken from Biblical history, as Jesus, Emmanuel, Corpus Christi, St. Peter's, etc.

Though King's College may boast the grandeur and magnificence of her chapel, which stands alone in beauty of architecture and finish, though Trinity greets the visitor with her massive gothic gateway and the extent and number of her well-kept quadrangles, though St John's points with pride to her new buildings, the less pretentious foundations have also their treasures and antiquities to show.

Magdalene Library has the original diary of Samuel Pepys, written in cipher, and bequeathed by himself. The key to it was discovered by one of the masters of Magdalene. Some of the love-letters of Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn are to be seen there also. They begin, "SWEET DARLING," and, in the peculiar chirography of the vigorous monarch, are "signed with the hand that I would were yours." Inconstant wretch! "Mr. Froude may write as he will. King Henry was doubtless very good to found colleges and scholarships, and quarrel with the Pope, but he was a willful, wicked old Mormon all the same!" This was a touch of nature from a young companion, whose soul was stirred with sympathy for the hapless Anne, and whose creed is contained in the old couplet—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Christ's College was visited as the home of Milton's wayward student days. The garden was beautiful and gay, with homelike flowers, but the point of interest was an immense mulberry tree, said to have been planted by the boy, who afterwards in blindness and wretchedness himself became a "great and shining light" to others. The old tree seems green and hearty yet. It has been propped up most securely, and the trunk is imbedded in a mound of earth almost as high as to the branches.

Most of the colleges are built in a square, leaving a court, or "quad," as it is called, in the center. As the wealth of the college increases, new quadrangles and buildings are added. Trinity has four, which are known by different names; for instance, a student will give his room as "Letter C," "Neville's Court," or "New Court," or "The Masters." The gateway at Trinity is a study in itself. A magnificent statue of King Henry the Eighth stands in a niche, and the royal arms are carved in stone beneath. The porter's lodge is at the right, and the rooms above are said to have been occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, and afterward by Lord Macaulay.

At Trinity, too, studied Bacon, Byron and Tennyson, and their rooms are still pointed out. On the first quadrangle is the chapel, the dining-hall, the library and the master's lodge. The college gates stand always open; visitors may walk as they please through the grounds, but save at the morning and vesper service the chapel and other places can be seen only at certain hours. The dining-hall is wainscotted and vaulted with oak, black with age. Portraits of the founders and distinguished scholars of the colleges are hung against the carved panels and in pompous ruff and scarlet robes are dimly seen in the subdued light sifted through the stained glass of the windows. Solid oaken tables and heavy benches on either side are arranged for the students. At the upper end of the hall on a raised dais is the table for the Master and Fellows. The kitchen, where the ancient spit, immortalized by King Alfred, still holds place; the buttery, where the toast and tea are prepared and the record of the students' orders are kept, both will claim a glimpse, and then one may go through archway and cloister, wandering about the quadrangles, looking up at latticed windows shrouded in ivy, and emerge at last into an avenue of chestnut and lime trees that leads to the river. The students' boats are beside the water, and standing there beneath a drooping willow watching the rowers as they scud through the stone arches of the bridges, one after another, one may dream away, as we did, hour after hour. Like a muezzin's call to prayer, soft chimes at last break the stillness.

* We have heard that this service is to be omitted hereafter.

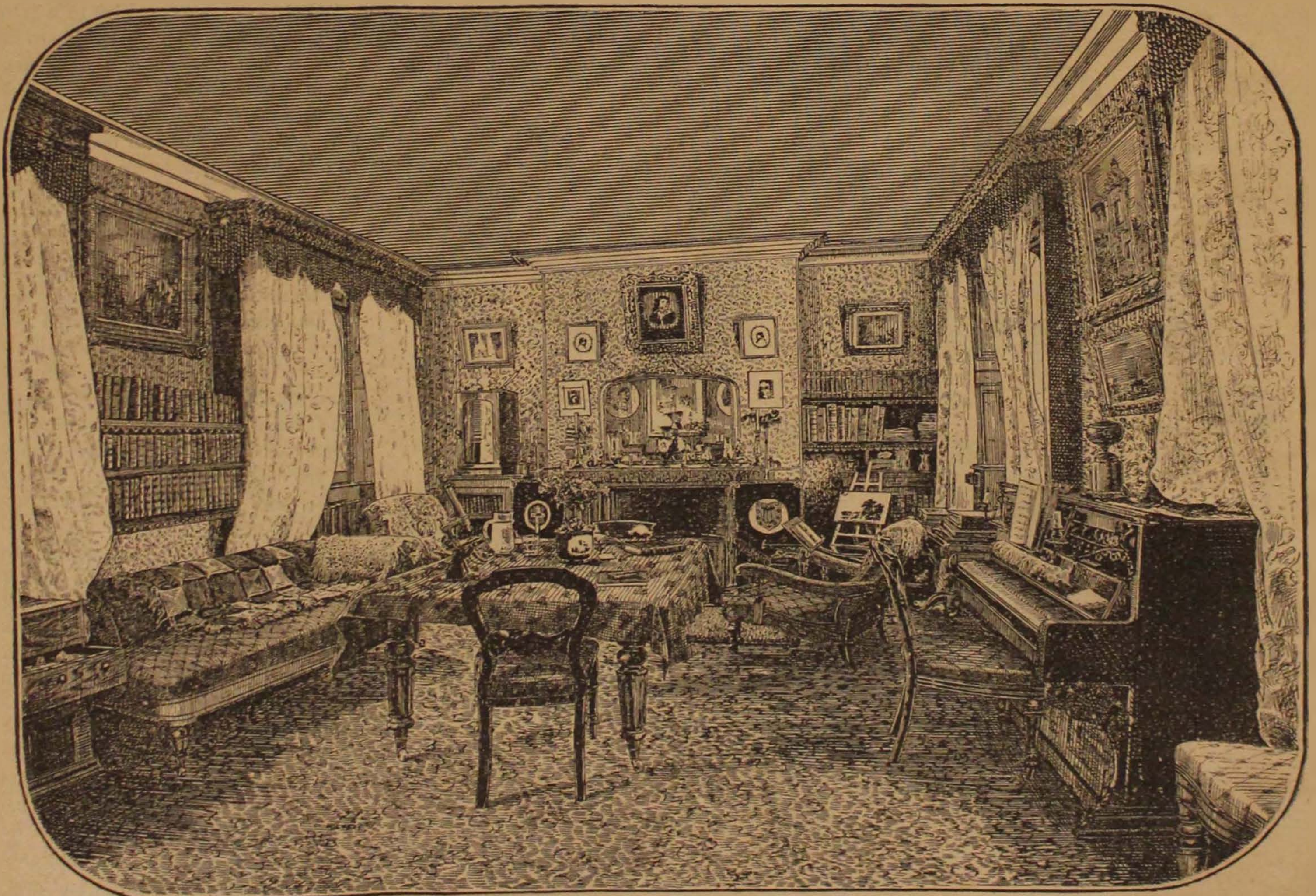
"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells."

The sunset hours spent in strolling along the riverside, through green lawns and rustic gateways let into hawthorn hedges, with the shadows of tower and turret lengthening at our feet—they have left behind them a long trail of rosy light that will flush and tinge with a lighter shade the blackness and grayness of all after-storms.

Everything in Cambridge seems to revolve about the university. The bells of St. Mary's sound the matins at a quarter before six in the morning, and each quarter-hour of the day thereafter is marked by the same monitor. At nine in the evening the full, rich tones are heard sounding the "curfew" or "compline." When this has died away a bell from the same tower gives the strokes for the day of the month. The hapless student who may be far from his college gate at this moment speeds homeward, for the rounds of the proctor and the "bull-dogs" begin, and woe to the unfortunate who may be found loitering in the street, at the club, or along the river, particularly if the academic dress be lacking. A good sum as a fine is placed against his name, distinctly recorded by the "bull-dog." If this should chance to occur too often, it is likely that the tutor will call his attention to the necessity of a better acquaintance with university hours. So, in the long English twilight the shadowy figures go flying and flitting to their own places. The quarter-past-nine strikes, and the clang of the great nail-studded gates is heard. The porter fastens the small postern door at the side, and silence reigns. Soon the moonbeams creep over the tall pinnacle of King's Chapel, steal along the Palladian pillars of the old Senate House, and then coldly glance athwart the flashing waters of the fountain in Trinity courtyard. There are at Cambridge about twenty-five hundred "undergraduates," as all students are called until they have taken their "Bachelor's" degree. The towns-people and students live generally a most peaceable life together, the traditionary "town and gown" row, which usually takes place in November, when in pugilistic scramble the two contest the supremacy of the town, having dwindled into a very insignificant affair. The trades-people have chosen rather to reap a golden harvest by pandering to the expensive tastes of many of the students. A glance in the shop windows shows this. There are displayed in attractive variety silk mufflers, boating flannels, tennis caps, boxing gloves, worsted stockings, etc., etc., in yellow, blue, red, black, plain and striped, suited to the well-known colors of each college or club. A considerable advance on the London price is usually attached. Paper weights, penholders, fire-screens, letter-stands, bearing the coat-of-arms of each college, are also seen. We, ourselves, could not resist a pair of dainty silver salt-cellars in the shape of a student's square cap, the end of the spoons being a knob and tassel.

The university opens its scholarships and degrees to all the world, nationality being no bar. Many a colored face from India we saw among the graduates and students. Oxford does not look with favor upon these subjects of Her Majesty, and has made them, as well as the women students at Somerville Hall, the basis of ridiculous caricatures. Still the record of both might put to shame some whose talent may be more developed later in life in artistic geometry, than at present in mathematics.

When a student presents himself for residence at one of the colleges he is supposed to have gone through some kind



INTERIOR OF STUDENT'S ROOM, CAMBRIDGE.

of preparation for the Freshman class, or else he comes with a certificate from Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or one of the great schools of England. Nearly every college has a specialty: theology, law, medicine, etc., and this usually governs the choice of the student. When his entrance fee is paid he is put in charge of a tutor, to whom he looks for direction during his term. This tutor assigns him two rooms, a small bed-room and a sitting room, which he fits up as expensively or as plainly as he chooses, there being no system of chums. He takes his breakfast, brought from the college kitchen, in his rooms. He is required to dine at the hall. Anything extra he may order from outside or from the kitchen, through one of the porters, or "gyps," as they are called. If the orders from the kitchen are cumulative, the tutor has usually a suggestion to make when the bills are submitted to him. The bed-makers are a curious old set: aged dames who rule with a rod of iron, and whose perquisites are great, they having absolute charge of all a student's belongings. When he leaves they never fail to stand with expectant look for the substantial farewell that is their right. About the only other requirement of the college is an attendance of at least eight chapels a week; and this is no hard matter, when there are two services a day.

A student soon gives evidence of his intention, whether he goes in for "reading" or "sport." Certain lectures are provided by the college, others by the university; a student may attend or not as he chooses. The test will come with the examinations, when, according to his written papers, he will be "passed" or "plucked."

There are three terms in a year; Michaelmas, Lent and Easter. To take a degree as Bachelor of Arts from the university a student must have been in residence nine terms. Though he has during this time many collegiate examinations, prizes, etc., the "tug of war" does not come until the candidates from the colleges are sent to the university for degree examination. The very thought of this brings a look of agony to the face of an "undergrad" who has been inclined to shirk and must trust to his "coach" to help him through. The Mathematical Tripos, as it is called, is the severest test, and no slight acquaintance with Euclid will avail to place a student in either of the three honorable classes known as Wranglers, Senior and Junior Optimes. The highest honor the university gives is Senior Wrangler to the man who leads the Mathematical Tripos. When the degrees are conferred in the Senate House, he is led in pomp and triumph alone to receive the *B. A.* from the vice-chancellor, and tall indeed is the feather worn that day by the college that has the proud distinction of claiming him. The Senior Classic and the Historical Tripos are matters of less prominence. After these comes the long list of those who are quite content to receive, after repeated efforts and examinations, perhaps, the ordinary degree. But to the last man among these is accorded a distinction on degree day, hardly less striking at the time than that which crowns the Senior Wrangler.

A year ago we were present upon such a stirring occasion. Great is the demand and limited the supply of tickets for admission to the Senate House on Degree Day. Our comfort in this, as in many other respects, had been secured by kind letters from a Cambridge M. A. in London to one of his old friends—a university professor—to whose care he consigned us. When the auspicious morning arrived, we had only to join the crowd provided with tickets, who waited before the closed doors, until Great St. Mary's bell struck the hour of ten. Pretty English girls, with roses on their cheeks as blooming as those at their belts; fond parents, who had journeyed perhaps from Yorkshire or Devonshire to witness the crowning glory of their hopes, when they should see the son of their old age, or their youth, bearing his "honors thick upon him." It was a bright company that waited, with common interest, the June sun beating down upon their wide-spread umbrellas and parasols. At last the "open sesame" came, and in we went, with more or less rush, until the seats arranged on either side were filled. It was not a large hall; a single aisle in the center, and a carpeted platform at the head. Soon the galleries received their quota of undergraduates, and the hum and buzz began. At Oxford, this time of waiting had been enlivened by snatches of melody from the organ, and all kinds of witticisms from the students who crowded the galleries. It is the fashion to ignore the undergraduates on public occasions, and the order of the day is not usually disturbed in spite of their uproar. Fancy the daring of a youth, who cried from the gallery, as the vice-chancellor and venerable doctors and doces took their seats, "Don't they look nice! They are all on dress parade!" This speech we heard at Oxford. But all is good-humor and good-will on these occasions. So quiet and dignified was the entrance of the procession, beadles and mace and proctors, that we were begin-

OXFORD CARICATURES—MEN OF BELIAL, 1893.

ning to think the Cantabs a most respectful set of students. As it turned out, however, they were only biding their time.

When the vice-chancellor was seated, like Solomon in all his glory, in a crimson velvet chair on the platform, a proctor on either side, and the masters and doctors in scarlet gowns, moving about with long documents and papers, over which there was great whispering, the ceremonies began. One of the proctors read something in Latin, which was doubtless necessary, but not very edifying to the general audience. When this was finished, he called the names of the colleges who had students to present. The tutors, with the candidates, arrayed in the severest and stiffest of hoods bordered with swan's down, filled the aisle. The proctor went over the list a second time, and as he called the name of a college paused, while the tutor of that college brought forward the candidates. In a Latin speech, in which we sometimes caught the words "*honoris causa*," he presented them to the vice chancellor One by one they knelt before him. He took their two hands in his, and in a Latin formula, conferred upon them all the privileges and rights of a B. A. Lifting his cap reverentially, he closed each time with the solemn words, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." With a touch of pride, the student adjusts his hood, as he rises and gives place to a successor.

When "Jesus College!" was heard, a hum went through the house. The Senior Wrangler, a tall, manly fellow, some three or four and twenty, stands alone with the tutor. Shouts and cheers greet him, as firmly and proudly he goes up the aisle, and kneels in the usual place. The Vice-Chancellor pauses while the building resounds: "Three cheers for the Senior Wrangler! Three cheers for Jesus College! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!" Surely the echoes stirred the very ivy leaves that clambered about the little window of that old room in Jesus College, where this faithful hero had burned the midnight oil.

There were two hundred and seventy degrees to be conferred, so the vice-chancellor lost no more time than was necessary. But now the proctor calls a name that seems to create again a stir in the gallery. While the candidates are presented, the attention is attracted by a coil of cord that is thrown from one side of the gallery to the other. It misses the mark, and dangles over the heads of the audience.

"Haul her up and try again!" is heard. So they do, and this time the cord is caught. A moment later, and over the center of the aisle is suspended an immense wooden spoon. This is intended for the man whose name stands lowest on the degree list, and at that moment he was receiving his title at the hands of the vice-chancellor.

This wooden-spoon presentation is an old custom, dear to the hearts of the Cambridge undergrads; but the officials determined it should be broken up last year, so the proctor was on the look-out for its appearance. Quick as a flash he dashed down the aisle. The spoon was hauled up in an instant, but he made his way to the gallery and captured it. By the time he had reached the platform again, a second spoon, larger than the first, hung before his astonished eyes. Again the exercises were suspended, and the proctor rushed for the gallery. In the excitement a thoughtless student cut the rope, and the great spoon swung downward. It struck a lady on the top of the head, and she left the hall holding her handkerchief to the wound, which was not very severe, in a most reproachful manner. This subdued matters a little, but the commotion had become so great that, after securing spoon number two, the proctor and bull-dogs turned all the undergraduates out, cleared the galleries, and closed the doors securely at the foot of the aisle. There was no

OXFORD CARICATURES—TOGAS.

"give up" in these determined young gentlemen, and so they collected in strength outside. As the wonderful candidate came down the aisle to take his place at the rear, there came a thump and a burst from without. The doors yielded—it was whispered that one of the new B.A.s assisted from within. At any rate, the lock was injured; in they pressed, bearing aloft an immense wooden shovel, which they triumphantly placed, amid retreating, scuffling, and scrambling, in the very hands of the man himself for whom it was intended. The undergraduates were satisfied with their victory, and were content now to be shut out, relieving their feelings by the Parthian darts in the shape of groans that were sent after the poor proctors, both of whom had been sorely tried. What was the ultimatum of all this we did not definitely learn; probably fines by the score. Our private opinion was that the wooden spoon gives just that touch of spiciness needed to heighten the flavor of the intellectual refreshment usually offered upon such dignified occasions, and so we stated to our university friend, who was profuse in apology for what he called "this unseemly behavior."

It would be injustice to the university that has taken the lead in the broadness and progression that anticipate future thought and need, to close this sketch without mention of the two colleges for the higher education of women that owe their success to the fostering care of Cambridge. Neither Girton College nor Newnham is more than ten years old. We visited both, but found Girton deserted for the vacation, and in process of summer cleaning. The old housekeeper, however, was kind and chatty, and showed us through the building very carefully. The museum, with its bits of pottery and coins, dug up when the lawn was planted, was her particular pride.

"We have concerts and lectures, and very fine times, I can assure you, during the term," she said.

The rooms were quite tasteful, and each student had a bed-room and sitting-room. A dado of Canton matting, dark paneling and moldings, ebony and oaken shelves, wicker chairs and sofa, an open fireplace with brasses gave a cosy look to some of the apartments. We could easily finish the picture by adding, in our mind's eye, a student's lamp and a volume of Euclid or Paley beside it. Our conductor, see-

ing that we were Americans, vouchsafed the fact that one of these very decorative suites was occupied for two years by an American lady, who kept her own maid, carriage, horses, and coachman. She spoke of her as a kind of princess, and it did seem rather a royal road to learning. Girton has the honor to have presented, two years since, a young lady for university examination, who ranked among the wranglers number eight. The female students do not receive degrees, but are given a certificate which, it is said, gives them rank, preference, and a higher salary when they undertake to teach.

Newnham College stands in the center of a well-kept lawn just beyond the Cam. There are two halls, separated by a roadway, and known as the North and South Hall.

Miss Clough—of the poet's family, perhaps, but we did not learn*—is the principal, and resides in the South Hall. Miss Helen Gladstone, the vice-principal, and a daughter of the premier, is at the head of the North. Many of the professors in the university and colleges are members of the Council, as the advisory board is called. We presented ourselves, rather timidly, it must be confessed, at the North Hall, and were shown into a quiet little parlor, where we awaited the coming of some one who would give us an insight into a scheme so much talked of in our own country. A tall, quiet-looking, dark-haired English girl, we should have said of twenty-five or six years, entered, and we talked a while of woman's power and success in grappling subjects beyond the old range.

"It has been demonstrated," said the lady, whom we found to be Miss Gladstone herself, "that women can do as good work as men, but they cannot do it in the same way. It must be at continuous intervals, with attention to exercise, diet, and physique. They cannot gather themselves up and cram for an examination, as the male students do, but with regular, sensible study they attain quite as high rank in the same Tripos."

We learned that the curriculum was about the same as in the other colleges at Cambridge; the university lectures usually given at the Senate House being free to the women students. They have their own lecture-rooms, and private lectures in addition, also a laboratory and gymnasium. The foundation provides for a principal, vice-principal, resident female lecturers, and about seventy students. There are also a number of non-resident students, who board in the town, but are more or less amenable to the rules of the college.

"Perhaps you would like to see your own flag," said Miss Gladstone pleasantly as we passed through one of the halls. She knocked softly at a closed door. "This is the room of one of your countrywomen, who has been studying with us for the last year. I fear she is out." She opened the door gently, and we looked in. The occupant was absent, but we waited long enough to see the "Stars and Stripes" draped over the mantel and the familiar covers of *Harper's* and the *Century* on the table.

We could not forbear an expression of wonder to our companion that she could leave the delights of London society, and seclude herself in this manner. She proved herself a true daughter of Pallas by her simple, forcible reply: "Oh! I much prefer the life here. I am always eager to get back when I go away."

Cambridge society is the choicest and most delightful imaginable, composed as it is almost entirely of literary people. A typical English dinner party gave us personal knowledge of this on the last evening of our stay.

The week, so full of freshness and novelty, ended at last. Saturday night found us again in the familiar abiding place in London, looking up to Regent's Park and wondering where we should go to church on the morrow. G. M. T.

* This is his sister.—ED.

Böttger Experimenting before Augustus the Strong.

STANDING on a rocky height overlooking the city of Meissen, on the Elbe, is an old castle, the ancestral home of Frederick Augustus, surnamed the "Strong," Elector of Hanover and afterward King of Poland.

Frederick was a man not only physically but mentally strong, a liberal patron of the fine arts, and a lover of elegant and luxurious surroundings. The silver mines of Freyberg gave him ample means to indulge his tastes, and he expended large sums on pictures, gems, porcelains, and other articles. He exchanged a regiment of dragoons with Frederick William of Prussia for twenty-two fine china vases, so desirous was he to possess them, and so excessive was his fondness for such things.

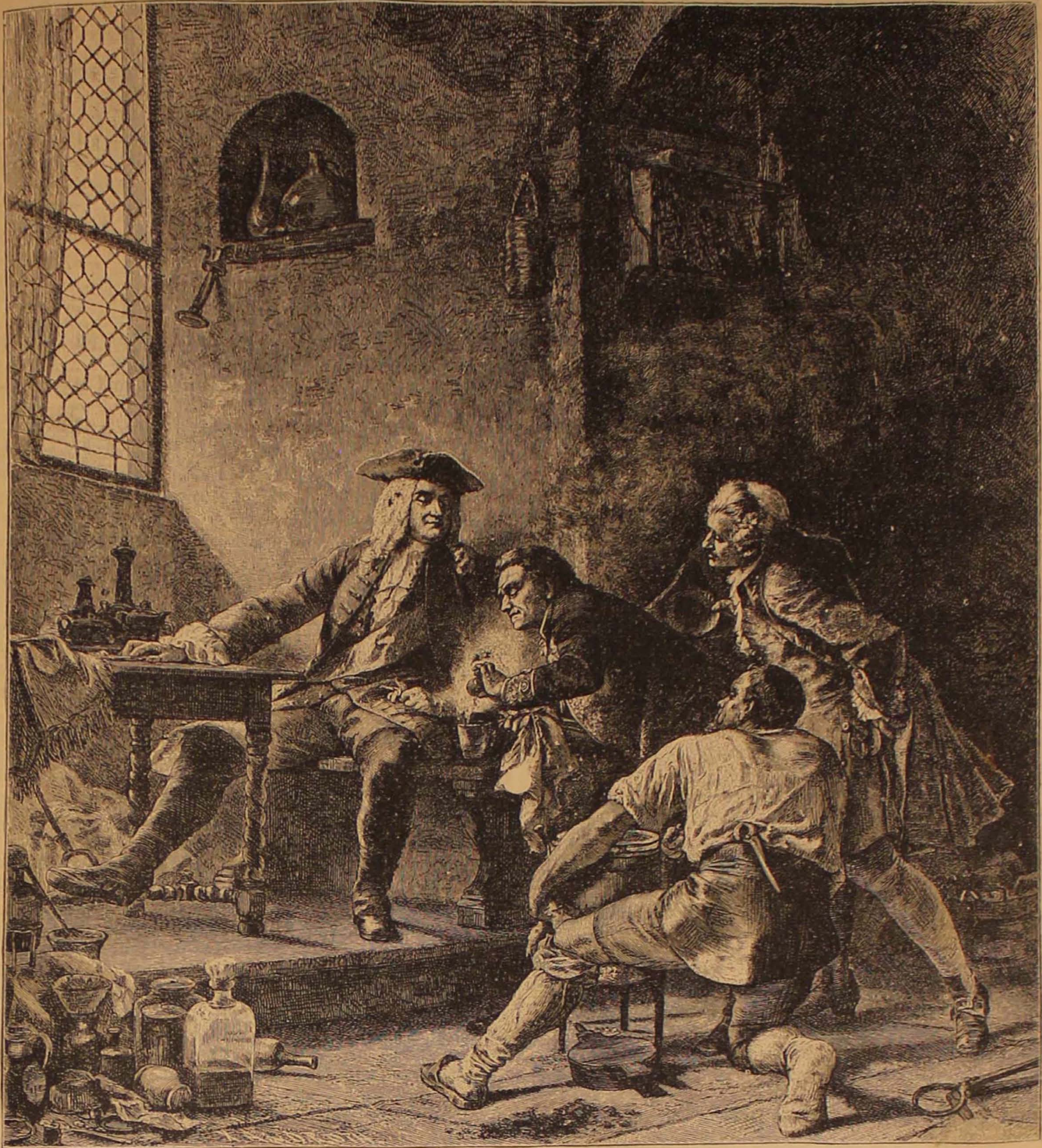
There lived in Berlin a young man, the assistant of an apothecary, and who was supposed to possess the secret of making gold. A prejudice being excited against the young alchemist, he was compelled to flee from Berlin, and he went to Dresden, at which place Augustus the Strong heard of him. Sending for Böttger, the young man who had fled from Berlin, Augustus questioned him regarding his knowledge of gold making, but he denied being possessed of any such wisdom. His questioner did not believe him, and placed him under the close care of Tschirnhaus at Würtemberg, who was engaged in trying to discover a universal medicine.

While working in the laboratory of Tschirnhaus, Böttger prepared some crucibles which unexpectedly assumed some of the characteristics of Oriental porcelain. This was an agreeable discovery to Augustus, who foresaw that possibly it might become of great value. It had long been the dream of Europe to equal China in making the hard, clear porcelain of that country, and Augustus imagined that the dream was about to be realized. To better protect the experimenters from intrusion, he removed them to the castle of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, and had a laboratory fitted up for their use.

Augustus was not more anxious than Böttger that the discovery should be perfected. On one occasion the latter remained by his furnace three days and nights, encouraging by his cheerful conversation his co-laborers. On another occasion he never left it for five days and nights, and in the presence of Augustus he took a vessel from the furnace and threw it into cold water without injuring it. This was an advance on former experiments, but the true secret had not yet been reached.

When Charles XII. of Sweden entered Saxony, Augustus had Böttger and Tschirnhaus, and some of their workmen, conveyed to the fortress of Koenigstein, where they remained a year, closely guarded; so fearful was Augustus that his enemy would possess himself of them and their secret. From the fortress they were moved to Dresden, where, untiringly and patiently, they continued their labors, the Elector often being present, assisting and encouraging them.

In 1708 Tschirnhaus died, and soon after, by mere accident, Böttger discovered the secret. John Schnorr, a wealthy iron-master, noticed while riding on horseback near Aue that his horse's feet stuck in the soft white earth so deeply that removal was difficult. He examined it and found that it would make a good substitute for the flour used as hair powder, and which at that time was in general use. It was prepared and sold, Böttger being one of the purchasers. Observing its weight, he sent his valet to find out what it was, and to his joy discovered that it was the very material required for making white porcelain.



BÖTTGER EXPERIMENTING BEFORE AUGUSTUS THE STRONG.

Great was the delight of Augustus, who immediately made a law that none of this kaolin should be exported; and it was conveyed privately in barrels to the workshop, the greatest secrecy being observed. The next step was to establish at the castle of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, a royal manufactory of porcelain, and on the walls was placarded the sentence, "Be secret until death." Whoever disclosed the secret was to be imprisoned for life in the fortress of Koenigstein. It was impossible, however, to keep a secret of this kind. Men who deserted from the manufactory disclosed it, but chiefly was it known through the workmen who, when Frederick the Great conquered Saxony, were transferred to manufactories elsewhere.

At the present time additional interest is thrown around the castle of Albrechtsburg, where Böttger carried on his labors, from the fact that the Emperor of Germany is about to make it his residence. Here, where that lovely china known as Dresden was brought to perfection, the good old king will spend his tranquil hours amid the most picturesque and charming scenery, looking down, if he pleases, from his castle heights upon the quaint old town, Meissen on the Elbe.

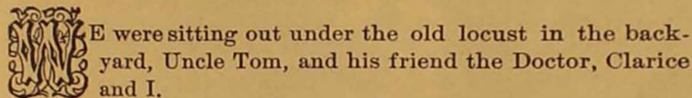
This old castle is full of historic interest. Dating back from 929, it has seen many changes since it was first used as a stronghold against the Wends. For five centuries no change was made until the present castle arose in the place of the old. Duke Albrecht took especial pride in its building, which occupied twelve years. In the Thirty Years' war

it was taken by the Swedes and sacked. After this the nobleman used the splendid rooms as stables ; and later, Augustus the Strong turned it into a porcelain manufactory, and it was thus known for more than one hundred and fifty years.

In 1863 the work of restoration commenced, and it is now one of the handsomest castles of the present time. The various halls are decorated with paintings, statues, and other works of art ; the walls are emblazoned with coats of arms and medallions, and the ceilings are adorned with gold and colors.

The Böttger chamber, which is the room made memorable by the successful experiments of Böttger, contains the original of our illustration, which was painted by P. Riesling. The artist has depicted the moment when success crowns the efforts of Böttger, the pleased countenance of Augustus showing his pleasure at the result. The group is very effective, the attitude and expression of the beholders evincing the deepest interest in the experiment.

Down the Neck.



WE were sitting out under the old locust in the back-yard, Uncle Tom, and his friend the Doctor, Clarice and I.

"What a confounded nuisance this business is !" said the Doctor.

"Yes," assented Uncle Tom, "it *is* a deuce of a bore to have to bury one's self down Occahannock Neck for the next two months, as I shall have to do. If 'twas a woman now, she'd fraternize with Miss Lizzie on the subject of short-cakes and preserves, but the Lord only knows what will become of a man !"

"Being indifferent on the subject of short-cakes and preserves !" laughed Clarice. "How long since, Uncle Tom ?"

"My interest ceases with the consumption, my dear, which, unfortunately, does not take so great a length of time. But even with such mighty matters to occupy their minds, most women would find it rather slow in that old barn on the creek shore."

"Suppose you take us with you, and let us find out," said Clarice, who was perched on the arm of his chair, drawing her slender fingers through his still abundant ebon locks with that peculiar motion that made him feel at peace with the world, and ready to grant any reasonable request that might be made. Apparently he did not view this particular request in that light.

"You girls !" with a comical glance at Clarice's lace-ruffles, and my silken draperies. "Lord love you, children ! you'd be ready to tear each other's eyes out by the end of a week over the most unlikely specimen of mankind that could be scared up."

"That's likely now, isn't it? As if Clarice and I ever quarreled !"

"Bless your soul, you'd do it then ! You'd be ready to demoralize each other's bangs over even Billy June Guy's attentions."

The Doctor laughed. "Take 'em, Tom, and I'll come down and see how you get along. Billy June must be getting to be a likely specimen by this time."

"Billy June !" Clarice and I echoed. "Do you really mean that there is an unlucky mortal with such a name ?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, meditatively, "Billy June is a *bona fide* personage. I knew him when he was a cotton-headed little chap, dust-colored from his head to his heels, who used to hitch on behind and beg for a ride. Let's see—he must be nineteen or twenty by this. Guess he's been larking around with the girls for some time."

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, "I'll introduce him to you !"

"Then you'll really take us ?" said I.

"If you can stand it, I can."

And so we went. Our respective mammas held up their hands in holy horror when the idea was proposed to them ; but after all there was really no reason why we should not go. It was necessary for Uncle Tom to go down to his old farm to oversee some projected repairs. Baltimore was disagreeably hot still, and Clarice had been rather delicate of late. The housekeeper in charge at Bayview seemed to be rather a nice person from all accounts, and if we got tired there was always the option of coming home.

* * * * * *

"What a pleasing array of mud flats !" said Clarice, elevating her aristocratic little nose.

"You have yourselves to thank for the prospect, my dears," remarked our uncle. "Let me introduce you now to Miss Lizzie ; my nieces, Miss Bonnybel Lee, and Miss Clarice Venable."

We bowed politely, and acknowledged the introduction in due form. So this was Miss Lizzie ! Well, our surprise was only equaled by our satisfaction. Tall, finely formed, with smooth complexion, deep, earnest-looking gray eyes, and a clean-cut, resolute mouth and chin, our uncle's housekeeper, Miss Lizzie, was a woman who would have commanded attention anywhere, and by her side I felt myself sink into school-girl insignificance. She was a cousin of the late owner of the farm, and when at his death the estate passed by purchase into Uncle Tom's hands, his lawyer engaged her as housekeeper. He himself had met her but once, in the lawyer's office, so perhaps it was not strange that he had failed in giving us correct impressions of her.

The life at Bayview was a new experience. Even mud-flats (under some circumstances) are productive of interest. But in truth, the "flats" disappeared at high-tide, and the view from our window was picturesque enough to tempt Clarice's pencil and brushes. Billy June Guy became a fact, and not only a name to laugh at, and several of the girls in the neighborhood called. It was not a season of wild dissipation by any means, but we enjoyed it all with a youthful zest.

We spent the days lounging round in our room, dawdling over our bits of feminine "fancy-work" (oh, comprehensive term !) or dipping into the books we had wisely brought along. When these amusements failed us, and we longed for more active occupation, we took long walks around the shore, or experimented in a small boat that Uncle Tom had placed at our disposal, and which we regularly capsized twice a day ! Then we soon made the discovery that the farm was prolific in the matter of good horses. There were two or three excellent riding horses, and up in the garret we found two old side-saddles, which with Billy June's assistance were rendered available. Clarice and I lengthened our black skirts, and quietly appropriated two of Uncle Tom's big straw hats. So there we were, with our armor complete.

Billy June, as an escort, proved himself indispensable. Uncle Tom used to sit and shake with quiet laughter as he watched the three of us set off on one of our excursions.

"Take care of those girls, Billy, and see that they don't break your neck along with their own !"

"Ter-law now ! 'taint likely ! " with a grin that showed both rows of his substantial teeth, was the invariable answer to this pleasantry.

On the whole, though, we preferred the evening sails to the horseback rides. Uncle Tom often favored us with his company, and once or twice we prevailed upon Miss Lizzie. Billy June was always on hand. No matter what was

required of him, nor at what unseasonable hour we chose to call upon his services, he was always ready.

"No use talking about it, girls," laughed Uncle Tom, one lovely moonlight night, when we were all sitting out on the back porch, "Billy June is certainly gone on one of you. Which is it, Mistress Bonnybel, Clarice, or you?"

"Mightn't it just be possible that it's both? We won't quarrel over our Billy June, will we, Clarice? We are content to go shares."

"Yes—for the present. You haven't had a fair show yet. Wait till it goes on a little longer. I'd be willing to bet my best hat on the chances of a row between you two before the month is up."

"With every prospect of losing," Clarice retorted. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Uncle Tom."

"I'm dogged if there don't come Billy June now!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, as the well-known figure "slouched" in at the gate. "Speak of the div— oh, excuse me, young ladies!" with a comical air of confusion. "He appears to have some one with him; who the dickens can it be?"

The somebody proved to be a remarkably pretty girl, about sixteen years old, who was introduced by Billy June as "my cousin, Jane Ann."

"What in thunder"—began Uncle Tom, and stopped short.

"Did you ever hear such names in all your born days?" whispered Clarice, with an irrepressible little giggle.

Billy June soon announced his errand. "Thought maybe you ladies might like to go out a-sailin'," he said in a very insinuating tone. "Nice night fer it. Take you up to the P'int, if you're a mind to go. Jane Ann, there—'pears like, she's mighty anxious."

"Of course we'll go, and be glad of the chance," Clarice answered for us both. "Come along, too, Uncle Tom, we'll have a lovely time."

But Uncle Tom declined. "You don't want a crowd. I'll just stay here and smoke my pipe till you come back."

The truth was, as Clarice and I shrewdly suspected, Uncle Tom was beginning to discover that there were charms in Miss Lizzie's society, and that a moonlight *tête-à-tête* with that same personage was by no means a bad way of getting through an evening. So Clarice was forced to take no for an answer, and we went up-stairs to put on our things.

"Get out your white shawl, Bonnybel. I'm going to wear my rose-colored cloud, just to show Jane Ann"—with another little laugh—"that *nubias* are, to say the least, old style. We must not fail to make an impression on the pair of 'em—Jane Ann, no less than Billy June."

Clarice was a pretty thing to look at that night. Not that she wasn't always pretty in my eyes, but thanks to the cloud of soft fluffy pink about her face and throat, or the moonlight or some other favorable element, she looked as pretty as a picture as she took her place in the boat. Billy June gave her an admiring look as he helped her in, and Jane Ann seemed painfully conscious of the dingy old "nubia" that enveloped her own pretty head and shoulders.

Billy June drew in the anchor, ran up both sails, and took his seat in the stern of the boat. "Jest wind enough to take us along a-clippin'," he remarked in a satisfied tone. "We c'n run down to the P'int an' back agin in less'n no time. Ever been down there?" addressing himself to Clarice.

"No," she answered. "Where is it, and what is it?"

"Well, I c'n tell you where it is, but a p'int's a p'int, I reck'n, the wide world over. It's a right smart ways down there in the bay, just where Ike Kilman's farm makes out into a p'int. 'Vudy Low,' they call it—quare kind of a name, ain't it?"

"Very," responded Clarice, fairly shaking with laughter. "'*Vudy Low!*' Shades of our ancestors!"

"Fust-rate place fer a pic-nic," Billy June proceeded. "There's a pine thicket right along there, an' the shore's as hard as a brick. Shady all the time, an' you git the breeze right off'n the water. I an' Jane Ann was there oncet this summer. Ike Kilman, he's Jane Ann's uncle, an' she took up a notion to go an' stay a week there. Cap'n Truitt, he was a-goin' to Baltimore with a load o' I'ish pertatus, an' he offered to take me aboard. So then I put in a word for Jane Ann, an' he said he'd fetch her too, an' we'd drop her at the p'int. An' we jumped to an' went along to Baltimore" (in a tone of superiority, as if going to Baltimore was something extraordinary); "when we came back we stopped for Jane Ann, an' come along home again."

This was followed up by a confidential little outburst. "Man hush! but ain't Baltimore a big place? Why, I b'lieve t'would take me more'n a year to find my way about there! Streets all goin' every which-a-way, an' houses jammed so close together they look like they're a-goin' to fall down right on top of you, if you don't look out. I never see no such place as that!"

"Never mind; we'll take care to have all that remedied by the time you make your next visit," Clarice said, gravely, while I leaned over and whispered, "Why don't you tell him that it will give you great pleasure to take him around and show him the sights? I'm sure he's doing all he can for you."

"Tell him yourself," responded Clarice, but the notion of her marching up Charles street, for instance, with Billy June by her side, was too much for her gravity. She laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well, if girls don't beat all!" exclaimed Billy June, sympathetically. "She's off, an' there ain't no way of stoppin' of her, one way or another!"

"Just in time," was Uncle Tom's greeting, as we made our appearance on the porch that night—wet, draggled and most unromantically sleepy, "I was just going to bed."

"Where's Miss Lizzie?" asked saucy Clarice.

"Said her prayers hours ago, and is probably sound asleep and snoring by this time; you'd better follow her example." Then, as he slowly wound up his watch, "Well, did you find out which one of you is the object of Billy June's kind attentions?"

"Oh, shoot Billy June!" I snapped out, being in a state of sleepy crossness. "I don't think it sounds nice, Uncle Tom, to say such things."

Uncle Tom laughed teasingly. "That settles the question. Beyond a doubt it's Clarice."

And I began to think so myself a day or two later. The time of our departure was drawing near, and Uncle Tom was unusually busy. Matters at the farm had all been arranged to his satisfaction, but there were one or two business affairs to be wound up with his lawyer still.

One afternoon, while I was standing on the porch, Uncle Tom caught sight of me as he drove past. "Come, open the gate for me, Bonnybel, and I'll give you a ride to pay for your trouble," he called out.

I obeyed with alacrity. "Jump in quick now—this fool of a horse won't stand. Well done!" as I swung myself up in a flash. "How spry you are, to be sure! Get up, you rascal"—to the horse—"and see if you can't make the same use of your legs!"

We were flying along at the rate of a mile a minute, it seemed to me. My enjoyment would have been complete but for one thing.

"If we only had Clarice along, too, Uncle Tom!"

Uncle Tom made a face. "Hear 'em talk now! It's a pity you two can't be strung up by the heels somewhere, and

kept there for the rest of your lives! Can't you be happy unless you're forever together? Don't you *ever* get tired of each other's company?"

"Of course we don't, and never shall," I answered, in the sublime faith of seventeen. "Clarice and I are one in everything."

"Except when a Billy June comes in to make a division."

I did not reply, for just then I caught sight of something that gave me a little pang of surprise. Just before us, along the edge of the woods, something pink gleamed out from amongst the bushes. We were crossing a "branch" (such phraseology!) just then, and the horse was walking slowly, so that I had abundant opportunity for observation. What was Clarice's pink cloud doing down there? I looked again—and, yes—it was Clarice herself, and not only Clarice, but Billy June! What on earth—it could not be Clarice!—but then, I could have sworn to that pink cloud if I had seen it in the moon! Undoubtedly, it was Clarice—with Billy June Guy walking by her side, and with Billy June Guy's arm around her waist.

For a minute I felt as if the whole earth was spinning wildly around, with my giddy self in the middle of it. To think of my dainty Clarice with that great awkward, loutish Billy June Guy in such proximity! Ugh! A shiver of disgust ran through me at the bare idea.

I had just sense enough to hold my tongue, and say nothing about it to Uncle Tom. He was looking at me curiously, as it was. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"It's the heat—the sun is so hot," I stammered.

"Coolest day we've had this summer. Thermometer down to 60° this blessed morning."

So I was obliged to cast around for a better excuse. But the remembrance of what I had seen haunted me through the whole drive and took away all my enjoyment. Of course Clarice would tell me about it when I got home, but in what light could she put her own conduct? How could she explain her suffering such an indignity? What on earth could she have been thinking about? Well, at all events, I would set her sins in order before her and make her see them in their full enormity.

Clarice looked as innocent as an angel when she met us at the door on our return.

"That was a nice way to treat a body," she said, coolly: "to run off for a whole afternoon, without saying by your leave or with your leave. I wouldn't have treated you so, Miss Bonnybel Lee!"

"And I would not have acted as you did, Miss Clarice Venable!" I retorted, eager for the fray. But unfortunately for my peace of mind the quarrel was cut short by the sound of Miss Lizzie's voice calling up-stairs:

"Miss Clarice, you and Miss Bonnybel come down, please. The Scarborough girls are in the parlor waiting to see you."

So what with the Scarborough girls and tea coming immediately after their departure, Clarice and I had not a fair chance to fight it out. Miss Lizzie came and sat with us on the porch after supper, which further precluded the possibility of a reconciliation. And with it all I was thoroughly cross and uncomfortable. I could hardly believe it of Clarice, even though I had the evidence of my own eyes. Why did she keep away from me, instead of coming and making a clean breast of it all? It was exactly as if she thought the injury on her side instead of on mine.

