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My Sister Bell.

CHAPTER II.

BELL'S LOVERS.

WE had other teachers than Angela. Oh! yes, indeed. I believe our parents wished to leave no moment unoccupied in our lives, fearing that Satan would find some mischief still for our idle hands to do. Dear and misguided people, why did they not know that tired brains are as mischievous as idle hands, or at least why did they ever select for our Latin teacher that impecunious, excellent, stiff, young theologian, who tried to eke out his scanty living in college by wrestling with us three hours every week? Wrestling and prevailing not. No, the contest was an unequal one. In vain that wretched young man asserted his dignity, came to us clad in the most rigorous vestments allowed to the Protestant clergy, sat with an unmoved countenance and calmly instructed us. Bell made up her mind from the start that she would have none of him. But Bell never pouted, never refused to listen to him, never said a hasty or an unladylike word. She looked up sweetly at him, she heard him with an air of conviction, she wrote at his dictation, and handed back a page of such utter nonsense that he bit his lip and corrected her mistakes without a glance at her contrite face, as she meekly sighed and murmured, "'Forbearing threatening'—Ephesians, sixth chapter, ninth verse," in a tone of deepest admiration. Then with her head resting on her hands, all her brown curls falling through her white fingers, her upturned face the very picture of simplicity, she would beg him to tell her "that pretty story she had once heard him tell mamma; that one where the mother brought her little baby to him, and he had asked, 'Hes this chaild ben already beptaized?'" Oh the trust in Bell's brown eyes! Oh the subtle mockery that flattered this otherwise sensible man! Oh the annoyance with which he regarded me when I upset inkstands, dropped books, insisted on explanations, made myself willfully obtuse, *anything* to save him from Bell! But what was the use? Bell was determined to get rid of him, and she knew our parents would never dismiss him; he was too good, too poor, too able, to be lightly sent away. In vain had Bell hinted that his influence was rapidly working on her, and making her "a High Church devotee"—our parents did not object to that form of worship. In vain did Bell declare her health to be delicate, and Latin too much for her—our parents looked at her rosy face and only laughed. In vain she tried to look sentimental when she mentioned his name out of school-hours, and did her best to get up a blush and hint that he was too young for a tutor—our parents knew Miss Bell and her ways, and merely replied that Miss Angela always remained as chaperone in the school-room, and that Mr. Black was old beyond his years, and only devoted to books. So Bell stamped her foot in the privacy of our bed-room and vowed she would take means of her own to get rid of him.

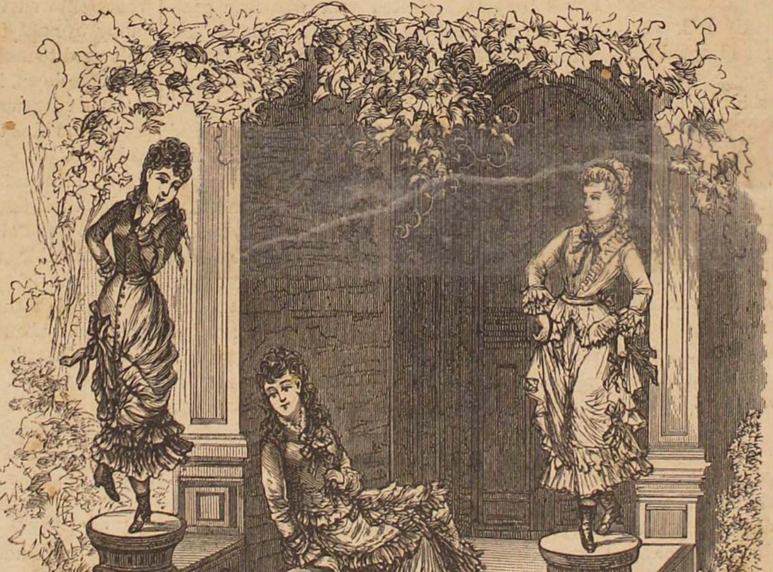
"If you mean that by pretending to stupidity and making yourself utterly idiotic before him you can discourage him, you will be mistaken," I cried. "He is too clever for that; he knows you are bright enough; he knows you are putting on airs."

"Very likely," Bell replied with emphasis; "but I am not mistaken, and you shall see."

And I did see. Little by little I saw Bell's method prevail. Miss Angela, busy in the window over her embroidery, did not notice the quick glance which sometimes shot across me from Mr. Black's eyes and rested on the unconscious Bell. Once I arrested it half way, and held it just for one moment, but long enough—he knew and I knew what neither of us could put into words. And day by day I sat and watched Bell getting rid of him, till at last I broke forth into speech: "I will not have it!" I cried indignantly; "I will not let this go on!"

"How are you going to help it?" asked Bell quietly.

"I'll tell mother and father."



"OH! YOU PRANCING COW," CRIED BELL. "NATTEE, NATTEE, DO LOOK AT BESS."