Tired and miserable, I got up after a while and went upstairs to bed. It was the first bit of difference that Clarice and I had had since we came down here, and it was not pleasant. I was lying in bed wide awake, though my eyes were shut, when Clarice came up. There was no light in the room, so I could not see her face, but in her voice there was a sound of suppressed laughter, as she called my name:

"Bonnybel, are you awake?"

"Yes," was all the answer I vouchsafed.

She came over to my side of the bed and sat down.

"Cross still? I am afraid your ride didn't improve your temper much. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," obstinately.

"Bonnybel, I've got the best joke to tell you. Won't you just shout when you hear it!" No answer. "To tell the truth, I'm not very proud of my share in it. It was an awful mean thing to do."

Then I found my voice. "I quite agree with you," said I.

"What?" with a quick change in her voice. "Were you anywhere around? Why, Bonnybel Lee, I never suspected it!"

"You are not more surprised than I was. I should never have suspected you, Clarice Venable, of anything so perfectly contemptible. I did think you were a lady," my throat beginning to experience sensations of choking just at that point.

Clarice seemed mystified. "I don't know what you are talking about. It was all in fun, and it was not so awful. What makes you so cross, Bonnybel? What have I done to you?"

"Nothing. Only I am disappointed—and disgusted."

"With me? You are very good, I'm sure, to take all that trouble. Would you mind stating in what particular you are disappointed and disgusted—with me?"

"No, I won't! Not when you take that tone!" I said, angrily. "You know well enough what I mean without my telling you!"

"You will excuse me for contradicting you, but I don't in the least know what you mean." Clarice always took the "high and mighty" tone when she lost her temper. It exasperated me more than ever just now.

"Well, then, you may take it out in not knowing, so there!"

"I'll do just that." And Clarice whirled away, fully as indignant as I was.

All the next day we kept up a sort of armed neutrality. Clarice shut herself up in her room with her sketch-book and paint-box. Failing those resources, I solaced my wounded soul with a long ramble around the shore, where I communed with my own heart, and was still. Left to myself in this way, I began to think that I might have been mistaken after all. It might have been some other girl than Clarice. After all, it was only on the strength of the pink cloud that she stood convicted, and Clarice Venable was not the only girl in the world that owned a pink cloud. Only, if it was not Clarice, who was it?

I ran straight upon the solving of the mystery in the most unexpected manner in the world. I was walking along a part of the shore that curved suddenly to the right, and following the curve I came face to face with—Jane Ann.

Jane Ann, with her pretty face all in a glow of smiles and blushes, and her pink cheeks doing their best to rival the color of the pink cloud which lay across her shoulders, and which was the very model of Clarice's! And Billy June, upon whose unlucky head I had been heaping all manner of invectives, followed in Jane Ann's wake. Of course I saw it all as plain as daylight. I had mistaken Jane Ann for Clarice—only to think of it! What did I care for Billy June's having his arm around Jane Ann's waist? There was a beautiful unanimity in that "thought and purpose" that did not fail to strike me at once. Billy June and Jane Ann! Why, what an admirable arrangement, to be sure!

They had not seen me, being absorbed in each other's charms. I flew homeward as light of foot as I was light of heart. It was not Clarice! Oh, the relief of that thought!

I rushed straight up-stairs and knocked at the door "Clarice, mayn't I come in?"

"Of course," coldly; "I have no objection."

Well, once in, I made short work of her coldness. I told her the whole story, and when she had got over her indignation at my daring to think such things of her, the funny side of it struck her and she laughed for one good hour.

"But, Clarice," said I, when her merriment had somewhat subsided, "what did you mean last night? What was the good joke you had to tell me?"

"Something almost as funny as this. If you hadn't been so acrimonious I'd have told you anyhow, for it really was too good to keep. Last night after you left I slipped into the pantry to make a raid on Miss Lizzie's cake-jars. The pantry window opens right out on the porch, you know, but I don't suppose they had any idea I was there. Bonnybel Lee, what do you think? *If I didn't hear Uncle Tom making love to Miss Lizzie!*"

"WHAT?" I cried, with a jump.

"As sure as I am a living sinner! And doing the thing up in style, too! Just as if he was used to it!"

Well, well, well! Was the world coming to an end? To think of Uncle Tom's falling in love at all—the old humbug! —but, above all, to think of his falling in love with a woman who had lived all her life long—down the Neck!

MILDRED SCARBOROUGH.

The Foster Mother's Alarm.

(*See Steel Engraving.*)

THE very pleasing picture "The Foster Mother's Alarm" is from a painting by the celebrated German artist, Dieffenbach. This popular painter was born in 1831, and studied art at Düsseldorf. After traveling a considerable length of time in Switzerland, and living for some years in Paris, he ultimately settled in Berlin and pursued his art. His productions are exceedingly popular, being mostly of a character that appeals to the universal taste.

"The Foster Mother's Alarm" is a charmingly natural production. The hen, having adopted a family of ducks, entertains the same affection for them that she would were they her own progeny. She has lost her brood of young ones, which have fallen victims in the spring-time of life to man's voracity. From a similar cause, perhaps, the mother of this interesting little family has departed this life, and the hen, understanding the forlorn condition of the orphans, and glad for something on which to pour out the full tide of her motherly feelings, takes the young ones under her maternal wings. She never dreams of their indulging in aquatic sports, which she thinks an illusive pleasure at best, and highly dangerous. Nature, however, is not easily subdued. Though we may change our mothers we cannot change our natures; and on a lovely summer morning, when the sun was filling the green fields with light and the blue waters looked cool and tempting, the little family rushed simultaneously in, to the dismay of the foster mother. Utterly oblivious of her alarm, they disport themselves in the water, like Goldsmith's "noisy geese that gabbled in the pool." In vain she calls to them to leave the dangerous element; they heed not her entreaties, and glide over the waters and plunge into the cooling depths with a feeling of perfect security.

The beautiful child, tired of rambling over the fields, has seated himself, and is sharing his bread with the ducklings, who approach him with perfect confidence while he scatters the crumbs that they receive with evident pleasure.

The original of this picture is very charming. The artless simplicity of the golden-haired child and his entire absorption in his occupation have been highly commended. The picture, with its varied lights and shadows, cool depths of verdure, and white clouds melting into the blue sky, is very attractive. A quiet humor is given to the production by the contrast between the excited foster mother and the placidity of the ducklings as they swim over the waters regardless of the entreaties of their alarmed parent.

AGATHE DE VALSUZE.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

BY M. D'EPAGNY.

rom page 674.)

Adrien, who cared as little as any one for etiquette, and seldom troubled himself about it, instructed his father, who laughed at his precautions while promising to obey.

The marquis might object on account of his daughter's youth, or perhaps on the score of her present poverty, which he believed only temporary, he might wish to defer the engagement. To obviate all these difficulties which his father might not foresee, Adrien composed replies calculated to suit the pride of the ruined exile. He wished also to offer, without hurting him, an honorable means of living, and finally to reassure him in case he might fear a separation from his daughter. "You must say," pursued Adrien, "something like this :

"Monsieur le marquis : I beg you to notice how highly I esteem this alliance of our houses. Our families are equally ancient and honorable—there is no obstacle in that direction. Then your own good sense has doubtless already told you that our beloved sovereign—well named *Louis le Désiré* (that will be *your* expression, father, not mine), will restore your property or its equivalent (I don't believe a word of it, but you can say it all the same), and so I feel authorized in begging you to permit me the favor of advancing you a modest revenue while you are waiting—say a thousand francs a month. And as it would be out of the question for you to separate from your daughter, whose presence and tender cares are now your only joy, you will live with her or rather she will lodge with you, for to-day I shall sell you a pretty little mansion which you shall pay for in advance by consenting to the engagement, since it will be part of Adrien's dower, and in which you may offer him a home after the marriage. Mlle. de Valsuze being so young, and having so recently lost her mother, will of course remain during her year or two of mourning with monsieur, her father, until her marriage with the chevalier (or *you* may say *vicomte* if you choose) with the vicomte, my son. All arrangements and settlements shall be made according to ancient and modern authentic forms."

This was the tenor of the asking. Certainly everything seemed to have been thought of.

We will pass briefly over the next day, merely mentioning that M. de Chamberceau and his son with the Bernard family accompanied M. de Valsuze and his daughter to the cemetery.

Until then, all had gone according to the programme.

M. de Valsuze announced his intention to visit them on the morrow ; but M. de Chamberceau and Adrien decided to come first to ask his daughter's hand.

Early, therefore, about eleven o'clock, they entered Bernard's immense court, which was full of preparation for the erection of new buildings. Bernard was there in his working dress, his hands clasped behind him, walking up and down with an anxious disquieted air. A heavier shadow fell over his face as he saw the count coming.

M. de Chamberceau looked surprised at this unusual reception. "Something has gone wrong," he said, "I see it

in your face. What is it, friend Bernard? What has happened?"

"Gone! disappeared! flown! I can't make it out!" he answered.

"Who are gone?" cried Adrien.

"The marquis and his daughter. That is all I know—everything!" He drew nearer as he continued: "Yesterday, when we came back from the cemetery, I thought of carrying up some refreshment to the marquis and Mlle. de Valsuze, as they had eaten nothing all morning. I found Mlle. Agathe waiting for me. She began by thanking me for my kindness—she said she would always feel grateful to me for my respectful attentions to her father, who required so much from those around him. Her voice softened as she added: 'God only knows if we can ever cancel all these obligations!' I was about to reply; but she laid her pretty hand on my arm and went on: 'My father does not know what things cost; but I do. And I want to ask you to help me at once, dear Monsieur Bernard, to count how much we have to pay, not for your good kind services which have doubtless been prompted by the noble Chamberceau family to whom we already owe so much; but for the sum you have advanced, and for my mother's tombstone. Count the carriages at as low a price as possible, so as to be sure, and tell me how much I can get from the sale of these diamonds (she held out a little casket enclosing them), and besides by taking out the jewels from this frame which my father bought for this portrait. I hope these will save us from falling into debt. Be good enough, Monsieur Bernard, to add this to your other kindness. Here is the bill for the marble. The sculptor followed us into the cemetery and gave it to my father while we were there! This action was not of a true artist. I looked at the tomb which I had not before noticed, and found it very inferior in design and execution; but it is impossible to bargain over such a matter!' She handed me the bill. Imagine the amount! fourteen thousand francs! and I assure you that the kneeling figure and the two little angels at the corners would be overpaid at fourteen hundred! But I took the bill without telling her that I intended to have the work examined and appraised, so as to save them all I could. I pretended to agree with her views. She insisted on going out to have her diamonds valued, and if I had refused she would have gone by herself with old Nanette, who never leaves her. Fortunately the frame was valued at a very high price."

"Why, didn't you pretend it was enough?" cried Adrien.

"So I did," returned Bernard, "and I also had a saddler come to estimate the carriages. I made him believe that it was I who wished to sell them to M. de Valsuze; so the man, whom I often employ, thought himself obliged to set a high sum. That enabled me to take them on account at about a third of their original cost. Finally, yielding to Mlle. Agathe's unaccountable haste, which I could not understand, I finished all her father's business, and gave her the receipts of the expenses, which leave him in money about forty louis. I lost nothing either, thanks to my interview with the sculptor who was willing to take half the price and glad to get so much."

"O, for pity sake, Bernard!" cried Adrien, "do not let us bother with accounts. Where are the Marquis and Mlle. de Valsuze?"

"I am coming to that, Monsieur Adrien. Mlle. de Valsuze places entire confidence in Nanette, and I am sure it was she who advised this sudden disappearance. What makes me think so, is the fact that all of her own and her employer's trunks and effects were moved to her relations, and this morning after having talked awhile together, the father and daughter got into a cab, pretending that they were going to make some calls. Mlle. Agathe left a note—here it is:

"'Good-bye, good Monsieur Bernard. My father charges me to thank you and to express to the Comte and the Vicomte de Chamberceau his sincere regrets, that he cannot accept their kind invitation. My father also desires me to give you his snuff-box as a little token of remembrance. I shall never forget your kindness.

'AGATHE DE VALSUZE.'"

"The gold box was lying on the table of the room he had lately occupied, upon his daughter's note," continued Bernard. "Here it is. It is very costly, and I shall insist upon his receiving the value if I can find out his chosen retreat."

"We ought to send to Nanette's people, if we knew where to find them," said the Count de Chamberceau.

"I have their address. They are in business in a small way. I sent there directly, and the messenger brought word that the marquis, his daughter, and the old *bonne*, left there this evening without telling them their plans. They have taken every precaution to lose themselves, and that is easily done at Paris."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEAR THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

NANETTE, after her talk with Mlle. de Valsuze, had chosen, near the end of the faubourg St. Marceau, a retired and modest dwelling for the little family.

Agathe had expected some opposition from her father, but he made none. When she proposed her plan to him, he replied, quietly: "Yes, my child, let us hide ourselves for some days. I see the necessity. We ought not to show ourselves, if we must appear too far below our rank. We shall soon return at our sovereign's call. I am sure it will not be long in coming. You smile, Agathe, with an air of incredulity, pardonable indeed after our sad arrival; but reassure yourself. We shall probably have to wait long for our losses to be compensated, and I do not depend on that. I count on something more certain, and I have determined to address the king himself."

The brave old gentleman, feeling still strong and courageous, was thinking seriously of asking for a military appointment in the royal guards; he did not believe his request would be rejected. "I repeat to you, Agathe," he went on, "that I cannot doubt of success; and to prove it to you we shall go to the palace together just as soon as I inform myself of the present costume and etiquette."

Agathe drew a sigh of sadness and discouragement. She was thinking of the feeble sum left to establish them in the little lodging, where she hoped to support her father by her own work, and this sum was to be absorbed in useless expenditure for presentation, even before they were established! Feeling at the same time the necessity to unveil the truth about their real position, and the sorrow with which her father would perceive it, and remembering her mother's courage in concealing it so long, the poor girl turned to Nanette and asked her what to do.

This kind creature, in spite of her affectionate and good heart, could not understand the delicacy Agathe felt, nor the sharp pain it would give the marquis to have his last illusion torn away. She made up her mind to tell him without letting her mistress know, and she did so about a month after they were settled in their little rooms.

But the marquis calmly smiled.

The next day after dinner, he said to his daughter: "You were wise, Agathe, to select our last stopping-place (for this is the last I promise you) toward this remote quarter, for while I am here I shall have a good chance to study up the new customs. Besides, I do not wish to appear in the world until I have taken my old place. And now I wish to say that you must not be uneasy about the future. Yesterday,

Nanette came to me with a long story about your anxieties and troubles. This morning I went to the Tuileries, or rather to the Louvre, where his Majesty's special officers of correspondence are temporarily placed. I wished to present myself at the morning or evening reception, but it seems that nothing of the sort has yet been re-established. They are slow.

"I was advised to be in the chapel when the King went to mass. I saw him there and gave him my letter, upon the envelope of which I had written: 'To the King, from his faithful and devoted subject, the Marquis de Valsuze.' It seemed as if this inscription had struck him, and as if he had read the letter, for on his return he recognized me and made a gracious movement with his hand, as he said kindly: "Good morning, Marquis de Valsuze, good morning. We shall bear you in mind.'

"And now, my daughter, I hope your fears are all allayed?"

Agathe's eyes fell, and she made no reply. Nanette, as she brought the marquis his after-dinner coffee, drew up her mouth, and slightly shook her head.

Mlle. de Valsuze and Nanette by inquiring had found out all the difficulties that beset the unfortunate exiles, their continued deceptions, and the utter impossibility for the king to come to the aid of so many. This impossibility rendered him sad and discontented, and embittered him still more in the midst of the cruel cares of his difficult government.

Agathe's sadness, therefore, did not vanish when her father, finishing his account, added: "You understand, my daughter, after these words of the king: 'Good-morning, Marquis de Valsuze, good-morning. We shall bear you in mind,' I was delighted and I retired to a recess in the hall of the Tuileries to wipe away my joyful tears. I did not dream that I should weep for grief as well the very next moment."

Agathe redoubled her attention, and Nanette, holding her breath, leaned against the door of her little kitchen.

"Well, father?" asked Agathe anxiously.

"Oh, do not alarm yourself, my child, it was only the loss of a little belief I held dear—I have lost enough others; my feelings were hurt. But the king mistakes—he will learn to know me better. Only the tears of shame followed close on the tears of happiness. A very deferential and polite individual approached me with ceremonious respect, telling me that he had the honor of belonging to the payment section of the civil list. I replied by bowing, while I wondered what I was expected to say to a superintending officer whom I did not know. This person added: 'Monsieur le Marquis de Valsuze has just addressed a suit to his Majesty?'

"'A petition,' I replied respectfully.

"'Petition, if you will. It is still obligatory for the king, since his Majesty does not dispute the debt.'

"I fell from my height, as Nanette sometimes says,—come in, Nanette, I wish you to hear this, and that half opened door makes a draught."

Nanette did not wait for a second invitation.

"'The king does not dispute the debt?' I repeated with astonishment."

"'No, Monsieur le Marquis,' replied the person, bowing lower and lower.

"'But I swear to you,' I cried impatiently, 'that I do not in the least understand you!'

"The gentleman came nearer, speaking in a low and confidential tone. 'The king,' he said, 'at the sight of your name, remembered at once the devotion of your family, your sacrifice at the horrible reign of Terror, and the help in money that was given to the princes of the royal house. It is hardly surprising that his Majesty has not forgotten this conduct; for—you will scarcely believe it—there were but twenty rich lords in all France who offered to help as you did. So you need feel no surprise that his Majesty said: 'We shall bear you in mind, Marquis de Valsuze.'

"The blood rose to my face. Not only had I never given a thought to what had passed at that epoch and had never even noted the money advanced, nor the rights it gave myself or my heirs; but I felt that the unworthy idea of approaching my sovereign, after an exile of twenty years, with a demand for payment had never crossed my mind. I was indignant that any one could think me capable of such meanness.

"I turned to this polite gentleman and asked with some spirit: 'How do you understand it?'

"'Oh, calm yourself, Monsieur le Marquis,' he resumed 'the king only needs time to put his own affairs in order, and then he will restore the loans entirely and generously, the principal with interest at a high rate. Only he cannot pay all his creditors at once, and there are some who persecute us. Consent, then, to receive a small sum on account, and wait with patience for the rest.'

"I grew angry. 'Have you read my letter, sir,' I cried.

"'No, Monsieur. I have it here, and I know what it is about.'

"'*Morbleu!* I have not deserved this insult. Read the letter, Monsieur, and do not judge people so harshly.'

"He then opened my petition and saw that I implored the favor of approaching his Majesty to offer my respects, my congratulations, and to devote the rest of my life to his service,—but I said nothing about the debt.

"He seemed confused after this perusal. He accompanied me as far as the court-yard saying a thousand polite and agreeable things, the best of which was that the king should know the contents of my letter—for the good monsieur saw that my heart was sore about that."

While the Marquis was talking, Nanette exchanged looks with Agathe. The poor soul was hoping for something substantial, and seemed, even while she admired M. de Valsuze, to smile with a sort of pity which said: "Alas! this poor dear master of mine, he does not understand the value of anything, and would let all the favors of Providence slip through his fingers."

But Agathe kissed her father's hands, after making a sign to Nanette to hold her tongue.

Then he told them that the king had promised to pay his personal debt to M. de Valsuze, which amounted to four hundred thousand francs.

"What has given me pleasure," added the marquis, "is the idea of having a little fortune for you. I don't much care about it for myself—it takes very little to live. I have had experience, I am sure; for during the lifetime of my dear Antoinette I lacked nothing except, perhaps, the luxuries of my rank. But you can understand that I am pleased to have it for you."

Agathe clasped her hands in joy for her father. She really believed his misfortunes were nearly over. In a little while she hoped to see him surrounded with comforts. She thanked God, and she also profited by this occasion to inform M. de Valsuze how mistaken he had been about the ease he had enjoyed, and how many miserable sacrifices and anxieties it had given her mother.

But whether Agathe did not dare to explain fully for fear of disturbing her father too much, or whether she could not make him understand all the trouble he had never felt, she certainly left only one impression on his mind which was that they had deprived themselves of all amusement and recreation to attend to his comfort. He understood nothing of the real truth. Ah! what would he have said! what would he have thought, if he had known that they had often stinted themselves in matters of necessity to give him the

THE SOCIETY OF EXILES.

pleasure of feeling that there was plenty and to spare in the quiet life to which he was condemned, and which they managed to render so sweet and pleasant!

On that day the little family experienced a tranquil happiness. The old exile felt that he was really back in France. Until then he had found the country for which he had suffered and wept an inhospitable land which had forgotten him.

After dinner he walked with his daughter to the Jardin des Plantes.

"I can best understand my new situation," said the king's noble creditor, "by the charming effect it has had upon you. You have a high-bred-air, a dignified mien, an imposing look you had not before, which was all your mother lacked to make her perfect."

Agathe indeed breathed more freely since she had heard the news at dinner. She laughed as she explained the cause of her changed looks: "You see, papa, I am changed already because I am happy and favored. I had to hold my head down before to bear whatever might happen. My poor mother was constantly fighting with fortune. She kept her pride within her own heart, and did not dare to let it be seen."

M. de Valsuze was touched by his daughter's remarks, yet he did not clearly understand although his reply was full of tender sentiment. "You must have suffered much to gain such wisdom at your early age. For my own part when I think of things as they now actually are, I usually shrink back with fear—everything looks so dark, so gloomy, that I put my happy recollections of the past and my bright hopes for the future in place of the present, and I close my eyes firmly upon the reality of the times. But to-day I open them with pleasure, for your face reflects a hopeful confidence greater than my own. Oh, that makes me willing to look upon the truth, and I understand for the first time the advantages of a little fortune, for the good one may do, for the independence one may feel. I think, too, of my country—truly one is only happy under one's own skies. I am thankful that Providence has remembered us,—for your sake, my dear, I am glad; for I should only have sorrowed for your sake."

Agathe, with tearful eyes, looked at her father's handsome fresh face, which, thanks to his wife's tender cares, looked hardly forty years old. "Yes, my father," she replied, "my mother was your living Providence who charged me to continue her work. I was incapable of replacing her, and the Eternal King has put it into the heart of our earthly sovereign to aid us."

This was the first and almost the last fully happy evening of Mlle. de Valsuze's life, as unhappily we soon shall see.

But in one thing more she showed her prudence. In spite of the just and reasonable hope of a better condition she made no change in the household arrangements. She persuaded the marquis, who was inclined to take some costly measures toward comfort and style to put this off for awhile. She pleaded so strongly with him to wait until the means came and not to use any beforehand, that he could not refuse her. M. de Valsuze gave up without objection when he remembered that he might be obliged to make his creditors wait. Nothing pained him more than the idea of putting any one to inconvenience or trouble.

This was a most fortunate point gained for Agathe, and lessened the weight of the misery which was soon to fall on her.

And so passed the three first months of M. de Valsuze's sojourn in the Rue Saint-Victor. The marquis, calmly satisfied, had arranged his time so as to pass the day agreeably. He went out quite early and walked in the Jardin des Plantes, which he insisted on calling the Jardin du Roi. At nine o'clock he returned and always found his coffee made, his daughter waiting for him, and his morning paper ready to his hand. During the day M. de Valsuze, who had met and was interested in two learned professors devoted to the study of natural history, visited them; or else went to see an old abbé, lately returned from Switzerland. These three persons and two highly estimable ladies, acquaintances of the two professors, made up his little circle of friends, for he had determined not to appear in Parisian society until the king had redeemed his word.

These friends were all of the same political opinions, and waiting for favorable changes toward the return of the old times they regretted. The evening was devoted to discussing the news, and playing.

The marquis did not take his title. He was known to the two ladies as M. de Valsuze, and even as M. Valsuze.

Waiting for a happy time is in itself happiness, and the opulent lord of Louis Sixteenth's time never perceived the humble and middle-class fashion of his days. He felt like a traveler waiting to set sail, and the habits belonging to his daily life had been already acquired during the years of his exile.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CROSS OF STARS.

AGATHE had regained, so to speak, her serenity of body and mind. Her lovely face had lost all traces of anxiety, and reflected happy health as a flower glows in the sweet breeze of spring.

Nanette was indefatigable, and prudent as her young mistress, but she had less confidence. Every day she heard people talking about the exile's affairs (she was never interested in anything else), and as she listened to many sad stories and weary complaints, she could not hope for much. She therefore hastened to carry out a plan for their support without letting the marquis know, and they both determined to work with as much persistent courage as if they had nothing better to expect.

Nanette ran around everywhere. Her activity nevertheless did not assist Agathe in selling her landscapes and other little pictures.

A chance, for which the noble young lady was thankful, at last appeared to favor her. The artist, or rather the unskillful sculptor, who had asked such an enormous sum for his work on Mme. de Valsuze's monument, had a brother, a rich broker and dealer in curiosities and pictures. He brought him to see Agathe's drawings and paintings, and was induced by him to take them in part payment for what was owing him. And the broker added, that if she had any more such he would take them at a reasonable price, although, he said, they had no particular value. He left his address, which was kept carefully. Agathe thought it was a resource, as indeed it would have been if this man had had a little honesty or charity.

To understand what follows, it is necessary to say that Mme. de Valsuze from the cultivation of her natural talent had attained a remarkable degree of artistic perfection, which had been even surpassed by her daughter. But there was a particular reason which caused the true appreciation of her works by the public.

The old doctor of Znaïm had a number of Mme. de Valsuze's and Agathe's pictures in his house. At his death, which occurred very soon after the marquis left France, his furniture was sold by his heirs, and all the pictures marked with a little cross formed by seven stars, but without any name, sold at a remarkably high price. Five of the little paintings and two by Agathe, also marked with the cross of stars, passed rapidly from hand to hand until they reached the emperor's gallery. It will be seen that all that had been painted or engraved by Mme. de Valsuze during the last twenty years instantly acquired a considerable value, and that soon the works designated by the name of the Cross of Stars were known in France and Italy, as well as Germany.

Now the broker, M. Mancheron, was well informed and an expert, and Agathe found him willing to give her work.

At first she did not tell him that she painted, nor that the pictures the sculptor saw were her own; but gave them as originals. All therefore contributed to give Agathe's works their real value. The characteristic sign by which the signature was replaced, the cross of stars, was introduced so adroitly in each picture that it was impossible to doubt their being the work of a master whose style and touch were so well known.

And this master was the late marquise, the courageous Antoinette, whose admirable talent by steady work had reached such perfection that she was able to support her family honorably in their exile. Reputation had not grown so rapidly as skill, and the modest artist who worked secretly had never raised much on her earliest pieces, while the miserable Wasernitk had been receiving three times the amount first asked. Mlle. de Valsuze, whose gift was greater than her mother's, ought to have gained as much for her supposed copies.

The public believed that the "Cross of Stars" was the name taken by a French painter who had died in Germany.

Manchiron took the two first landscapes for two hundred francs and sold them for a thousand; but when he found out from Nanette that Agathe was capable of producing others as graceful and pretty, he saw that he had a fertile mine to work.

Madame Chaudefront unfortunately praised her mistress, and would allow no one to doubt her talent. To convince M. Mancheron, who feigned unbelief, she took him one day up to the little attic room where he saw Agathe painting with a skill that would have honored any artist.

Of course an arrangement, greatly to the young girl's disadvantage, was soon made. She was happy to sell her own pictures as copies of her mother's, and during the first month she gave up six little masterpieces for one hundred crowns, which Manchiron sold, as originals, for three thousand francs.

What could be more admirable than this persistence in fighting off misfortune, in counting more on personal effort than on uncertain hopes. Perhaps the reason God does not immediately reward such conduct may be because he reserves the hardest trials for those most worthy of his love.

It was the middle of the month of March, 1815. The marquis went out early expecting to spend the evening in his usual way. He was content, cheerful, and full of hopeful confidence.

His friends, or rather his mere acquaintances, had watched him anxiously for several days. They had long ago guessed from his ease and the courteous manner which always stamps the well born, high bred gentleman, that M. de Valsuze was a man much above his simple style of life.

The abbé looked up with interest as the marquis entered, and said: "Monsieur de Valsuze, have you read the papers yesterday or to-day?"

"Oh dear no, monsieur l'abbé. They say the same things

over and over. I find nothing new or satisfactory in them, so I never touch them now. I am waiting for a return to something like re-establishment."

"Alas! monsieur," resumed the abbé, "you might have seen by this morning's papers that we are threatened with a terrible return." He went on to relate how Napoleon had landed at Cannes and arrived at Lyons.

The marquis was amazed, but yet not utterly cast down. He listened attentively, then taking his hat he bowed and went out.

"This is a call from God to the people," said the old exile to himself, as he walked on. "Now opinions will be expressed. Another revolution is threatened which will be resisted, I hope, even against the will of the sovereign, who may probably, like poor Louis XVI., try to save bloodshed."

Drawing up his still fine figure he thought seriously of offering his services to protect the throne. Guided by these generous impulses he found himself at the palace gates; but the shutters were closed, people were hurrying to and fro, and a company of mounted life-guards beside the other soldiers were drawn up before the peristyle.

The first persons who noticed his dress, peculiar from its ancient fashion, gave him cold looks. Others of a lower class drew back and insulted him with pitiless remarks.

"Here's another of the brave men who ran away to Coblentz; we shall soon see them begin their march again!"

The marquis drew nearer. He addressed an officer of the life-guard, who answered sadly, abruptly, but not impolitely:

"I cannot tell you, sir, how the interests of the monarchy are to be defended. I was born under another government, and I am a new-comer into this; but it seems to me singularly served by those who ought to sustain it. I have always been taught to face danger at the first alarm; but here we are told to turn our heels to those who wish to attack us—and go to Belgium. That seems to me a new fashion of doing things. The one who is coming and who will be here only too soon, never accustomed us to this method. But we are only soldiers and must obey commands. We were told: 'Swear to defend your sovereign, the descendant of the ancient line of Capet.' We swore. To-day they tell us: 'Some one else is coming to take his place. Go sixty miles away.' Very well."

He struck his horse a heavy blow with his whip, and rode off.

The marquis remained standing in sore trouble. He felt treason on all sides. He saw the people badly disposed, uncertain, leaning toward the imperial government and no effort made by any one to give them another impulse. He crossed his arms and was half lost in these sad reflections when a man in traveling dress got down from a dusty carriage upon the Place du Carrousel and touched his elbow.

It was the Comte de Chamberceau, who came to report the unsettled state of affairs in his prefecture.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHAMBERCEAU FATHER AND SON.

After the first words of surprise, and the first questions, the comte completed the misery of the marquis by saying:

"We no longer understand this people. We do not know how to govern them if there is any way left. I came to warn his majesty that he must yield to the torrent of public feeling and hurry to the northern frontiers. When his person is in safety, we shall see what can be done."

At this moment a tall young man crossed the Place, and, passing near them, suddenly stopped and greeted M. de Chamberceau affectionately. It was Adrien. He was in citizen's dress. "The monarchy seems to be badly served," he said to his father; "I blush for France when I see how little devotion is shown by the men who had everything to gain by its return——"

"One word, my son," interrupted the comte; "what are you going to do?"

"How can you ask me, father? I shall do what you are doing to-day. You follow the banner of your prince so long as it floats. If it should fall, you would retire without seeking another, and without conspiring to raise it again, if a new one existed."

"Are you going to join the rebellion?"

"No father; but if the prince does not place himself at the head of the army, if he leaves the country—there will be no rebellion—and then——"

"I understand you," replied the comte sadly.

Another young man about Adrien's age, with moustaches, and wearing spurs and a military coat, broke in abruptly upon the conversation to which he had been listening for about two minutes. The marquis thought he knew the face without exactly remembering where he had seen it. It was M. Foncemagne. He struck Adrien lightly on the arm as he said: "Adrien, a man like you, upon whom we count, ought to have something better to do in a time like this than to make reflections on the perfections or imperfections of the state, and upon the spirit of the French army to which he has the honor of belonging."

"I am no longer a member of the army," returned Adrien, "and if I were and intended to overthrow the government, or to betray the prince, good or bad, I should be careful not to say I had the *honor* of belonging."

"Monsieur de Chamberceau, these words are addressed to me, and do not please me. I have the honor myself of belonging to the French army. What do you say to that?"

"I say," answered Adrien, "that I have the honor of *having belonged to it.*"

"We shall meet this evening," resumed Foncemagne. "I shall be sorry if we could not understand each other. But have a care, Adrien, I will not—we will not take a word of blame upon our conduct, nor upon our interpretation of the word honor. Will you come?"

"Certainly, monsieur; but only to see you and to have the explanation which I would gladly avoid; but which you force upon me against my will."

"That is enough, monsieur."

They exchanged bows, and Foncemagne, in leaving, showed an agitation which he could not control.

"He suffers from what I said to him," said Adrien gently. "I am sure he could weep with rage that one of his friends could blame his conduct on a point of honor; but I excuse him with all my heart, and shall do my best to give our explanation a happy issue. If I had not had my father's example, I might have understood honor as Foncemagne does."

"What will you say to him," cried the comte, pale with fright. "What will you say to calm this fanatic and his companions?"

"I shall tell him what I tell you. That your example and your principles have placed me in a better way than his. But let us drop the subject."

The Marquis de Valsuze would not yield to Adrien's entreaties for his address. He promised to write and give it as soon as he could do so, and he would not explain further. So the time seeming inappropriate the question of the marriage was not referred to, and they separated.

The marquis went home wretched. The loss of the four hundred thousand francs never crossed his mind. He thought only of his king's misfortune. The loss did not occur to

Agathe either when her father told her of the changes. Nanette only grumbled to herself: "Ah, what a good idea it was to work for our living. There's nothing like knowing how to work, nothing like it for great and small. Work is gold—it is better than gold, for it can't be taken away from one."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST STROKE OF POVERTY.

NANETTE CHAUDEFRONT was mistaken. Work may be taken from the worthy by the greed of dishonest men, and from the unfortunate who are too weak to fight their own way. And there are many poor who are ashamed of their distress and who find no opportunity to labor. Especially is it so in times of trouble and agitation, for then, bewildered by the general misery, they have not courage to cry out and call attention to their own needs. Perhaps those who are trying to live by occupations belonging to the department of art are most of all exposed to these chances.

The marquis, after having told the sad news, went up to his room to get a traveling costume. His intention was to follow the king to the frontiers like M. de Chamberceau. He had no need to do this, since he was not, like his friend the prefect, an administrator of the departing monarch. He owed nothing to the king who owed him much, and who by this unfortunate flight made the debt likely to remain such forever. But this was not the train the marquis's ideas took. He said to himself:

"His majesty judged me unworthily, for he believed I went to court for the mean purpose of getting money, when I was carrying him a heart full of affection which only asked to be accepted. Well! when he sees me with his faithful friends, his last friends, he will not imagine, I hope, that I am going to ask him for money."

While M. de Valsuze dressed, packed his valise in haste, and congratulated himself upon his fine idea, Agathe and Nanette, their eyes fixed on the floor, were sitting in speechless woe. For twelve days no more orders had been given, and the money owing them had not been paid. Nanette was the first to find her voice.

"Now, mam'selle," she said, "you must not give your father any more money. He only gives it to the poor, and we shall be poor enough ourselves before long. I must hunt up some work; if I could only make twelve sous a day, besides doing the housework, that would help us just so much. You know very well that M. Manchiron told you the other day he would order nothing more for a long time, that he was sorry to have given you so much work at such high prices, so that you proposed to work for less and he accepted your offer. Oh, mam'selle, it made my heart bleed! I heard you calculating when you were alone—yes, I know it is not right to listen, but as you were crying you must excuse my curiosity."

"Oh, Nanette, did you hear?"

"Yes, mam'selle, I heard you say that by working your best you could hardly get enough to pay for your brushes, your colors, and your canvas, and that you would think yourself well off to have three francs a day left out of your expenses. Now, I say, it is a bad work that pays like that. You have hardly any gain at all, and if you should be a week without work what would you do about your father?"

Agathe burst into tears.

Nanette always had enough to say on this subject when she once started. So she resumed: "You see your fine art isn't a good trade. And a trade is what we need, since the king's promises go with him, and here is this other *endiablé* coming back to begin over again. Embroidery wouldn't do, for you would ruin your sight by working late, and it never pays half its value. But I have found a good business for you. Nothing fine, to be sure; but it ought not to displease you, for it is a little in your line."

Nanette went on to explain that she wished her young lady to color engravings. A poor girl who lived on the fourth floor made sometimes three francs and a half a day, which money was promptly paid. That charmed Nanette. "It is true, mademoiselle," she added, "that you would be obliged to make tricolor flags, and uniforms of the empire; but—we must live!"

In spite of her tears Agathe could not help laughing at the absurdity of the occupation. Still she dared not decline it, and resolved to resign herself to whatever seemed needful, but for the present she begged Nanette not to inform her father of their approaching strait. "Let us wait," she implored, "until we can no longer hide our poverty from him. If he knew we were denying ourselves for him, it would be impossible to make him accept anything. He would not even let us wait on him."

This consideration alone prevailed on Nanette. "It is a pity, though," she said to herself; "for the marquis is so good that his worst fear is to see any one suffer, and as soon as he found out that we sit up late at night to make twelve cents more he would no longer insist on three dishes for his table, without counting dessert and his coffee. And so, as I should have less to do at home, I could go to the river and do washing. I don't mind the trouble, and I could also bring in my three francs. But it can't be done just now. I must not fret this poor young child. I must let her go on as long as her strength lasts. And perhaps her work which is so fine, but so uncertain, may continue a little longer. Afterwards I have an idea in my head—a project of my own!"

Later on we shall see what this project was. Something nearer must now take up our attention.

The little house where M. de Valsuze lived was situated in the lower part of the Rue Saint-Victor. He occupied the second floor, which was, however, rented in the name of Mme. Chaudefront. The fourth floor was a sort of garret where Nanette slept, and where she had her little kitchen.

Next to her, there lived the granddaughter of an old soldier of the guards who had retired from the service with a *croix d'honneur* and a little pension. This girl was provided with the regular work Nanette so coveted, and colored engravings. Her grandfather might have lived at his ease in his retirement if he had not thought himself obliged in conscience to drink with all the old comrades he met. But so he used up what he gayly called his dear Napoléonie's "full pay." He had given her this new name instead of her own, which was Catherine.

Old Sous-Quartier with his rough hilarity, and the loud expressions of his sentiments for *le petit caporal*, drew many men to the public-house on the first floors of the next building.

The noise was annoying to the marquis, although he made no complaint. For the last four days, however, it was no longer noise, but uproar, augmented by bacchanalian choruses with words expressing popular military views, and refrains in honor of the national triumphs. One guessed from the energy of the singers, the crowd of drinkers, and the number of voices which joined in the general shouts that there was a spark of the volcano, the devouring influence of which all France was feeling, and which some skillful and intelligent agent was inflaming until the fire should be lit in all populous quarters at a distance from the center of the capital.

This agent was an officer of rather high rank who paid Sous-Quartier to drink away loyally, and sing loudly in honor

of the heroic *Français*, which he rhymed with *succès*, and of the illustrious chief whose *guerriers* had not yet finished their harvest of *lauriers*, and of whom *la mémoire* and *la gloire* would return with *la victoire*.

While all this was going on, the captain who managed the minds (an expression of the period) at this end of the town, was holding counsel with his friends in a large room taking up nearly all of the third floor, and directly over the Marquis de Valsuze's apartments.

There was but one other room on the third floor, and that was used by Mlle. de Valsuze as a studio. A thick wall separated these rooms, and they communicated by a double door which was fastened on each side by bolts so that each occupant could control his own locks and feel safe from intrusion. But the innkeeper, who rented the large room, to utilize the space between the two doors had opened the one on his side, and by means of shelves fastened against Agathe's door, he had contrived a sort of little cupboard.

Having explained these details we will go back to Mlle. de Valsuze.

She resolved to leave the work she liked best, her painting, as soon as she had fulfilled the last order. She should dispose of her few remaining objects of value at any price, and on the morrow she should begin to sew and embroider, or even to color the battles of the empire, if Mlle. Napoléonie would give her the extra work she had no time to do.

She was about to go up to her studio when the marquis came out of his bed-room in traveling dress and told his daughter what he meant to do.

"It will be eight days of separation," he said; "but it is a duty. Give me only twenty-five louis, I mean thirty napoléons, it will be enough."

Agathe smiled without replying, then taking from a drawer a little bag containing one hundred and ten francs—all the future resources of the house—she was about to say: "Here is all we have in the world, my father, and we have no longer any means of procuring money; for the work which helped us to live, and which we hid from you, is taken from us;" but as she advanced with a trembling step, her heart beating violently, her eyes full of tears, and her face pale, like a criminal about to confess, her emotion struck her father and stopped him. He thought his departure grieved his daughter, and that she was afraid to stay alone with Nanette.

He pushed back the little bag of money with his hand, saying: "If you would rather I should not go, my darling, I will not. Anyway, it is a great sacrifice for me to leave you, and since you wish me to stay——"

Agathe's tears flowed freely, but her face cleared.

"Let us talk no more of it!" cried the marquis, embracing his daughter. "Why did you not tell me how I was paining you, my dear? Dry your eyes. I will stay at home. Let me run out now to hear the news and to find out what is making that diabolical noise. It is growing worse and worse this last hour, and not only below, but over our heads on the floor above. Besides, I want to find out if I was followed by the orders of the young Vicomte de Chamberceau. I refused him my address this morning although he pressed me."

"Oh, father, how can you suspect him of such an act!"

"I am not sure; but as I saw him a moment ago with another officer, and as it is absurd to think that young men of their rank, and in a position to sustain it, would care to walk in this part of the city."

"And why not? Have not you heard that there are all sorts of meeting places for the retired officers? They say there is even one in this little house. It was quiet enough three months ago; but now the innkeeper next door has rented a room for such meetings. M. Adrien is doubtless visiting all the places where there is most going on—out of curiosity, perhaps."

"You are right," replied her father, "young de Chamberceau is incapable of such an action. But he is near here, for I saw him before the house, and oh! I had forgotten. This evening he had a *rendezvous* with M. Foncemagne, the present possessor of my house, you remember, and there was talk of an explanation which might end in a duel! Oh, I must hurry out! I might be fortunate enough to prevent it."

Thus speaking, the marquis hastened away, leaving his daughter, as we may well imagine, in sore agitation.

The noise above grew riotous, and sounds came like the voices of several men quarreling.

A natural curiosity induced the young girl to go up to her studio next to the room so noisily occupied. We have explained that it was separated by double doors. As soon as Agathe entered she recognized above all the deafening murmur of words a sonorous and vibrating accent which rang out full and clear for two minutes. It was Adrien's voice. What was he doing? Was he with friends? Had he come as her father feared to fight a duel? And this quarrel which seemed for a moment checked by what de Chamberceau had been saying. Would it not begin again?

While these thoughts were passing through the frightened girl's mind, Adrien's voice was drowned by violent clamor which sounded like threatening. Agathe's curiosity was mixed with an increasing terror. She remembered the double door of which one side, that opposite, opened into the other room by a simple latch, while hers had two bolts, and besides, as it was supposed to be never opened, it had the shelves on it covered with dishes.

Trembling, she determined to half open this first door so as to hear more distinctly. With one hand she drew the fastening, which yielded to her light effort, while she held the other ready to shut to the door and to slide the bolts if she ran any risk of being seen. A natural feeling of discretion warned her of the imprudence of her step, and several times she resolved to close her door; when these words, pronounced with fury, caught her ear:

"Very well then! a duel to the death! it must be—on the spot! *En garde*, M. de Chamberceau!"

And the noise of two crossed swords was joined to the cry repeated by all: "Yes, yes! a duel to the death!"

Agathe reflected no more; she opened the door completely and had nothing between her and the place of this terrible scene but the second door, slight and cracked in several places, through which she could distinctly see all that passed.

There were about twenty men in the room, in the costume between civilian and military dress which has been described. All had swords in their hands: some rested the point on the floor, others held the naked blade under their arms; each one, whatever his attitude, seemed waiting his turn to use his weapon.

Upon a chair sat a tall young man wounded in the arm. Another officer was binding up the place which bled profusely.

Opposite stood a man without coat or vest, in the posture of one who had been fighting and who waits a second opponent.

The man seated was M. Foncemagne, the one awaiting a second duel was Adrien. Agathe noting all this, stood as if petrified.

"Here is one *hors de combat*," cried an officer. "Whom will you have, monsieur? for each one of us will take his turn, so that you surely get yours."

Adrien made a sign with his sword, and the uproar which had begun again calmed down.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I deplore, I repeat it, that you

force me to defend myself against you. Permit me a few words of explanation."

A violent murmuring interrupted him. Above the vociferations these words were distinctly heard: "No, monsieur, you are for Louis XVIII. since you refuse to act with those who wish to aid Napoleon. You know our plans, our secrets, you will betray us. You must follow us and work for the emperor or kill us all."

Here Foncemagne endeavored to say a word in Adrien's favor. His voice was drowned.

"Very well!" said Adrien, grasping his sword. "You, monsieur, who suspect me of treason, I chose you. And—I give you warning—I will not spare you!"

These words were accompanied with a look of such fierceness that Agathe, terrified, closed her eyes. She opened them again quickly as she heard the clashing of the swords.

It only lasted half a minute this time. Adrien's opponent fell, pierced in several places.

"I am dying," he said, as he stretched himself on the floor and lost conciousness.

"We are letting ourselves be killed one after another by this man who only knows how to spill the blood of his old comrades, and who refuses to recognize our chief," cried a dark, evil-looking man hidden behind the others, and who now tried to draw on several at once against Adrien.

"What!" cried Foncemagne, rising and leaning against the long table placed before the door where Agathe listened. "Are you going to fight twenty against one?"

Voices from every part of the room shouted: "No, no! Frenchmen!—impossible!"

Foncemagne, confronting the man who had menaced Adrien, and seizing him with his blood-stained hand, exclaimed: "You are no officer! or you are unworthy to be one! But I lay my life you are none—and I'll fight it out with you with my left hand—I defy you! To what regiment do you belong?—answer!"

The man turned pale, drew back, and stammered.

"My friends," shouted Foncemagne, "we have a traitor with us, but it is not Adrien. Let us find out who this man is!"

A frightful tumult arose. The naked swords, with violent words, the confined space, the blood spilt, one man dead, another wounded—this state of things was enough to trouble the strongest mind.

Foncemagne, drawing near to Adrien, pushed him behind the table as if to make a rampart for them both in case of an unequal attack. "Here I am with you," he said, "forgive my wrong. I only regret one thing, which is that I forced you to take away the use of my arm so that I cannot defend you." He offered his left hand to Adrien and their peace was made.

This demonstration and the position taken behind the table as if to defend themselves surprised the riotous assembly—but the confusion was not yet at its worst.

Sous-Quartier, the old soldier of the guards, was called by his granddaughter. She interrupted a battle story the old man had just begun by saying: "You may tell that to-morrow, grandfather; but at present there is a fight in the house. Some one called up to my window that they were assassinating French officers, and here comes the wine-merchant with a justice of the peace. You know I color engravings which are too much in the style of the empire. If they should be seized, my employer would be in trouble, and I should have no more work. So come, quick, quick, up to my room."

The old soldier went with Napoléonie. When they reached the third floor they heard the noise distinctly through the door which had been opened by Mlle. de Valsuze. Napoléonie, followed by her grandfather, entered without ceremony. They saw the young lady pale as death, her hand on the latch of the other door which she had not strength to open.

The old grenadier, accustomed to run into the thick of the combat, arrived like a bomb-shell. Giving the door a strong push with his shoulder, while his granddaughter at the same instant lifted the latch, he introduced himself suddenly into the crowd, who did not expect this visit. Napoléonie, seeing the unsheathed swords, and taking in the whole scene at a glance, began to feel sorry she had asked her grandfather to come up, for he was already waving his own sword, and crying: "Who is in the wrong here? I am on the side of honor. Ah! I am on the side of honor—M. Adrien de Chamberceau who brought us from the depths of Poland, I place myself by you," and he stepped to Adrien's side.

This singular apparition caused a sensation among all the officers at the other end of the room. Was there a traitor among them? They could not tell. At the same time there came a knocking at the other door, but it was gentle and had no authoritative sound.

Napoléonie, convinced that her grandfather would get into trouble, and trembling for her seditious pictures resolved at all costs to keep the justice from going up stairs. To effect this she took two of the shelves laden with china and with some glasses and two dozen of plates, she made a greater noise than any that had yet been heard. The door at the other stairway was at once forced open by the magistrate with this formula: "*In the King's name!*"

At these words no doubt remained among the officers of Adrien's treason, and they even suspected Foncemagne. Agathe saw the general movement for furious vengeance which was about to follow. She put out her hand toward Adrien—Napoléonie understanding her intentions, seized the young de Chamberceau and Sous-Quartier by the arm and drew them with Foncemagne into the studio while Agathe slipped the heavy bolts of the thick door which separated them from the next room.

Adrien, bewildered, was unable for half a minute to collect his ideas. Sous-Quartier's granddaughter, however, went to him and said with energy: "Come down stairs quickly, and get into the cab I see waiting, which I will run on and engage. Here is your coat which I picked up—soldiers' daughters never lose their heads—follow me, and hurry. She took off her neckerchief, which she tore in two to cover Foncemagne's arm, and they disappeared.

Agathe turned toward a large portrait of her mother which she had painted from memory; it seemed to smile upon her.

In the meantime the justice, occupied in examining the unconscious man, had not yet thought of opening the other door.

Napoléonie presently returned. She had been up to her room and carried an immense package of engravings, some to be colored, some already done. These she thrust into a trunk, covering them with sketches of pious subjects which she took hap-hazard in Agathe's little room; then she picked up a palette and brush and pretended to work.

Without knowing exactly why she did all this, Agathe, to aid her, showed her the background of a picture to be filled in with one shade of brown, and thus she was employed when the second door was opened by the imperative command of the justice.

The magistrate, whose first words were rather rude, changed his manner suddenly, partly because of Mlle. de Valsuze's appearance, and partly because of the pictures which adorned the studio and the easel. Their charm and merit were instantly understood by this man who had some idea of art. He made many excuses and did not open a single portfolio—showed a profound respect, and merely inquired

about the opening of the door, through which he was told two men had escaped.

Napoléonie took it on herself to answer with an assurance which would have done honor to the truth :

"We know nothing about it. It seems they have been fighting next door. When the china fell we looked in to see what was the matter. That is why we opened the door—the men rushed through and escaped—that was nothing to us! We are young ladies, professional artists—that is all!"

Agathe dared not speak, and the marquis, who appeared at this moment, understood no more about it than did the justice. Only he thought that the girl, whom he saw for the first time, was really an artist, and that she thought it best to pass off Agathe as her companion. He had seen Adrien and Foncemagne making their escape, and he supposed Agathe had gone up there to find out what was the matter. So this occurrence did not enlighten him upon his daughter's occupation.

Napoléonie, as soon as the magistrate had gone, took back her pictures. Agathe saw, to her astonishment, hundreds of caricatures of Louis XVIII. and his nobility, and could not help smiling as she thought how she had saved this poor girl from arrest. After all, she had no evil motive in her work, and no political intention whatever—she only wanted to make a living. Mlle. de Valsuze also knew that without the presence of mind of this young person she could not have had the strength to save Adrien—that she had only shown her wish, which was seconded with so much intelligence by Sous-Quartier's grand-daughter.

This old man, in going down stairs, said to the much-amazed marquis : "In two days' time this justice, if he holds his place, will be seizing pictures of another color ; but never mind, our young ladies have been mutually obliging—the fathers may do as much on such an occasion without forgetting their flag ; for there are good men of all opinions, and I never forget anything. I remember that you lodged our brave commander in Moravia—you lodged M. Adrien de Chamberceau, who brought us from the frontiers of Russia, and was a father to us all. A solid young man, that! good in battle, good in looking after our comfort, good everyhow! There are not three like him in all the army of *le petit caporal;* and he can take his own part, too, as he showed just now by stretching out two of his slanderers. There is reason enough why we should be friends—you are M. Adrien's friend, so Sous-Quartier is devoted to you, and Catherine, I mean Napoléonie, is at your lovely daughter's service. Do you take snuff?"

The marquis politely took a pinch from the old man's Russian pine box.

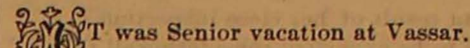
Meanwhile the cab rattled off with Adrien and Foncemagne. These two, from the moment they perceived the meeting was mixed with intriguing spies, had not only made up their quarrel, but renewed their friendship, expressing sorrow for the misunderstanding which had arisen between them.

Adrien was delighted to have discovered, by this strange chance, the Marquis de Valsuze's hiding-place. He wrote a note asking his father to go there at once, and he resolved to go himself on the morrow. He felt sure he would not be recognized, in citizen's dress, as one of the actors in the tragic scene.

But Adrien had forgotten. His father at that very moment was posting after the king, through the town of Lille ; and he was surprised when a little later he was himself called to the palace of the Tuileries by Napoleon, who had returned without meeting the slightest resistance, and who had entered his apartment as coolly as if he had left it on the previous day.

(*To be continued.*)

Lost to the Profession.



IT was Senior vacation at Vassar.

"Well," exclaimed Louise Lennox, as she and her friend Laura Page wended their way down the length of the corridor, "if you expect me to look upon you as 'grave and reverend Seniors' you tax my imagination heavily.

Laura laughed. "You ought to have come before, my dear. I smile whenever I think how you hesitated to come during my 'overcrowded last days before Commencement!' We have absolutely nothing to do except our rehearsals with the elocution teacher. But you must not think we are quite so lawless as this *all* the time."

"Laura!" A tall, dark girl with dishevelled bangs rushed up to them. "I have sold your shades for a dollar."

"Good!" answered Laura with such hearty emphasis that her friend stared at her in open-eyed wonder.

"Oh, my dear! if your purse was as empty as mine, you would hail Senior Auction as all the rest of us do. This is the most delightful place to be poor in, for everybody else is in the same state by this time in the year, and I assure you it is quite a matter for congratulation to get rid of your useless furnishings and *not* have to pay some one to carry them away."

"Live and learn," remarked Miss Lennox. "My ideas on the subject of the higher education are becoming enlarged and amended."

"That's what Vassar is good for. But come." She led the way toward the end of the corridor where a crowd was gathering, "the auction is beginning, and Miss Barnard is auctioneer ; I want you to see the whole of this hilarious spree."

"Young ladies!" A pretty girl, who was mounted on a table, held up a stump of a pencil.

"Who bids?" she asked, "who bids for the pencil with which the documents to the faculty were written? This pencil," turning it round and round, "is one that will be famous in the annals of the college forever. Ten cents, did you say? Twelve, fifteen, twenty, thirty, thirty-five, half a dollar. Going, going, gone to Miss Curtiss for fifty cents."

"What nonsense!" laughed Miss Lennox, after they had watched a tin reflector, a drinking mug, and an outrageous chromo pass into the hands of three eager "preps." "One is tempted to inquire what madness hath seized them?"

"Well, the mug belonged to Miss Carter, a Senior for whom the little prep. who bought it has a far-off admiration. She would have paid twice the amount rather than let any one else get it. Are you tired of all this noise and confusion? Shall we seek a quieter place?"

"It's too bad to have to carry you so far to find a place to sleep, but the college regulations forbid us to entertain guests in our own rooms, and we are only allowed to have a visitor for one meal a day. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Rather," assented Miss Lennox. The two girls had left the college gate behind them, and were walking rapidly toward the farm-house where Laura Page had engaged board for this friend who had come from the South in fulfillment of an old promise to spend Commencement week at Vassar.

She had arrived only a few hours before, and after the fatigue of the long journey, the babel of tongues, the rapid introductions, and the general effervescence which seemed to pervade the Senior corridor were rather overpowering. It was a relief to find herself alone with Laura in Mrs. Adams' prim little "best room ;" there was so much of personal interest to hear and to relate, and she felt as if she had been on parade until now.

"Is it well with the child?" She turned and placed both

hands on Laura's shoulders, looking into the clear brown eyes with anxious tenderness. "You look tired out, dear." This was the apparent result of her close inspection.

"Not more than is to be expected, considering all things," answered Miss Page, lightly. "Look at those great circles under your own eyes, beloved of my heart."

"Don't talk to me in any such tone as that," returned Miss Lennox, with significant emphasis. "I am physically tired, of course, but I haven't any such look as you have. Laura, my darling, you are not the same girl. *Oh!* how I hate that man!"

"Stop!" said Laura, quickly, "you don't understand."

"Yes, I do." Louise drew the girl down beside her on the bed, and clasped two loving arms around her. "I do understand that all this college life, all your honors, all your plans for future work, aren't helping you one bit, for you love him still."

There was silence for a moment. Louise, for all the tender and loving intimacy that existed between herself and Laura, felt half-frightened that she had dared to say so much.

"I don't—know." Laura's face was hidden, and the words came slowly. "Louise, I *hope* I shall never see him again. I am *sure* it is better so. I don't believe I was born to make any man's home happy."

"And yet," retorted Louise, "in spite of everything, your brain is planning, you know—in your heart of hearts—that you want some one to take care of you, and love you, and compass you about 'with sweet observances.' You can't deny it."

"I mean to be a doctor," said Laura, steadily; "the fact that I have felt this want will bring me nearer to suffering bodies and souls. Don't worry about me, Louise, I am convinced that is the work I have to do in the world, and no one is unhappy who has a helpful and satisfying work to do."

"That is so, I grant you. A few hundred years ago, you would have gone into a convent; in the nineteenth century, a life dedicated to God is spent in trying to make many people better, rather than one alone. My dear little girl," Louise's voice was very low and tender, "I shall pray 'God bless your work,' but oh, I *did* want you to be happy!"

"And I shall be," answered Laura, looking up with a smile that was so unconsciously brave and patient that Louise felt like crying over her.

"Tell me?" she began, but stopped abruptly.

"Tell you what?"

"It is not a fair question; you needn't answer it, unless you choose; but, Laura, if he were to come back to you, could you trust yourself—with all your real belief that things are best as they are—could you trust yourself to say him nay?"

Then another silence fell upon the two.

"No," answered Laura, at last, "and so I pray we may never meet. I shall devote myself to my profession, and I know it is better so, or it would not be. It was a very brief madness, and like all love, perfectly irrational. We are not at all suited to one another. I never should make him happy, for he is as conventional as I am erratic. And for myself," she hesitated a moment, "*I* shall be happier, too, by and by."

"I wonder if it really *is* better so," thought Louise, lying with wide-open eyes long after the drowsy god should have claimed her for his own. "So many women are unhappily married; and Laura might miss 'the simple obvious human bliss' more hopelessly as a wife than if she carried out her own plan, and forgetting self, learns to live even more wholly for others. And yet, and yet—I am a woman myself, and I know how lonely a woman's life may be. Well, God knows best—it is in His hands, not mine," and with that comfort, she fell asleep.

"No; lie still!" Louise started up, hardly realizing that it could be morning.

"What a sleepy-head!" laughed Laura, "but you need not disarrange yourself, as our French friends would say. I must get back to the college in time for breakfast, but Mrs. Adams will serve yours whenever you are ready."

Louise yawned sleepily, and regarded with lazy admiration the energetic movements of her friend.

"Do you feel rested?" asked Laura, bending to kiss her.

"I'll tell you by and by; I haven't found out yet."

"Farewell, then," said Laura, "lie still till you do. I'll come back for you just as soon as I can; but if you get tired of waiting, you are at liberty to walk up to the college and find me."

"Thanks; but I think I'll stay till you come."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Adams rapped at the door.

"If you please, Miss Lennox," said she, putting her head in at the doorway, "will you be ready for an eight o'clock breakfast?"

"Yes, indeed," answered that young lady promptly.

"And," continued Mrs. Adams, "there is a young gentleman staying here now, and will you take breakfast when he does, or would you like me to give you yours private?"

"Whichever is most convenient to you," responded Miss Lennox, politely. "I think if the young gentleman can stand it, I can."

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Adams, with a confidential accent, "I ain't used to taking any but the students' young lady friends; but he wanted to come here so particular, that I had to give in. It's my belief," her voice dropping almost to a whisper, "that he's in love with one of them, up there, he acts kind o' like it. Well, he's a real gentleman, anyhow, an' one can't say more than that."

The door closed, and Miss Lennox devoted herself to the task of her toilet—not an unpleasing one, either, it must be confessed. Besides, the little stimulus of "a real gentleman" gave an added zest to her labors.

The curling, chestnut "bang" which shaded her forehead with such studied carelessness, was even more bewitchingly arranged than usual; her quiet, and "correct" traveling dress was quite as becoming a garb as she could desire; and when she clasped the little golden arrow, with its diamond head, that confined her unobtrusive linen collar, she surveyed herself with serene satisfaction; and, feeling well armed for the fray, she entered the dining-room just as the clock struck eight.

"Let me introduce Mr. Kirkland, Miss Lennox," said Mrs. Adams, setting down a platter of beefsteak as she spoke, and going back to the kitchen for coffee and rolls.

Louise gave an involuntary start, and for a moment the pause threatened to become awkward; then he came forward, holding out his hand with the frank belief that welcome was his due.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Lennox."

Miss Lennox was not altogether sure of that fact, but she greeted him with lady-like composure, nevertheless.

Mrs. Adams had set breakfast upon the table, and had departed, and these two were left to an uninterrupted tête-à-tête.

It was embarrassing, to say the least, and "Oh!" thought Louise, "what if he and Laura had known that they slept under the same roof last night?" Her usual self-possession seemed to desert her, and the ordinary breakfast table amenities were gone through with stiffly enough.

"Miss Lennox," Mr. Kirkland spoke abruptly, "you are surprised to find me here, and *I* should probably have avoided the meeting had I foreseen it. My very presence here tells its own tale, and you, who love Laura, will not be altogether disposed to do me injustice, I think."

"Surely not." Louise looked up with an impulse as frank as his own speech had been. "Laura's happiness is very dear to me," she said simply.

"And her happiness is mine," he returned quickly; "if you believe that, you will be my friend."

"I do believe it," she replied. She could not but trust those steady gray eyes that met her own so fearlessly.

"Thank you," said he gratefully.

"But I don't understand"— Miss Lennox broke off in some confusion.

"Why I am here now?" said he, finishing her question. "It does seem like a foolish bit of secrecy—though, after all, my name and my movements are open to the knowledge of the world."

"But why do you wait?" persisted Louise. "'He either fears his fate too much—'"

"'Or his desert is small,'" interrupted Mr. Kirkland, "that is the reason—in part, you know," speaking more gravely, "the cause of the trouble between us."

"No," she confessed.

"It was because Laura wished to study medicine, and I objected. It seemed to me that as my wife she would have ample scope for intellect and energies."

"That is like a man!" exclaimed Louise, involuntarily.

"If she loved me, it would have been," flushing slightly in his attempt to justify himself.

"Very true," said Louise, "and being a loving woman she would very soon have found it out if you had not irritated her by opposition."

"How could I tell that?" he retorted; "she was restless and unsatisfied as long as our engagement lasted."

"Yet was the first state of this woman better than the last," said Louise, and then could have bitten her tongue out for the involuntary admission.

"She cared then," catching at the straw eagerly; "does she care still?"

"How can I tell?" she replied; "Laura's confidences are not given lightly."

"You would say I should ask only of her, and you are right. Would she see me—would there be any chance for private conversation, if I were to go up to the college and send in my card?"

Louise pondered the question a moment, then temporized. "Why do you wish to see her?" she asked.

"Good heavens! can you ask such a question?" he exclaimed. "I wish to see her because I love her better and better every day I live; because I believe I can make her happy—if not in my way in her own. She shall study any profession she pleases, if she will only give me the right to love and care for her while she is doing it."

"You shall see her," said Miss Lennox, quietly. "Go into the parlor and wait." She arose from the table as she spoke, and waved him toward the door of that sacredly-guarded apartment. The little bay window in the dining-room overlooked the college grounds, and from the shadow of the great hedge that forms the boundary she caught a glimpse of Laura's dark blue draperies.

She went to the door herself, that no Mrs. Adams need appear in answer to the ring.

"Did I not get back in good time?" asked Laura, gayly. "I am almost breathless, I walked so fast."

"You *did* come quickly," replied Louise, trembling with an excitement she could not control. "So quickly that I have not yet finished my breakfast. Will you wait in the parlor? I suppose you would rather not come out to the dining-room."

The door closed upon the unconscious Laura, and Louise went back to the scarcely-tasted breakfast. Mrs. Adams bustled in with hot coffee, and looked her surprise at seeing the empty place.

"Mr. Kirkland was called out suddenly," explained Miss Lennox. "No more coffee, thank you; I have finished my breakfast."

Mrs. Adams regarded the table with a troubled look. "I'm afraid the eggs wasn't cooked right," she observed at last.

"O, yes, everything was very nice," Louise smiled faintly; "only I am not hungry this morning. I think I haven't really rested since my journey."

She left the table and entered her own room. The parlor doors being closed, it was hardly likely that busy Mrs. Adams would prove a disturbing element; so Louise settled herself to wait with what patience she could muster.

Two plowed fields, and a long stretch of dusty road, up which came the jangle of tuneless bells, and the red car made its way out to the college.

Had she done right? Was it best, after all? How had she dared to make a special providence of herself? These were the questions that tortured her brain with ceaseless iteration. The moments dragged on slowly. She heard the clock count out nine slow strokes, and then ten, before Laura appeared.

Laura! Was it indeed she? This bright-faced girl with the light of a new happiness shining through her eyes and fairly transfiguring her?

"Louise!" she cried, "Louise!" making a sudden descent upon that young lady, and hiding the happy face on her friend's shoulder; "Oh, Louise!"

It was intelligible, though not very intelligent, behavior, in a young woman who was a firm believer in broad culture and the higher education. She was only a girl, after all, though she *was* about to graduate from Vassar. Her Commencement Day essay would demonstrate her power over the English language to the dullest listener; but there was a happy lack of rhetoric in the short and confused sentences which met the ears of Miss Lennox.

"He is waiting to see you," she said. "Did you think we had quite forgotten you? Ah! you wouldn't if you had heard!"

As they entered the parlor together, Walter Kirkland met them with outstretched hands. "She has told you," he said, clasping both of Louise's hands in his, while he cast a loving glance upon Laura.

"I suppose so," replied Miss Lennox. "It was rather incoherent, but I believe I understand."

He laughed—a happy, ringing laugh—and drew Laura to his side with an air of ownership that made Louise elevate her eyebrows slightly. "This is where she belongs now," he added, with a view to further explaining the situation.

Laura accepted it so meekly that the impulse to tease was irresistible.

"And your profession?" queried Miss Lennox, with the air of one who seeks information.

"She has concluded that she is content to be my wife," answered Mr. Kirkland; "though I kept my word, I assure you, Miss Lennox."

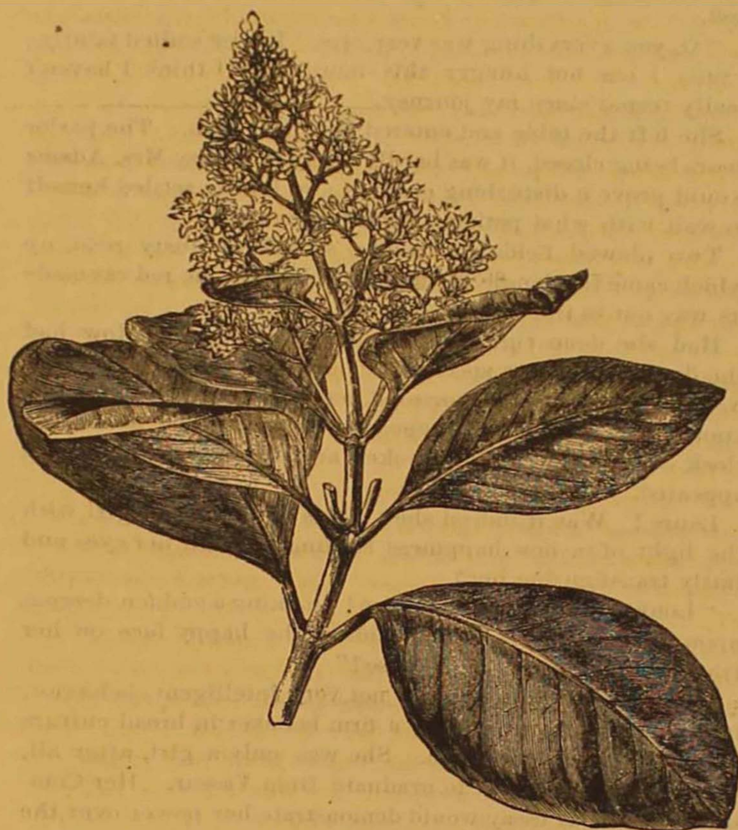
Laura cast a reproachful glance at her friend, and colored painfully.

"Yes," she said at last, "I confess that I was wrong—not in what I said to you last night, Louise; I meant every word of it then; but in the days when I thought it possible to reconcile both duties. There are other girls—girls in my own class—who will be far more of a credit to the profession than I should ever have been: but I cannot hold my sphere of usefulness as any the less worthy because it is narrower."

Louise bent to kiss the flushed face. "My dear little girl," she said, "have I not hoped for this, and this alone?"

Then, turning to meet Walter Kirkland's clear gray eyes, "Take care of her," she said, with an almost imperceptible quiver in her voice, "take care of her; she is very woman, since she is lost to the profession."

DOROTHY HOLROYD.



A Woman's Gift.

IT is not generally known that to a woman the European world is indebted for the greatest febrifuge extant. The Countess of Chinchon, a noble Spanish lady, daughter of the Marquis of Astorga, and wife of the Viceroy of Peru, lay ill of a fever. The Indians of Peru had long known of the febrifugal qualities of the bark, which they called *quina-quina*, bark of barks. They communicated their knowledge to a Spaniard in high authority, who consented to use it, and was cured of a fever. This gentleman, Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, imparted the information of this cure to the physician who was in attendance on the Countess of Chinchon, at the same time sending the lady a parcel of the valuable bark.

Consenting to use it, her fever was allayed, and when she returned to Spain, she carried some of the Peruvian bark with her, and made its qualities known.

Linnæus named the genus which yielded it Chinchona, in honor of the lady. In consequence of her introducing it into Europe it was called "Countess's bark."

The Jesuits promoted greatly its introduction into Europe, hence it was sometimes called Jesuit's bark; and many attributed its introduction to them, when, in reality, they only diffused its knowledge and encouraged its use.

Louis XIV. purchased the secret of preparing the quinquina from the bark from Dr. Talbor, an English physician, paying him 2,000 louis-d'ors, and granting him a pension and a title.

At first the use of the bark was opposed by the medical fraternity, who always discourage novelties. When cure after cure was effected, the physicians were compelled to acknowledge that a valuable discovery had been made. So great was the enthusiasm excited by the wonderful bark, that when the Duchess of Bouillon was cured by it of a fever, La Fontaine composed a poem in its honor.

Great interest was now excited int his wonderful bark, and expeditions went out to examine the forests of Peru, where other specimens were discovered by the exploring party.

Our illustration shows one species of the chinchona. It yields what is known as the gray bark, and is found in the Huaoco region of Northern Peru. The roots, flowers, and capsules are bitter to the taste, but the stripped bark is the portion that is used medicinally. The leaves have a shining surface and are traversed by crimson veins; the flowers are in fragrant clusters, some species being of a deep red color, but those of the Chinchona Micrantha are entirely white.

The bark was at first used in its crude state, but in 1820, two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventon, after various experiments, discovered that a vegetable alkaloid existed in the bark called quinine—a discovery that greatly enhanced the usefulness of the bark.

The commercial value of the Chinchona Micrantha was very great, until speculators took to adulterating it. From a single clump, often one thousand pounds of the bark was obtained. After being carefully dried, it was wrapped in fresh bullock hides, being first rolled up in cotton cloth.

It is interesting to trace the effect of the introduction of this woman's gift, the Peruvian bark, into Europe. Kings and priests and men of science interested themselves in the new discovery, and commerce spread her sails to carry it to the ends of the earth. When we count up the benefactions of woman to the world let us not forget that of the Countess of Chinchon. The fever-tossed patient, through her enterprise, realizes not half the torture of his fiery furnace, and who better than he has cause to "rise up and call her blessed?"

J. E. B.

Autumn.

FAIR summer now lies dead and still;
Autumn blasts her requiem sing.
With plaintive voices, loud and shrill,
Black leaves upon her grave they fling.

The birds are flown to brighter scenes,
The naked woods all silent lie,
And hoary hills are lost in dreams,
Reclin'd upon the dreary sky.

The feeble rays come slanting down,
Dead leaves fly swiftly o'er the plain;
The wither'd fields are sear and brown,
Where waved the grass and yellow grain.

The lonely hum of wand'ring bee,
Grasshoppers droning in the hedge,
The cricket's chirp of sullen glee,
And wild fowl piping in the sedge.

But an instant blue wings folding,
Now flit the jays from hill to plain,
Here amid the forest scolding,
Then to the orchard back again.

The children come with shout and glee
Among the groves with rustling tread,
Where the towering chestnut tree
On the leaves rich treasures spread.

Soon Winter, from his Northern cave,
With white hair streaming from the sky,
Will hoarsely through the forest rave
And let his icy arrows fly.

JOHN M. MACDONALD.

How we Live in New York.

THE WORKING GIRL.

BY JENNY JUNE.

DID the reader of these lines—man, or woman, ever stop for a moment to think how much youth is to a woman—of how much its loss defrauds her, and how long and dreary the prospect is that stretches out before her, when that period is past which at least brought hope, leaving only the alternative of dull and arid monotony, or the mad twirl of such few elements as the hard life presents—and then wreck and ruin? In the cities and towns of this country, which is the "Paradise" for women, there are half a million engaged in earning a livelihood by the needle, and another half million employed in factories—shoe factories, silk factories, cigar factories and others. This is only one million out of three millions, estimated as being employed in domestic service and hand industries; four hundred thousand of them are field-laborers, and this estimate does not take into account the work performed by women in their own homes, by farmers' wives and daughters, or by any except those who are acknowledged as belonging to the wage-earning class.

The new census, not published at this writing, will give us in New York city alone, seventy thousand seven hundred and eighty-five women and girls, the majority of whom are between sixteen and fifty-nine years of age, but about twenty-five hundred of whom are over sixty, who are engaged in manufacturing, mechanical, trade, or transportation pursuits. Of the three millions acknowledged workers in the United States, eighty thousand make men's clothes "professionally," in addition to those who manufacture them in their own homes, while only twenty-two thousand are engaged in making women's clothes; fourteen hundred make twine, while twenty-five thousand are employed in shoe factories, and four thousand more earn a living at binding shoes.

Out of all these different elements the one with which we have to deal just now is the New York factory-girl—the worker in shops, book-binderies, or foundries, with men. If you get up early enough in the morning you will find them thronging the roadways, the street cars, the ferries and some of the stage routes. If it is daylight and they have any distance to go, they will be absorbed in a copy of the *Ledger*, the *New York Weekly* or *Fireside Companion*, perhaps one that they have borrowed, and that goes the rounds for the exciting serial story, in which a working girl, like themselves, always ends by becoming the wife of a millionaire—having a carriage, fine clothes, servants in livery, a box at the opera, and dining every day at Delmonico's. These are the pictures, possibly the dreams, which blot out occasionally the hard lines of the girl's daily life—the bare, sordid home; the meagre, unattractive fare; the cheap, dingy articles of clothing, carried off with a certain amount of jauntiness; the utter absence of resources, and most sickening of all, of any hopeful prospect for the future. Understand it is not the fact of working for a living that constitutes the hardship of their position; the daughter of the Prime Minister of England does that in preference to merely occupying a position in society, and there are "working girls" well brought up in comfortable working homes who ask for nothing more than their own industry is able to afford them; but the difficulty with them is this, that so few have ever had comfortable homes, so few have been guided by the judgment of a good mother, or helped by the advice and protection of a wise and good father, in assuming their own responsibility and the control of their own fortunes and interests.

When parents in this country are industrious and fore-handed, whether of native or foreign birth, they are usually "ambitious" for their children. They know that not much can be done for themselves in the way of mental and social elevation and improvement, but whatever such education and opportunities as they can compass for their children will do, they usually determine shall be done to advance them on the road to a wider, if not a better life, and it is the aspirants from families like these that fill the high schools and free colleges, and crowd all the lower avenues to the professions. But the "working" girl, as she finds herself in shops and factories, has rarely known the influence of a regulated family life, or what it is to possess a kind, conscientious father, an industrious, intelligent mother, whose time is given to her home and children. Her father is either dead, or worse—he is a drunkard, or a ne'er-do-well. Her mother was either butchered by her father, or she is cowed and broken down, or over-worked and exhausted in the vain attempt to keep the miserable threads of the family life together. Very often the wages of the girl are the mother's principal dependence for the support of the whole, including the wretched husband and father, who only lives to terrorize his wife and children and squander their earnings.

This is not an exaggerated picture of the condition of shop and factory operatives in the large cities, and it is largely this absence of moral and parental responsibility among the same class of men that renders their situation so hopeless, so difficult to deal with. "Homes" they could not enter if they would, for their earnings are demanded for drink, or the daily bitter struggle for bread—free evening classes, and entertainments even, they cannot attend for want of time and clothes, and a "rise" in wages only makes the difference of a trifle more to go the way of the rest, if the legal representative and head of the house should find it out. It is a shocking thing to say, but it is a true one, that, as a general rule, the best thing that can happen to a girl in this position, is to lose her father—in some way or other—so that he will never be seen or heard of again—the worst that can happen to lose her mother. For no matter how ignorant or inadequate, the mother always stands between the children and the brutal rage, the injustice, the unreasonableness, and selfish demands of the father. As long as she lives there is some one upon whom he vents the first vials of his insane wrath, and who, with womanly instinct, will strive to wrest for them a little of the brightness which has gone out of her own life forever. Individual cases to the contrary may prompt some to a protest and a conviction that these statements are too generalizing concerning men, and not justified by the facts. But investigation will prove the truth in the main of what has been written, and there are an abundance of facts to substantiate it.

One of the results of our growth in civilization—or, rather, in material wants and resources, and the means to supply or command them—has been to reduce the number of marrying men, especially among the artisan class; and, unfortunately, it is the conscientious and intelligent who do not marry, the reckless, the improvident, the depraved and the selfish who frequently do; and the object, of course, is not to support, but to be supported, or at least assisted, by some woman who has proved herself capable of at least taking care of herself. In 1856 an English manufacturer furnished a list of girls married from his factory—honest, respectable, hard-working girls—who, in nearly every instance, had been ruined pecuniarily by marriage, the husband squandering their earnings or living upon them in idleness. A New York workingman recently stated that in his shop, where men and girls are both employed, marriages were rare, but it was no uncommon thing when a couple got married for the girl to leave at first, and after a while return and support the husband, who had drifted into

"drinking and loafing." An intelligent cigar-girl, recently on "strike," said of all the girls she knew, who had grown up with her and worked with her, the worst off were those who had married, for they had, almost invariably, to "support the family, and suffer abuse and ill-treatment besides." This young woman is perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age; she is by no means ill-looking, and is one of the most sensible and thoughtful of her class. She has always, as she says, had a "comfortable" home. Her father was an honest, industrious man; her mother a kindly, home-loving Englishwoman, who cooked, and washed, and ironed, and "took the best care" of her family. When the husband died she took in sewing and washing, and kept the children together with their help till a son and daughter married, and then the mother and only remaining daughter lived together, the daughter supporting the mother, and the mother "taking care" of the daughter, doing the little housework and all of the sewing, and occasionally helping by doing something in the way of sewing, or taking care of children for a neighbor. "I never knew what it was to hear an unkind word," said the girl, when she related to me this little history; "and mother was never tired of doing anything she could to give me a pleasure. I would far rather have had to support her than not all my days, and since she has been gone I still live alone and keep house, for I can't bear to part with her bits of things, and I feel more independent like in my own room, where I can come and go just as I please."

"How much does it cost you to support yourself in your room?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I have two little rooms in a rear house, but it's clean, and one of them has a window as looks out where it is quite fresh and pleasant. For these I pay six dollars a month, an' my livin', I reckon, costs me, what with coal, and wood, and light, about four dollars a week."

"Your washing, then," I remarked, "would bring your weekly expenses, without extra car fare, clothing and the like, up to six dollars per week."

"I do my washing and ironing myself," she said, "on Saturday afternoons, but you may count it six dollars all the same, for it comes to about that."

"But how much are you able to earn, then, at cigar-making?" I inquired.

"Well, cigar-making used to be a pretty good business for first hands," she replied, with a pleasant look, at the thought of those "old times." "I've seen the time when I could make twelve and thirteen dollars a week at cigar-making; but you can't do it now, and that was the reason why we 'struck;' it was not for a rise, it was to have the superintendent back as was good to us, and give the girls some chance as well as the bosses."

"How did the change of superintendents affect your interests?" was asked.

"Well, you see, we had been getting eighty cents a thousand, and a smart worker can make two thousand cigars a day, counting a day from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past five in the afternoon, with half an hour for dinner, which is a regular ten-hours day. But, sometimes, when we are very busy, like now, we'd have to work till nine o'clock at night, and then we'd make twenty-five hundred, may be, and earn two dollars in a day; but that would only be for a little while, and we could not do it for long. Besides we never get the full count; if there is the least little flaw, the inspector throws it out, and these do not count at all; but they always go through another sorting, and more than half of those that have been thrown out, and are not counted in the girls' work, are counted in as good all the same. Our superintendent and his inspector were very good to us; they didn't throw out unless there *was* a flaw, and they looked out that the tobacco was in good condition for rolling, neither too dry nor too damp, for this makes a great difference in the doin' of the work; so they made up their minds, as this superintendent was too good, and too much of a gentleman, and they discharged him, and put a regular rough in his place, a man who bullied the girls and never spoke a civil word in giving an order, but just swore at them; and when he found how much the best hands could earn, he cut the prices down from eighty to sixty-five cents a thousand, and threw out at such a rate that the loss of pay went up from one to two dollars per week; you see, one dollar a week out of each girl's wages, where five hundred girls are employed, mounts up to five hundred dollars, and is an item, but it cuts the wages of the girls down to a little over half what they used to be, and a good many of the best girls have given up the business. I think I'll give it up myself, for I can't earn enough to keep myself in a home of my own, an' I don't like boardin'."

Subsequently I asked her how it had happened that she had not married since her mother's death. Her reply was characteristic. She said:

"Men was too sassy. She wouldn't mind so much supportin' a man for company, but she didn't want to be abused for it."

A good deal of the slang among the rougher girls, who work with men, is the same as that commonly used by the rudest men; but it would give a bystander, who might be shocked by it, a very false impression, if it were supposed that they were moral delinquents, and not abundantly able to "take care of themselves." They pride themselves on being "tough," able to "give as good as they get," but it is the universal testimony of men themselves who work in these shops, that it is not these apparently rude and aggressive girls who fall; it is more frequently the gentle, and timid, who crave affection and companionship and must take them in any form in which they can get them. The manner of the majority of the girls is derived from their often dreadful associates and surroundings. Even correctness of language would be looked upon as "airs," and punished accordingly. Yet that appreciation, and even ambition for a different life exists in common with rough habits, and almost brutal surroundings, there is sufficient evidence. In one of the worst neighborhoods in the lower part of this city, there live in two rooms three girls. Dens of wickedness are on either side of them, and over the way, and the girls themselves would perhaps be taken by a superficial observer for specimens of the lowest order. For they can swagger, and even swear, and "talk back," but if rude words proceed beyond their limit, they would not perhaps hesitate to hit back, and hit "straight," for no man who knows them in or out of the shop but respects them for all their free talk, and is well aware that they "don't stand no nonsense," and that they "know how to take care of themselves." The girls work in a type foundry, and earn from five to seven and eight dollars per week.

Their father died in a drunken fight, their mother, as soon as they were old enough to do regular work, they relieved from outside labor, keeping her at home "like a lady," and maintaining also a brother at school. Upon this brother their hopes and ambitions rest, and they are devoting all their young lives to him. Their mother died, but they retain their home, such as it is, and inside it is a home to them after all, and have educated their brother at a high preparatory school, and now at a medical college, for he is to be a professional man, and a gentleman, and he is to be made so by their labor and sacrifices. Will he remember and not be ashamed of the sources from which he derived his inspiration and opportunities?

It is an almost hopeless task to present in one brief paper

even a glimpse of the heroic lives which are to be found behind the dreary and common-place exteriors of many working-girls' homes. Doubtless these are in some of their details exceptional, but the girlhood which grows up to young womanhood in the dark and cheerless places—the youth which knows nothing of beauty or brightness—the age which has no loving, cared-for past or restful future, these are not exceptional. Meeting with individual cases which present features of great severity, we are apt to think that these are unusual, until more intimate knowledge proves them so common as to have become common-place and incapable of exciting sympathy. A quiet girl, employed in a foundry down town, attracted attention simply because of her reserve, her extremely gentle bearing and freedom from the usual defects of loud talking and free manners. She proved to be the daughter of a man who came to New York after a fire which had destroyed his home and business—ruining him financially—and as it proved, mentally. The family struggled along for a while, the daughter being the chief dependence. Then one by one two younger children died, and were soon followed by the mother, who was worn out by grief and want of nourishing food. The repeated shocks prostrated the father, who had been able to find no steady employment, and he became an imbecile, dependent entirely upon his daughter, not only for support, but for care and protection. This daughter has, through all the years of her youth and young womanhood, since she was fifteen years old, worked in a shop and supported the family on her earnings of seven dollars per week. At the same time she has spent her evenings and early mornings in doing the work of the poor rooms they occupy, her nights, many of them, in nursing and tending the sick, and days in one eternal round of hard, mechanical work. She is now more nearly broken down than at any previous time in her life, for her father is a constant anxiety as well as burden. She must have a place they can call home, because that is the only way they can live, and she cannot relinquish her steady hold upon the hard routine of her life for one day, one hour, or one minute. Talk to this girl about two weeks at a seaside "home;" one of the terrors of her life, though she can hardly drag herself to her work, is that she may be deprived of it.

The silk manufacture of this country is of comparatively recent growth, and the papers frequently contain congratulatory paragraphs concerning its rapid development and future prospects. Already it has built up the fortunes of manufacturing firms engaged in its production, and enlisted the labor of thousands of operators, the majority of whom are young girls. The work requires constant standing at a loom, and incessant activity in manipulating threads, the standing behind a counter, with the counter to lean upon, and the body exercised easily, and in a diversity of ways, is nothing to it, yet a crusade was organized in favor of seats for the shop-girls, while no one dreams of making a protest for the benefit of the loom tenders, the silk weavers, carpet weavers, stocking weavers, woolen-cloth weavers, and others.

Why? Because we do not see it, and do not realize it; and also because bread is the first necessity of life, and bread must be had by whatever hard and cruel means it is obtained. People, particularly girls and women, who are naturally inclined to accept whatever falls to their lot, can "get used" to almost anything, but sometimes the flesh breaks down, even though the spirit be willing. The pay for weaving a yard of silk is from seven to ten cents, and an expert operator can weave from ten to twelve yards per day; less skillful hands do not average so much, and wages range, therefore, from four to eight dollars per week. A young Russian girl, well brought up, tenderly reared, with property in her own right, left her own country and her possessions because, upon the death of her parents, she was tyranically controlled by a brother and an aunt, and because she had become an enthusiast for republican ideas. She was willing, in her own words, "to go anywhere, and to do anything for a '*free*,' and to say the words that were in her own mind." She arrived in New York with a party of thirty of her countrymen and countrywomen. Their dreams of a new Atlantis, and of a model community in the new world were somewhat rudely dispelled, and a number of them returned to their native land. But the remainder resolved to stay for a few years at least, and see what there was in this land of promise which would be worth garnering and taking back to their own countrymen and countrywomen. Among the remainder was the young girl alluded to. They had made common cause and common purse. She obtained work in a silk factory, earning four dollars and a half per week, and living in a little attic under the eaves, and with only a sky-light, that she might divide with those who were not earning anything. The work, to one unaccustomed to manual labor, was almost impossible. She suffered tortures from the heavy, incessant movement, the noise of the looms, and the standing from morning till night, with half an hour of interval for rest and dinner. At the end of four weeks she broke down, but rallied and went to work again. She can better sustain the difficulties of her position now, but she is not of the kind who will ever quite get used to them, her sensitive organization and more delicate bringing up precluding such a possibility. The one strong reason she gave for endeavoring to overcome the hardships of this species of mechanical labor was, that it was "clean," which she remarked, was so "all-important" with her.

I could go on multiplying instances through a volume, for the class is so numerous, and they are reinforced from sources so wide and diversified, as well as by the ever-increasing pressure of the labor-seeking millions who throng to these shores, that it must forever increase instead of grow less. What is needed, therefore, for their benefit, is not temporary help so much as permanent means of advancement, higher ideals for the majority, associative effort for strength, protection, companionship, and a social life, brightened by all gracious influences. They need to be inspired by self-respect and a knowledge of their own powers and possibilities, by a consciousness that instead of pariahs, they constitute the best elements of society, according to the excellence of their work, and the courage and constancy, the truth and honesty they put into it. It is an infinite pity that all the appeals that are made to them, nearly all the evidence of sympathy that reaches them, come in the shape of demands for wages and cutting down hours of labor, irrespective of the work or worker. This has a distinctly detrimental influence, antagonisms are fomented, there is no enthusiasm for work, or the attainment of excellence, and the only object set before any employee is to do as little, and that as poorly as possible, for the money he or she receives. This is immoral, and the results are as bad for employer as employed. It is not a question for the conscience of the worker whether the work is sufficiently paid; it is whether it is well done, and the conscience must be cultivated as a basis of permanent advancement, whether by those who labor, or those who employ labor.

Wealthy women, educated women, socially protected women, have a great work lying right at their doors, in the isolation and needs of these armies of poor working-girls and women. Is there any reason in what either do or what they are, why one should walk always in darkness, the other always in light; why one should enjoy all the sweet, the other all the bitter? Why one should know the earth only as a driving wheel, the other as a garden of exquisite delights? The conditions are perhaps not so wide apart as they would seem,

for in all work there is compensation, in all idleness dreariness, but conscientious endeavor on the part of those who hold the power in their hands would build a bridge over which angels might walk from one to another, bringing to one light and warmth, beauty and enlargement, and to the other elevation of character which comes from a knowledge of duty and its performance.

The Lorelei.

(*See Photograph.*)

THERE are many legends connected with the Rhine, but none that are more poetical than that of the Lorelei. This story, improbable as it seems to us, is implicitly believed by the dwellers of this romantic region.

Lurley, or the Lurley-berg is a mass of rocks situated near the ruins of Thurnberg. In early times, there was seen sitting in the moonlight, on the highest point of the Lurley-berg, a beautiful maiden, whose charming melodies floated over the waters of "the arrowy Rhine." Charmed by the music of this mysterious being, the boatmen, unheeding the dangerous rocks around, let their boats drift down the tide; in consequence of which they were either dashed against the rocks or drawn into the whirlpool near St. Goar.

It was rumored that a young fisherman had gained access to this lovely being, and enjoyed the privilege of visiting her in the evening, at which time she would entertain him with her charming music. One evening, he went as usual to visit her, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

The only son of the prince palatine of the Rhine, hearing this story, resolved to visit the Lorelei alone. One lovely afternoon, he started in a boat and proceeded down the Rhine. As he neared the rock, there sat the maiden, singing the songs that proved fatal to all who heard them. The same fascination that had exerted its influence over so many others, did not spare him, and lured on by beauty and song, the young man's bark struck against a rock, and he perished most miserably, while the Lorelei sat on the lofty height looking down with no pity in her eyes, and singing her wonderful melodies.

When the prince palatine heard of the death of his son he determined to avenge it. He offered a reward to any one who would slay the Lorelei; but it was a long time before the task was undertaken, and then not by the young courtiers, but by an old soldier in the service of the prince palatine. Accompanied by some of his men-at-arms, he clambered up the steep rock, and as he reached the summit, the clouds parted, and the moon coming forth revealed the Lorelei in her accustomed place. She sat on the edge of the rock, her long yellow hair floating around her, which she was binding with a circlet of amber beads, pearls, emeralds, topazes and diamonds. Her white shoulders, from which her fleecy dress had slipped, gleamed in the moonlight like alabaster. She was singing her weird melodies, and the lovely music filled the air and floated down the Rhine.

Springing to her feet at the sight of the intruders, she questioned them as to why they sought her, and received the reply that she was a sorceress who had murdered the prince's son, and that they intended to drown her in the Rhine. She only laughed at the threat, saying: "The Rhine must come for me before I go to the Rhine," and unloosing the jeweled band from her hair, she threw the golden strands over the water, and sang the following rhyme:

> "Father, father, send in haste,
> Thy white steeds, so strong and fast,
> That like wind the waves be pass'd."

Suddenly a storm arose, and the waters of the Rhine were dashed up to the summit of the Lurley Rock. Consternation seized upon the soldiers as they saw the advancing tide; and as the Lorelei floated off on the waves, her golden hair streaming like sunbeams over the waters of the Rhine, she waved her hand to the half-drowned men, and said, "You are free; go;" and as she disappeared the waters receded and the soldiers were saved. This was the last ever seen of the beautiful and fascinating but dangerous Lorelei. The boatmen think that they hear her songs, however, floating at night down the waters of the Rhine.

Such is the legend that has fired the imagination of poet, painter, and sculptor, who see in it only weird beauty; while the moralist, going deeper, penetrates to the hidden meaning that shows the seductive and often baleful influence exercised by beauty.

The beautiful litho-photograph of the Lorelei gives a very good idea of the statue by the eminent sculptress, Mrs. Emma Phinney, and which is now in possession of Mr. W. J. Demorest, proprietor of this magazine. The Lorelei is seen sitting on the rock, her hair floating around her, and her beautifully rounded shoulder gleaming in the light, while she wears the circlet of precious stones, amber and pearls with which it was her wont to deck herself. This charming production is conceived with vividness and executed with remarkable skill. The posture is easy and natural, the proportions are symmetrical, and the features regular and beautiful. It is an exquisite work, full of poetic grace, and is one of the finest productions that the gifted sculptress has given to the world. The picture of the world-famed siren is an admirable specimen of art, conveying accurately an idea of the charming statue.

How to Make Money.

THERE were never before so many people in the history of the world who wanted to make money as there are to-day—never before so many whose desire is fierce and ardent enough to overtop almost all considerations of how, so long as money is made. We say make money advisedly; for if they only wanted to earn it, the case as it looks to each one of them would not be so problematical, would be much more easy of solution. There is plenty of work to be done in this world, and work well done is worth money; therefore, a person willing and able to work has only to take his or her labor to a proper market, to get its equivalent—money. Men do this, but women have not been accustomed to work for money, but for men, and a self-reliant, independent path is beset with lions, which they have not heretofore tried to face, unless spurred by love and necessity. But of late, women have been urged to action by new motives, by the desire for education, for travel, for acquaintance with the world, for an independent life; a life not entirely controlled by the will of others. Thus, it is not money they want, but what money will bring, and not so much work, as something that will be accepted for work, and receive its equivalent.

This is unfortunate, because it is apt to result in disappointment. There is nothing, says Mrs. Browning, that we work for so good for us as the work itself. This is true as truth—work is all that makes life worth living. What we work for we soon tire of, no matter how much we want it, but work itself—work that we are fitted for, that we have obtained the mastery of, has a growing interest for us, and enlarges our horizon as we improve its quality. Even money becomes to us a secondary consideration when we are interested in what we do, and love it, for it is through it we express ourselves, and to lose our power of work would be to lose our hold on life. The ambition for work is, therefore

a very different thing from the ambition to make money, and the two must not be confounded. There are thousands of people who wish to make money, who do "make" money, as the phrase goes, who never do a stroke of work, and who would even consider honest work a degradation. But there may be two opinions about that. If people do not work for money with hand or brain, they must do something else; they must employ other people to work for them. Heretofore men have monopolized this method of making money, but there is no reason why women should not share it; they possess wits as bright and keen, they are more uniformly successful in small business ventures, and they require only confidence in their own ability to nerve them for larger enterprises.

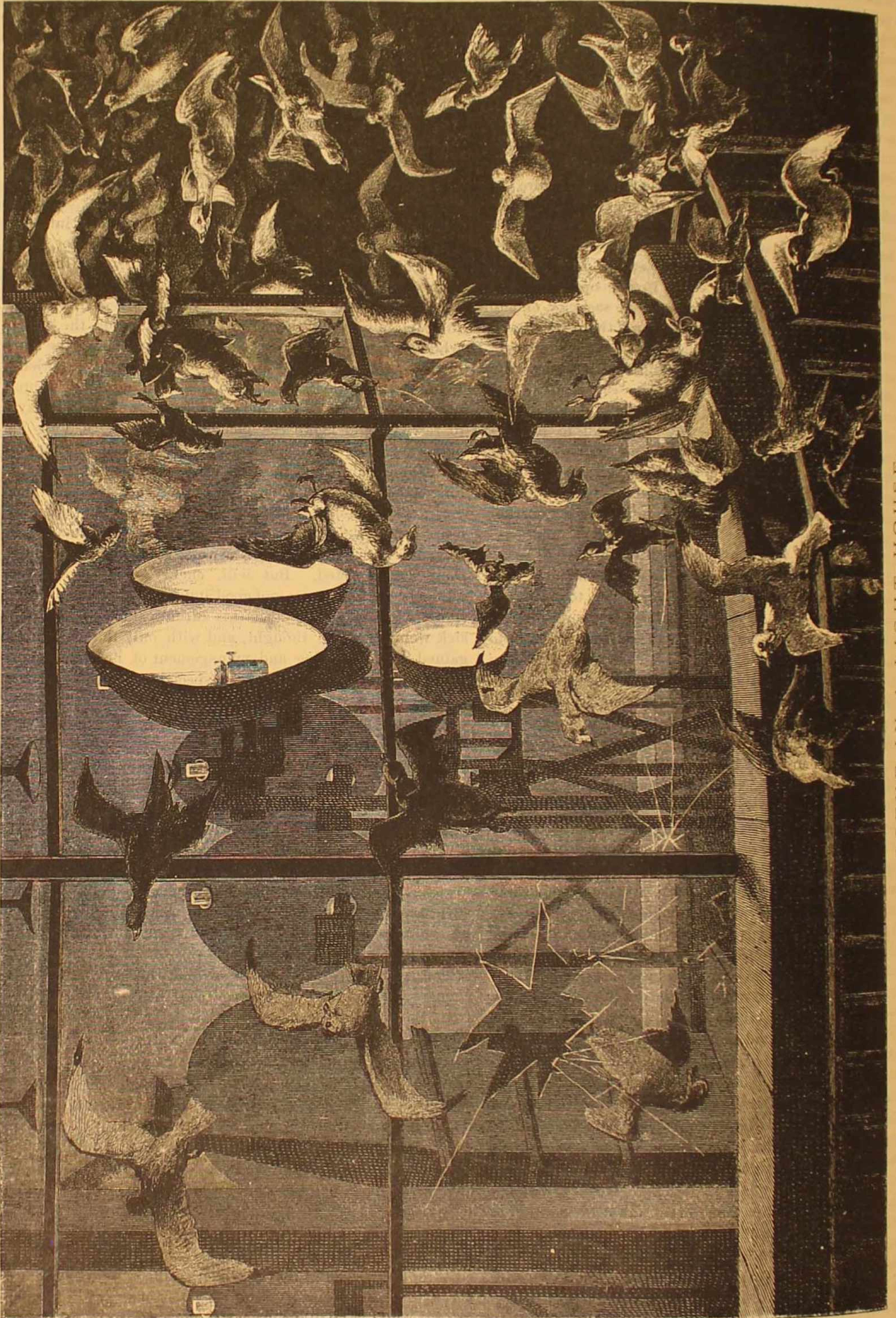
Setting aside speculations, which are neither more nor less than gambling, there are few places so small, or so destitute of trade spirit and resources as not to furnish opportunity for beginnings in business for those who have sagacity enough to discover them. It must be remembered that "business" consists in creating wants as much as in supplying them. Real wants are very few; it is the imaginary ones that make business and keep it active. Any one who can supply a real want, or produce something that any considerable number of people think they want, is on the high road to fortune. There was a time when every poor woman whose husband wore "over-alls," made them for him. Over-alls are a combination of trouser with apron, which protects the clothes of laborers, workers in stone, in factories, in mines, in quarries, and the like. They are made of strong blue jean, and making them is hard for the fingers, though easy for the sewing machine. One hard winter, a gentleman in a village on the Hudson cast about in his mind for some way to employ a number of unemployed girls, whose families were in need, and was truck with the happy idea of starting them in to make over-alls. He began with a little shop and twenty girls; he and his brother now own four factories, one at the West, in each of which hundreds of girls are employed. The poorest laborer buys his "over-alls" ready made; in fact the material is not now to be found in any city dry-goods store. There is no individual demand for it. A woman could have done this just as well as a man.

Flourishing at the opera in the season, in Newport or Europe during the summer, is a well preserved individual who was once a failure in many directions, until observing his wife's needles loose in a paper, he was struck with the idea of sticking them in a row on cloth, and enclosing them in a pretty case. He acted upon it, got out a patent, and though he never made a needle, and bought a cheap kind for his patent envelopes, made a fortune.

All that is needed for success is a specialty—a specialty which can be made attractive to a sufficient number of people—and which does not cost too much. But it must not be a copy of what some one else has done, because a vein cannot be worked twice. A man once made a fortune by diluting cologne, putting it in pretty bottles and calling it "flower" water; but another man who did the same thing, only calling it "piny" water, failed, as he deserved, for he was an ignoramus, as well as a copyist. There is no reason why all the housekeepers in a country town or village should make their own bread, jelly, and preserves. There is always some woman who can do it better than the rest, and she should do it for the whole, taking their material if necessary, and getting her pay for the work. There are also those who are clever at bonnet-making, cap-making, dress-making, pie and cake-making, and the like, and would willingly supply their neighbors if they could make their labor a source of profit. The "thread and needle" store has of late enlarged its borders, and taken on a few ready-made garments, and in the season, with much trepidation, a few Christmas or Easter cards. But they usually sadly lack enterprise and ideas; instead of being in the hands of bright young women, they are the last resort of worn-out old ones, who dare not go outside the traditions, and for whom, indeed, the world has ceased to move, except backward.

The chances in business for women lie all around them, if they did but know it. A few years ago a lady in New York City, the wife of a physician, was ill—afflicted, as so many women are, with liver and stomach troubles, nervous prostration and what not. After a long and painful experience of suffering, mental and physical, a proposition was made to her to become a silent partner in a business enterprise in which another lady, a friend, was about entering. Her husband advised her to try the effect of an "outside interest" which would not tax her severely, as she was not to be a working partner, and was willing to risk a thousand dollars, which she was to repay if she succeeded, to have her "taken out of herself." The money was invested, when lo! the captain gave up the ship. In other words, the woman who had made the proposition, who had purchased the stock in trade, good-will and interest of the previous proprietor, found the condition of things so discouraging, and the prospect so barren, that she determined to relinquish all endeavor to retrieve and make the business profitable, leaving her partner between two horns of a dilemma, either to follow her example and risk the loss of her husband's money in some other person's hands, or gather her own shattered forces and come to her own rescue. She resolved upon the latter course. She resolutely set to work to disentangle the threads—found them in even a worse snarl and more rotten than she expected. But will, energy, her conscientious methods, her exactness and good judgment conquered everything. It will be five years this autumn since she began, a sick woman, as she thought, and with only the experience gained in the ordering and management of her own household, to build up a business in specialties which relate to women's daily wear, and recommend themselves by their adaptability and usefulness. In that time she has paid back the money advanced by her husband, has been to Europe twice, paying her own expenses each time and remaining several months, and this summer has established herself and family in a lovely sea-side home, for which she paid eight thousand dollars cash, where her children can have the desire of their hearts—a boat which she presented to them—and her husband the summer change which he has always craved. The saving, the purchase, were a complete surprise, and the pleasure of the husband, and his pride in his wife, whose health is restored, can be imagined, but could not be put into words.

The Decorative Art Societies and the "Women's Exchanges," which have sprung up in all the large cities, are fed from the country, and largely by isolated contributors, who imagine that their own neighborhoods furnish no field for occupation or enterprise, but this is a mistake. Every village has the material for a Women's Exchange of its own, where the clever fancy-worker could send her wares, the amateur seamstress her pretty aprons and underwear, the artist her work in drawing or painting, and the good housewife her cakes and jellies. What each can do best the other wants, and the ability to supply creates a demand. If women are wise they will not only seize every opportunity for associating themselves with business interests, but "make" opportunities for themselves. Silk culture, garden culture, bee culture, fowl raising, fruit and vegetable canning, egg preserving, are all money-making occupations. Stop working for nothing; men have been "striking" for years when hours are not short enough, or wages long enough to suit them. Now let there be a universal strike among women who work for inadequate pay, or no pay at all. J. J.



SCENE IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

Scene in a Light-house.

> "Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
> Year after year, through all the silent night,
> Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
> Shines on that inextinguishable light.
>
> "'Sail on,' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
> And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
> Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
> Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.'"

THUS sings Longfellow, and who that has ever sailed over the "dark and deep blue ocean" does not appreciate "that quenchless flame," the "inextinguishable light" of the light-house.

The first lights that flashed out over the stormy waves were the beacon fires on a hill, by whose blaze the mariner steered clear of the rocks that environed him. These were not "inextinguishable lights," therefore recourse was had to something better. The Egyptians built their fire towers and dedicated them to a divinity. On the summit they placed a bronze apparatus in which a fire was continually burning.

Other nations followed the example of lighting the mariner's perilous way, and thus light-houses were established all over the world; one of the most ancient and most celebrated being that on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria.

The system of lighting has varied at different times and in different places. There are five varieties of lights—the "revolving," the "flashing," the "fixed," the "intermittent," and the "double lights" placed in one tower. Wood and coal fires were at first used, then candles, and subsequently lamps, with metal reflectors. The greatest care has to be observed to keep the lamps and reflectors free from dust, or the light would be obscured. They are either washed or burnished, and sometimes stoves are introduced in the room to equalize the temperature, and prevent a mist gathering on the glasses.

The light-house keeper lights the lamps every evening as soon as the sun goes down, and care has to be taken that they remain lighted until the sun reappears. The watchers relieve each other during the night, and to prevent any lapse of duty nothing to recline on is allowed in the lantern-room. Thus these lonely watchers in their sea-beaten towers keep watch and ward over the lights whose friendly rays direct the mariner on his perilous way. The murmur of the winds and the dashing of the waves lull them to sleep, yet they dare not indulge the feeling, and have to fight against the drowsiness that almost overpowers them.

The glass of the lamps is sometimes shattered, not by the waves, but the sea-birds dashing against them, attracted by the light. Sometimes it becomes necessary to protect the lamps with a network. The illustration shows a scene of this kind, and is from a drawing by Ferdinand Lindner, the artist having witnessed the attack of the birds on the lamps of the Cuxhaven light-house in Germany. This scene is not an unusual one. The birds, bewildered and dazzled by the light, fly at the glass, dashing themselves with so much force against it that they not only break the panes, but injure themselves in the onslaught.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

THE tulip tree design in this number is for applique embroidery. This may be done on Morris cloth or felt or upon sateen. This design gives the bud, blossom, and fruit of the tulip tree. The flower is showy, the leaf flat and simple, and so serviceable for applique work. If an olive material is used, the leaves should be in a lighter olive plush, the flower and bud should be yellow plush, the long calyx leaves turning back from the flower; the thick pistil in the center of the flower, the fruit-pod and the short outside calyx leaf on the bud should be yellow-green satin. This calyx shade should tone in with the yellow plush of the flower. To prepare your work, first cut out paper patterns of the three leaves, the flower, the bud, and the fruit-pod. Then measure your material and plan for the number of sprays needed. These can, of course, be separated at a greater distance than in the design, so as to suit any needed length. If you wish a table cover, the four corners must first be planned, then afterwards the sprays fitted for the sides. The flower spray should be used for the corner. The paper patterns of flower and leaves can be placed on the cloth in the proper position to fit the corner, then with a yellow pencil an outline can be drawn on the cloth to indicate the place for the plush leaves and flowers. The connecting stems and stalks can be drawn afterward with the pencil. The positions of leaves and flower can be changed slightly to suit the needs of the material, or the leaves can be cut a size larger if desirable for the corner sprays. After the drawing is made, the plush leaves and flowers can be put in position, caught to the cloth with paste, and carefully overcast on to the material. Separate patterns for the flower and bud must be made before cutting the material, as spaces must be allowed for the satin of the calyx leaves and pistil. The satin is placed in position first and the plush placed over it. The long calyx leaves of the flower and the fruit-pod can be made of yellow-green plush, instead of satin, if the satin is inclined to fray. The needle-work must be well done, even if there is less variety of material.

If the material of your border is woolen, you may couch it with crewel caught with silk a shade lighter. If your material is sateen, filosel must be used for the couching. The lines in the petals of the flower should be orange-yellow. The stamens should be lighter than the plush of the flower. The stems of the leaves should be simply the line of couching. The stalk stems should be worked in stem-stitch in red and gray browns. The upper stem of the bud and fruit-pod is green. The scales under the fruit-pod and the points on it should be in brown. The little leaf can be worked in stem-stitch or omitted altogether. This border can be made on old-gold sateen, the flowers pale yellow and leaves yellow olive. This would, of course, be richer in coloring and material, though the darker stuff might be more serviceable. A small table cover could be made with alternate fruit and flower spray in each corner. The edge of the cloth couid be finished in blanket-stitch, with a tassel at each corner. This would be simple for a serviceable cloth. This same border design can be used for darned work.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

Thirty Years Ago.

A CAMP-MEETING STORY.

THE little town of Clifton was effervescing with excitement, and no wonder; since the arrival of the new minister nothing had occurred to disturb its placidity, and its inhabitants were so disgusted with the monotony of their lives that they would have hailed the advent of the typhus fever, provided themselves were not the victims. Imagine, then, how delightful it was when Mary Ann Goodnough took it upon herself to break the spell by eloping with Hiram Stoddard. Such a windfall had not blessed the gossips for years. Why, old Squire Goodnough was the richest man in the county, and Hiram Stoddard's father was a "renter," didn't even own an acre of land;

and everybody knew, too, what a disposition the Squire's was, —he'd never forgive the runaways, not he. And so they talked, standing in groups on the corners of streets; hanging on the gates; leaning over backyard fences; gathering in the milliner's shop and in the post office, which included beneath its roof the one dry goods and grocery store of Clifton.

Into this latter building walked, late in the afternoon, the day after the elopement, and while it was still the subject of discussion, a stout, middle-aged man, evidently a farmer, with a pair of leather saddle-bags hanging over one arm, which he proceeded to place upon the counter and order filled with various articles. What a godsend he was to the loafers congregated about the store! For it was a chilly April day. Certainly he had not heard the news—he lived several miles in the country, and evidently had just come in town. Like a stream that for a moment had been checked by some impediment and now again found its channel clear, the tide of gossip flowed, one speaker, louder-voiced than the rest, declaring emphatically that if he "were the old Squire, the runaways should never set foot under his roof again."

The new-comer, who had said little, not, indeed, having the opportunity, now remarked, "That for his part the boy and gal were not, he thought, the ones to blame."

"Not the ones to blame!" exclaimed the loud-voiced man; "why, who in the world is to blame if they are not?"

"Why the gal's parents," was the ready answer.

"Do you suppose that fellow's livin' that could run off with one of my gals? If he is, all I've got to say is, let him try it. I'll forgive 'em both if he makes a success of it." And taking up the saddle-bags, which were now filled, he flung them across his arm, and with a pleasant "Good-evenin', gents; it's gettin' late and I'm in a hurry," he strode out of the store, and mounting his horse, which had been hitched to the rack at the door, rode briskly off toward his home, while the group around the store discussed his last remark about the elopement with great interest. "Tell you what," remarked one of the loungers, "I wouldn't want to be the boy to try running off with his daughter; they do say the Captain has killed more than one man in his day."

"Pshaw!" said the loud-voiced man, "I've knowed Cap. Stearns this thirty year, an he's an easy 'nough fellow to get 'long with, if you just keep on the right side of him."

A burst of rough laughter followed this conclusive proof of the Captain's—captain in virtue of having once taken a flatboat down to New Orleans—amiability, and as it was nearing supper-time the men began to disperse.

All this time an unseen listener, in the shape of a slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired young man, of about five and twenty, had been standing at a desk in the back part of the building. Busily engaged in reading, he had at first paid no attention to the gossipers, but at the first sound of the Captain's voice he became so much interested in the conversation that, following the advice of the immortal Captain Cuttle, he proceeded with pen and memorandum book to "make a note of it." As the last of the loungers about the store closed the door of the store behind him, the young man stepped forward, and after saying a few words to the proprietor also took his departure.

Leaving the little town of Clifton to get over its feverish condition as best it may, let us follow Captain Stearns to the home which he reached just as darkness began to fall upon the world, or upon this portion of it. The Captain's home was very evidently the home of a man well-to-do, as people say. The great barn, the well-fed stock, the neat two-story log house, all spoke in decisive language of prosperity, as did the Captain himself, sturdy and stout, and well clothed, wearing upon his face the unmistakable look of a prosperous man.

Putting his horse in the stable, and attending well to the creature's comfort, the Captain, after taking a look around to see that all was as it should be, took up his saddle-bags, and going out of the barnyard proceeded to the back door of the building. The door was opened as he approached by a delicate, timid-looking woman, whose soft brown eyes and sensitive mouth gave to her pretty face a sorrowful, deprecating expression, which was heightened when a slow smile crept around her lips as if doubtful of its ability to maintain itself, and ready to retreat at the first discouragement. Just now the smile seemed content to remain, as the brown eyes brightened at sight of the sturdy Captain, whose face was brimming with good humor, as extending the saddle-bags he exclaimed, "There now, Hetty—I am sartin sure I did not forget anything." With the smile still waiting, but ready to disappear, the little wife received the articles and turned within, followed by her husband. In an instant the quiet kitchen was the scene of confusion, as four children, ranging from six years of age to twelve, surrounded the parents, with eager questions. "Look here now, Susie," said the Captain, picking the six-year-old—the household pet—up in his arms, and whispering something in her ear which caused a merry laugh to gurgle over the child's lips, and taking a package from his capacious pocket, he placed it in her little hands. Seating himself with the little one on his knee he looked across the room to where a young girl, his eldest child, stood busying herself at the cooking stove, taking no part in the scene. The three boys were helping the mother put away the different parcels, and great seemed their enjoyment as package after package was drawn from the capacious receptacle. It seemed the worthy Captain was in the habit of forgetting a goodly portion of things needful, and on that occasion had made sundry boasts of remembering everything, and had scornfully refused a slip of paper offered in the morning by his wife on which she had written a list of the articles wanted. "Well," said Mrs. Stearns, as the last article was withdrawn, "I guess for once you did remember." A scornful smile rose to the lips of the girl at the stove, and it was just then her father looked at her. "No, I forgot Ruth's shoes," he exclaimed, "that is too bad!"

"It does not matter," said Ruth. Such a pretty girl as Ruth is not often seen. Small and delicate in figure, with her mother's sensitive mouth and soft brown hair, she had her father's firm chin and steadfast steel blue eyes, that just now in the flickering candle light shone like stars, as she said, "It does not matter; I do not want to go to meeting to-morrow, anyhow," and giving her attention to her cooking again she quietly dished up the food for the evening meal.

The family were soon gathered about the well-spread table. But now the Captain's mood had changed; his brow was clouded, and as a clouded sky changes a landscape, so the Captain's clouded brow affected his family. The poor little smile had gone from the wife's lips; the boys were silent; even Susie's chattering tongue for a few minutes was quiet. But glancing at the faces of first one and then another, she suddenly broke the silence with, "Oh, mother, you can't dess what father brought me; just look," and she held up a string of bright blue beads.

"Now, Susie," said her father, "I thought you were not to show them until to-morrow."

Susie laughed gleefully as she answered, "They was all sorry, now they are glad. Ruthie's glad, too; ain't you, Ruthie?" looking anxiously at her sister.

"Yes, indeed," said Ruth; "let me tie them around your neck."

"Oh, no," said the child; "I must keep them to wear to meeting."

Dear little Susie—the miniature of her mother—how they all loved her, now, if possible, more than ever! for during the past winter they had been very near losing her, and strange to say, about the time of her recovery, a source of trouble entirely unlooked for had arisen. When her sickness came on, it chanced that Dr. Smith, the old family physician, was himself quite ill, so a young man who had been practising medicine a few years in Clifton had been summoned; he proved very skillful, and by his care and kindness won the devoted love of his little patient, and the esteem of the grateful mother. It is likely he would have also won the Captain's friendship, if that worthy man had not noticed that the young physician seemed to pay quite as much attention to the elder sister as to the younger, and that the girl did not appear displeased at his attention. This did not meet with the Captain's approval. He had his plans for his daughter's future already made, and the Captain generally carried out his plans, whether the obstacles that lay in his way were human beings or immaterial substances. In fact, it was generally believed that on that memorable flat-boat trip, when the Captain had remained "down South" two years, more than one living obstacle had been removed from his path by his own hand. For the truth of this we cannot vouch, but we cordially agree with the opinion of his loud-voiced friend at Clifton, "That to get along with the Captain you had need to keep on the right side of him." You may be sure his family were well aware of this peculiarity; and perhaps that flickering smile on his gentle wife's lips could be thus accounted for. However, so far things had gone pretty smoothly with the family. The wife was timid and yielding, and the children too young for anything but obedience. But now Ruth was almost eighteen years old, and was beginning to have opinions of her own and to speak them when she thought it necessary; so when her father, having settled with Dr. Hargrave for professional attendance, declined to receive the young man's friendly visits by treating him with such coolness that the guest could not fail to observe it, she, in order to show that she did not approve of her father's manner, was kinder than ever. To say the Captain was astonished would not express his state of mind at all; indeed, I do not believe words could express it, so I will not attempt it. But in a brief conversation with his daughter he informed her that "If she thought she would be allowed to throw Bob Ingram, who owned one hundred and sixty acres of good land, the greater part under cultivation and a fine lot of stock, over for that one-horse doctor, who couldn't earn his salt, she was mistaken."

Ruth had made no answer to this declaration, but the steady eyes that met his were as steely gray as his own, and the sensitive lips, instead of quivering, as his wife's would have done at his stern tones, set themselves together as closely as ever his own firm thin ones had done. Somewhat surprised he turned and left her, inwardly determining to manage things to suit himself.

This scene had occurred about a month previous to the opening of our story, and in all this time Ruth had only met Dr. Hargrave by accident once at the church, while unwelcome Bob Ingram had three times spent an evening at the house, entertained, it must be owned, mostly by the Captain, who endeavored by his own cordiality to lessen the effect of his daughter's coolness. But young Ingram was no fool; and besides was well aware of his own importance, and although Ruth's indifference piqued him, as she was, he knew, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, he did not intend to waste time running after a woman who showed her dislike for him, when other girls were ready to smile on him. And this was what he was at this very moment telling young Dr. Hargrave, as the two sat together in the doctor's snug office in Clifton.

Meanwhile, supper is over at the Captain's house. The evening tasks are over, including preparations for Sunday morning's breakfast, and Ruth, candle in hand, is about to go up stairs to her bedroom, when her father speaks to her. "Ruth," he says, "I heard to-day that Hiram Stoddard and Mary Ann Goodnough had run off together."

"Run off together?" echoed Ruth, turning to look at her father; "why, what for?"

"To be married, simpleton," was the reply.

"Oh," said Ruth, "couldn't they have married without running off? I wonder what old Squire Goodnough will do about it."

"I don't know what he will do," answered the Captain, "but I know well what I would do if I caught a fellow stealing my daughter." Ruth said nothing, and he continued after a brief pause, "I would shoot him like a dog—that's what I would do."

Turning to go up stairs Ruth laughed, as she said, "If you caught him; maybe you wouldn't catch him—in that case he would be safe, I reckon."

But for all Ruth's assumed indifference, her father thought he saw a change in her manner after that brief conversation.

The next morning Mrs. Stearns and the children, with Tom, the eldest boy, as driver, went to church in the big wagon. Mrs. Stearns was a member of the Methodist church, and the Captain, who professed to have a contempt for religion himself, was always ready to assist his wife in matters pertaining to church going, and always insisted on the children accompanying her; he was also liberal in giving for religious purposes, and wonderfully kind and patronizing to the preacher, taking gr[illegible] credit to himself for these things, and seeming to think they were all credited to him, and that for all his wife's goodness he would somehow obtain the benefit in the world to come. In fact, he would sometimes say that his "wife's piety would take him to heaven."

But as I before remarked, the Captain concluded that his daughter had at last learned that he was not a man to be trifled with, after the conversation on this Saturday eve of which we have written. The first thing that caused him to arrive at this conclusion was her manner toward Mr. Bob Ingram, who rode up to the gate this Sunday afternoon and invited Ruth to take a short ride. Bob informed Ruth that Sallie Norris, a young friend of hers who resided at a distance of two miles, had requested him to bring her, Ruth, over to see her that afternoon; to the Captain's surprise and satisfaction Ruth accepted the invitation; and the two rode off in Bob's new buggy in high spirits. After that it was very evident that the two were on the best of terms, for never a Sunday passed that did not find Bob's buggy at the Captain's gate, and it was equally astonishing to see the intimacy between Ruth and Sallie Norris: the girls had been schoolmates, and always friends, but now it seemed they could hardly live apart. Sallie stayed all night with Ruth at least once a week and Ruth returned the visit promptly. "Whatever those girls find to talk about," said the Captain, "is more than I can guess."

"Oh," answered his wife, her little deprecatory smile brightening her pale face for an instant, "Girls always have a great many things to talk about, and now they say Dr. Hargrave is going with Sally—old Mrs. Green thinks it will be a match." "I'm glad to hear it," said the Captain, heartily; "no wonder Ruth dropped him—a girl of her spunk of course would despise a fellow who was as easily scared off as he was. Bob Ingram is worth a dozen of him leaving property out of the question."

Mrs. Stearns made no reply. In her heart she knew she

would rather have had Ruth marry the doctor. His kind, gentlemanly manners had won her completely, and she had thought how good he would be to a wife; but she hardly dared think in opposition to the Captain, so with more than one sigh she had witnessed Ruth's changed demeanor. Somehow against all her experience she had hoped that in spite of her father, Ruth would finally be the doctor's wife. That hope was over now, and the flickering smile grew even less frequent. She never opened her lips to her daughter on the subject, and now the summer was nearly over, and the time for the all-important event of the year, the annual camp-meeting, which was always held early in September, drew near.

As the camp ground was but two miles from Captain Stearns' farm, the family, although regular in attendance, did not, as great numbers did, camp out during the meeting, but returned to their home at night.

Although, as I said, the Captain was not a church member, no one more thoroughly enjoyed the meeting than he did, and no one made more ample preparation for entertaining friends or strangers than he. This year he seemed interested even more than usual, and when one day early in August, Sallie Norris, who had become a favorite with him, drew him aside as they were all gathered in the great south porch which ran along the whole front of the house, and told him as a great secret that she was going to be married on Sunday morning at the camp-meeting, he was delighted. Sallie furthermore informed him that she was anxious for Ruth to be married at the same time. "Just think, Captain," she went on, "how nice we would look—we are so near of a size—and we would dress just alike. I'm sure Doctor and Bob would be delighted."

"Well," said the Captain, "you and the Doctor seem to have it all arranged, but I have heard nothing from Bob and Ruth; however, you can tell them I've no objection, and Ruth can get her traps whenever she is ready."

"Oh, Captain," said Sallie, "you are the nicest man! Don't you want to kiss me?"

Of course there could be but one answer to that question, and then, laughing gayly, Sallie called Ruth to go a piece of the way home with her.

A day or two afterwards Mr. Bob Ingram's buggy stood again at the Captain's gate, while on the south porch the Captain was being interviewed. For some reason Mr. Bob's usual ready eloquence seemed to have deserted him, and the Captain appeared to enjoy his embarrassment. At last after several attempts Mr. Ingram managed to say something about Dr. Hargrave and Ruth Norris—no Sallie Norris; and himself and Sallie—no Ruth—and the camp-meeting, and his new house that was nearly finished, and his splendid team, and good crop—and had the Captain any objection to giving Ruth to a fellow that worshiped the very ground she walked on? This last sentence came out clear and distinct, and the Captain at once shook hands with Bob, who now recovered his usual equanimity, and said, "Well, Ingram, it's all right as far as I am concerned, and I can assure you my daughter will make a good wife. But aren't you going in to see Ruth?" as the young man stepped off the porch.

"No, thank you, Captain; I am in a hurry, but I wanted to get this off my mind," was the answer, as Bob sprang in his buggy and drove away.

Laughing heartily, the Captain entered the room where his wife sat, and coolly informed her that her daughter was to become the wife of Robert Ingram on the first Sunday in September, and that it behooved her to get the wedding garments ready.

A few minutes later, when Ruth entered the room, she found her mother alone, looking so pale that she was alarmed.

"What is it, mother?" she asked; "are you sick?"

"Oh, Ruthie, my dear," sobbed the poor mother, "how shall I do without you?"

And for answer Ruth knelt, and, putting her arms about her mother, cried with her.

Three weeks later, on a beautiful September morning, the "big wagon," containing the whole Stearns family, with the Captain himself in the driver's seat, drove into the camp ground on Elder Creek. The scene was one of pleasant bustle and confusion. The rude board tenements, which were fixtures on the grounds, were being moved into by their owners, while all around white tents were being spread, stoves in some cases being put behind them under shelters built of saplings and roofed with branches of trees: wagons were being driven into convenient places, horses being cared for, and everywhere, running hither and thither, in everybody's way, and yet in nobody's way, were children, of all ages, down to the wee toddler just able to keep its feet. But at ten o'clock, when the horn was sounded as a signal for assembling for divine service, immediately a silence fell. Quietly, in groups or singly, as it chanced, the people, old and young, gathered in the circle around which the tents were built, and at one portion of which, and in front of the tent known as the "preachers' tent," a platform was erected. As soon as the crowd were in their places a venerable minister appeared on the platform, and the meeting was opened in due form. After a brief sermon, followed by much exhortation and singing, the people were dismissed, to again come together at the blowing of the horn at two o'clock P. M.

And now the Captain began to enjoy himself. How he hunted up old friends, and how glad he was to see them! What countless handshakings there were with friend after friend, all over the camp ground, for everybody was so glad to meet everybody else that the Captain's example seemed to be generally followed, and very little time was given to eating dinner this first day. After the first excitement has worn off, you will see the good wives bestirring themselves to fill their tables with the choicest food, each bent on "settin' the best table and feedin' the most folks."

But, alas! what pen could do justice to an old time camp-meeting, when for a brief period the dull routine, the toil and hardships, of pioneer life were forgotten, and gathering together as one family around a common altar, our fathers and mothers made "The groves, God's first temples," resound with notes of prayer and praise!

You may be sure gentle Mrs. Stearns met with many friends, and that her bountiful table was daily surrounded by those who did ample justice to her well-prepared viands. Ruth, too, happy as a bird, and seemingly as free from care, flitted here and there, now assisting her mother, now slipping away for a chat with Sallie Norris, whose father, being a class-leader, had a commodious tent on the grounds.

Neither Dr. Hargrave nor Mr. Ingram had as yet made his appearance, and many were the Captain's jests on the subject when he encountered the girls, Sallie ever ready with laugh and gay retort to answer him.

Sunday morning dawned bright and fair, and all was bustle in Mr. Norris' tent, where the two fair brides were "getting ready," and when both had donned their robes it would have been hard, I think, to have found two prettier ones. Dressed exactly alike in pure white, with cottage straw bonnets, you could not have told which was Ruth and which Sallie without a second look, although Sallie's eyes were palest blue, and her hair at least three shades darker than Ruth's fair locks.

Mrs. Stearns, sitting on a trunk, pale and still, with great tears dropping slowly, clasps Susie close to her, while Mrs. Norris, a jolly, sunny-faced woman, runs in and out, busy helping everybody. "Come," she says at last, "it is nine

o'clock, girls, and here are the gentlemen." As the young men entered the tent Ruth hurried to her mother's side. "Mother," she whispered, with her lips at her mother's ear, "dear mother, will you forgive me for all the trouble I have been, and no matter what happens will you always love me?"

"Yes, Ruthie," she whispers. "I can hardly bear it," she goes on brokenly. "I want you to be happy, dear, but I can't understand; it is like a dream. Ah, Ruthie, my own girlie."

"Hush, mother," interrupted Ruth, "everybody is looking at us;" and kissing her again and again, and giving Susie a hasty hug, she turns to Bob—who, with a solemn face, stands near—and gives him her hand.

Outside the tent many friends are gathered, and as the bridal party make their way up in front of the preachers' platform, everybody silently watches them. Presently the voices of the ministers are heard, for Sallie had insisted that in order that the marriages should take place at the same time, each couple should have their own minister.

The ceremony was soon over, but as the bridal party faced their friends again it seemed as if everybody was puzzled. Surely that was Sallie leaning on Bob Ingram's arm, and Dr. Hargrave certainly held Ruth's little hand in a firm clasp.

The Captain, hurrying up to congratulate the young people, paused a moment, and in just that moment the young Doctor, still keeping fast hold of Ruth, stepped forward and handed him a folded paper, saying, "Captain, if you will read this I think you will find our little joke satisfactorily explained."

The bewildered Captain opened the paper and read: "April 15th. In the post-office at five o'clock in the afternoon. Remarks of Captain Stearns: 'Do you suppose that fellow's livin' that could run off with one of my girls? If he is, all I say is, let him try it. I'll forgive 'em both if he makes a success of it.'"

The Captain raised his head; for a moment he looked steadily at the young couple, then extending his hand to the Doctor he said in a low tone: "You think yourself mighty smart, I've no doubt, but you wouldn't have outwitted me if you hadn't pressed the hull neighborhood into service."

Then turning to the other couple he remarked, as he shook hands with them, "Sallie, Sallie, why didn't I suspect mischief when you were so wonderful fond of the old man? I forgive you, Bob. She will make you trouble enough to pay up for this summer's work."

It was said the Captain never alluded to the subject again until some years had passed, when he was heard to tell George Stearns Hargrave, as he dandled that rosy infant on his knee, "You'll be a peart fellow, my boy, if you take after your daddy. When he wanted a wife he had to call on all his friends to help him get her." Nevertheless, as time went, the Captain became quite proud of his son-in-law, as was evident from his often speaking of "my son-in-law, Dr. Hargrave, of Clifton," and lamenting that "his extensive practice was too much for any one man."

And as he grew older the Captain improved in temper, and was so tolerant in his opinions that Susie's girlhood was much happier than her elder sister's had been, and Mrs. Stearns' beautiful smile grew so serene that it was delightful to watch it creep over her delicate face, lighting up the tender eyes, and lingering about the sensitive mouth as if it felt at home and was conscious of its right to remain as long as it pleased.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Bob Ingram, they lived happily ever after, in spite of the Captain's doleful prophecy, and a jollier old couple than they were when they told me this tale it has never been my good fortune to meet.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

A Chapter on Sitting-Rooms.

WE had just finished "Odd or Even," and in the twilight were discussing some of its theories.

"I mean to have a dado of calla lilies, like that at the Pye's Nest, in my bay window," said Kathie, appreciatively.

"Don't, Kathie!" implored Crete, holding up her hands in assumed horror. "Whatever else you are not, do be original. A home, it seems to me, should be, in some sort, a shell or covering to protect the personality and individuality of the inmates. It should be an outgrowth of the lives and characters of the people it contains, and any attempt to graft on the views, ideas and originations of another, mars the harmony of the original thought, and makes a miserable hotch potch of the whole. The idea which applies so happily to the artistic room Mrs. Whitney has created would fail of its force without the proper surroundings, and your attempt would become, naturally, a servile, characterless imitation."

"But there must be some standard," said Justitia. "We do not go to work in a hap-hazard way to build a house; we have a definite plan, and build with that in view. Why should not the same rule apply in-doors? Why should there not be an ideal parlor, an ideal sitting-room; even the delightfully tantalizing, ideal kitchen which our author has described?"

"Because the chief attraction of the home, as of the individual, lies in those little shades of dissimilarity which invest it with the charm of personality," answered Crete, oracularly. "The brightest gleam of common-sense in modern days is that which has abrogated the old-fashioned parlor. The hair-cloth and Brussels horror, each as like its neighbor as one pea to its twin, which was the pride of our grandmothers' hearts, is no more. In its stead, we have rooms which sunlight and air do not fear to invade, rooms made to live in, not to look at; furnished, it may be, with less sumptuousness, but with more regard for the comfort and well-being of the family. People are beginning to learn that the life is more than the house, and health and happiness more than costly furniture. Still, the imitative spirit which made the old-fashioned parlor a thing to be dreaded and discountenanced, is abroad in the land, and wending its intrusive way into the family living-room; and in the present mad worship of ceramic art and fanciful bric-a-brac, there is danger that the one room in the house, which has always been indicative of the real *status* of the family, shall lose its individuality and become a mere repetition of each and every other house in the street or neighborhood."

"Perseverentia says never a word," exclaimed Kathie, spying me as I sat meditatively in my corner; and the group cried in chorus: "Give us your idea of what the family living-room should be!"

Partly to still their clamor, partly, it may be, to advance some theories of my own, I give, not my ideal of what a sitting-room should be—since I claim, with Crete, that each woman's ideal of the room in which her family spend most of their home life, should be an outgrowth of her own nature, and not borrowed in any sense from another—but a brief description of some of the sitting-rooms I have known, that seem to me most original and individual. Let me premise, however, that it is among the middle classes, those who are neither hindered by poverty, on the one hand, nor tempted by extravagant display on the other, that we shall find the most intensely personal types.

I.

The room is large and low, an outgrowth of successive generations. An arched alcove on the one side, and an im-

mense bay window extending nearly across another side, adding to the original spacious proportions. The one large window in the center of the alcove is draped in white; a graceful lambrequin, of some thick, rich cloth, in dark green, drooping above. At the right of the window stands a small cottage piano, and a guitar is near by. Among the piles of music you will notice few of the modern favorites. Quaint old ballads, growing, like rare wine, richer and sweeter with the lapse of years; gems of Scottish song; a few selections from the German and Italian; these are among the stores. It is the music of a generation that has passed away. Can the new give us better?

Across the projecting angle of the bay window is fashioned a miniature cabinet, with glass doors, reaching from floor to ceiling. In the heterogeneous collection upon its shelves, are found some of the rarities dear to the scientist's heart, and, taken as a whole, the collection comprises more of the curious than the beautiful. The books which line the upper shelves are mostly works of reference, fragments of historical, mythological and scientific lore—books for use, not show. A long shelf to the right is filled with a complete set of "Chambers' Encyclopedia," and among the dainty bits of needle-work on the table near by are scattered books, papers, and magazines.

The great bay window has one distinctive feature. The ranks of plants which fill its shelves and brackets are noticeable for their fragrance rather than mere beauty of form and foliage. There are graceful clumps of callas; a white thicket of heliotrope, permeated with honeyed sweetness; ranks of odorous hyacinths and pendant clusters of hoyas, delicate and fragrant enough to grace a fairy bridal. The one notable non-odorous exception is a giant begonia *rubra*, which clambers sturdily skyward amid the labyrinth of ivies, and droops its great, rosy, waxen blossoms among the emerald leaves. The whole effect of the window is that of a filmy, fragrant, green curtain, casting its soft, entrancing shade across the too-dazzling brightness of the sunshine.

The low walls are tinted a pale green, and are surmounted by a cornice of lithe, clinging vines. The carpet is a pattern of pale fern leaves on a ground of rich, golden brown, and sofas and chairs are upholstered in various harmonic shades of brown and green. A handsome wall-pocket is filled with pressed ferns, and a wreath of brilliant autumn leaves spans the arch.

Among the pictures on the walls are portraits in oil and crayon; an inspiring bit of mountain scenery; an exquisite sketch of "Paul and Virginia," and some fine engravings. From a sheltered niche the sweet face of Alice Cary, the poet, whose songs were the irrepressible expression of her own true womanly nature, looks down upon us, the patron saint of the domain. Does the room need any other interpreter to declare its dedication to pure living and high thinking?

II.

This apartment in consonance with modern tastes and predilections is higher and lighter. There is no screen of waving leaves and mesh of intricate vines to keep the sunlight in abeyance. The shades are drawn high, that the occupant may revel in its glory, which is her life and inspiration. It is the home of a poet, and the surroundings are suggestive. The window drapery is of a dark, rich crimson, which is also the prevailing tint in carpet, sofas and easy-chairs. A low book-case filled with choicest gems of poesy; vaguest dreams of philosophers; the rarest treasures of fiction; the most inspiring of biographies, occupies one side of the room. Above it the bird of wisdom, perched in taxidermic state on a carven bracket, looks grimly down. Near the western window stands a well-worn writing desk, whose faded cover speaks of constant use. Bits of Japanese work; a panel picture of golden rod and asters; busts of Dickens and Sumner, and dainty plaques adorn the mantel. Each picture that hangs from the wall is itself a poem as perfect as any the occupant has ever written. An ideal, sibyllic face with wondrous haunting eyes, half hidden in soft, fleecy folds of white drapery, looks out from its heavy frame. A cluster of apple-blossoms in water-colors with its companion-piece, a study in ferns and lilies; striking bits of landscape and the noble head of the American poet-laureate are among the treasures on its walls.

Books are everywhere. The cases have overflowed and the *débris* accumulates on tables and shelves in a manner wholly delightful to the intellectual and scholastic soul. The room abounds with trifles, each embodying in its tiny bulk some artistic or poetic thought. Every article of *virtu* asserts its right to be by its own intrinsic worth and beauty. It is no hap-hazard collection, but the choice accumulation of years of careful selection. There is no room for the simply commonplace. The room is a quiet, restful haven; and in the luxurious rest of its easy-chairs one may forget for a brief interval the busy, restless, working world which surges so near.

III.

A long, narrow room with something in its outline suggestive of New England squareness and rigidity. In other hands and under other treatment the effect of the apartment would be that of primness and stiffness. But the blithe-hearted housewife is mistress of the situation. A true artist by nature and cultivation, she has made her room a picture in pronounced colors, and the dead whiteness of the walls seems only a fitting frame for her graceful fancies. Across one end of the room extends an improvised bay window. It is simply a large, double window crowned by an arch, which extends out upon the ceiling and is finished with a light drapery of lace, headed with a short lambrequin of maroon and gold, edged with a deep and showy fringe. The window itself, which forms the center of the picture, is a mass of such vivid brightness, such startling yet charming contrasts of color that it would seem as if the sun's subtle powers had exhausted themselves to draw into this narrow space the luxuriance and verdure of summer time. For this sunshiny mistress plants bloom as for no one else. Through all the dreary winter months this window is a tiny embodiment of summer time. Its glowing tints of carmine and snow standing out from their back-ground of green are a delight alike to the appreciative occupants of the room and the beauty-loving passer-by.

The mistress is full of pretty devices. Here is the stand for shovel and tongs hidden from sight beneath a graceful little curtain of the gold and maroon, which are the prevailing tints in drapery. Through an open door one catches a glimpse of a large, light bed-room, in which the same tints are repeated in lambrequins and table-spreads and the curtains of an ingenious wardrobe. The sitting-room mantel supports numerous sketches in water-colors, mostly of wild flowers; and the dainty lambrequin which edges it is composed of pieces of hand-painted satin in harmonizing colors, each slip bearing in bewitching clusters the faithful semblance of some charming blossom of the woods or prairies. Her own hands have adorned the walls with their wealth of pictures and sketches, and among the well-read books which cover the heavily-draped tables are scattered the tiny productions of her busy fingers. Working with simplest materials and always with an eye to strictest economy, she has created a room beautiful and charming in its tasteful simplicity.

IV.

The fourth and last is the home of the musician. There is a corner filled with plants, lilies, roses, ferns and ivies, but they must be sought to be admired. There is no room for them in the large, handsome apartment. Music, jealous god, demands the whole. The walls are lofty and echoing. The drapery of the room is noticeable chiefly for its subdued tint and its scarcity. Drapery muffles the sound and must be used sparingly in the room of the musical artist. Upon the top of the upright piano are photographs of Joseffy and Remenyi; Gerster, Kellogg, Cary, and a host of queens of song of greater or less prominence. Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Mozart and Haydn are the tutelary divinities of the place, and fitly occupy a prominent place among the portraits on the wall. Busts of Beethoven, Bach and Handel have the place of honor on the carven mantel. The shelves of the music-stand are filled with the choicest of harmonic literature. All is classic—the gold which has passed the crucial test of years and, outliving the ordeal of carping criticism, has proven its right to be. Although the edict of banishment has been pronounced against latter-day barbarities and innovations, an exception is pronounced in favor of Wagner, who has his own special corner, and rests serenely not far from the author of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The pictures on the walls are mostly either portraits of famous composers or pianists, or are subjects taken from musical or dramatic lore; and the biographies of Beethoven and Schumann, with Mendelssohn's letters, jostle the Shakespeare and Schiller on the center-table; but by their side the well-filled work-basket, with its elegant appointments, its exquisite needlework, dainty bits of lace and kaleidoscopic patchwork of silk, denotes that the musician is also a true home woman, devoting her grand art to the happiness and comfort of those around her.

Is there need to tell more? Shall I speak of the home given over completely to the genius of fancy-work; the sitting-room adorned with an incongruous mass of rugs and sofa-pillows, and multitudinous tidies fastening their pitiless fangs upon the unwary caller; of the house-mistress, whose divinity is the mirror and whose shabby, neglected room speaks pitifully of lack of comfort and cheer? They are all around you, good friend, and it needs no prophetic wisdom to discover that only in the homes where true, loving hearts are building the best that is in them into the family structure, striving with brave hearts and faithful, patient hands to create a perfect home, do we find the true, ideal sitting-room.

SARAH D. HOBERT.

A Break in the Monotony.

IN truth the *Santillane*, being French, was a very bad ship but in order not to depart from established usage, we will say that the good ship *Santillane* was cutting her way through the hot air and the glassy sea of the tropical Atlantic, bound from Europe to South America. Among the passengers there were a couple of lovers, American, already firmly betrothed, whom we may call Paul and Virginia, since those were not their names.

Virginia, in the course of her wanderings one day, had gone upon the bridge of the vessel, where she was always kindly tolerated by the officers on lookout there. Paul, as her knight and protector, had followed her. They approached the end of the bridge, from which they could look into the water below. There was nothing in the shape of a guard to prevent them from falling off, but then the ship was moving with scarcely a tremor, and of course there was no danger. The girl moved a step nearer to the edge, and to her companion's warning she threw a merry look back over her shoulder. It seemed to say, "Follow me, if you dare."

He was becoming alarmed and reached out his hand to take her arm. Forgetting where she stood, and perhaps thinking that she was in a parlor at home, and playing at that ancient and always popular juvenile game in which a catch is rewarded by a kiss, still looking back with an air of defiance, she stepped out of his reach—and stepped into the sea.

It was always a source of self-gratulation to her that she descended in a ladylike and unruffled manner, feet foremost, and did not demean herself by screaming, but merely said "O Paul!" in a voice that was intended for his ear alone, and which, she was thankful to learn afterwards, he himself did not hear.

In one respect this was a well-ordered ship, and it was almost impossible to throw out your hand without hitting a life-preserver. Paul made one grand stride out into the air, seizing one of these articles and tearing it from its fastenings as he jumped. Perhaps it has never been hitherto observed that a man can jump much faster than a woman can fall, but such is the case, and Virginia had drifted but a few feet back when her lover, with a white face, splashed into the water near her. There she was, floating as easily as a halcyon bird, being sustained by the voluminous amount of clothing which women are supposed to wear.

She held out her hands towards him with an imploring gesture, and he, raising himself up in the water, threw the ring of cork with so accurate an aim that it lodged upon her outstretched arms.

"Put it on!" he cried.

Even in the excitement of this moment he had his wits sufficiently about him to know that Virginia was not in a condition to appreciate or understand any detailed information about the use of this buoy. So he shouted "Put it on!" as if it were an article of clothing. She comprehended the simple instruction and thrust her head through the ring, worked it over her shoulders, and then settled comfortably down into it.

In the meantime there was great commotion on the deck, where the passengers were assembled.

"Throw him something!" they cried, as they saw the pair floating away in the ship's track, and Paul without any support but his own strong arms.

This appeal was answered by a shower of whatsoever articles were handiest, camp-stools taking the lead. One fat old Spanish lady threw her husband's fine field-glass, which she chanced to have in her hand at that moment; whereupon he, out of his great sympathy for the castaways, looked as if he would very much like to pitch her after it.

By this time one of the sailors had loosened another life-preserver, and, hurling it as a Grecian athlete would a quoit, he sent it almost into the grasp of Paul, who availed himself of it, and, taking one long breath, smiled assuringly to Virginia.

It had been observed that these lovers were not a very sentimental pair, but were given to the very unlover-like habit of chaffing each other. Now that the danger was over the comedy began again.

"O, come here, Paul, do! This is awful!" she panted.

"I'm afraid," was the ungallant answer. "I'm afraid you'll put your arms around me. Drowning women are said to take that last advantage of a fellow."

He afterwards excused this heroic treatment by saying that he had to do something to keep her from fainting; she was already becoming very white and tremulous.

"So I guess we'll have to paddle our own canoe until the ship's boat comes," he continued.

The color was all back in the offended girl's cheek now. She thought it would be a very small and inconsequential matter to die, but as for having anything more to do with that man, it was quite out of the question. But such severe moods did not last a great while with the gentle Virginia. It was not long before the full ludicrousness of the situation burst upon her, and she laughed a merry laugh. There they were, away out on the Atlantic Ocean, a thousand feet of water beneath them and land nowhere in sight, and yet here was this incorrigible man dealing out his customary small-talk.

"If this is what they call getting shipwrecked, I don't see anything so very dreadful in it," she said. "How warm the water is! I think I see some coral away down, down, as deep as the sky. O, there's something nibbling at my toes!"

"I didn't know mermaids had toes."

"But what if it should be a shark?" She spoke with a suppressed shriek. "O dear! why don't they hurry and come?"

"It takes a good while to stop a ship and launch a boat."

"I shall get awfully tanned without my parasol. Did you bring any lunch along?"

"Not I. My departure was unpremeditated."

"Thoughtless!"

"But I am ready to believe that this affair was premeditated on your part, just to try my devotion."

"No danger. I am sure enough of *your* devotion," said she. "It's mine that I am doubtful about."

The boat was now very near, the sailors pulling vigorously, and the first officer, a handsome young Englishman, urging them on.

"Paul, how do I look?" asked Virginia.

"Where is your glass? You a mermaid and without a mirror!"

"But how do I look? I want to know."

"The picture of repose. Not a hair ruffled. But then I am afraid you won't show to so good advantage after you are fished out. Women never do wash well," said he, remembering his summer at Long Branch, and the bathers there.

"Mind you, I claim salvage on this craft. I claim she was a total wreck when I found her," he called out, as the officer lifted Virginia into the boat.

"That is a matter for personal adjudication. I am surprised that it is not settled already," replied that gentleman.

"It will have to be postponed till the next session of court now," remarked Virginia, as, with a rueful countenance, she eyed the limp condition of her pretty dress, which had been fresh that morning.

An hour later she was extended upon a divan in the saloon, receiving the congratulations of her friends. The re-action had now come. She was utterly exhausted, and with her strength her pride had also gone, so that when Paul appeared, newly arrayed, she extended her hand towards him and said,

"Come here, my brave deliverer, I want to thank you."

"I—I'm afraid," the brave deliverer replied, bashfully fingering his hat. "There's something in your eye that scares me, Virginia. I'm afraid you're going to be profuse, and call me your preserver—your life-preserver, perhaps."

"Oh, take him away," moaned the girl, sinking back upon the cushions. "Take him away. There's cork enough in his brain to make a dozen life-preservers."

That is all. As there was no parson on board they could not very well be married until they reached the shore, when they passed beyond our knowledge. This may not seem a very exciting episode to the reader, who has every right to expect hurricanes and pirate ships in a tale of the sea, but it served us, the fellow-passengers, as a most welcome break in the monotony of the shuffleboard and scandal of a long voyage.

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

Peasant and Painter.

SOME thirty years or more since, Edward Gesellschap, a Dusseldorf artist, was visiting the house of a friend, when his attention was called to some sketches whose originality of conception and grace of execution so impressed him as to cause him to ask what artist could have made them.

"No artist, but a peasant named Theodore Mindrof," was the answer.

A few days later found Gesellschap standing in a freshly ploughed field, admiring the noble head and stalwart form of a vigorous young fellow, who was guiding his plow and urging his horses with loud and repeated calls.

"Are you the countryman, Raphael?" asked Gesellschap, as the ploughman drew near.

"They call me 'the painter' about here," replied the young man, stopping his work to enter into conversation with the artist. * * * * * * *

On the left bank of the river Ruhr, near the town of Werden, stands an isolated farm-house, which has been in the Mindrof family for generations. Here Theodore, nick-named Dores, was born, the third child of his parents. His mother, a simple-minded, matter-of-fact peasant, of whom there are thousands in Germany, ruled well and perhaps somewhat vigorously her small kingdom.

His father, though fulfilling punctiliously every duty, and laboring hard with his hands, was intellectually superior to his position, and possessed a remarkable fund of wit and humor. He was quick to discover that Dores was as peculiar as himself, and took pleasure in having the lad with him when he was at work in the woods or fields. There Dores was in his element. His keen eyes saw much that was hidden from others, and his father fed his childish fancy with the old-time legends and wonder-tales with which the Rhine provinces abound. The boy heard voices speaking from the rivulets, sweet messages were whispered to him by the rustling winds, the nooks and crevices in the rocks were the habitations of kobolds and gnomes, and fairies danced on the velvety moss in the shadowy forests.

Dores' instruction in school was poor and scanty; so poor indeed that he never learned to write properly. In the summer he kept his father's sheep during the day; his evenings he spent in the spinnstute with the maids and farm laborers. There, while the fragrant pine cones burnt and crackled on the open hearth, the men smoked and the maids spun. Sukelman, the head shepherd, told ghost stories and mysterious tales until every hair on the boy's head seemed to stand on end and his flesh crept with terror.

When in the open air, under the blue sky, with his flock this terror left him, and the visionary figures he had seen the previous evening sat by his side on the grassy hillocks, while he talked to them and ruled over them—their king. In holiday hours, these imaginary scenes were sketched upon stable walls and barn doors with burnt sticks, a proceeding which drew upon him many hard words from his mother and her maids. Only one person stood his friend in these troubles (his father died while he was quite a lad)—that was the shepherd's wife. She reserved for him on Sundays the best place by her one window, and watched anxiously over any drawing which he left upon her cottage walls.

One Sunday, Dores was drawing an infant Christ, with a red pencil begged from a good-natured carpenter, when a neighbor came in, in great perplexity of mind, to borrow a picture Madonna to place temporarily in a shrine standing in

one of her fields facing the high road, through which a church procession was to pass the following day. "My Madonna has been quite washed out by the rain," she moaned, "and I have no other."

The house was searched through, but no suitable picture discovered. "No matter! Dores can make you one," said Frau Mindrof consolingly.

"Dores!" repeated the woman, dubiously.

"Yes," said the mother, proudly, with a glance at the startled boy; "Dores can draw anything he likes."

Dores was dumb with joy. The unexpected recognition of his ability by his mother—an actual order for work—that was beyond his dreams.

The picture was finished, and he received in payment three rosy-cheeked apples, each of which hid a five groschen piece. He was a Crœsus! Now it was possible for him to have good pencils and clean, white paper.

When his time for military duty arrived, he was stationed in Cologne, and was fortunate enough to have for one of his comrades Hacklander, the now famous novelist, from whom he received his first ideas of literature. It is perhaps not easy to imagine the impression which Schiller and Shakespeare would make on such a fresh, healthy, vigorous mind. His three years of military service over, he returned to the farm, where he quickly banished the stale ghost stories from the spinnstute and replaced them by readings from William Tell and Shakespeare's tragedies. Of an imposing presence, with a fine voice, and keenly sensitive to what he read, the peasants soon hung upon the words which fell from his lips, forgetting even their pipes, in their anxiety to learn the fate of the great master's heroes.

Dores was thirty years old when he entered the Dusseldorf Academy as pupil, to learn the A B C of art. His diligence soon carried him through the necessary preparatory studies, and he was free to follow the bent of his genius. In all circles of society he was the theme of conversation, and critics spoke of him as a phenomenon in art.

But perhaps no adulation was so sweet to him as that offered him by a deputation of his country people when they waited upon him to beg him to paint a picture for their church. With religious zeal he gave months to the painting of a picture of Saint Ludgen, the patron saint of the town. When the picture was completed, he took it himself to Werden. The installation in the church, and its dedication, which was a festival for the neighborhood, was also an ovation for him. At the supper given in his honor, his plate was decorated with a laurel wreath; and when he entered the room, amid acclamations and fluttering of handkerchiefs, he was quite overcome, and exclaimed, "If my father had only lived to see this day!"

Mindrof lived in Dusseldorf, in the family of Gesellschap where he was made to feel quite at home, Frau Gesellschap taking upon herself the responsibility of seeing that he came up to the necessary requirements of civilized society, as, for instance, when she would say, upon his coming to the table with hands daubed over with colors, "You've forgotten to wash your hands, Dores;" or, "You need a clean collar to-day."

After a time, at his request, she took charge of his money, giving him only a trifling sum each day, as he could not help giving away all he had, whether it was much or little. One cold winter evening, a friend of the artist told the writer, tea had been kept waiting for him a long time, and Frau Gesellschap was growing very anxious, when he finally made his appearance, shivering with cold. In reply to her hasty "What kept you so long?" he said, "I met a poor fellow on the street, and his pants were so thin and ragged that I took him back to the academy, and gave him my drawers." The whole company burst into a hearty laugh at the child-like simplicity of the man, in which he joined very good-naturedly.

KÖNIG HEINZELMANN—ANNA IN THE KITCHEN, AND HER HELPS.

Yet, spite his great talents, there were seasons when he would have undoubtedly suffered had he not been in Gesellschap's family. They understood his peculiarities, and loved him as a brother; and, indeed, he was the sunshine of the house. Innocent as a child, it was delightful and amusing to watch him tell a story. He would, if much interested in his subject, often stop and draw pictures with his fingers in the air, an easier and more rapid way for him to express his thoughts than by words.

Fraulein Marie Calm tells us of meeting him once in Dusseldorf, when she had just returned from England, and as they were walking together through a public street, he became so excited over some of the London sights of which she was telling him, that he stopped suddenly, and taking her by both shoulders, shook her, and cried out, "Nay! dass kann nit sein." As he was very tall, and she very short, one may imagine the picture they presented to passers-by.

In all his conduct, innocence was mated with nobility. In his works, strength and originality of conception, joined to childish naïvete, gave them a magical charm. His Madonnas and angels were so exquisite that one celebrated critic said, "We could easily believe him to be a pupil of Sanzio d'Urbino."

All the excellencies of his creative genius are displayed in his latest work, to which the following story is attached. He fell very deeply in love with a young girl who was visiting his friends' house, but who did not reciprocate the feeling. Hearing of her engagement to some one else, he rushed off into the woods, where he remained till nightfall. A day or two after he said to Frau Gesellschap that he intended to embody his love for Anna in pictures, in which he would represent himself as her protecting spirit, since he could not in life stand by her and guard her from cares.

He called the work König Heinzelmann. In the seventy pictures which make up the series, we read his touching heart history. Delicious is the artlessness of the positions in which König Heinzelmann is portrayed as he guards and helps his beloved. Hundreds of merry, grotesque little creatures are shown in the service of König Heinzelmann, following Anna from place to place, protecting her and working for her by day and by night. The König is a gnome who had left his underground home at request of Queen Titania, to see if one mortal could be found who had not been utterly spoiled by the practicality of this material age. He finds Anna, and loves her so much that Queen Titania and his errand are alike forgotten.

The illustration which we give represents Anna in the kitchen. She lives with her uncle and her aunt, the latter of whom is from home on a visit, and Anna is housekeeper *pro tem.* That was poor König Heinzelmann's happiest time, for afterward a stranger comes whom Anna marries, and with whom she ventures across the sea. Heinzelmann follows her to the ship, where he receives a parting kiss, and then heart-broken, goes back to his neglected kingdom.

In the true story of Mindrof's life, Anna returned from America in three years, and soon after a child was born to her. When asked by her husband who was to be sponsor for the little one, she replied, "None other than König Heinzelmann."

Rather reluctantly, because doubting his own power of forgetfulness, he consented. The hour for the baptism arrived; the sleeping babe was laid in his arms; a sudden giddiness seized him, and giving the child again to its mother, he tottered into the open air. It was his deathstroke. Upon his deathbed he cried, "Good God, permit me to live long enough to carry out my unfinished work!" But there was no reprieve, and the artist died.

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

John Pringle's Wife.

MISS MARIA JANE BREWSTER came into the sewing society with a set expression on her face, which plainly told those who observed it that something of more than usual weight was on her mind. A few, however, had not observed it, in consequence of which the minute description of the trimmings on Mrs. Squire Wright's new Boston-made dress was finished, when Miss Maria Jane availed herself of the first opening.

"I was in to John Pringle's as I came along."

"Ah?" The pause had to be filled, exactly as if every listener had not felt sure some choice bit of criticism or gossip were to follow. One even went so far as to ask:

"Found them all well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes!" an upward inflection of the yes. "Found things about as usual. It is amazin', though, the peculiarities of some folks. It beats me to guess how John Pringle's a comin' out."

"Baby well?" was offered to fill up the next pause, rather than with any solicitude for the health of that young person.

"Oh, yes; found the little nurse gal a fixin' things up to take it out doors, and *she* agoin', too, with that everlastin' porty folio of hers—right after dinner, when most farmers' wives have somethin' else to do."

"M, m, m!" heads were shaken emphatically.

"*And*—what *do* you suppose she did afore she went out?" hands holding needles were suspended in mid air. "Well, M'lindy Jones is there; she's always there, a sewin' or a fussin' over things that most farmers' wives have to fuss over for themselves. Well, John Pringle's wife, she brought out a whole bundle of flannels, and nice flannels they be, too—better'n John's mother had ever laid out the money for—reg'lar made, and solid, and all wool (though *I* think a little mixtur' of cotton stops 'em shrinking). Well, she just gives 'em to M'lindy to mend up and put away in tobaccer and camphire—her husband's flannels!"

The exclamation which went around the circle was quite satisfactory to Miss Maria Jane, so she resumed:

"Soon they was ready to start, so we come out together, and I couldn't help a sayin' to her: 'Most of folks I know, Mis' Pringle, has to do that for themselves.'"

"What did she say *to that?*"

"Oh, she only laughed, and said she hadn't time for it—time, indeed!—and M'lindy seemed glad to do it. So she come along till she got to the grove, and there she turned in and sets herself down on a stool she took out of the baby's carriage, and begins to draw. I must say, she looked as pretty as a pictur', while the little gal went 'round with the baby and kep' a runnin' to her with bits of wild flowers and such trash."

"John Pringle's mother'd 'a' set down to her mendin' after the dinner dishes was washed, and 'a' took care of a baby, too."

"Yes. I thought to myself how she'd 'a' felt to seen that new-fangled bay window goin' up outside her best parlor—the kitchen was good enough for her to set in—and it used for every-day, with a carpet lookin' like a posy bed, and an extry fire."

"It seems to suit John well enough."

"Oh, yes; she winds him right 'round her finger, you see! He takes care of her just like a piece of chany."

"I don't see that Mrs. Pringle's to blame for wanting to have things nice about her," said one of the younger ladies, "if her husband can afford it."

"That's just it—he can't. That farm o' his ain't a goin' to stand many Brussels carpets, nor servants' wages without end, to say nothin' of sewin' girls doin' the mendin'."

"It's a great help to Melindy, though, I know," said the younger lady. "Since she's lame, she told me Mis' Pringle's kindness was a real Providence to her."

"She must 'a' been out in that grove afore, this spring," went on Miss Maria Jane, "for, as I come farther on, I found this; see—this is the kind of work she does!"

"It's pretty, anyways," said the younger lady, as a scrap of paper on which appeared a delicate tracery of a sprig of maiden-hair fern, with a violet laid against it, was passed around the circle.

"Pretty way to spend one's time, *I* should say. But I'm going to carry this back to her, and I think I shall just speak a little of my mind. I'm really kin to John Pringle, you know—second cousin to his father's first wife—so it's my place to speak to her."

"Of course, it's your place."

"—And your duty."

Mrs. John Pringle had committed grievous sins in the eyes of the farming community in which she had appeared as a bride about three years before. In the first place, she was, in a measure, held accountable for John Pringle's sin in turning his back on the country lassies who waited on the glance of his handsome eyes, to bow before a maiden in whose superior refinement he rejoiced with loyal and proud appreciation—she never for a moment considering that it placed her in any way above his sterling qualities of mind and heart. She had brought her own ways with her to the farm, and her ways were so different from the ways which had been handed down from generation to generation of farmers' wives, as to keep up a constant small agitation among them, of which she, being absorbed in her own pursuits, was provokingly unaware.

She had brought a trusty servant to assist in the work of the house, which, the farm being a dairy farm, with a good deal of work for women, was acquiesced in by those who so kindly concerned themselves in her business, although it was soon whispered that Mrs. Pringle left things too much to her, in order to pay attention to drawing, which everybody knows ought to be let alone as soon as a girl has done school. The disturbance which had been caused by unnecessary repairs and adornments of the old house—because what was good enough for John's mother ought to be good enough for John's wife—increased, as the sewing was turned over to hired hands, and arose to positive excitement when a little girl was taken into the family to assist in the care of the baby.

"Though I'm free to confess, as I don't want to do an injustice to a livin' soul," said Miss Maria Jane, "that she hardly ever lets that baby out of her sight. But, I take it, a woman as has to be everlastin'ly foolin' over bits of paper and dauby paints, ain't no call to be a wife and mother."

"I come to bring this to you, Mis' Pringle, s'posin' it to be yourn," said the worthy spinster as she was shown into the room of the posy-bed carpet, when she found its mistress seated at a desk, apparently absorbed in a few flowers which stood in a glass of water.

"Oh, thank you very much, Miss Brewster. It is one of a set of little wild flower drawings—the wind blew it away from me and Sarah couldn't find it."

It was fully two hours after breakfast, and the pretty room was still in all the disorder of the previous evening. Mrs. Pringle might have noticed the comprehensive glance with which Miss Brewster took in this fact, for she said with a smile:

"You've caught me a little too soon, Miss Brewster. John brought me these lovely little 'spring beauties' just after breakfast, and they fade so soon that I let things go while I sketched them."

In Miss Brewster's opinion this was treating the sacred obligations of thrifty housewifery entirely too lightly.

"Most of folks I know, Mis' Pringle," she said stiffly, thinks duty ought to be attended to afore frivolities. Now, John Pringle's mother—"

"Yes, I know," said John Pringle's mother's daughter-in-law, quite unabashed, "only you see a room can be swept one time just as well as another, but these flowers would not wait."

Miss Brewster was indignantly casting about for some expression which could delicately convey her idea of the shiftlessness of such a principle, when an interruption occurred in the person of John Pringle coming up the walk outside.

"Ha! ha! my lady," said the visitor to herself. "I wonder what he'll think of such doin's this time o' day—when his mother'd 'a' had her wash out and 'a'—" she rejoiced in seeing that Mrs. Pringle did have the grace to look a little confused.

"O John, dear," she said. I wouldn't have left my room untidy if I had known you were coming, but it has taken me ever since to draw these."

"Good morning, Miss Brewster," said John. "Never mind the room, Janet—business before pleasure, you know! —eh, Miss Brewster? Look here, Janet, I came all the way back home to bring you these."

Business before pleasure, indeed! Miss Brewster was speechless as the two bent over a few anemones he held in his big hand. She had had no intention of including John in the setting down she had come to give his wife, but she now felt nerved by the sight of such "fool nonsense" to say her say to both.

"They're as natural as life, ain't they Miss Brewster?" he said, showing her the tiny drawing with great pride

"I suppose so," said the lady stiffly, "but seems to me, John Pringle—not to say it's any concern of mine I know—but most of us neighbors has our opinion—I'm only meanin' it in all kindness, you know—that it—well—" Miss Maria Jane found her own and her neighbors' opinions more difficult of expression than she had anticipated, "that it ain't goin' to pay in the long run to have everything goin' to sixes and sevens—I mean—that a farmer's wife can't afford to spend all her time over such light doin's. Now your mother, John—I hope you know I only mean to suggest to Mis' Pringle here that your mother was the greatest hand in the country for bucklin' down to real solid work—no fine arts about her. I don't mean no interference you know—" she hesitated, seeing a look in the faces of both her listeners which led her to imagine her suggestions *might* possibly be looked upon as an interference. "I only mean that most of folks thinks your father wouldn't 'a' been as forehanded a man as he was if it hadn't 'a' been for his wife's helpin' hand."

"Miss Brewster," said John, gravely, "to my eyes there never was such a woman as my mother, and likewise there never was such a woman as my wife. If I had known the neighbors were so concerned over the rather unusual way in which her helping hand is as strong for me as my mother's was for my father—" he kissed the small white hand which had so excited Miss Maria Jane's contempt as being unfit for any use, "I should have asked her to be more open about it, simply because I don't want her misjudged among my old friends. Now, Janet, will you please tell Miss Brewster how much you earn in a year by your drawings?"

"Oh, nonsense, John. Go and attend to your steam plow."

"I don't want my wife to be a money-maker, as she

knows and as you know, but if she is happy in turning her talent to account and others are happy in doing the work she would do if she didn't make a thousand dollars a year more or less by her drawing—"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Brewster in such astonishment that John laughed.

"Yes, ma'am. She furnishes illustrations for different publications and designs for china and chintzes. Every improvement on the place has been made by her; she earns more in a week than pays her servant hire for a month, and is piling up a little account which will make that little fellow out there—" he pointed to the baby in the carriage outside the window—"good for a better farm than his father's, long before he needs it."

"All by them little scrawls!" John was watching his wife as she laid among a few blades of grass one or two of the violet-tinted anemones which shed through the room the daintiest, faintest odor of spring. Miss Brewster quietly took her leave with a very subdued feeling that she had made a total failure in her effort at convincing these two that one of them was "a right up and down shif'less, no-account sort of woman." But much comforted by the reflection that the wonderful thing she had learned would create a profound sensation when fully reported by her at the next meeting of the sewing society.

Sunshine.

ONCE a dispute arose
  Between the wind and sun,
Which one the greater was,
  Which had most wonders done.

The wind did rise in rage,
  The sun with fever high,
When the water did engage,
  The doubtful cause to try.

"He is the greater one,"
  Thus calm the water spoke,
"Who makes the traveler
  The first take off his cloak."

The wind began at last,
  With all his might again,
And blew his fiercest blast
  O'er every hill and plain.

Then the traveler's cloak was pressed,
  Closer and closer round,
And 'cross his shivering breast
  Tighter and tighter bound.

Then the sun came out so bright
  And danced upon the streams,
Till the traveler felt the might
  Of his warm and welcome beams.

And when his smile at last
  Shone bright and brighter round,
The traveler gladly cast
  His cloak upon the ground.

Then all the brooks went singing,
  "The sun, the sun is king!
His royal smile is bringing
  Great joy to everything."

And over all creation,
  Persuasion conquers more
Than all the stormy blustering
  Of authority's loud roar.

The coldest heart is conquered
  By the charm divine
Of a genial manner,
  And a smile's sunshine.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.

First Efforts.

THE illustration, "First Efforts," is from a German painting, and is a simple scene familiar to all. The little boy has come into the house from his out-of-doors amusements, and with his hat still on and his muffler around his throat, he seats himself at the table, and drawing his slate to him, is soon absorbed in printing his name. For hours he lingers over this occupation, proud and pleased with his first efforts at writing, and intending, when a little more expert, to send a letter to his dear old grandmother, who he knows will think it a remarkable production and place it among her most precious treasures.

He is evidently a thoughtful, careful child, painstaking and persistent. He is not disposed to hurry over his work, as he knows that very little can be accomplished by haste. The learner must proceed slowly, and it is only experience that can accomplish perfection rapidly. "Make haste slowly" is a good proverb for the young, and is peculiarly applicable in learning how to write. This is not a boy to be easily discouraged, and he will try again until he turns out a finished performance.

"First Efforts" is a simple but pleasing little picture, extremely natural, and the subject very effectively treated. It is an old story, pleasantly told, and is far more attractive than many a more ambitious production.

FIRST EFFORTS.

What Women Are Doing.

There are eight hundred thousand women in England who earn their livelihood outside of their homes.

Judith Gautier, daughter of the novelist, is said to be the best Chinese scholar in France.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is the second largest United States bond-holder, having $30,000,000 invested.

Miss Maggie Knoll, of Erie, Pa., is under an engagement to play cornet and violin solos in the Leipsic orchestra of Cincinnati.

Mrs. Julia A. Sabine, of Colorado Springs, Col., is the agent of the Insurance Co. of North America, and also of the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co.

Miss Fuller, a young lady teacher at Marquette, Mich., recently took a lesson in deer slaying, and succeeded in shooting and killing a fine buck. Clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Now, let me only capture a bear, and I will be ready to die!"

In 1848 Elizabeth Blackwell took her well-earned degree from the Medical College at Geneva, N. Y. The faculty, while admitting her high scholarship, immediately upon her graduation closed the institution to all other women.

Mrs. Ellen Malengro, the matron of the Jeffersonville Pest House, has contracted for two years to keep the house and grounds in order, take care of the patients, and to attend to the conveyance of patients and the burying of the dead.

Johanna Schmidt, an American of German descent, got tired of helping her mother keep boarding-house in New York, and within the year has persevered through manifold difficulties, until she has established herself and mother in the possession of a one hundred and sixty acre farm in Dakota.

Mlle. Arnaud—the name is a pseudonym—is the fortieth female dramatist who has been enacted at the Théâtre Français; but of all the authors' busts that decorate the foyer gallery, and grand staircase, only two are those of women—Delphine Gay (Madame Girardin) and Mme. Dudevant (George Sand).

The W. A. C. T. U. have formed a committee on Kitchen-Garden Schools, and already started them in Oswego, N. Y., Yonkers, N. Y., Louisville, Ky., Cleveland, O., and Baltimore, Md. The Chairman of the Committee is Miss Mary C. McClees, Yonkers, N. Y., who may be addressed for information.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the W. A. C. T. U., has issued a circular letter in which she asks for concerted action to secure throughout the English-speaking world the organization of a local W. C. T. U. in every county seat and in all towns of Great Britain, Canada and the United States in which there is a population of ten thousand.

The Crown Princess of Prussia does not occasionally drop into the school-room where her daughters Victoria, Sophie and Marguerite are being brought up—she takes the lessons *with them*, resolved not only to advance by a knowledge of books on political economy or metaphysics, but to perfect herself year by year in those matters which are the groundwork of everybody's development.

In the State of Massachusetts it is now announced that there are 284 occupations open to women, instead of seven, as described by Harriet Martineau, and that 251,158 women are earning their own living in these occupations, receiving from $150 to $3,000 each every year. This computation does not include amateurs, or mothers and daughters in the household, and of course excludes domestic servants.

Mrs. Washington R. Roebling, the wife of the engineer who was intrusted with the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, has been chief of the engineering staff ever since her husband first fell ill. When he was disabled Mrs. Roebling took his place, and the enormous structure, which is called "one of the most conspicuous marvels of the nineteenth century," was completed under her direction.

The Congregationalists of Great Barrington, Mass., have received a church property of over $200,000, free from debt, through the benevolence of a rich widow, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, whose estate of $22,000,000 in 1879 has increased in value to $50,000,000 since that time. Mrs. Hopkins was once a Miss Sherwood, daughter of Prof. Sherwood, and a teacher in Great Barrington. The ancestors of her husband came to this country from Coventry, England, in 1634.

In an eastern town is a woman who has helped carry on a brick-yard, doing with her own hands every kind of work connected with the business. A young girl twenty years of age manages a lumber-yard for her mother, who is a widow, and who is succeeding admirably. Another helped her father, a grain dealer, attending to the buying, selling and shipping of grain, and keeping the books. She walked in from her home in the country every morning, and out again in the evening.

In all the annals of religious persecution, there is no case more dark and terrible than that of Rebekah Nurse. She died a martyr to the fanaticism of the Rev. Samuel Parris, the "witch hunter," in 1692. But lately two hundred of the descendants of Rebekah Nurse met at Salem to celebrate her virtues and boast that her blood runs in their veins. The woman hounded to death in 1692 as a witch, and buried in an unmarked grave, is venerated in 1883 as the worthy mother of a distinguished family.

In 1798 the first straw bonnet was made by Betsy Metcalf, and that first bonnet was the foundation of an important industry in the United States. The cotton gin, by which the seed is mechanically separated from the cotton, was the invention of Catherine Greene, a planter's wife, who daily saw the necessity which existed for a contrivance of the kind. Mrs. Manning is said to be the author of the American Mower and Reaper, but as the invention was patented in the name of Mr. Manning, Mrs. Manning and her sex are deprived of the glory which accrues from it.

The "Guard of Honor" is a society for men founded in Buffalo seventeen years ago by a woman, Miss C. Mulligan. It began with five members, and there is an average attendance now at each meeting of upward of one hundred, from sixteen to forty years of age. Over five thousand have from time to time belonged to the class, and the amount of good done in a quiet way cannot be estimated—due, it is said to Miss Mulligan's personal character and consecration to her work. Members pledge themselves to abstain from ardent spirits and from gambling, and they have created the office of first director for "C. Mulligan," to be filled by her "forever."

A girl of nineteen, arrested in Chicago for wearing a man's dress, explained that she merely changed garments so as to get a living easier. For three years she had been employed on the lake boats as steward, watchman or cook, lived without being suspected, and was only detected by an accident at last. She says, "By working on the boats in men's clothing, I can earn $1.75 a day. If I wore woman's clothes I should not be allowed to do the work, and should probably have to wash pots. I know I have violated the law, but I'd rather make brick in the penitentiary than bend over a washtub."

Recent statistics state that the manufacture of artificial feathers gives employment to more than 3,000 women; 4,000 are engaged in bookbinding, at which only 5,000 men are employed; 25,000 do work in shoe factories; 80,000 manufacture men's clothes, professionally, in addition to the millions who do this kind of work at their own homes. It is somewhat surprising that more women are engaged in making men's clothes for the market than in making women's clothes, the latter being only 22,000 in the United States; 2,000 women get a living by making confectionery; 1,400 make twine, and 7,000 are engaged in making corsets. The census shows that 217 make fireworks and explosives, and twenty make gunpowder.

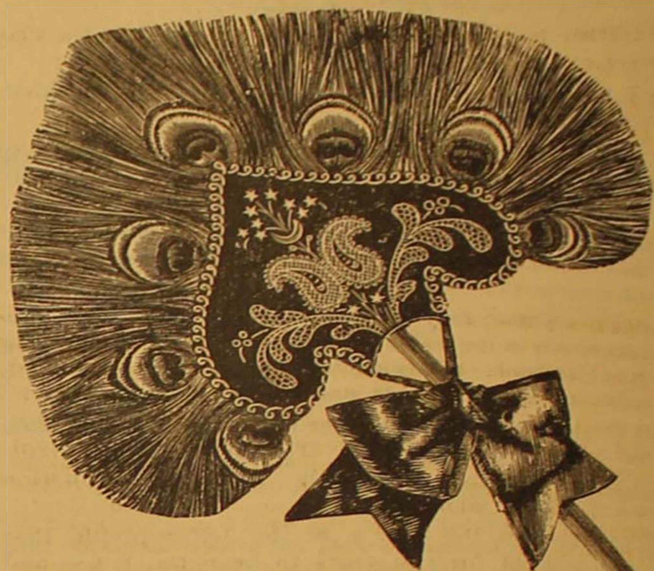
Miss Genevieve Ward was the recipient of an ovation at the expiration of her six months' season at the Olympic in London. A testimonial from her company consisted of a mirror, encircled by an exquisite wreath of flowers in china of the most delicate texture, a china basket, also in delicate flowers, and a pair of china candelabra, the whole making an extremely pretty effect, perfect in form and color. The floral tributes were remarkable for number and size, as well as beauty; one exquisite basket being an offering from the art students at South Kensington, who desired thus to testify their admiration of Miss Ward as woman and artist. Miss Ward is going on a starring trip round the world, starting from India, thence to Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the American continent.

Medallions for Embroidering.

THESE medallions may be worked on a variety of materials—cloth, silk or rep, of a light color. The figures are cut out of cloth, velvet or silk, of contrasting colors; lay them on the plain goods, and chain-stitch and embroider the figures down with silks of various shades. The medallions are used for card-cases, work-bags, writing-cases, etc.

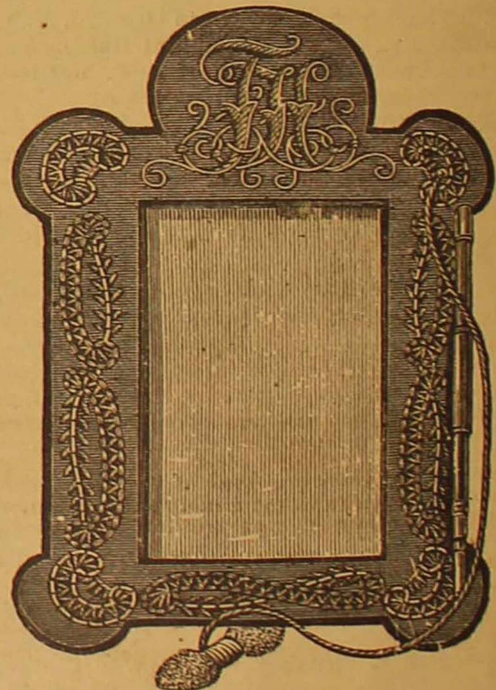
Ball Bag Knitted Work.

MATERIALS: Fine thread and blue silk cord. Close a double foundation thread into a circle, 18 times alternately knot on 2 strands of thread and 3 of blue silk cord. 1st round: * With 6 strands (the center 4 of silk and the outer ones of thread), 1 double knot with the 2nd and 5th over the 3rd and 4th; then with the 1st and 6th over the 2 center ones 1 double knot, and then 1 double knot with the first 4 strands; repeat from *. Then repeat this round in reversed position according to illustration, keeping the 4 blue strands in the center; then tie round the ends so as to form a tassel, and thread two strands through the upper part of the work.



Hand Screen.

CUT two pieces of cardboard the shape of the design, and cover them on one side with olive velvet, first embroidering one side. Take an old parasol handle, whittle it flat and place between the said board pieces, and glue firmly, leaving the upper edge open to slide in the feathers. Care must be taken not to get any of the glue on the feathers. Tie a bow round the handle of bright red ribbon, making a pretty combination with the peacock feathers.



Sketching Tablet.

MAKE a frame of navy blue leather or velvet, and embroider with blue silk. The outlines are gone over with gold cord, sewn on with black silk. The illustration shows a monogram, which is worked in satin, stitched with blue silk and gold thread.

The paper is fastened in by several elastic bands crossing the back of the frame; loops of velvet or elastic for holding the pencil are sewn on to the side of the frame; also a card with an eraser attached.

The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The World's Great Works.

The engineer is coming to the front all over the civilized world. It is his business to lay railroads, to tunnel mountains, to sink wells for oil in the coal-fields and for water in the deserts, to construct lines of communication between distant regions and through a difficult country—to make rivers navigable, and open their mouths to a world-wide commerce. But the greatest of all the feats of the engineer in modern times have been in the construction of canals. Ferdinand de Lesseps, when he joined the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by the Suez Canal, changed so vitally the relations of Europe to Asia as to revolutionize the commerce of the world. He thereby made for himself a name which will endure far longer than that of the mightiest ruler in the modern world. When he will have connected the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean and made a portion of the Desert of Sahara a vast inland sea, he will have accomplished works of the very highest importance to the whole human family. He has lived long enough to have some foretaste of the glory which will be attached to his name after he is gone, for in his own country he is held in the very highest esteem. Now that Gambetta is no more, there is no one in all the French nation so personally popular as Engineer de Lesseps. His country's rivals, especially Great Britain, pay him the compliment of being envious of his well-deserved reputation. Lord Palmerston, while he lived, declared that the construction of the Suez Canal presented difficulties so great as to be an engineering impossibility, and even if constructed, he alleged, it could never be made to pay. But the canal in time became an accomplished fact, and its English business alone has paid magnificent dividends on the original investment. Indeed, so vast is the commerce that the present canal will not suffice, and it must either be widened or a new one constructed. Premier Gladstone was willing to allow De Lesseps to make the needed improvements, but the short-sighted, covetous and mean-spirited English commercial public have protested vehemently against permitting the great French engineer completing the work, which he himself showed to be practicable, of uniting the commercial systems of the Occident and the Orient by a short navigable water-way. In their anxiety to profit by the commerce between Asia and Europe, the English are talking of realizing

Captain Eads' Novel Scheme

Of a railway to convey ships overland from one harbor to another. The author of the successful Jetty System at the mouth of the Mississippi proposed this scheme as a substitute for the canal which De Lesseps engaged to construct through the Isthmus of Panama. Engineers say that Captain Eads' proposition is entirely practicable. Steamers and ships could be hoisted to the cars on one side of the Isthmus and conveyed by steam power, to be launched again on the other side. This would be even more practicable on the low-lying sands of the Isthmus of Suez than in the more mountainous regions of Central America. But other schemes are also projected involving still greater engineering difficulties. Scientific men are now investigating a project for building

A Great Palestine Canal,

Or rather two connecting canals, one commencing in the Bay of Acre, to connect the Mediterranean with the northern end of the valley of the Jordan; the other making use of the depressed gorge of that river and the Dead Sea, ending in the Red Sea. This is said to be entirely feasible, and the youth is probably living who will take ship in an American steamer to carry him across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean and then over an artificial waterway, where from the deck of a vessel he can look out upon scenery associated with the marvelous sacred records of the Jewish theocracy and the Christian church.

Multiplying Mechanical Forces.

To helpt he engineer overcome the physical obstacles between distant regions, new motors and explosives are being discovered. Every intelligent man realizes the marvelous possibilities of electricity. It is conceded that this wonderful power of nature, when fully mastered by man, will create a mightier revolution than did steam. The Keely motor has been very generally ridiculed, yet many sensible capitalists have faith in the claim of the inventor that the disorganization of the atoms in a thimbleful of water involves a development of force competent to run a train of cars or pierce a mountain range. But now comes to the front Mr. Edward Bromiley, of Frankford, Penn., who claims to have discovered a new mechanical law, the application of which will enable him to increase by a hundred-fold the power of any machine, from a clock to a steam engine, without using additional fuel or driving the motive power any faster than ordinarily. Mr. Bromley has been an inventor since boyhood. The pulsometer pump was his discovery, also the ingenious system of brakes now used by the Pennsylvania Railway Company. This new invention combines the action of lever, the inclined plane, and another factor, which he declines to disclose, as he does not wish to apply for a patent until his invention is thoroughly matured. But what marvels are in store for the world, if all mechanical forces can be so greatly increased without the expenditure of additional money in purchase of fuel!

Getting Rid of National Debts.

The rapid liquidation of the national debt of the United States excites the astonishment of the world. It seems incredible to foreign nations that in the comparatively short interval between the close of the war and the present time we should have voluntarily paid the greater part of our indebtedness long before it was due. Great Britain is now maturing a scheme to follow our example. A bill has been passed through the Commons which, if sanctioned by the Lords, will in twenty years reduce the British debt $865,000,000. In its present shape the debt is a perpetual one, as no time is fixed for its payment. It is now proposed to sell annuities to the holders of consols as they are called. Of course as the annuitants die the national obligations are so far discharged. Mr. Gladstone holds to the belief that when the present deposits of coal and iron are worked out the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will be at an end. At the present rate of consumption this will come about in less than three hundred years. In the meantime, the civilized nations which are least in debt are those which seem to have the advantage over their rivals. France is handicapped by a debt which is beyond its power to pay. Germany has a small debt, but the United States, with its rapid growth of wealth and population, has fewer fiscal burdens relatively than any of the leading commercial nations.

How Long Will it Last?

The calculations about the British coal-fields have set statisticians at work to determine how long the anthracite coal of this country will last. Our soft or bituminous coal is practically inexhaustible, but east of the Rocky Mountains, so far as known, hard or anthracite coal is confined to a limited area in the State of Pennsylvania. There are 320,000 square miles of hard coal country in that State. Estimating a hundred tons to the acre in depth would give 320,000,000 tons. As the various strata of coal would average thirty feet in depth, a grand total of 9,600,000,000 represents the total production. As the present consumption is 30,000,000 tons per annum, it will be over three hundred years before the Pennsylvania supply will be exhausted. Some very fine anthracite coal has been found in Colorado, and other stratas of it will doubtless be uncovered in parts of the extreme western country, but with our vast stores of bituminous coal, our wood, and petroleum, there is no danger of a want of fuel for a thousand years ahead, no matter how dense our population. Then it is not unreasonable to believe that chemistry may give us new heat producing combinations which will dispense with the use of our present fuels.

A Parcels-Post.

On August first last a new departure was taken by the British post-office which undoubtedly we will follow and surpass within a few years' time. To accommodate the shopkeepers and the consuming public, the British post-office undertakes to do a great part of the work of the private express companies—in other words, to deliver parcels of all kinds of goods within certain limits as to weight and size to all parts of the United Kingdom. The post-office in all civilized countries has proved that the general government can deliver letters and newspaper packages more safely, expeditiously, and cheaply than any private corporation. England first developed the cheapest and most efficient post office system. It organized the money order and the postal note systems before these conveniences were thought of or deemed practicable in the United States. England long since realized the necessity of nationalizing the telegraph service as a part of its postal system, and it has also in existence a postal savings bank. Every one of these things we must yet have in this country. Indeed, we possess the germs of the parcels-post system which has just gone into operation across the water. This last, by the way, is no novelty in the old world, for it has been in successful operation in Germany for many years. In itself it will be a gigantic undertaking. In London alone there will be twelve great receiving centers from which the goods will be delivered by railways out of town and by vans or what we call express wagons within the city limits. Great changes in the trade of Great Britain will result from this new work by the post office department. It will build up the more important city stores at the expense of the retailers and jobbers in the minor towns. It will enormously develop the package trade, for consumers will

soon learn that the immense establishments in the large cities can supply a better article at a cheaper price than the small dealer in the neighborhood. It is a patent fact, which cannot be disputed, that every new invention and improvement concentrates the wealth of the community into fewer hands. Still, the general public is better served, for the trading class proper, who do not produce, will be reduced in numbers, and the surplus forced to seek productive employments.

Under the Hudson River.

The tunnel which is being constructed from New York to Jersey City, under the bed of the Hudson River, promises to be a more difficult engineering feat than even the wonderful Brooklyn Bridge. The latter is a marvel in its way, but its construction, after all, only involved the extension of engineering projects which had proved entirely practicable in minor enterprises. The tunnel under the British Channel is justly regarded as an easy engineering feat, because the substratum through which the tunnel is to be extended is an easily worked chalk, protected from the water by intervening rock and clay, but the North River tunnel is driven through a soil of mud and sand, and artificial works have to be constructed to keep out the water while the tunnel is under way. The construction has so far progressed from each shore as to justify the skill of the engineers who planned it. When completed it will be 5,500 feet under the bed of the river. The approaches to the water line will occupy 3,000 additional feet, so that the total length of this "hole under the ground" will be about two miles. The deepest part of the river is sixty feet. It will be two years before this work is finished. Its direct effect will be to bring freight and passengers from the West directly into the City of New York, which fact will largely enhance the value of real estate in that city. So certain are those interested of the success of this project that another tunnel is projected between the lower point of New York island and the region below Jersey City. The beginning of the next century will doubtless see four or five tunnels under the Hudson River and as many more between New York and Brooklyn. The engineer is clearly the industrial pioneer of the close of the nineteenth century.

The Concord Philosophers.

After annual meetings for five years, the group of thinkers and writers known as the "Concord Philosophers" have adjourned, never to meet again. The reason assigned is the death of Emerson and the mortal illness of Bronson Alcott, the two philosophers whose residence at Concord had been the excuse for the meetings at that place. Ancient Greece was famous for its academic groves, to which eager students thronged from all parts of the then known world to learn the latest philosophical speculations of the age. It was a period of plain living and high thinking. All the profounder problems of life were discussed, and the intellectual forces of the age were vivified by the contact of superior minds. But the modern world does not take kindly to philosophical discussions concerning matters outside of the activities of life. Ours is a scientific age, in which facts are presented and things discussed to the exclusion of abstract ideas and vague theories. The hot apple orchard of Concord was but a poor substitute for the cool academic grove of Athens, with its "still air of delightful studies." Our scientific bodies, social science and sanitary congresses do a work the value of which is incontestable. The aim of the latter is to get control of the forces of nature, so as to make use of them for the physical and moral well-being of the human race. The ancient philosophies, no doubt, had a value in stimulating the mental activities of their votaries, but still the suspicion has always obtained that speculations about the Infinite and the Absolute had their outcome in nothing but words! words! words!

Balaam's Ass.

A French *savant* asserts that the time may come when donkeys and other inferior animals may talk without any miraculous power being exercised to make them do so. This can be done, he says, by careful breeding, selection, and an education continued through several generations. Breeding heretofore has been directed toward certain physical characteristics, such as fleetness in a horse, milk in the cow, and a fine and juicy meat in the cattle. Breeders find it possible to create a certain physical type of pigeon, cow, or sheep—that is, they can sketch out on paper what they want and then realize it by selections among the herd. According to this French scientist, animals even now communicate by sound. Certain birds, such as the parrot and the mocking bird, can be taught to speak, because the structure of throat and mouth resembles those of the human being. A good many curious speculations have been indulged in respecting the man of the future, but what if the ass, the cow and the sheep of the future should be gifted with articulate speech, and what seemed an incredible biblical legend become an every-day fact?

Honoring Scientists.

M. Pasteur shares with De Lesseps the undivided respect of the French nation. He has just been voted a pension by the *corps legislatif* of what would be $5,000 per annum of our money. The labors of this eminent microscopist are worth more to the human race, according to Professor Huxley, than the sum total of the indemnity paid by France to Germany—a thousand million of dollars. His first discovery was the parasite in the silkworm, which was destroying that useful insect in France. It was he who found means of killing the anthorax, an organism invisible to the human eye, but which destroyed annually 20,000,000 sheep and oxen of France. He introduced vaccination by microbes, which did away with the parasite and saves the herds. Our space is insufficient to detail all the useful labors of this eminent scientist. He takes out no patents and enjoys no royalties on the discoveries he makes, which are adding so much to the wealth of France and the world. He is now engaged in inquiring into the origin of the cholera poison, and on that subject it may be well to say in passing that General Thomas Jordon asserts that he has cured hundreds of cases of Asiatic cholera by administering internally a tablespoonful of chloroform diluted in water.

A New Use of the Electric Motor.

Thousands of experiments are now under way to develop the capabilities of electricity as a motive power. Its latest application is on a pleasure launch on the River Thames, in England. The boat is forty feet long and of good beam. It is propelled by a screw driven by a Siemans motor and the Sellon-Volckmar accumulators. There were twenty-one persons on the boat, and about eight miles an hour was made. The expense is about the same as that of steam, and the weight of the machinery is about the same, but the advantage is in the very small space taken up by the accumulators. A twenty-foot electrical launch will allow as much room for passengers or freight as a thirty-foot steam launch. Then it is the very perfection of a pleasure boat. There is no heat, smoke, dust, steam, no smell of oil, and no noise of any kind. This Thames launch will run for six hours, when the accumulators must be charged afresh for a further journey. The pleasure yachts of the future will not be propelled by sails or steam, but by this new motor. The close of the nineteenth century may be called the age of steam, but the beginning of the twentieth promises to usher in the reign of electricity, and perhaps of even more powerful motors.

A Modern Glimpse of the Dark Ages.

In discussing the marvels of modern science it is perhaps well to be reminded of some of the horrors of the pre-scientific age. This is afforded by the extraordinary trial of certain Hungarian Jews, charged with murdering a Christian girl, so as to mingle her blood with the flour to be converted into Passover bread. In this case the story was told on his own father by a Jewish lad, who swore positively that he saw his relatives murder the girl in a synagogue, and drain her blood into vessels to take to their homes. Credence was given to this terrible accusation by the whole Christian population, and a number of innocent Jews were at one time in peril of losing their lives through the malice of a half-witted child. Of course the story was finally disproved, and the lad himself confessed his infamy. The bloodthirsty ferocity and credulity which the trial revealed on the part of a modern and a nominally Christian community was simply amazing. This belief in a periodical sacrifice of a Christian child by Jews, in order to mix its blood with the flour of the unleavened bread, can be traced back to the fifth century. We could give a page of incidents, in which the Jews in the middle ages were plundered and murdered, because of the repeated revivals of this superstitious illusion. In 1255, in Lincoln, England, ninety-two of the richest Jews were arrested, their property confiscated, and eighteen of them were hung, because a Christian boy was found floating in the river near a Jewish residence. At last accounts the Jews were again being persecuted in Hungary, Poland, and Russia by the envenomed and superstitious peasantry.

A Metropolitan Crematory.

Ground has been purchased on the highest and the most picturesque grounds on Manhattan Island on which to erect a crematory to reduce dead bodies to ashes. The New York Cremation Society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains, and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friends to the last resting place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in the world. There are to be no yew or willow trees and no emblems of mourning. A picturesque chapel for memorial services will be erected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting hope and joy instead of the more melancholy emotions. Nor will there be any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from furnaces fifteen feet distant, which will reduce the corpse in a short time to a heap of ashes. The crematory is to be in part modeled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in much more gene al use than in this country.

A Great Aqueduct.

Among the notable American works about to be undertaken is the construction of a new aqueduct running from a vast reservoir to supply New York City with water. This aqueduct will be thirty miles long, and although the first estimate is $14,500,000, it will probably cost $25,000,000. When completed New York will have a water supply of 360,000,000 gallons *per diem*. Even should there be a year of drought there will be never less than 250,000,000 gallons a day, an amount sufficient for a population of 5,000,000 persons. It is doubtful whether New York really needs this costly work, for underneath the city lies a vast reservoir of water which is sweeter, cooler, and chemically purer than

the Croton or any other river or lake water. It can be reached in about forty feet from the surface, and has been tapped in a thousand different wells to supply hotels, bathing houses, breweries, and manufactories. New York is the best watered city in the world, and it ought to be the healthiest, but its death rate is nevertheless very large.

Peanut Flour.

The despised peanut promises to become a very important product of the country. It yields a return already of over $3,000,000 per annum, and its growth is rapidly increasing. It is not only eaten in the shell roasted, and fed to hogs, but it recently has been ground into a flour which makes a peculiarly palatable biscuit. It is also being used in pastry, where it takes the place of cocoanut, and is not only oily and richer, but healthier and better every way. The peanut is easily grown, produces an immense crop, and is destined to be widely consumed, not only for cattle, but in the form of flour and pastry for human beings.

Malaria.

The prevalent disease of the age is malaria, developed from microscopic germs bred in swampy portions of the earth's surface. Some of the most picturesque countries in the world are rendered uninhabitable by it. Malaria is a terrible foe to human health and happiness, and assumes a great variety of forms in different individuals. It is, however, well established that it does not prevail in towns that are well sewered and paved, nor in a country where the swamps are drained and the soil highly cultivated. For many generations, the Campagna in the neighborhood of Rome, Italy, has been the home of malarial poisons. To sleep over night in the tainted atmosphere was certain to bring on an attack of a dangerous fever. But the long line of Popes never interfered with the reign of the malaria fiend. It was known that a colony of Benedictine monks, who cultivated their ground, were exempt from the fevers and agues of the Campagna, but the hint was not acted upon until the new Italian government took the matter in hand. It was noticed that where the population was sparse in Rome, malarial disease was frequent, while in the crowded Jewish Ghetto it was unknown. The government thereupon notified the great land-owners that they must either cultivate their malarial soils or surrender them. Hence there is now a prospect that the Campagna, famous through ages for its disease-producing atmosphere, will again become as healthy as it was when tilled by the ancient Roman and Volscian peasants. The work of regeneration is actively going on, and before the close of the century it is promised that the environs of Rome will be as wholesome as the suburbs of Paris or London. The depopulation of Ireland which is now going on, and the conversion of old farms into cattle ranges, will, it is believed, create the conditions which made the Campagna so dangerous to health and life. Thorough cultivation of the soil, deep plowing, and draining will free any country in time from the horrors of malaria.

The Earthquake at Ischia.

It is terrible to think of 2,000 persons being killed by an earthquake, yet this is what occurred recently on a little island near the beautiful Bay of Naples. The famous medicinal baths of hot mineral water in the town of Casamicciola attracted many people to this island, and so the victims of the earthquake embraced members of many distinguished families. Only a few years ago 600 persons were killed on this same island, which lies in the zone of a highly volcanic region. Lisbon is to the west, where in 1775 30,000 human beings were engulfed, and 30,000 others killed, by an earthquake. The cause of these convulsions of the earth's surface is really a mystery, though there are many plausible theories to account for them. It is not unreasonable to suppose that man may at some time acquire such knowledge of the planet he lives on as to be able to foretell earthquakes, and perhaps to render them harmless when they do occur.

An American King in Africa.

Momentous events are taking place in Central Africa. Influences from the outside world are at work to open up the heart of the Dark Continent. Stanley the explorer has been at work, organizing the tribes of the Congo, with a view to introduce European civilization. We wish we could have said American civilization, but this country is still dominated by Washington's foreign policy, which forbids our having anything to do with distant regions, so Stanley as a missionary of civilization represents Portugal, not the United States. But he has European enemies. The French in their warlike expeditions outside of their own country have cast a covetous eye upon Congoland, and their representative, named De Brazzo, claims possession of that country in the name of the French Republic. But as Stanley was first in the field, he defies the intruder, and is organizing the native tribes to drive the French power out of Central Africa. At last accounts, the famous American explorer was posing as a king. What the issue will be as between the two competitors is a problem, but the final result is very clear—Central Africa will be opened up to the civilized world. It is a magnificent country, with great fertile plateaus which are capable of supporting a teeming population. In its mountains are all the metals, including gold and silver. Its natural productions will enrich the commerce of the world, always excepting the United States, which has no mercantile marine, and whose flag is absent from every sea. King Stanley will not have lived in vain if he helps to open up this splendid country to the civilization of the age.

Large Ranches and Small Farms.

The breeding of cattle on the Western plains has long been a lucrative business. It has enriched thousands of men of limited means. Four-year old steers could be raised for about $3.80 each and were then sold for $18 to $25 at the railway station. But the old conditions are changing. The settlement of the Western country has limited the free pasture lands, and, as in all other occupations, the large cattle breeders have driven out the smaller ones. The business is being concentrated into the hands of a few men comparatively; but this monopolizing tendency has some advantages. The land is being fenced in, and successful endeavors are making to improve the quality of the stock. American beef and mutton are now equal to, and will soon be the best of, any in the world. When ensilage is well understood in the Middle and Northern States we will probably be able to raise more of our own cattle to supply the local demand, and then doubtless the smaller capitalists will again have a chance. Ensilage, it will be remembered, is the system by which fodder is kept succulent and fresh all through the winter months. It corresponds to the canning of fruit and vegetables, and is a comparatively inexpensive process. But while the great droves of cattle on the Western plains are getting into fewer hands, it is also true that the large farmers are monopolizing the soil to the exclusion of the smaller tiller of the earth in all the prairie countries. This tendency to make great land and cattle kings is not a wholesome one, for the hope of our country is, after all, in a farming class which tills its own soil and are not hirelings. Luckily, in other parts of the country there is a steady increase of the number of farmers who own 320 and less acres. In California, for instance, there are but little over 5,000 farms of more than 500 acres, while there are over 30,000 of less than 500 acres. All the hilly and mountainous region of the country, including the ocean slopes, is more suitable for small than large farms. In the neighborhood of the great cities, also, the fruit and vegetable farms are always limited in extent. Landlordism is more likely to develop its evils on our Western prairies than in any other part of the country.

A Season of Strikes.

The past month has been notable for disturbances among our industrial population. The iron-workers of Pittsburg demanded an advance of wages, and secured it. Cigar-makers and other trades in our large cities have been striking, but the most notable of all the labor revolts was that of the operators of our great telegraph monopoly. Public opinion rather sided with the strikers, a fact due in great part to the popular dislike of Jay Gould and the soulless corporation he represents. Then it was thought that the operators should be paid for extra Sunday work, and that their labor should be worth as much to them as that of the bricklayer or carpenter, whose average incomes were much larger than that of the telegraph operators. Yet, as a matter of fact, the conditions do not exist that would justify an increased compensation for labor. Business has been dull and in many instances unprofitable for the past two years. Wall Street has had a panic, due to the liquidation which has been in progress. Money goes farther now than it did formerly. That is to say, nearly everything has become cheaper during the past two years. Animal and vegetable food was never more abundant, while cotton and woolen goods were never so cheap. The conditions do not exist for a general increase of wages.

Growing Distrust of Corporations.

There is no mistaking the growing prejudice of the public against the great monopolies. It was long ago said that corporations had neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be cursed. A board of twelve men, each of whom is individually just and kind, when acting in concert are often unscrupulous and cruel. These organizations have been used to *exploit* the public, hence the anger at monopolies. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says that this feeling is as rife in Great Britain as in the United States. Everywhere legislation is demanded to resist the encroachments and limit the profits of the soulless corporations. These last have now an almost unrestricted power to tax the community. Each new invention is seized upon to help plunder the public. A telephone, for instance, is only a speaking tube. It was discovered sixty years ago by a German named Isaac Reis. But Melville Bell and certain of his associates have utilized the invention of Reis to levy a heavy tax upon the American people. The telephone companies represent a capital with the market value of $75,000,000, which pays 12 per cent., and represents nearly three times the original capital. This is a tax upon the business community for using a speaking tube. So with the electric lights and other inventions useful to man, which are utilized by corporations to enrich the few at the expense of the many. The relations of the community to the corporations is destined to be the subject of widespread debate, and its settlement, if possible, would solve one of the most serious practical problems of the age.

MEATS, POULTRY, ETC.

Brain Cakes.—Soak the brains in cold salted water for an hour; then boil for five minutes in water with salt and vinegar. They may then be sliced and stewed or fried in gravy. For *brain cakes*, they should be beaten to a smooth paste and mixed with eggs to a soft batter; this is to be seasoned highly with salt, pepper and powdered herbs, and then fried either on a greased griddle as cakes, or in plenty of smoking hot fat as fritters. If cooked as fritters, they must be taken up on a skimmer when brown and laid on coarse paper for a moment to free them from fat. Serve either plain or with brown sauce or gravy. Brains are a very nutritious and delicate article of food.

To Roast Canvas-Back Ducks.—Having trussed the ducks, put into each a thick piece of soft bread that has been soaked in port wine. Place in quick oven and bake an hour. Before they go to table, squeeze over each the juice of a lemon or orange, and serve up very hot with their own gravy about them. Eat with current jelly.

Have ready also a gravy made by stewing slowly in a sauce pan the giblets of the ducks in butter rolled in flour, and as little water as possible. Serve up the additional gravy in a bowl.

Swiss Turnovers.—Mince the cold mutton left from yesterday; put half a cupful of hot water into a sauce-pan; stir in a great spoonful of butter cut up in flour; season with pepper, salt and tomato catsup. Pour over a beaten egg, mix well, and, returning to the sauce-pan, add the mince, well seasoned with pepper, salt, a little grated lemon peel and nutmeg. Stir up until very hot, but not boiling. Set by to keep hot while you make a batter of one pint of flour, four eggs, a little salt and a quarter spoonful of soda dissolved in vinegar and about four cups of milk—enough for this batter.

Beat very light. Put a spoonful of lard (a small one) into a hot frying-pan, run it over the bottom, turn in a half cupful of butter, and fry quickly. Invert the pan upon a hot plate, and this in turn upon another, to have the browned side of the pan-cake downward; cover the lighter side with the mince, fold up neatly and lay upon a hot dish in the open oven to keep warm while you fry and spread the rest.

Veal Ducks.—Take veal cutlets from the round. Have them cut rather thick, and remove the bone. Make ready a stuffing of bread crumbs seasoned with a little onion chopped fine, pepper and salt. Moisten this with one egg. Spread this stuffing over each cutlet and roll them up separately in the shape of young ducks.

Fasten them with a string, which must be removed when sent to table.

Keep well basted while roasting, or they will dry up.

A round of beef may be used in the same way, but is not quite so tender.

Spiced Round of Corned Beef.—Take a strong twine string and tie it tightly around the round to keep it in good shape, then stick it well on both sides with cloves, squeezing them in as far as possible; rub into it also three tablespoonfuls of powdered salt, and then with plenty of fine salt. Lay it in a large wooden tray or round vessel that is tight, and every other day turn it well into the brine that drips from it. In ten days, if properly attended to, it will be fit for use.

Mutton Pie with Tomatoes.—Pare and slice six tomatoes, put a layer in a deep pudding dish, then put in a layer of slices of cold mutton, and drege in salt, flour and pepper; have the last layer tomatoes, on which sprinkle two rolled crackers; bake one hour and serve with boiled potatoes, boiled rice, and green corn and shelled beans.

Veal Collops.—Cut veal from the leg or other lean parts the size of an oyster. Have a seasoning of pepper, salt and a little mace mixed; rub some over each piece; then dip in egg, then in rolled cracker-crumbs, and fry as you do oysters. They look and taste like oysters.

Veal Croquettes.—Take very finely-minced veal and moisten it with cream and a beaten egg; season with salt, sweet marjoram and a little pounded mace; form into small cones either by hand or in a wine-glass. Crumb the outside and fry, or else set in the oven and bake, basting frequently.

Rolled Tongue.—While a boiled tongue is still warm, roll it with the tip inside and place in a round tin or vessel just large enough to hold it in place; let it remain over night, when it will remain rolled after being removed from the pan. Serve it whole, on a bed of salad, watercresses or parsley.

Griddled Tongues.—Split cold small tongues in two pieces, dip them in butter, season them highly with salt, pepper and mustard, and broil on a greased gridiron.

Fence Meats.—One and one-half pounds of cold boiled ham, about one pound lean and remainder fat. Chop very fine, and while chopping add three hard-boiled eggs and a small onion; season highly with salt, celery and a little cayenne. Mix thoroughly and make into round little cakes. To be eaten with bread and butter.

Liver Sausage.—Chop pieces of cold liver fine, mix them equally with chopped fine pork or bacon, season with salt, pepper and other spices to taste, and make up into balls. Fry brown, cover with boiling water and stew half an hour. Serve hot.

Beef Rolls.—The remains of cold boiled or roast beef, seasoning to taste of salt, pepper and minced herbs; puff paste. Mince the beef tolerably fine, with a small amount of its own fat. Add the seasoning and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer should the rolls be very large.

Beef patties may be made by mincing and seasoning beef as above directed, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty pans.

Mutton Collops.—Cut some very thin slices from a cold leg or chump end of a loin of mutton, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, a blade of pounded mace, minced savory herbs and two or three minced shallots, and fry in butter, adding a desertspoonful of flour, half a pint of gravy and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Simmer very gently about five or seven minutes, and serve immediately.

Venison Steaks on Toast.—Cut four good steaks through a leg of venison, bone and all. Season one hour before cooking with salt, pepper, one onion finely chopped and a few drops of vinegar. Have some clean melted butter in a frying-pan, put your steaks in and set over a strong fire. As soon as they are cooked on one side turn them over. When they are cooked (rare) on both sides, take the butter out of the pan; then put in the pan a spoonful of flour and let simmer for five minutes, turning your steak every minute. Then add a pint of claret, the juice from a can of mushrooms and afterward the mushrooms chopped fine. Let simmer again for ten minutes.

Serve hot on toast and pour the sauce on the top of the steaks.

Squirrel on Toast.—Mince the meat of a cold squirrel very fine, chop an equal quantity of onions and mushrooms and stew them until tender with a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of cold gravy and a little salt and pepper. When the vegetables are tender put in the mince; let it boil up at once, and serve it immediately on toast.

Tongue Scallops.—Cut cold tongue in small slices, chop a tablespoonful each of onion, mushrooms or tomatoes and parsley, or any green herb, and beat with two tablespoonfuls of butter. When the butter is hot put in the pieces of tongue seasoned with salt and pepper. Toss two or three minutes over the fire and serve at once.

Swiss Meat Omelettes.—Cold meat, chopped fine with raisins, allspice, nutmeg, salt, lemon peel and juice; add one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar and a few cloves.

The above mixture is for the middle of the omelettes.

Three eggs, one pint of milk, two teacups of flour; make the batter thin. Fry in a little lard, put a spoonful of the chopped meat in the center and fold the batter around it at once.

Stewed Rabbit.—Cut the rabbit up in nice-sized pieces, wash well and dry. Then fry a nice brown. Take two large onions, slice very thin and fry also, and dredge with flour. Put all in a sauce-pan, with pepper, salt and some good stock or water, with herbs, mixed, carot and turnip, but if possible the stock, as only the onions are served with it. Let it stew gently two hours;

adding a little catsup ten minutes before serving; stir all together.

Rabbit on Toast.—Cut cold rabbit in pieces and fry brown with slices of bacon or ham, and half its quantity of small onions or mushrooms, and stew them until tender in hot water enough to cover; put in plenty of pepper and salt, and serve on toast. Should be stewed slowly.

Coquilles.—Take any kind of cold roast meat and cut in exceedingly thin slices of about an inch across; season it well; pour over it enough wine, gravy and melted butter to moisten; place it in buttered scallop shells, sprinkle bread crumbs pretty thickly on the top, and place them in a hot oven until well browned.

Some sliced mushrooms are a great improvement.

Cold rabbit, hare, sweetbreads, poultry or palates, calves' brains, veal and different kinds of fish are especially adapted for coquilles Serve in the shells.

Tripe à la Bordelaise.—Take two pounds of tripe and lay it in salt and water over night; cut in strips about as long as the forefinger and about as wide; put into a stew-pan one tablespoonful of butter or clarified drippings, or, better, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, with half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and half a chopped onion.

When your butter or oil is very hot, put in the tripe, and cook until brown, and salt and pepper to taste. Tripe is often found digestible and palatable by delicate stomachs when nothing else can be eaten.

Tripe à la Francaise.—Prepare the tripe as directed in preceding recipe. Fry three onions brown, and put with them three large tomatoes, peeled and sliced, a clove of garlic chopped fine, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, the browned tripe, a glass of wine and salt and pepper to taste; stew gently for five minutes, and serve hot.

Veal Cakes.—Three-fourth pounds of lean veal, one-half pound of suet, half the rind of a lemon grated, mace, pepper and salt, and a small white onion; chop the suet and onion fine; mix well together; make into small cakes and fry.

Stewed Sweetbreads.—Parboil till tender; put in a stew-pan with water or milk; work a little butter and flour together; add with pepper, salt and some chopped parsley. Stew about twenty minutes and serve.

Kidney Stew.—Fry small bits of kidney brown with a tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful of chopped onion; mix with them a tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt and boiling water. Boil gently ten minutes and serve hot.

Quails On Toast.—Brown the birds either in salad oil or butter, mix a tablespoonful of flour among them, and brown that, then cover them with boiling water, season them highly with salt, pepper, cloves and mace, and stew them fifteen minutes; melt in a tablespoonful of butter for every two small birds, and serve on toast.

Kidney Stew. (French Way).—Leave the kidneys in salt and water for an hour; then put them upon a hot frying-pan with lard, or better still, fat pork—enough to brown. Toss about with a knife and do not let them blacken; when they are a good color, take them out, and cut them into small pieces; put them into a stew pan with beef-broth, if you have it—(water will do, but stock is preferable), a teaspoonful of currant jelly, another of tomato catsup, pepper, salt, a little grated carrot, and a little parsley; a chopped pickled onion is a great improvement. Let them boil slowly five or six hours, unless a calve's kidney when the time may be lessened. The gravy will grow thick and rich; but if it is not thick enough when the kidneys are done and quite tender, just before it is served add two or three slices of lemon and a piece of butter rolled in flour.

Roast Beef.—Select from ten to fifteen pounds of the best sirloin of beef, and wash it in cold water wiping dry with a towel. Allow ten minute for each pound to roast it. Baste it frequently, but do not add any water until it has roasted about fifteen or twenty minutes. This makes the gravy a nice brown.

Sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the beef. Dredge it over with flour half an hour before it is ready for the table, and let it brown handsomely. After the beef is taken up, thicken the gravy with a little wheat flour and serve in a boat.

Stewed Steak.—Take a round steak, fry it in butter just to a brown, but not cook, then place in a stew-pan; take one onion, one carrot, and two turnips, and pare, cutting into pieces the size of dice; fry brown in the frying pan; then toss into the stew-pan with water enough to cover. Let it stew two hours, then add salt and pepper, and thicken with flour.

Dissolve the flour in a little catsup or sauce. This improves the flavor. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Partridge Pears.—Cut off the necks of the partridges very close to the breast, truss them very tight and round, and rub over them a little salt and cayenne pepper mixed. Cut off one of the legs and leave the other on. Make a rich paste of flour, butter and beaten egg, with as little water as possible. Roll it out thinly and evenly; and put a portion of it nicely around each partridge, pressing it on closely with your hand, and forming it into the shape of a large pear. Leave one leg sticking out at the top to resemble the stem. Set in a pan and bake. If possible reserve one or two small birds to cut up and stew for gravy; season with a little salt and cayenne. When boiled long enough to be very thick and rich, take off, strain, and put into a clean sauce-pan.

Add the juice of a large lemon or orange made very sweet with powdered white sugar. Set over the fire and when it comes to a boil, stir in the beaten yolks of eggs. Let boil two or three minutes longer; then take it off and keep hot until the partridges and their paste are well baked. Stand up the partridges in a deep dish, and the gravy in a boat. If obtainable, a few lemon or orange leaves stuck in the end that represents the stem of the pear look very pretty.

Scrappel.—Boil a hog's head one day, let it stand all night. Slip out the bones and chop fine; then return the meat to the liquor.

Skin when first cold; warm and season freely with pepper, salt, sage and sweet herbs. Two cupfuls of bukwheat meal, and one cupful of corn meal. Put into moulds, and when cold cut into slices and fry for breakfast.

Beef Devil.—Cut slices of cold cooked beef about half an inch thick; trim them to an even size, spread them with salad oil or melted butter, mixed thick with mustard and pepper, dip them in cracker or bread crumbs, rolled and sifted; put them between the bars of a double wire gridiron, which has been buttered or oiled, and just color them over the fire.

Serve with a little gravy under them.

Turkey with Oysters.—Open a tin of oysters and mince them finely, saving the liquor, and mix well together with them five ounces of grated bread crumbs, an ounce of fresh butter slightly melted, the rind of half a lemon chopped small, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a pinch of cayenne, a small teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of white pepper; cut into neat pieces the contents of a tin of turkey, leaving the bones in; butter a pie-dish, and put alternate layers of turkey and oyster forcemeat. Put a teacupful of the oyster liquor into a saucepan, melt a large teaspoonful of butter in it, and thicken with cornflour. Pour over the turkey and oysters, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Celery Catsup.—Mix an ounce of celery-seed ground, with a teaspoonful of ground white pepper; bruise half a dozen oysters with a teaspoonful of salt; mix and pass the whole through a sieve. Pour over the mixture one quart of the best white wine vinegar. Bottle and seal tight.

Chow Chow.—Two large cauliflowers; two quarts of green peppers; three quarts of green tomatoes; three quarts of green cucumbers; three quarts of small onions; slice about half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt, alternate with layers of onions, tomatoes and cucumbers. Boil the cauliflower about five minutes; set over night; then strain all well and free from water, place in jars and make the seasoning as follows:—

Seasoning.—One pound of mustard; one-half pound of white mustard seed; one-half pound of allspice whole; one-half pound of whole black pepper; one pint of beef brine; one gallon of vinegar; one half stick of curry powder. Boil hard fifteen minutes, then pour over the vegetables. If too thick, add vinegar. Mix the mustard with vinegar, put the spices in a bag closely tied. Mustard and spices must boil together in the vinegar.

Pickled Quinces.—Pare and cut half a dozen quinces into small pieces, and put them with a gallon of water and two pounds of honey into a large sauce-pan; mix them together well, and set them on a slow fire for half an hour. When quite cold, wipe the quinces perfectly dry and put them into it. Cover very close.

Scientific.

To give mahogany the appearance of age, lime-water used before oiling is a good plan.

For a good indelible ink, to be used with a pen, dissolve asphaltum in any essential oil and color with old printer's ink and a little lamp-black. A little benzole will give the ink greater fluidity.

A German doctor recommends bread made with filtrated sea-water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste.

For polishing mahogany, walnut, etc., the following is recommended: Dissolve beeswax by heat in spirits of turpentine until the mixture becomes viscid; then apply by a clean cloth, and rub thoroughly with a dry flannel.

Apples are good for cows, and increase their milk, provided the feeding is begun cautiously and gradually, and regularly increased. But, when cows break into orchards and gorge themselves, bloating may follow, accompanied with diminution of milk.

"**What** a learned man Mr. A. is!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "he talks so interestingly on everything he knows, and he knows so many things!" "Goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. C., "you should hear Mr. D.; he talks equally well of things he knows nothing about."

Mildew is removed from cotton by rubbing into the material a little soap, steeping in a little soda and then steeping in chloride of lime. The following is likewise recommended: rub or scrape a little yellow soap on the article, and then a little salt or starch on that; rub all well on the article, and put in the sunshine.

To ebonize wood: Sponge the wood with a solution of hydrochloride of aniline in water, to which a small quantity of copper chloride is added. Allow it to dry, and go over it with a solution of potassium bicromate. Repeat the process two or three times, and the wood will take a fine black color.

"**What** sorter pictur' do you call that now?" asked a Western farmer, pointing to a terra-cotta bust of Charles Dickens. "That is a bust of Charles Dickens." "Look's like him?" "Oh, yes!" "Wall, I can sympathize with him, for I lived in the swamps a long time myself. Gosh! but he must hev bin bilious when that thing was tuck."

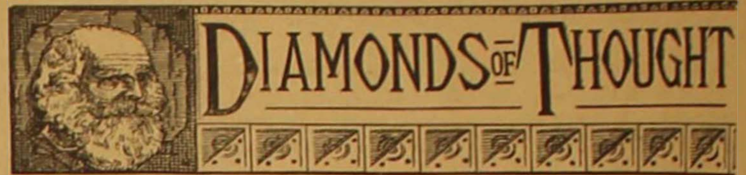
A zealous elder having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, said, "Boy, do you know where children go to who play marbles on the Sabbath day?" "Ay," said the boy, "they gang down to the field by the water below the brig." "No!" roared out the elder, "they go to hell and are burned!" The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come, awa', Jeannie; here's a man sayin' swear words."

To preserve flowers in their natural form and color, insert the stems in water in which twenty-five grains ammonium chloride (sal ammoniac) have been dissolved. Flowers can be preserved in this way for from fifteen to thirty days. To preserve them permanently dip them into perfectly limpid gum-water and then allow them to drain. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and color long after they have become dry.

To Remove Rusted-in Bolts.—To remove bolts that have rusted idle without breaking them, a most effectual remedy is a liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the petroleum shall reach the rusted parts, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to penetrate beneath and soften the layer of rust before the attempt to remove the bolt is made. Bolts and studs on which the nuts are fixed with rust are often broken off through impatience. In most cases a small funnel built round a stud or bolt end on the nut with a little clay, and partly filled with any of the searching petroleum oils, and left for a few hours, will enable the bolt or nut to be moved.

The following recipe for a laundry-starch is said to produce a very fine and lasting gloss on linen. Corn-starch one ounce, boiling water one pint and seven-eighths, bluing same quantity. To this is added and thoroughly mixed in about half an ounce of the following preparation: Gum arabic eight and three-fifth parts, loaf-sugar two and a half parts, white curd soap one-quarter part, water-glass one part, egg albumen four parts, warm water twenty parts. In preparing this, the first three ingredients are dissolved together in the water at boiling-heat, the water-glass is then added, and, when the mixture has cooled down to about 150° Fahrenheit, the egg albumen is put in, and the whole well beaten together.

Yellow fever is found to consist of a few ounces of foreign matter in the blood, which can never escape but through the glands of the skin. Let the patient place his feet in hot water and wrap himself in blankets, and commence drinking two or three quarts of water in the form of light black tea, as hot as he can bear; the oxygen of the water soon restores the full power of his nerves, the water dilutes the blood, and the great heat expands the smaller blood vessels, so that the restored nervous power can drive the blood to the surface, where the glands secrete the foreign matter which forms the fever, and expels it in two or three hours, and can never fail to do so.



What avails a life of fretting?—*J. G. Whittier.*

Friendship is love without flowers or veil.—*J. C. Hare.*

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavor.—*Samuel Johnson.*

It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.—*Walt Whitman.*

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—*Richter.*

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.—*G. D. Prentice.*

> **Take** well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be:
> Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.—*Thomas Randolph.*

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—*Longfellow.*

> **Constant** sunshine, however welcome,
> Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower.—*Anon.*

The longer I live, the more I think religion to consist in candor, kindness, forbearance, hoping and believing for the best.—*Bela B. Edwards.*

> **Ah**, how good it feels,
> The hand of an old friend!—*Longfellow.*

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.—*J. G. Holland.*

> **He** who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
> And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.—*Oriental.*

The loafer lies about the world "owing him a living." The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin, and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in.—*J. G. Holland.*

Mirth has an hygienic value that can hardly be overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it.—*Felix L. Oswald.*

Learn thy true self and live it.—*Pindar.*

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—*Luther.*

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—*John Wesley.*

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.—*Sprat.*

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.

> **Of all** bad things with which mankind are curst,
> Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.—*Menander.*

Extract from a smart boy's composition on "Babies"—"The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th."

Why is the 12.50 train the most difficult one to catch? Because it is ten to one if you catch it.

Why ought church-bells to be sounded at a wedding? Because no marriage is complete without a ring.

It was rather cowardly in the apoplexy to strike a little fellow like Tom Thumb.—*Boston Transcript.*

"**What** is the worst thing about money?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Its scarcity," replied a boy; and the teacher, whose coat was a little seedy, gave him a prize card.

> **What** makes you think the world is round?
> Give me a reason fair.
> Because so very few are found
> Who act upon the square.—*T. Dibdin.*

Mr. William Doodle: "Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night: they make one's hands so soft." Miss Frost: "Ah, and do you sleep with your hat on?"

"**Women's** rights!" exclaimed a man when the subject was broached. "What more do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family."

A hermit has been found near Sandusky, O., who became discouraged when young at his repeated failures to get the proper "kink" in his cravat, and retired where he wouldn't have to wear any.

The Athenians were very much like people nowadays. Alcibiades having bought a dog, cut off its tail. "This I do," said he, "that the Athenians may talk about it, and not concern themselves with other acts of mine."—*Plutarch.*

"**I'm glad** Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—OCTOBER.

THE detail of fashion is constantly becoming more important, because it is in the details that the changes occur from season to season, and it is, above all, in the detail of dress that the tests are applied which mark the position and cultivation of the woman of society. We do not now see often those decided transformations in the cut or style of clothing which are called revolutionary. The change, in time, may be, perhaps, as complete, but it is gradual; it takes place step by step, and needs, therefore, close watching by those who would keep themselves *au courant* of the tendencies of dress and fashion. There are reasons, too, in the march of ideas, in the spread of intelligent methods among the masses of the people for the greater permanency of that which is found most desirable; and this is particularly illustrated in the continuance of the short walking dress, notwithstanding announcements made regularly for the past three or four years from foreign sources that it would be discontinued. The truth is, women have begun to use their own good sense and power of discrimination in regard to their dress as well as other matters, and the result is already felt as beneficial.

Another and equally gratifying evidence of independent thought and judgment has occurred recently in the failure to revive the bustle in one of its most absurd and objectionable forms. The bulging monstrosity was received with surprised indifference, and generally and simply ignored—the unnatural protuberance it produces being so unusual that it is never seen without provoking the look of wonder or the smile of derision. Yet a tournure of some kind is frequently employed, the majority of ladies considering that the draperied skirt needs more support than it receives from the straight fall of a gathered cotton or woolen petticoat. But it must strike an average. Ladies who can afford them use the flounced petticoats, or the ladder of flounces made separate from the petticoat and stiffened; and these, or an equivalent in apparent size, are all that the majority require or find can be used with comfort and decency. Once we can establish a few permanent ideas upon which to build, dress is no longer such a source of anxiety and trouble. We know at least what we do not want and will not have, and that is a great way toward knowing what we do want and will try to secure.

This winter dress promises to be handsome and comfortable. There will be much that is very rich and costly, but that is not necessary. There is an infinite variety of soft, warm woolen materials, and plenty of pretty, becoming designs by which to make them, so that no one need be ill-dressed who can work and earn even a little money. Then we have silks that are practically "new," more durable and richer to look at than any we have had for the low price at which they are sold, and velveteen, which is so good a substitute for velvet that it can be worn with pride rather than humiliation. On the whole the lookout is good. We have, for walking and serviceable wear, a dress which we can make perfectly comfortable, and certainly inexpensive if we will simply put it on in layers and do the sewing that is necessary at home. For the rest there is a choice in expensive fabrications of every imaginable style for those who can afford to pay for them—and to lose, if they find they have made a mistake in a purchase. Designs for the street are in all cases decidedly simple and free from ornamentation. Skirts are flat upon the front and at the sides, and are trimmed or plaited straight up and down. The drapery is massed at the back, and is not at all exaggerated. Elastic bands underneath hold the skirt in position, but restraint is not visible, the tie-back has disappeared, and the whole ensemble is easy and natural. For rich costumes velvet and a new dress satin—thick and with a shorter loop than duchesse, therefore less glossy—are in the ascendant, and are frequently combined nearly always in plain, solid, uniform colors, the contrast being made in fabric only. For reception toilets the brocaded silks and satins will be in high vogue, more or less in conjunction with Ottoman satin, which often forms the petticoat. Last year brocaded robes opened in front, and displayed lace flounces or a rich embroidery—this year they are more fashionably drawn up on the side, the looping effected with cords, tinted satin ribbons, feathers, or bouquets of flowers.

Light materials are made with several skirts for young girls, and caught here and there with loops and ends of satin ribbons in different shades or colors. It is a pretty fashion, but so easily imitated that it is sure to be made sickening by being copied on the street, where it is quite out of place, in conjunction with all sorts of styles and materials.

Cloaks are to be long this season, and high upon the shoulder, but cut quite close in to the figure, with small dolman

sleeves. Ottoman satin, lined with plush, and richly figured and embroidered plush, lined with quilted satin, will form the most elegant ones; but there are very handsome diagonal cloths, with a fine surface, that require no lining, and are enriched with upright braiding combined with designs in the flat double-fold braid, which represents a quite new effect in this species of ornamentation.

Paris Fashions.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR DEMOREST :—The Parisian summer has been a season of surmise and surprise. Scarcely three days of genuine sunshine; the Count de Chambord dangerously sick and all of the adherents of his party postponing or definitely abandoning proposed entertainments until his fate was decided; anticipations of a visitation of the cholera from Egypt; rain and cold driving tourists away from the Alpine districts; Ischia ingulfed and an entire continent absorbed in horror at the fate of some six thousand fellow beings entombed in the sulphurous chasm—all these have conspired to affect trade and render the usually active French modistes and milliners loth to attempt those creations for which they are so famed.

Although fashion seemed destined to flounder in as hopeless a mesh as that which environed Mars and Venus at Vulcan's command, faint foreshadowings indicate the tendencies for the forthcoming winter.

As if in unison with the weather's somber moods, gray grows aggressive and assumes prominence as the *toilet unique*, or in combination with crimson, yellow, rose, green or sapphire, blue constitutes the costume of fully half the fashionable world.

Every shade of red, ranging from the pale pink of a baby's rosy palm down to the deep war-like hue of the sanguine fluid let fall at Tonquin, finds favor in the eyes of those who would be well dressed.

Green and brown divide attention equally, and take all their several tints and tones direct from Nature's laboratory, such as the water-cress, old or young mosses, tobacco, walnut, and the stripes of the bumble bee.

Miss Van Zandt created the character of Lakmé, and French manufacturers have complimented her success by giving that name to certain ranges of yellow. The brighter shade is a pure tone of a deeper dye than any hue of gold with which we are familiar; the next tone is a clear, decided brown, and the third is too deep for analysis, unless subjected to the critical acumen of a Ruskin or an Oscar Wilde.

A costume completed for autumn travel is made of gray cashmere. The skirt is quite plain, buttoned down the front with a single row of flat buttons of the smallest size, the center of which are of smoked pearl, the rims of blacked silver. There are twenty-one rows of tongued soutache around the bottom of the skirt and up each side of the front, and the braid is turned in a sharp angle at each corner of the lower edge as it is carried up the front, so as to form an interlaced set of squares. The cashmere is sewn plainly to the gray silk foundation just below the hips, and a narrow, full, needle-plaiting of the cashmere just peeps beneath. The polonaise corsage is tight-fitting in the back, with melon-puffed drapery, and the fronts are gathered very full into the shoulder seams; in fact, an entire width of the goods is utilized thus for each side, and falls in graceful folds to the knees in front, while the back edges are hemmed and caught in great plaits on the hips, with square pearl and black silver buckles. A false front of plain cashmere, arranged like a gentleman's old-time dickey, covers the chest, and the loosely descending gathered fronts meet at the waist line under a ribbon of gray velvet, which is attached at each side seam back of the arms, the ends of the velvet being drawn through a buckle and allowed to fall in flat, short loops. The sleeves are gathered quite full on the shoulders, and are gradually diminished in width toward the elbows until they assume a close fit half way between that point and the wrist, the lower edge being finished with a *coquille* of velvet.

The hat corresponding with this costume is of fine gray English straw, of the modified Amazon form, bordered with gray velvet and plumed at the left side with the head, breast and wings of a gray dove, under which the stem of a long, gray ostrich plume is fastened, the plume encircling the crown and the tip nodding over the brow of the wearer. The parasol is of water-cress satin, lined with pale anemone silk. The edge is bordered with tail-tips, one inch long, of the gray dove, and the feet of the bird, with the skin of the breast and the head, form a torsade in one section of the parasol. The handle is of Japanese wood, carved and colored like a dove's foot enlarged, and the claws grasp an egg of the exact natural tint.

The traveling *manteau* is of water-cress cloth lined with the same shade of silk as the parasol. The sleeves of this *manteau* are mounted high and full on the shoulders, cut in the dolman form at the back, but rounded toward the front and fall over the arm in the manner of the raglan sleeve, the arrangement representing *five* sleeves, one depending below the other. The back is tight-fitting, with five folds of the cloth laid from the neck to below the waist, a broad strap of the cloth passed across these and confining three deep points of the cloth that spread in flattened folds below. The skirt is gathered very full underneath this finish, and is allowed to fall naturally over the dress. A high, standing collar of velvet finishes the neck, and the front is closed to the waist with smoked pearl buttons mounted in black silver.

A beautiful promenade costume is made of corduroy and velvet in dark *Lakmé*, the skirt of plain velvet bordered at the bottom with a six-inch fold of corduroy placed with the stripes running perpendicularly, and the overskirt of corduroy draped slightly at the back, straight and open at the left side over a fan-plait of surah of the same shade as the corduroy. A broad band of satin ribbon with a velvet edge surrounds the overdress at the bottom and sides, and short loops of velvet are attached at the side toward the back instead of buttonholes, and the velvet buttons are placed at the side toward the front, so as to produce the effect of the overdress having been originally closed and then opened to make room for the escaping plaits of surah. Three narrow bands of the satin-velvet ribbon are placed across the front of the overdress, from the opening at the left side, and extend toward the right, just far enough to simulate a Roman apron, where the ends of the satin-velvet ribbon are simply turned under as if abruptly cut off. The close, round basque of corduroy has the faintest indication of point in front, is open from throat to waist over a vest of satin which is banded straight across with the satin-velvet ribbon, the ribbon also forming revers on the bust, and a girdle about the waist, as well as small pointed cuffs on the close sleeves. A strap of corduroy fastens the corsage across the front, and a small flat pocket of the same, attached by a large silver hook and chain, depends at the right side. The hat is of felt, in the same shade as the costume, *touriste* form, the crown simply encircled by a broad band of Ottoman ribbon of the same color, while a large cluster of strawberry leaves, blossoms and fruit is attached at the right side. Derby gloves of plain terra-cotta, stitched with *Lakmé* silk, reach half way to the elbows; the hose are the same color as the gloves, and are wrought with tiny bees in *Lakmé*; Molière shoes of *Lakmé* cloth, with

low, flat heels and the needle-pointed toe finished with patent leather. Umbrella of amaranthe twilled silk, with plain bamboo handle pointed with plain silver and engraved with the owner's monogram.

An evening dress is of velvet-grenadine and *crêpe* in two shades of anemone. The plain front is of the velvet, with panels of the same bordered with *chicorée* ruches of the *crêpe*, the lower edges of the front and panels cut in deep saw-teeth and faced underneath with silk of the same color, and seven rows of needle-plaitings of *crêpe* are piled beneath the points and produce the most airy effect. A *Fédora* puff of *crêpe* covers the chest and extends below the waist, where it is arranged in diagonal puffs extending over the hips and terminating beneath the Watteau plaits of the princess train. The front of the corsage opens on the bust in surplice form, over the *crêpe* puff, and each side clasps at the waist under a narrow peasant girdle of velvet-grenadine which is attached at the darts. The back of the corsage is close-fitting from the shoulder to the waist-line, where a graceful Watteau plait extends and forms the long, semi-square train, which has no garniture except a mass of needle-plaits of fine crinoline under the edge. The sleeves are of *crêpe*, laid in perpendicular needle-plaits to the elbow, where they are finished with a triple cuff of velvet-grenadine, *chicorée* ruches of the grenadine separating the cuffs. A small Medici collar rises at the back of the corsage, but is lost in the shoulder seams, and the front of the neck is finished with a *chicorée* ruche of *crêpe*, inside which is a fall of deep Malines.

An evening dress for a very young lady is made of pale rose *crêpe* over rose taffetas. The corsage is close at the throat, round at the waist, and confined by an elastic belt of rose silk clasped with a rose-coral buckle. The entire corsage is a mass of plaits, so deftly laid that they seem to have fallen upon the form of the wearer and to rest there without the aid of needle and thread to confine them in their allotted space. The skirt is of *crêpe*, laid in the same kind of plaits as the corsage, but all of the skirt plaits are placed spirally, while the *Fédora* paniers are reversed spirals. The sleeves are also laid in plaits turned spirally, and the costume looks as if blown together by gentle zephyrs. Crushed pink *crêpe* rosebuds are to be worn in clusters at the girdle, close to the neck on the left shoulder, and pressed flat upon the rose satin slippers, which are of the same shade as the silk hose. Gloves of bright *Lakmé* and fan of canary feathers to match.

Mantles and carriage wraps for the early season are of chenille, closely meshed, lined with softest surah silk doubled and filled very lightly with eider-down, which is quilted in very carelessly in order to preserve the fleecy feeling.

Close-fitting walking jackets are made of cloth, braided in form of chain-armor with either flat, round or tongued gold or silver or steel braid. No pockets are visible, and the buttons are secured underneath, so that the wearer looks as if literally incased in a coat of mail.

The *casque* hat is made of felt to be worn with this garment, and all the characteristics of the helmet are preserved in the form, while nodding plumes or a stiff torsade may be used as a garniture.

M. T. K.

From the Mountains.

IN almost every girl's trunk after a mountain trip is a large or small bundle of the birch bark sometimes procured with a definite idea of its being utilized, and in many cases merely because every one had some to take home. Besides the baskets and fans that people use the bark for at the mountains, it can be used for many different purposes with very good effect. Card cases similar to those of Russia leather are really lovely, and have a more dainty look for a lady than the leather ones. It is a simple matter to make them. Cut two pieces of bark the right size and fasten them together at the back with a piece of silk or narrow ribbon ; then baste the lining on, and the pockets ; then bind it all around with narrow ribbon to match the lining, or with a piece of the latter. It is a good idea to put in an inner lining of cotton cloth or flannel, and it gives the whole a little stiffness. Letter cases and even portfolios may be made in the same manner. Baskets are pretty made very simply and tied with bright ribbons, and can be used for ferns and dried leaves. Fans and cornucopias are pretty and useful. For any one who possesses a little originality, the bark pictures are interesting to make, and are pleasing little mementos to carry to friends at home. Needle-books with a bit of "everlasting" and tiny ferns pasted on one side, and even napkin rings, are made of the bark. Some letter and card cases, lined and bound with scarlet satin, were far prettier than anything of the kind to be purchased. The lady who made them had added not a little to their beauty by painting a delicate little vine across each pocket. Why can't some one with a bit of invention make a pretty umbrella stand or waste-paper basket of the bark, and ornament it with designs in long stitches of bright-colored silks in imitation of the Indian's work? With a good-sized bundle of bark and a little ingenuity, the articles to be made are legion.

Solisa Polonaise.—Exceedingly simple and graceful, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front falls perfectly plain, and is buttoned all the way down, while the back drapery is rather bouffant near the top and plain below. Almost any class of dress goods may be made up after this design, although it is especially desirable for cloths and woolens, for which machine stitching would be the most suitable finish. Any other preferred trimming may be selected, however, that corresponds with the goods. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Skirts of Tulle, trimmed with narrow gold-satin ribbon, and worn with a bodice of gold-colored satin, form a pretty evening costume. Gray tulle, arranged as skirts one over another, and satin bodice to match, with steel-starred dog-collar, is also a pretty toilet.

STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—Walking dress of Czar brown Ottoman cloth trimmed with a passementerie in silk braid, forming a succession of wafer spots or pastilles. The design illustrates a front view of the "Electa" costume, with Newmarket polonaise, bouffant back drapery, and box-plaited underskirt. Bonnet of brown French felt trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon of the same color, and two oriole yellow ostrich tips set on the front. Tan colored Suède gloves. A back view of the "Electa" costume is illustrated on Fig. 3. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Autumn promenade costume composed of the "Jersey" jacket of Russian green *tricoté* cloth, the "Fauvette" overskirt, and an underskirt of Scotch tartan. The skirt is trimmed with two box-plaited flounces, and the jacket has a collar and cuffs of dark green velvet, and bow of satin *envers* velvet ribbon above the plaits in the back. English walking hat of dark gray felt with Russian green velvet band and pearl buckle. Two, gray ostrich feathers curl around the left side. Price of the "Jersey" jacket patterns, twenty-five cents each size. "Fauvette" overskirt, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—Illustrates a back view of the "Electa" costume made of *Judée* cashmere handsomely trimmed with silk passementerie. Poke bonnet of garnet velvet trimmed with *Judée*-tinted ostrich tips all falling over the brim in front. Cream-tinted Suède gloves. Plain linen collar and cuffs. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Stylish Costumes.

FIG. 1.—House toilet of the black Genoese gros-grain silk, "Cachemire Marguerite," trimmed with different widths of velvet ribbon. The design illustrates the "Carmina" walking skirt, and the "Arêne" basque which is a simple model with three points in the back separated by inserted box-plaits, a deep point in front and cut short on the hips. The underskirt is trimmed with a succession of gathered flounces, each having one wide and three narrow bands of velvet ribbon on the bottom. The apron and back drapery are edged with a silk and chenille fringe, and the long pointed panel on the left side is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon to match the underskirt. Plaited ruffles of flat Valenciennes lace at throat and wrists. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Visiting costume made of plain and woven *broché* "Nonpareil" velveteen in the new Prussian blue shade. The trimmed skirt, modeled after the "Serena" walking skirt, has an apron front and back drapery of the *broché*, while the plaited panels are of plain velveteen and the bows upon the skirt in front are of blue satin ribbon. The "Arêne" basque, the same design that is shown in Fig. 1, is made of the *broché* velveteen, as also the "Zora" cape, the latter trimmed with "rat-tail" chenille fringe of the same color with plain velveteen collar and satin ribbon bow. Hat of French felt in the same shade of blue, faced with velvet to match and trimmed with a velvet scarf, large steel buckle and gray ostrich plume. Gloves of pearl gray Suède. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. The pattern of the "Zora" cape is in a medium size. Price, fifteen cents.

Illustrated Designs.

THE illustrated pages are rich this month in designs suited to the season, and for useful reproduction in autumn costumes. One of the leading styles, and one well adapted to cloths of high grade, is the "Electa," a very handsome and becoming design, which may be worn in the month of October, and even November, without additional covering, and throughout the winter with a cloak, cape, or talma. It consists of a close-fitting basque, to which braided panels and a back drapery are attached, thus forming a coat, which preserves the distinctive characteristics of a trimmed suit. The skirt is plaited lengthwise in front, and trimmed down the center to match the coat. The trimming may be any form of braiding. The illustration shows the circular ornaments known as "macaroons." Dark green, wine color, chaudron, and dark mouse gray are the leading colors of the season in cloths, but their preëminence is strongly disputed by deeper shades of red and dark stone blues, which latter have a touch of gray. The "Electa" may also be made up in the new cloths which combine a sort of hair-line material for the upper part with broader stripes for the skirt, which are concealed by being laid in plaits.

Of trimmed skirts for suits there are two, the "Serena" and "Carmina." The first is adapted to two materials, plain and figured, and would make up well in wool and broché velveteen, or plain and figured velveteen. It would be still richer in a combination of tapestry cloth with winter surah, or brocaded satin with plain Lyons velvet. The design is simple yet very graceful. The narrow figured front is paneled on either side with lengthwise folds of the plain fabric; beyond these, panels of the figured stuff appear, and these form the straight sides which sustain the drapery at the back. The bows tied across the front are a matter of taste—if the front was composed of a very rich material they would be much better omitted. The "Carmina" is lighter and more youthful—some would consider more dressy; at least it may be made of lighter materials. It is very prettily made in mouse gray or stone blue wool, and trimmed with black velvet upon the flounces, with chenille fringe upon the apron and left of the overskirt. It may also be used for an evening dress made in nun's veiling or albatross cloth, for small dances, and trimmed with satin ribbon and lace instead of velvet and fringe.

New basques are cut shorter, as the "Elspeth" and "Arène" show, but the loops of ribbon set close extend the apparent depth of the "Elspeth," which is suited to dressy wools and combination suits, while the pointed front and leaf-shaped back of the "Arène" may be extended at pleasure, the latter being partly filled in with plaitings, which may be deepened to form part of the drapery. The collarette trimming of passementerie upon the bodice is a favorite form of ornamentation, and some very handsome beaded passementeries have been prepared to produce this effect.

An excellent design for a very useful polonaise will be found in the "Solisa." This is complete enough for a dress for in or out of doors, over a skirt with a single plaited or gathered flounce. It is easily arranged, and looks well in any plain woolen material of good quality and color—flannel, camel's hair, Vienna cloth, English serge, all-wool tweeds, and the like, in dark blue, claret, mouse, or leaf-brown.

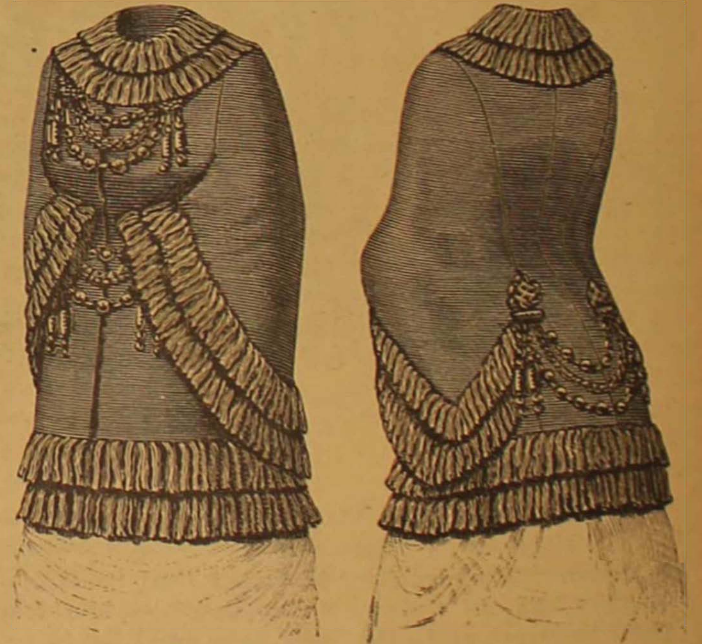
Particular attention is called to the puffed drapery at the back, with its divisions and facilities for secure and easy adjustment, also to the real yet invisible pocket, which is a great improvement on the showy shams, which hold nothing and are good neither for use nor ornament. A very graceful overskirt adapted to a combination of colors or material is shown in the "Fauvette." It consists of a deep apron, draped high at the sides and falling in a point to the right, and of drapery forming a divided leaf at the back. The disposition is well adapted to handsome fabrics, rich silks, or velvet, but it is equally suited to cloth or any solid material.

Of out-door garments there are a variety, and one of the most seasonable is the "Fairmount," raglan which takes the place of the ulster. The sleeves of this novel wrap are arranged in the dolman style, and the skirt at the back gathered to the edge of the fitted portion, under festooned ornaments. The front may be buttoned its whole length or left partly open.

The "Nicolette" visite is a pretty and useful wrap for ladies who like an outside garment of dressy character that can be worn with all kinds of dresses. The "Nicolette" may be made in black Ottoman silk or in light armure cloth. The first named may be lined with satin, the second with soft, twilled silk. The trimming should be chenille fringe and a double rosary of passementerie beads, with chain center for the festooned trimming at the back and across the front. It will be observed that around the neck the fringe forms a double falling collar, because this is a feature of the present styles.

Of course no wardrobe is complete without a jacket, and the simplicity of the "Jersey" will be a recommendation to many, while its perfection of cut and fit, and the insertion of the plaited fan shape at the back, provide for easy adjustment over moderately bouffant drapery. This pattern also has the advantage of being adapted to in-door or out-door wear, the useful little invisible pockets being equally convenient for car fare or dainty pocket handkerchief.

The "Zora" is a very stylish novelty in a cape for the street. It is fitted high upon the shoulder, and may be worn separately or over a long cloak. It is best adapted to rich material, brocaded velvet or embossed plush, lined with duchesse satin and trimmed with a soft, thick chenille or crimped silk and chenille fringe. It may be then worn with a coat dress or redingote instead of a fur cape, and, if the dress is warm beneath, it will be found sufficient protection from cold even in severe weather.



Nicolette Visite.—In dolman style, this graceful *demi-saison* wrap is cut with sacque-shaped fronts, a back slightly fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and large, pointed sleeves. This model is suitable for silk, *satin duchesse*, *sicilienne*, cloth, cashmere, and any other materials which are used for wraps, and it may be of the same material as the costume if desired. It may either be trimmed with fringe, as illustrated, or lace, or any other garniture adapted to the fabric of which it is made. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

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Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1. Poke bonnet of dark chestnut brown velvet. The crown is square, and the upward extending brim is filled in with a plaiting of gold lace with brown velvet spots, and a tiny bow of velvet ribbon next the hair. The trimming is a long ostrich plume shading from brown to cream and curling around the crown. Brown velvet ribbon strings tied under the chin.

No. 2. This pretty little capote has the close crown of Prussian blue velvet and a shirring of satin surah around the face. Loops of blue velvet ribbon clustered in a rosette of steel lace trim the front, and a blue feather tip is placed at the left side. Velvet ribbon with satin *envers* compose the strings which are tied under the chin in a bow.

No. 3. This coquettish round hat is of bluish-gray French felt, bound with narrow galloon of the same color. A gray ostrich feather encircles the moderately low, square crown, and the curling brim turns up at left side, where it is fastened with a brilliant plumed bird.

No. 4. French felt walking hat of dark iron-gray. The shape has a high, square crown and moderately wide brim. A *torsade* of dark ruby velvet is twisted around the crown, and a cluster of gray wings in shaded feathers is placed a little toward the left on the front. The hat is set squarely on the head, and is extremely becoming to a youthful face.

No. 5. English walking hat of dark green felt, faced on the rolling brim with hunter's-green velvet. A scarf of red and green shot silk is twisted around the crown, and a breast of pheasant's plumage ornaments the left side.

SOME magnificent theater and evening toilets have been made of embossed velvet and plain satin, the flowers on the velvet being large and detached. One example is ruby velvet with beige flowers ; another, copper color with tea rose. Fruit patterns are also to be seen—cleft peaches in shades of pale yellow, on a dark ground.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions" for the Autumn and Winter of 1883-4.

OUR "Portfolio of Fashions" is now ready, and we call the attention of ladies to this most useful publication. Embracing, as it does, highly finished and correct illustrations of all the newest and most popular styles, together with clear descriptions of the same in English and French, it affords unusual facilities not only for the selection of a garment, but for the making up of the same. Every detail is given with accuracy, including the number of yards required for the garment and trimming.

The present issue of the "Portfolio" contains an unusually large number of beautiful and stylish illustrations, representing street and in-door dresses, wraps, underclothing, articles of gentlemen's wear, and all that goes to make up the wardrobe of children of every age.

The immense sale of this publication is ample proof of its utility and popularity. No safer or more satisfactory guide in the selection of a suitable style can be found, and the low price of fifteen cents places it within the reach of all. Address MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, New York, or any of the agencies.

The New Silks.

EVERY little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silks have reasserted their supremacy and acquired new and distinguished prestige. The assertion is made at regular intervals every year, and has been for twenty-five years past, and it is always funny, and simply means that the writer of the paragraph has obtained a new black silk dress and is bound to give it importance. Very good black silk always has a character and standing of its own which is unaffected by the changes in fashion, but it addresses itself mainly to those who make no pretensions to fashion—to elderly ladies and well-to-do women who want a solid dress which looks sufficiently handsome for all occasions and is not out of place upon any. To such persons no other fabric ever takes the place of a nice faille or gros-grain silk, and every lady, whatever her pretensions, likes one black silk in her wardrobe because of its convenience.

But of late there are new styles that dispute pre-eminence with old-time favorites—the black surahs, a soft, twilled silk with a satin finish, have established themselves in a place from which it will be very difficult to dislodge them. They are not high-class or remarkable silks in any way, but they are adaptable. They lend themselves to graceful arrangement, they are supple and youthful, which "rich" black silks of the gros-grain type are not, and they are not only durable but comparatively inexpensive. No wonder they are popular—no wonder they are in demand and have forced the New York manufacturer, John N. Stearns, to produce a "winter" surah of superior quality and finish in seventy-five different shades and colors, of which the wines, the garnets, and the new reds with a copper tint in them, promise to be the favorites for the present and coming season. The difficulty with the Ottoman silk is that it is less durable than silks less distinctively marked, but it is handsome and effective, and the late designs alternate with satin stripes, which are inclosed in lines of color, and combined with a plain Ottoman fabric.

But the brocaded silks and satins are those which are best suited to a really elegant toilet, for the designs grow constantly more striking, more artistic, better contrasted, and more tastefully adapted to the purpose of display, without vulgarity or ostentation. The finest designs are large, and show conventionalized forms of fruits with leaves, or leaves and a flower. They are in solid colors, such as evening blue, pink, cream, white, and black, and they require but little addition—for the simpler the form in which they are made the better—but the little should, of course, be of the best quality. Much of the beauty of the design is derived from the contrast in texture, and the effects obtained from the combination of armure or Ottoman in the ground, with dull satin or armure leaves, and a veining which seems to be executed in embroidery stitch. The whole *ensemble* is very rich, and few will believe, when exhibited on the counters of leading dry goods stores, that they are of American (and New York) manufacture, the general impression in regard to American silks having been obtained from the spun silks, which have a finish so much like the obsolete poplin.

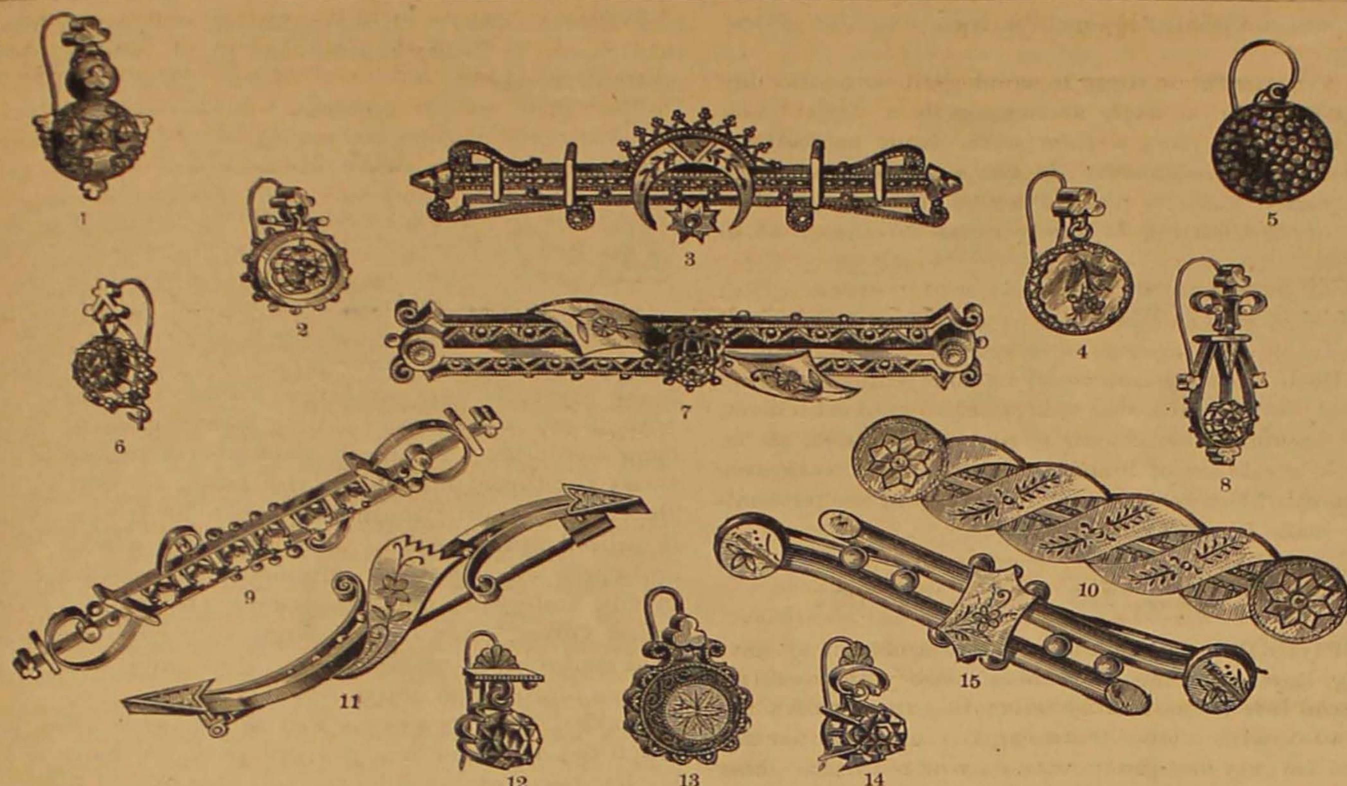
Other novelties produced by our own manufacturers consist of stripes—"hair" stripes—in two colors, black and another, as, for example, black and mauve, black and electric blue, black and old gold, black and bronze, and many other combinations. Upon these are brocaded flower designs in a third color, which is in contrast to the ground tone, but produces no violent shock. On the contrary, the effect is rich, yet bright and cheerful, and seems to suggest them as suitable fabrics for dinner dresses or evening receptions at home. The richest among the stuffs intended for suits and costumes are very beautiful satin brocades in small figures, intended for combination with plain velvet or plain satin duchesse. The grounds are in dark cloth shades, the figures look like jewels, are not only small, but in high colors—old gold, ruby, and amethyst—and would have the effect of embroidery upon satin, at a little distance. Sunset silk is a rich brocade in very handsome and effective patterns in white, with blue or pink color through it, which gives it an indescribable glow—a sort of reflection of color, which is infinitely more delicate than color itself. All the new brocades have armure effects—those that are imported as well as those that are made here—and the figured plushes are reappearing for cloaks, and combination with a new satin which is woven with a shorter loop than satin duchesse, and is, therefore, better adapted to give good wear, while it is equally thick and contains as much silk.

The tapestried silks are as yet principally used for upholstery, but some ladies are beginning to combine them with velvet, and to use them for the fronts of "picture" dresses in conjunction with Watteau trains of dull, thick satin or velvet. The silver and gold brocades will doubtless constitute an important element this season, as last, in the construction of magnificent evening toilets—but these will occupy attention later on. At present it is the forehanded—those who have only one or two new silks of a season, and who know exactly what they want—who are providing them in advance of the gay season, while the majority are occupied in settling the present more important question of autumn cloth and woolen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can be best made to look jaunty and becoming.

Velvet in Demand.

VELVET is in extraordinary demand this season, and to supply the wants of those who cannot afford to purchase silk velvet the greatest efforts have been made to produce a velveteen that shall give the effect of a pure velvet and possess wearing qualities. More or less success has attended several of these undertakings, the production of the broché Nonpareil velveteen last year being attended with signal and deserved success, for it is a woven fabric, and therefore superior to stamped velvets of a more costly kind, for they will not stand exposure. This year the same company have brought out a new make of solid velveteen as a fine substitute for the famous Genoa velvet, which it resembles in appearance—thickness of surface, closeness, and depth of pile, and purity of color. This new make of velveteen is called the "Baveno," and we advise ladies who intend to purchase velveteen suits—jackets or dresses, for children—to order the "Baveno," which is a really handsome fabric, and particularly good in the new "Mascot" (copper color), plum, ruby, mouse, blue-gray, and brown shades.

The broché Nonpareil velveteen appears in distinguished patterns, and will be in high vogue for winter cloaks and combination costumes. It is particularly effective for theater cloaks and wraps, and being cut in the long, close patterns which are now so fashionable, with high shoulder and small dolman sleeves, the single width, which is that of ordinary silk velvet, is no objection, as it cuts to equal advantage with the double, and may be lined with a quilted silk that is sold by the yard. The fact that the broché patterns are woven into the fabric is an advantage to be duly estimated, as patterns merely stamped in look common and "shiny" to begin with, and have a faculty for getting mixed up and leaving a ridge, which is a shabby and disagreeable substitute for a pattern.



Lace Pins and Earrings.

No. 1.—Ball earrings of "rolled" gold, richly ornate with filigree, and set with three turquoises across the front. Tiny trefoils of highly polished gold ornament the sides and form the top of the earring. All the polished gold that is seen on the surface is solid, and the earrings have solid gold wires. Price, $2.25 per pair.

No. 2.—Solitaire ear-drops of pure white stones, set in diamound mounting, with the patent foil back which greatly increases their brilliancy and imparts the beauty of genuine diamonds. The setting is a raised rim of highly polished "rolled" gold, encircled by minute balls. The top of the earring is a tiny trefoil. All the gold that is seen on the surface is solid, and the wires are solid gold. Price, $2.75 per pair.

No. 3.—Lace-pin of "rolled" gold, in an extremely delicate pattern. The center is a crescent, inverted, of highly polished and engraved gold; above it is a filigree corona, and below a tiny star of highly polished gold set with a single turquoise. The bar is enriched with light filigree scrolls, and terminates with highly polished gold trefoils at the ends. Price, $2.25.

No. 4.—"Rolled" gold earrings, composed of small plaques of highly polished gold with scalloped edge, supported on a light crown of filigree; a flower is engraved on the plaque. The upper part of the earring is a tiny trefoil of highly polished gold, from which the plaque swings. Price, $1.75 per pair.

No. 5.—Hammered gold ball earrings. The pattern is extremely simple, being only balls of "rolled" gold, displaying on the surface regular indentations, as of the blows of a hammer. The earrings have solid gold wires, and can be furnished either in polished or Roman gold. Price, $2 per pair.

No. 6.—Solid gold ear-drops with solitaires, pure white stones set high in knife-edge diamond setting, a rim of polished gold trefoils surrounding them. The pendant setting swings from a trefoil ornament which composes the top of the earring. The stones are set with the patent foil back which increases their luster so as to render them undistinguishable from genuine diamonds. Price, $4.50 per pair.

No. 7.—A remarkably pretty lace-pin, consisting of a bar in knife-edge work of highly polished "rolled" gold, set at each end with a single pearl, and supported on the sides by a light trellis-work of filigree. Across the center an ornament, crossing diagonally, of highly polished and engraved gold, has a single white stone in a rosette of filigree. The stone is set in diamond mounting, with patent foil back, and presents all the brilliancy of a fine, genuine diamond. Price, $2.50.

No. 8.—Ear-drops of "rolled" gold in knife-edge work, with solid gold fronts. The design is quite ornate, with tiny trefoils of highly polished gold ornamenting the upper part of the earring, which is set with a pure white stone in patent foil back and diamond mounting, that causes it to appear like a real diamond. The earrings have solid gold wires. Price, $3 per pair.

No. 9.—Lace-pin set with pearls. The design is extremely delicate and beautiful, composed of knife-edge bars in "rolled" gold, with tiny trefoils, scrolls, and raised bars of polished gold ornamenting them, and set through the center with six pearls in diamond mounting. Price, $3.25.

No. 10.—Simple in design, this lace-pin is extremely durable and stylish. It is a wide band with undulating figures engraved on the highly polished surface, and stars at either end engraved on chased plaques. The entire front of the pin is solid gold, and the remainder "rolled" gold. Price, $1.50.

No. 11.—A simple and beautiful lace-pin of "rolled" gold. The design is a waved bar of highly polished gold in knife-edge work, with engraved arrow-heads at the ends. The center is a quiver-shaped ornament of highly polished gold engraved in a pretty floral pattern, with scrolls above and below. Price, $2.

No. 12.—Solid gold earrings set with pure white stones. The setting is in the latest style of diamond mounting, and the stone has a patent foil back which gives it the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond of the purest water. The upper part of the earring is daintily chased. Price, $4.25 per pair.

No. 13.—A dainty pair of ear-drops of "rolled" gold, beautifully ornate with filigree and light scrolls. The balls swing from tiny trefoils of polished gold, and the surface of each ball is ornamented with a flat plaque of highly polished and engraved gold. The earrings have solid gold wires,

and all the polished gold seen on the surface is solid. Price, $1.75 per pair.

No. 14.—A beautiful earring in solid gold in knife-edge work, supporting on a high setting, with a light black enamel on the lower part, a pure white stone as brilliant and showy as a real diamond. It has a patent foil back which materially adds to the luster of the stone. The upper part of the earring is finely chased. Price, $4.50 per pair.

No. 15.—An extremely stylish lace-pin of "rolled" gold. It is composed of two tubular bars of highly polished gold, each terminating in an ornament on one end engraved with a leaf, and these bars are connected by four balls of highly polished gold, two on each side of a polished gold scutcheon, engraved to match the ornaments at the ends. Price, $2.50.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs in "rolled" gold are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.

Autumn Materials and Costumes.

SHEPHERD'S checks are varied this season by having lines of color—red, blue, and yellow—introduced into them, and by associating them with plain goods and also with stripes. Among the most popular all-wool checks are gray and green, with narrow red lines—moss green with brown, yellow and black lines—and yellow with black, brown and red lines. Tartan plaids in these colors are fashionable, the skirts kilted and attached to a deep yoke, but unlined, therefore not heavy. The bodice is a basque with tabs of plain cloth, brown, black or dark green, with Scotch pebble buttons.

A very pretty house costume for a young lady is of striped wool—gray and dark red; over this a dark red princess tunic of plain wool, buttoned over on the side, and cut out square in front, the square filled in with the stripe or with a striped lawn handkerchief. The drapery, which is light and easily managed, is gathered up at the side under a sunflower rosette of gray satin ribbon with red center.

The strawberry and raspberry shades have not "gone out" by any means, but they have taken on deeper tints and brighter shades. Some beautiful cashmeres are imported in bright shades of "strawberry and cream," and present a delightful ground for embroidery in silk and chenille, or chenille and gold for morning robes, or tunics for handsome dinner dresses. Dark blue is as stylishly worn as ever in camel's-hair flannel, soft serge, and the like; and is best associated with the Indian shade of red as lining and finish. Jackets of Indian red over dark blue, with dark blue felt hats trimmed with red feathers, are striking, but not so conspicuous as might be imagined, the shades of color being so deep and refined.

The most popular "tailor-made" suits are brown or gray, braided with black, or ornamented with braided passementeries. Some of these are very handsome, and the style quite leads the rest in the selection of young ladies' costumes. Braided jackets look well, too, with checked and Tartan kilted skirts, the colors of the Tartan reappearing in the soft silk loops, or wing, which adorns the soft, rather high-crowned felt hats.

New Ribbons.

THE new styles in ribbons are not showy, but they are very rich. The widths used for dresses vary from inch wide to a quarter of a yard for loops and sashes. They are plain velvet, or Ottoman silk with a reversible satin face; and the predominating colors are plum, crimson, Marie Louise blue, and brown. They point to the fact that velvet and Ottoman silk, with satin lining, will be in high vogue this season, probably supplanting plush, which is heavy and easily defaced.

Out of Doors.

THERE is great variety as well as luxury in the cloaks and mantles of the present season. "Carriage" cloaks—that is, visiting-cloaks—take the pelisse form, and are of embossed or broché velvet, or brocaded satin, with sash, and high, open sleeves, or short dolman sleeves. New cloak fabrics are of satin, or velvet with plush spots, flowers or large leaves, and these are lined with plush and trimmed with heavy chenille fringes and passementeries. A superb black velvet pelisse is showered about the throat and down the front, as well as upon the sleeves, with soft "marabout" chenille fringe. The lining is quilted apricot satin. A cream cloth mantle, for theater and opera wear, is richly trimmed with passementeries made in silk and gold; and a still more costly one, of white brocaded velvet, shows the design exquisitely outlined with gold embroidery against a lining of gold satin, and lovely fringes of gold and cream white chenille.

Braided cloth garments will doubtless be more popularly employed than for many years past, so many new effects having been produced by the intermixture of different kinds of braids, and the greater skill in the use of them. Narrow double-fold braids, combined with narrow Hercules braid—the latter set on end in what is known as the "knife-blade" pattern—are highly effective; and though these styles are yet confined to imported garments, and therefore expensive, because done by hand, yet there is a probability that the inventive genius of a woman has solved the problem of how to execute these difficult and artistic combinations by a simple machine attachment; and if this is the case, braiding, as ornamentation, is yet in its infancy, and a new lease of life may be anticipated for it. Some beautiful effects have been produced upon the new light Vicugna cloths by embroidery braiding in écru silk and gold. These are expensive, but the gold does not tarnish, and such styles never become common.

India Cashmere visites are in as high vogue as ever; they, also, are expensive and uncommon, and one is considered a necessary part of an outfit, much as a Cashmere shawl was formerly.

The new cloth redingotes are in different tones of color from those which prevailed last year—smoke-grays, fawn-brown, mouse-color, and snuff-brown are in high vogue. The newest style has a cape, and the recent addition of plaits or fullness in the back gives all the freedom required for the slight tournure or drapery.

The cape, is added to some cloaks with good effect, but it is, of course, for those that are most suitable for wraps, and that are made in checked cloths—mixed checks, such as bronze, brown, garnet, and black, with écru lines. Epaulets for the shoulder are a feature of some of the new coats, and festooned cords, with shoulder ornaments, thrown across the breast, are quite frequent.

Fitted capes are a pretty autumn novelty, which achieved immediate popularity. They are set high and gathered on the shoulders, are lined with silk, and often richly trimmed with beading or embroidery. Capes made entirely of feathers are a little too suggestive of the primitive man or woman to become popular. In silk plush they are beautiful.

A CHARMING DRESS worn at a casino entertainment was of pink and white, with fringe of small pink and white crab-apples.

Black, White, and Gray.

THERE are many ladies to whom colors are distasteful, who still do not wish to be considered as wearing mourning. For those the choice lies between black, white and gray, a range which is not so restricted as it appears, when the tints of white, the varieties in black, and the shades from steel and iron to ash in gray, are taken into consideration. One of the best costumes for autumn wear of this description is a fine black camel's-hair, made with narrow kiltings, glove-fitting basque, and graceful drapery, the front of the basque tucked and outlined like the narrow standing collar, with plaited lace. The cloak may be long, gathered at the back, and with high sleeves, a ruche of lace at the throat, and jabot down the front.

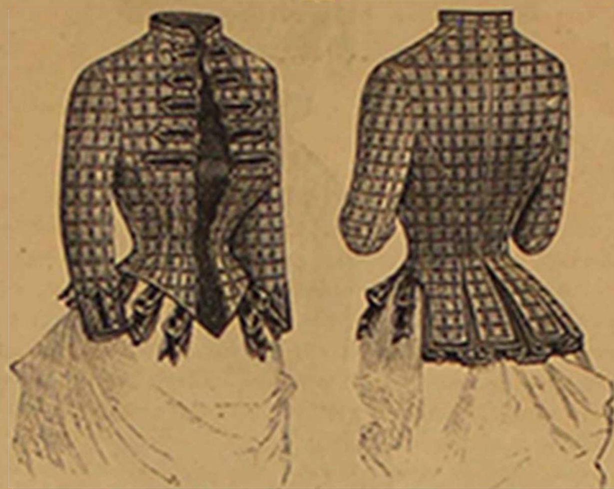
A lady who possesses a fine figure may construct a pretty and effective toilet out of soft surah, and a silk jersey by gathering the surah flounces and placing them upon a skirt which is attached to a deep, well-fitting bodice of twilled silk. Over this a silk jersey is drawn like an elastic and yielding skin, and outlines the figure beautifully besides forming a lovely basis for finish of lace at throat and wrists.

A beautiful dress in black and white is arranged with handsome satin duchesse and fine inserted plaitings of ivory satin, veiled with black lace, the upper dress forming a coat, the lower a demi-trained skirt with triple-plaited back. A simple but very stylish reception dress is of ivory armure brocade, the bodice pointed front and back trimmed a long square with embroidery on ivory satin, edged on both sides with exquisite Mechlin lace; sleeves to the elbow, also trimmed with embroidery and with lace. Skirt draped slightly in front, and arranged at the back as a very graceful train. A pretty steel-gray dress, with bonnet to match, is of cashmere and satin, the latter forming the kiltings, the former the upper dress, and the foundation for delicate, star-like embroidery of steel and chenille.

An English Wedding.

AT a recent English wedding the bride wore a dress of rich white satin, draped and flounced with old Brussels lace; a veil of the same costly fabric, kept in its place by diamond stars, was becomingly arranged over a wreath of orange blossoms and jasmine, and she carried a huge bouquet, composed of camellias, white roses, orange blossoms, the beautiful orchid odontoglossum, and other white flowers. The bridesmaids' tasteful costumes were of crimson plush, trimmed with marabout, and Rubens hats, with large crimson ostrich feathers. The bridegroom presented each lady with a brooch, the design being a coral arrow running through two pearl horseshoes, and bearing the initials of the bride and bridegroom. They all carried bouquets of beautiful single dahlias (ruby), camelias, Roman hyacinths, white roses, &c. The bridegroom wore a fine gardenia, and the six groomsmen cut flowers of tube roses and myrtles.

A LADIES' tailor-made tricycling suit of the latest style, consists of long trousers (with elastic strap under the foot), skirt, and bodice, and the one submitted for notice is of dark rifle-green cloth, braided, in a graceful design, with black mohair braid on the front and back of both bodice and skirt. The habit bodice has the fashionable high shoulders. The trousers are lined throughout with wash-leather; they buckle on the hip, and to insure good fit there is an opening at each knee, which is buttoned when on. The skirt is so cut and contrived that it keeps in place when its wearer is driving, being simply, yet cleverly, arranged inside, with elastic bands —a great point. The costume is lined throughout with farmers' satin, so silk or merino combinations only would be worn underneath. A jockey cap and riding boots complete a neat costume for this popular exercise.



Elspeth Basque.—Dressy in design, this rather jaunty basque is tight-fitting, and opened in front over a narrow, pointed vest; with the back cut in tabs falling over a double box-plaited skirt. It has the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and close sleeves complete the model, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. The trimming may be of velvet loops and ends, as illustrated, or may be chosen to correspond with the material selected. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Fairmount Raglan.—Of the usual length of redingotes or ulsters, cut with sacque-shaped fronts, sleeve or shoulder pieces inserted in dolman style, and a curved seam down the middle of the back, which is cut quite short and the skirt portion added in a full breadth gathered on. The sleeves are plaited at the back, and fall in a rounding shape below, while a large, round collar completes the model. This raglan may be made up in any of the goods usually employed for out-door garments, silk and velvet not excepted. Woolen goods may be finished with rows of stitching, or any trimming can be selected that will correspond with the goods. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Misses' Cloaks.

FIG. 1.—Miss's raglan of plain Russian gray Ottoman cloth. The design illustrated is the "Gisela" raglan, which has sacque fronts, sleeves inserted in dolman style and plaited on the outside of the arms at the wrists. A turn-down collar and "Capuchin" hood finish the neck, and the hood and sleeves are lined with gay Scotch tartan surah. Loops of dark gray velvet ribbon are fastened at the back where the sleeves join in the seam. French felt hat of dark gray faced with green velvet in a dark shade, and trimmed with a pheasant's breast and a tuft of sulphur-colored fancy feathers. Patterns of the raglan are in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty little cloak, the "Trixie," is illustrated made up in dull red cashmere, embroidered in silk of the same on the selvage. The cloak is a box-plaited blouse cut crosswise of the goods to bring the selvage at the bottom, and is mounted on a square yoke almost concealed by the deep collar of embroidery fastened with a velvet-ribbon bow. The coat sleeves have embroidered cuffs to correspond. This pattern could also be used for a dress. Sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

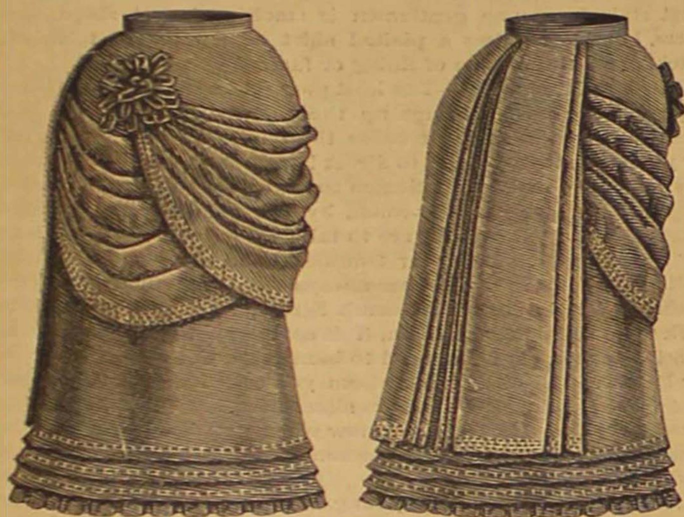
FIG. 3.—The "Nanon" cloak in checked Cheviot mixture is the outer garment displayed on this pretty figure. It is a half-fitting paletot with coat sleeves, a cape reaching to the waist line and draped there in plaits, and a hood lined with brown silk. The front of the cloak is trimmed with a deep plaiting of plain cashmere in dark brown. Shirred bonnet of brown surah, trimmed with red and gold silk pompons. Patterns of cloak in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Children's Fashions.

ELASTIC cloth is popularly made into serviceable costumes for children, and nothing could be imagined better adapted to the strain which a child's incessant movement puts upon its clothing. It is in solid colors, webbed like a stocking, and lies close when not stretched. It is an English "wear-resisting" material, and puts boys and girls in possession of a material which, if not held in by stiff lining, is perfectly adapted to their uses. But it is very hard to persuade the ordinary seamstress and dressmaker not to use linings. They are so accustomed to making the lining a substitute for proper underwear that they do not see

how it can be dispensed with, nor their customers either. But, indeed, if children are properly dressed, and clothing is properly made, there is little necessity for linings.

The illustrated designs for children give an idea of the neatness and simplicity of the autumn styles. The "Effie" skirt and "box-plaited" waist compose a pretty costume in dark blue or garnet, moss-green or brown for girls that demands nothing in the way of trimming but a velvet belt and rosette of narrow velvet ribbon, to fasten the tablier of the skirt. The cloaks are for school wear, except the first, which is pretty, in red, blue or white wool with lace or ribbon trimming, for any purpose whatever. The "Nanor" cloak has hood and cape; the "Gisela" raglan, hood and gathered sleeves, easily slipped over the band; and very pretty made in dark blue or green, and lined with dark red, hood included. The "Linda" dress is for solid wool, trimmed with several rows of narrow braid, and derives all its style from its simplicity, from its softness of material, and color. Black braid should be used upon all dark colors, or gold braid upon cream, or cream and gold mixed upon white. Pretty contrasts in color may be obtained by making the collar dark red (or black upon shepherd's check), and facing the band turned up on the skirt with a color to match. The mixed and broken checks are well adapted to this design.



Effie Skirt.—A simple yet stylish design for a walking skirt of light or heavy material. The foundation is a plain gored skirt, and upon this is arranged a valance, or deep flounce, which is tucked at the bottom and falls over a narrow box-plaiting. The short, full drapery on the front is arranged in a novel manner, and the back drapery consists of two, broad box-plaited sashes hanging straight down. This design is suitable for almost any class of dress goods. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Box-Plaited Waist.—A simple, practical style of waist very becoming to slender figures. It is laid in five box-plaits in front, and three in the back, is finished at the neck by a sailor collar, and at the bottom by a broad belt. It is a desirable pattern for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially adapted for washable fabrics and woolen goods such as cashmere and fine dress flannels. Patterns in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Linda Dress.—Dressy, and yet exceedingly simple, this costume consists of a sacque-shaped blouse, with loose fronts, gores under the arms, and a French back, to the bottom of which is attached a skirt arranged in double box-plaits. Revers are added to the bottom of the sacque, and a deep collar and cuffs complete the model. This design is suitable for almost any of the goods used for children's dresses, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with rows of braid, or any other trimming may be selected that corresponds with the goods. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.

WAISTCOATS are revived with cloth dresses, many of them being made in chamois leather, which looks particularly well with fawn, brown and mouse-gray, all of which are fashionable shades. Dull-gold colored waistcoats look well with black, dark red with dark green, and old blue with bronze; the buttons are wrought metal or plaques, very small and often filigreed.

NEW FANS form begonia leaves in dark or shaded velvet.

A BEAUTIFUL dress fan is of black gauze, with butterflies, hand-painted, upon the leaves. The sticks are dark shell.

THE RIBBED SILK stockings in dark shades are the most fashionable for day wear, unless they are selected to match the dress.

NEW FRENCH DRAWERS have a gore taken out, are trimmed with lace, and tied with ribbon, to match chemises.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE collar for the street is an upright velvet band, over which lace is turned, and which is finished in front with plaited ends of lace, and a velvet rosette, or bow.

THERE IS A popular tendency to tuck the front of bodices, particularly those of black or gray wool. Instead of tucking them to the waist they are best tucked as a deep—not wide—square, and outlined with black velvet.

Portfolio of Fashions.

LADIES who use paper patterns know how difficult it was at one time to form any correct idea of the way a design would appear when made up; and many a nice piece of silk or woolen goods has been spoiled by being cut after a pattern which was found unsuited to its purpose, or the taste of the wearer.

This danger exists no longer; not only are paper patterns furnished with illustrations which reproduce them in facsimile, but our "Portfolio" enables every lady to choose for herself, from clear, enlarged figures, just the model which will be likely to suit her style, height, figure, etc. It is a boon indeed which no lady who uses patterns should be without. Sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York, or any of Mme. Demorest's Agencies.

LADIES' CLUB

THE increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, renders it necessary to urge upon them *First*—Brevity. *Second*—Clearness of statement. *Third*—Decisive knowledge of what they want. *Fourth*—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves. *Fifth*—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. *Sixth*—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects.

"WOULD-BE WRITER."—You must not think you are alone in your aspiration; or make the mistake of supposing that a mechanical facility for writing proves your possession of genius for literature. The world is cursed to-day with sloppy writers, and persons who can do nothing but absorb, copy, or reproduce the ideas of others. In science, real value is attached only to original investigations which add something to the actual amount of our knowledge; in literature, that only is of value to us which tells us about the facts of the world; reveals its hidden springs of action; or discovers the workings of the human heart and mind, and how they affect human life and destiny. Sift such writers from the mass, and get rid of the remainder, and the number would be very few, but these few should be read, and studied, as the importance of true work demands. Most of our periodicals, as most of our books, are eternal iteration, the repetition of what some one else has said, mixed with a certain amount of twaddle of the writer's own. Instead of reading or writing such stuff, it would be infinitely better for readers and writers to study nature; to acquaint themselves with its facts and laws; to watch the changing conditions of trees and plants, their periods of growth; the conditions of their life; the beauty and variety in natural forms; the wonderful range in texture and quality of natural substances. Once we have discovered a true principle in the life of the smallest atom, it can be applied to all life, the human included, and then if we want to write, we shall find we have something to say, which it is really desirable every one should know.

"MARY F."—Dr. Josephine Walter, who obtained the position in the Mount Sinai Hospital, one of the largest and best in New York city, over nineteen candidates, the majority men—was of the class of '81 of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, which Dr. Emily Blackwell founded, and of which she is dean, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi being the professor of Materia Medica. This college does not try to secure or graduate a large number of students, but it is very thorough, and very practical in its teaching, subjecting its candidates to entrance examinations in English, Latin, Mathematics and the elements of Botany, Chemistry and Physics, which alone limits their number, and its graduates to an examination of the most searching character, not only before its own faculty, but also before an examining board of eminent men connected with the best medical schools of New York city. This corresponds and is equal to the State examinations in Europe. The next session begins Oct. 1st. Examinations are held at the College Building, 128 Second Avenue, the Saturday preceding.

"CLARA GRAY."—There are several ways in which you could dress your folding doors, if you cannot employ a portière. Tack panels of hammered brass upon the wood, and make for the top a valance which would have the effect of a frieze, and bring it down at the sides as curtains, draping it off with bands. Or you might use Japanese panel pictures, and a strip with figures for the top, repeating the panels in landscape patterns at the sides, upon the wall. The portière would be simplest, though not so inexpensive as the Japanese ornamentation, and also the most useful, and would not the projection serve for a shelf upon which to place jars and china?—The Japanese coloring would suit your green covering and gray walls well. For your other room you might use ebonized moldings, ebonized poles and ebonized furniture, including a cabinet; the covering a mixture in which gray and crimson predominate, but produce a tone rather than a distinct effect. The curtains might be Madras muslin of suitable tints and pattern.

"HOME STUDY."—Write to Miss A. E. Ticknor, Home Study Office, 7 Park street, Boston. The annual fee is $3.00. You have the choice of one study out of six, or two, if desired, after first term. You should apply at once.

"SOLDIER'S WIDOW."—Of the three hundred and five thousand Union soldiers interred, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-one were registered "unknown." Of the whole number two hundred and ninety-four thousand five hundred and fifty-eight are buried in the national cemeteries. "A Soldier of the Union mustered out," from Longfellow, is the inscription on an "unknown" grave.

"YOUR FRIEND."—Make the skirt of the cloth suit walking length with two kiltings, a scarf-like drapery turned over across the front, and rather full draped back. Coat basque with a tucked vest or double-breasted front, the lapels laid in plaits, and moderate in length. Dark papers are used for halls, dining-rooms, and even parlors, but much must depend on situation, light, shape of rooms, number of windows, etc. Two shades of fawn color or gray are good for sitting or sleeping rooms, and if the walls are papered, gray-blue grounds may be selected with flowers and grasses, butterflies and birds in natural tints upon it. If deeper colors are preferred, use wood color with green, brown, and white indistinct lines, or figures, and for the hall and dining-room, a deep red flock, with flowers of the same tint. If the parlor floor is not finished in dark wood, it should be painted and grained to simulate it.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—For a young lady we should advise a handsome satin Egyptienne, as Rhadames is now called, or a heavy surah. Lay the front of the skirt in triple box-plaits, and over this arrange an apron, which must be drawn to one side under a cluster of ribbon loops and ends. The back may be arranged with three very narrow kilted flounces, and a graceful irregular drapery. The bodice should be high, cut in points front and back, the neck outlined with a collarette, below the standing band, formed of fine folds edged with lace. The sleeves should be close upon the lower arm, but full at the top, the fullness laid in folds which are brought over diagonally to the side, and are lost under a rosette, or in the inner seam upon the front. Flounces of lace may be added to the edge of the bodice if liked, and made to form close paniers over the silken drapery.

"S. R. E."—We do not know that paper cushions can be bought at all. What they would bring would not pay for the trouble of making to sell. Certainly, write direct to Prang.

"TWEECHY."—If the gentleman is quiet in his tastes, he will like his gray, stone, mouse, or fawn colored cashmere lined, and faced with Indian red, garnet, or wine-colored surah; if he likes more color yet, an Indian mixed cashmere or wool, lined with old gold, and faced with satin in fine lines of red, gold, black and bronze. Cord and tassels to match. The latest style for young gentlemen is smoking-jacket shape, open with revers, but this requires a plaited shirt of flannel, or thick soft silk, matching the tint or tone of lining or facing.

"MOTHER HUBBARD."—The host goes first with the most distinguished lady guest, the hostess brings up the rear with one of the gentlemen guests, or sometimes she precedes the whole, and is found standing in her place at the table, ready to direct her guests where to take their seats. It is customary now for gentlemen to have a small envelope handed them upon entering the drawing-room, by the man-servant, containing the name of the lady whom they are to take into dinner,—when it is a formal affair—and this saves all after trouble to the hostess, and facilitates the seating of guests, as the two are always seated together. The "Woman's Exchange" is in East Nineteenth Street, near Broadway. It receives work to be sold on commission, if it comes up to the standard, and has an art character. It is intended to benefit gentlewomen.

"FANNY."—The lady upon whom you called was at fault in not introducing her daughter; you had no alternative.

"A SUBSCRIBER" wishes to know what "authors" had in charge the New England Kitchen at the Centennial Exposition? Can any of our readers enlighten her?

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—A young lady is *never* introduced to a young gentleman, it is the gentleman that is always introduced to the lady, and she does not rise, if she is sitting, she only bows. If there is a lady and gentleman to introduce to another lady and gentleman, you have only to bear this rule in mind: always speak the lady's name first, and introduce the gentleman *to* her, not her to the gentleman. When two ladies are to be introduced to each other, the elder takes precedence. If you wish to excuse yourself, say, "I beg pardon," or "Pray excuse me; it was quite unintentional." Introduce the elder of two sisters first (unless one is distinguished so as to make her the "lion" of the occasion), as Miss so-and-so and her sister, as her sister Miss Jessie, or Jane, or whatever her name may be.

"FANNIE C."—Probably scrim, with antique lace insertion and border, would suit you, but the lace and insertion should be wide and handsome, or they will not look well. There is Madras muslin, and Syrian curtains with borders; these are newer, and are not expensive, and some are very pretty; they will also be likely to remain in fashion a long time, for they are useful, moderate in price, and yet not cheap or common looking. Put Ottoman silk with your velvet as drapery and trimming for skirt and jacket.

"M T."—Address S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, for manuals of art. They can furnish instructions in any branch of it. If the story or poem is worth publishing, we shall be glad to bestow the time and eyesight upon them necessary to form an opinion, but we do not write opinions in regard to literary ventures.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A wife could get no insurance on her husband's life without his knowledge, because he would have to be medically certified, examined, etc., and his ignorance, even did she succeed in getting the certificates, would in case of his death invalidate her claim, and lead to unpleasant inquiry. The "Aletta" is a good design for your velvet to combine with silk. Any druggist will give you a preparation for the removal of warts.

"FARMER'S WIFE."—Dear Demorest. "Many of your readers live far from the busy life and glitter of cities. Would it not be well to have an occasional chat from one whose lines have been cast in a country farm-house, and who has to superintend the growing of the bread, meat, poultry and vegetables she eats, as well as the cooking of them? First I would speak of the usefulness of children on the farm—country life is best for children—and there cannot be too many on a farm. As a natural consequence of country life the physical health and proportions of children are better developed, they are more out of the way of immorality than children of cities. They have more space for growth, and as they are so constantly with their parents, they can be taught early to think logically, and connecting one incident with another, chain reason to the happenings of every-day life. And very early in life can country children be made useful, and almost self-supporting.

"Children get into mischief many times because they have nothing else to do. And while parents require the children to assist them in the work and duties that are common to the united home, they can give them something to do for themselves. Every child should have a few hens, or pigs, or lambs, a garden, rows of small fruit, an interest in an orchard, as an incentive to industry, a training to manage and provide for themselves. They should be early taught to watch the markets, to produce the right article in the right time, and to keep their own accounts. I notice the boys and girls that pass quickly along the road to and from school are those who have some property of their very own to take care of; they cannot spare the time to idle and quarrel and fight. I know a family of children who have by their industry purchased a nice organ, and by the same means are paying an instructor. I know some girls, living near a city, daughters of a physician who is, as the country phrases it, 'well to do,' who sell many baskets of cut flowers. I know a young girl whose trailing hop vines cover fences, stakes, and the sunny side of buildings, and who makes quite a sum each year by the sale of hops. Hops are easily raised; composted hills anywhere will grow them. But I do not design giving instruction in cultivating anything. There are manuals sent free by seedsmen which tell concisely how to raise all manner of plants.

"There can always be two poultry houses on a farm, one near the barn, and one near the house; the one near the barn can be given to the children. Two hens and thirty eggs will set the children up in business in the spring; by the next winter they can have twenty-five young hens to produce eggs. From two hens I set in March, and again set in August, I had twenty-four young pullets, that were producing eggs, and thirty-one chickens to make chicken pies at Christmas." M. A. I. H.

" It is not growing like a tree—in bulk
Doth make man better be."

is from "The Noble Nature," by Ben Jonson.

"MRS. D. E. R."—We do not keep patterns of the designs in the Home Art department, as they are all original, and are made for us by Miss H. L. Ward, who takes them from nature.

"MRS. EMILY."—Before closing up the cracks in your floors, pour into them a solution of common salt in boiling water, made almost thick. This preserves the wood, excludes all vermin, and makes a good foundation for a cement of putty, which you can get of any painter and glazier. A good wood color is the best color to paint a kitchen floor. Your handwriting does not indicate character; it shows a lack of early opportunity, or unwillingness to take advantage of it.

"DAISY."—The most useful dress you could have, in addition to those you possess, would be a shepherd's check in all wool, trimmed with bands of black ribbon velvet. Kilt the underskirt, and make a simple scarf drapery for the upper. Finish with coat basque or plaited bodice; the former if you are inclined to be stout. Keep your gray flannel ulster for rainy days, and get a new one with fur trimming for best and church wear, with muff to match.

"E. E. C."—Nonpariel velveteen can be procured of any reputable dry-goods house. You can easily identify it by the name which is stamped on every yard of goods. The new colors are in lovely shades of gray, mouse, Indian red, fawn and cinnamon brown. Get a camel's hair same shade to wear with velvet skirt, and trim with velvet.

"TWENTY-FIVE."—Plain skirts are as fashionable this season as last. Velvet, hand-embroidered, would be very handsome, but the work hardly pays for its cost unless the dress is to be very distinctive and preserved. We would rather use a richer velvet plain, line it with satin, and employ the lace as drapery and ornamentation. Velvet could be obtained, all silk, from six to eight dollars per yard.

"EVA."—Your dress must bear some relation to that of the other bridesmaids; it would not look well for one to wear a much richer, or entirely different and inharmonious dress from those of the others, nor do we think it will look well for the "maids" to wear dull dark colors, unless they are to be a mere foil to the bride. Choose handsome winter surah, of a good crimson shade, or electric blue—the first will be most useful afterwards—and trim with embroidered lace.

"R. S. H."—Mrs. Blake has written other works in her early youth, a novel and some shorter stories. Of late years her time and strength have been given to woman suffrage, of which she is one of the most energetic advocates, and she has published little except through the newspapers and from the platform.

An Old Saratoga Family and a New Saratoga Attraction.

ORCHARD LAWN GROVE, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Demorest, has attracted attention to some of the most interesting and original features in the history of recent Saratoga improvements, and also to the facts in connection with one of our oldest Saratoga families. Orchard Lawn is the original homestead farm and property of the Curtis family, a daughter of which—Ellen Louise—married Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, and became distinguished in the world of fashion and letters. The farm of two hundred acres was bought in 1794 by two brothers—Henry and Zachariah Curtis—who eventually divided the land, the second becoming the father of Mr. Henry D. Curtis, our esteemed fellow-townsman, who was born upon the spot where he now lives—having returned to his birthplace some fifteen years ago to spend the remainder of a useful and active life. Mr. H. D. Curtis is eighty-six years of age, but still hale and hearty, walks without a stoop, reads the papers and is interested in all public affairs, and is the father of Ellen Louise, now known as Madame Demorest. The record of the family is one of peculiar interest throughout, as showing the strength and healthfulness of Saratoga air and the virtue of its springs. Zachariah Curtis married and was the father of nineteen children, fourteen of whom lived to maturity, and seven of whom, including Mr. Henry D. Curtis, the possessor of the homestead, are still living, their united ages numbering about *six hundred years*. Henry D. married Miss Electa Abel, a representative of another old and well-known family in the immediate vicinity, a woman of strong and noble character, and a famous housekeeper in her day, so that Madame Demorest belongs to Saratoga by right of birth and ancestry on both sides of the house, and on the maternal side for more than the century claimed by the paternal side. She also comes rightfully by those sterling qualities of mind and character which laid the foundation for her exceptional success in life, and which, together with a splendid physique and commanding personal appearance, she shares, with five sisters and two brothers, who are all living, and most of them known to our citizens. Orchard Lawn is only a mile from the village, and is situated on Crescent avenue, between Nelson avenue and Jefferson street. The dwelling, modest and without pretension, but sufficiently spacious for family and friends, occupies a charming knoll in the midst of grounds tastefully ornamented, and sloping off on three sides to well-kept lawns and orchard. The house is surrounded with vine-shaded verandas, where amid the flower-perfumed air, the cozy hammock swings and easy chairs invite to summer siesta and luxurious repose. The "Grove" proper is a beautiful piece of woods a mile in circumference, which skirts a meadow in front of the house, and has been beautified and its natural attractions enhanced by the generosity of Mr. W. J. Demorest and his appreciation of its delightful possibilities. With rare good taste, all the best original features of the woods are preserved, and only purely simple and natural materials found there have been employed in the construction of its ornamental features. The largest structure is a house of perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet wide, of octagon form, with a roof to which a central elevation and projecting corners give picturesqueness and variety. This occupies the center of the picnicing ground, is provided with a rustic table, a rustic mitered chair and settees, and many conveniences for picnic parties; who are cordially welcomed so long as they are orderly. The entire structure and its dependencies are composed of young birch trees, their white limbs of a curiously uniform size and apparently decorated where the twigs and branches have been cut off, with darken spots. Winding paths and roadways for carriages run in every direction, and all have their special and significant names. All through the wood are seats obtained from split logs with sides formed of slender saplings, which ornament while they strengthen. Some of the structures form outspread umbrellas of enlarged size, and one is fringed with the small roots of the young trees of which it is made. Stumps of trees are turned into Gypsy kettles, and gnarled and twisted trunks thrown up from the surface, and showing in their ganglinous formation the work of ages, are made to serve, like the backs of mighty giants, as foot-stools and pedestals for rustic chairs of state. A great deal of beauty is obtained from the fact that the present growth of the trees is out of the trunks of a former generation, many of which have put forth two, three, four, five, six, and even seven shoots, so that birch and elm, white ash and maple, hemlock, pine, oak and chestnut, nearly all stand in groups, some suggesting one pretty and poetic comparison, some another. Besides the accommodations for the tired wayfarer which are scattered everywhere, there is a spring of delightfully clear, pure and remarkably cold water, supplied with pump and drinking cups, a rustic tower with winding stairs, numerous swings and see-saws, platforms with seats high up in the trees, where one may sit and feel a gentle sway from each passing breeze, and many other interesting structures, including an Uncle Tom's Cabin, with a large arm-chair for Uncle Tom. To Orchard Lawn Grove is a pretty drive and only an easy walk from any part of the village, and will repay the trouble of either on the part of summer visitors who, as well as residents, are welcome, and will in the future find the "Grove" a special Saratoga attraction.—*Daily Saratogian.*

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Review of New Publications.

A Student's Edition of "The Lady of the Lake" has been published recently by Mr. James R. Osgood & Co., which forms a very desirable addition to any young man's or woman's library. Its mechanical execution is fine, neat, and compact, thoroughly good in every respect, and worthy the illustrations, which are the same as those used for the costly Cambridge edition, which scholars are familiar with. The tinted paper, the red edges, the clear finish will disgrace no companionship, although the work is actually sold for seventy-five cents—much less than half what it could have been afforded for had the cuts been especially prepared for this work. The work of editing the text has been executed by Mr. William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School at Cambridge, Mass., and the well-known editor of the volumes of English classics—a fact that assures the reader of the accuracy of the text, an unexpected difficulty in attaining which Mr. Rolfe details in the preface. This noble poem, which increases in value with age, is the key to unlock the finest scenery of Scotland as well as the grandest characteristics of Scotchmen. It should be familiar as "household words" to all who would know and cultivate the immortals in poetry.

"**On the Wing**" is the bright narrative of a trip to the Pacific coast by a delightfully intelligent woman, Mary E. Blake, and it has been put into lovely form by Lee & Shepard, its appreciative publishers. There is not much of novelty nowadays to the readers of newspapers and magazines in any ordinary "trip;" but "M. E. B." sees so many quaint and charming things, she describes so realistically people and places, and reproduces so graphically the picturesque scenery through which she passes, that she is justified in thinking "On the Wing" worthy of a more permanent place than could be found within the columns of a daily paper. We should certainly advise intending tourists in that region to make it part of their impedimenta.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb has achieved a notable success in her conduct of the *Magazine of American History*. It is only a few months since she assumed control; and already it occupies a place among leading magazines to which it never previously even aspired; while its special standing is fully maintained.

"**Vix.**"—Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have just published a very pretty little pamphlet, containing Colonel George E. Waring's famous horse story, "Vix," which the London *Spectator* characterized as "genuinely pathetic," and of which Colonel Higginson said that "all Colonel Waring's horses are like Dr. John Brown's dogs—genuine and half humorous creatures." In his two books of travel, "The Bride of the Rhine," and "A Farmer's Vacation, in Normandy and the Channel Islands," as well as in his works on Sanitary Drainage and Village Improvement, Colonel Waring has achieved very notable successes, and won a worthy place in American literature.

A Needed Work.—General di Cesnola is pushing forward his large three-volume work on the Cyprus collection which Osgood & Co. are to publish, illustrated with elaborate plates plain and in color. People who once thought the collection might have been overvalued are reassured by the recent growl of the London *Saturday Review* which said:

"Lord Beaconsfield's Government, before annexing Cyprus, let the Cypriote collection of General di Cesnola be sold to America for a song. The Americans are now depreciating the value of their purchase; we wish they would sell it back at cost price. It is a matter of taste; but one single gem, an emerald engraved with the story of Boreas and Orithyia, seemed to us as desirable as even the Ashburnham manuscript decorated by the pencil of Perugino and his great contemporaries. However, it is idle to make these comparisons with accuracy, because the country has lost the treasures which it would have been a pleasure to compare—the finest works of the generation before Phidias and of the generation before Raffaelle. They are most probably going into the possession of people who do not yet seem quite capable of understanding the measure of their own good fortune."

A New Serial by the Author of the "Three Vassar Girls."

We have the pleasure of announcing a new serial story to be begun in the December number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, by the author of the "Three Vassar Girls" and other popular novels. Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney is still young, but one of the most promising as one of the most prolific of American authors. Wife of the well-known artist, Mr. J. W. Champney, her recent years have been spent abroad, and the scenes which she graphically depicts in the forthcoming work, "THE SHORES OF NOTHING," in Spain and Africa, are from her own personal knowledge and experiences. Her heroine is a young lady artist who, with a party of friends, traverses regions but little known, and carries an American girl's pluck and brightness into remote but romantically interesting regions.

Winter Flowering Plants.

THE great desideratum in window plants is that they give us either bloom or foliage during the dreary winter months.

A season of rest is necessary to almost all plants, hence we must not expect those which have given us of their beauty all summer to continue the same all winter.

Preparation for winter should begin as early as June. Seeds of Chinese primrose and cineraria should be sown even earlier than this. Plants for winter flowering should be kept in pots all summer, and all buds removed until about the middle of August; after that they may be allowed to grow in order to have early winter flowers. Plants should be brought into the house and placed in their position before the winter fires are made, that they may become acclimated to their indoor life.

All who desire nice window plants should have a few bulbs of the narcissus, hyacinth, etc. Mignonette, bergamot, sweet alyssum, and other fragrant plants are desirable. Balsams, stocks, petunias, phlox, verbenas, etc., all make desirable plants for winter flowering. The verbena, however, must be kept constantly growing and in bloom, if possible, to do well.

The *Cobra scandens* and nearly all climbers do well for winter. Madeira vine and tuberose bulbs may be kept out of the ground until the last of June or the first of August, then planted in pots, and will just be in the proper condition to transfer to the house.

The bleeding heart (*Dycentra*) is, when potted, unsurpassed for winter flowering.

Even the pansy is highly recommended by some, but it must not be kept too hot and dry.

All seeds sown late in the season require partial shade and plenty of moisture.

Swindlers.

You should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

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THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS,

AND

THE BEST IN FORM AND THE LARGEST IN CIRCULATION

Please remember that for 6 lines, costing $3, is at the rate of 22 cents for 11,000 cards, and most efficiently distributed to the best families in this country.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers—to exclude whatever is pernicious at whatever sacrifice—and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

The advertising columns of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY furnish the most reliable, cheapest and best advertising medium in the world. Goes everywhere. Read by everybody. A book of reference for the family, and sometimes the whole neighborhood; especially for the enterprising, and for all those who can afford to purchase. For advertising purposes, no other one medium covers so much ground, or is so universally read and sought for as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

ADVERTISING RATES, EACH INSERTION.

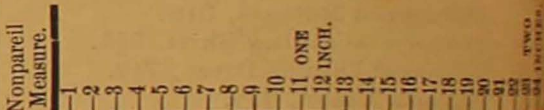
ORDINARY PAGES	$0.50	PER LINE NONPAREIL MEASURE, 12 LINES 1 INCH.
PAGE OPPOSITE READING	.60	
FOURTH PAGE OF COVER	.60	
BUSINESS NOTICES, NEXT READING	.75	

Remember that Advertising at the above rates costs only one cent a line per 1,000 copies.

FIVE LINES OR LESS WILL BE CHARGED ONE LINE ADDITIONAL, OR THE SPACE FROM RULE TO RULE.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUTS OR DISPLAY.

Advertisements for insertion should be forwarded not later than the 28th, for the next issue. No medical, questionable, or ambiguous advertisements will be admitted on any terms.



BUSINESS NOTICES

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

Natvick Velvet Powder

For Beautifying, Softening and Whitening the hands. The delicious substitute for soap. Mailed free on receipt of fifty cents.

MME. DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th St., New York.