"What can be said that was not said before?" inquired Bell; and even as I spoke I knew I could do nothing. Bell would certainly pretend to be in love with Mr. Black, and secure his dismissal that way.

"I'll tell him what you're doing, then!" I cried.

"He knows what I'm doing," answered Bell.

"Have you no conscience?" I cried.

"None that I know of," she answered quietly.

What could be done? Why would not somebody see? Why did not Mr. Black himself see? Ah! there was the trouble. He knew well enough that Bell was acting a part, but he did not know her reason for doing so. He thought she was flirting; he knew her to be insincere in her mocking words, but although he knew it he could not save himself. I grew restless, uneasy, miserable. At last one day Bell was kept in her room by a violent cold; Miss Angela, too, was absent for some forgotten reason, and I took my lesson alone. It would have been a quiet and a profitable hour if I had not seen my tutor's eyes roving to the door every few moments, as though expecting to see Bell come in, or if I had not known that during my recitation he was listening to her voice faintly heard in the distance of her own room. I grew indignant. I purposely made an absurd mistake. It passed unnoticed. Another, and he kept on listening quietly, nodding his head slightly, saying, "Very good, very good."

The recitation came to an end; he did not notice that I was silent; he still listened, and Bell's laughter was heard. A flush passed over his face; he sat quite still, saying, "Very good, very good." I took the book from his hand, and he looked at me with a mild but reproachful air. Now or never was my time.

"Mr. Black," I said, deliberately looking steadily at him, "why don't you behave like a man and give it up?"

His eyes met mine, then quickly fell. Until that moment I had never addressed him but as a child.

"I cannot," he suddenly said, rising and confronting me.

"You must," I answered.

Then a silence fell upon us.

"On what compulsion must I?" he said at last, slowly, and in a low voice, as though talking to himself. "I am her equal in position, I may become her equal in wealth, there is no disparity in years; why should I not love her and hope to make her my wife?"

"Because you don't in the least understand Bell," I cried hastily; and added with more force than elegance, "she wouldn't look at you. You cannot make her your wife, and there's no use trying."

"Why can I not?" he asked.

What was I to say? I suddenly felt that I had ventured beyond my depth. I could scarcely admit to myself that Bell was deliberately trifling with his feelings, and I certainly could not say so to Mr. Black.

"I will speak to your father at once," he said eagerly; "perhaps you are right. I should not allow myself to——"

"Oh! speaking to papa won't help you," I interrupted; "you'd far better let that alone."

He looked at me very earnestly. "I thank you," he said very gravely, "I will count the cost."

"Do you mean to persevere?" I cried.

"I cannot do otherwise," he answered sadly.

Now I saw that Bell had gained her victory. Of course as soon as Mr. Black should speak to papa everything would be at an end. Yet I knew he was too honorable a man to maintain his position of tutor without telling papa that he was also Bell's lover. Whenever I am sick or sorry I am invariably cross, and I felt the angry blood rush to my face as I cried, "You are exceedingly silly to give up your pupils, as you will be obliged to, all for the sake of Bell. I tell you she cares nothing for you! She wants to get rid of you! Don't made any mistake about that! You don't know her as I do!"

"Do you not love her then?" he said inquiringly

"Love her! Love Bell! Why I'd die for her!" I cried impetuously.

"So would I," he rejoined; and then there was nothing more to say. With a stately bow and a dark flush on his face Mr Black took his leave, and I went to my room alone. I could not face my sister. What fatal fascination did she possess? what gift was this of hers, this power to attract others? Was Bell insincere? Yes. Was she heartless? I dared not answer this. Whatever she was I loved her with a deep, abiding love. I knew that if continents lay between us it would make no difference to my feeling; I knew that if she were to be utterly false to every trust, I should still love her. But a great burden of responsibility lay upon my soul. I felt that I ought to plead with her, pray for her, bring her to a sense of her own delinquencies, and in solitude I resolved I would, but when I encountered Bell I was helpless. Melted wax was firm compared to me, when she chose to mold me to her will. Poor Mr. Black. A letter to my father, with an inclosure to Bell, sealed his fate, as I knew it would. Father was furious, Bell pensive and sentimental, saying that she had warned both her parents, but they had disbelieved her. She went about the house sighing like a furnace, and sent a sweet message of regret to the unlucky Mr. Black, who disappeared from the horizon leaving Miss Bell victorious and triumphant. She sang dirges over her Latin grammar, and tied it up in a broad black crape band; she wore another round her arm for ten days as a sign of mourning, and nothing could induce her to remove it. She wrote epitaphs on all the monuments which our drawing-master made us draw in perspective, and wrote essays on the celibacy of the clergy, and handed them in as compositions. In fact she nearly drove me wild. Angela aided and abetted her in her wild nonsense, showed all her teeth and said, "Och, but ye're the mischief's own delight!" and so encouraged her. "Mauvaise diable" was the term of endearment that Madame de Berri bestowed on her. Madame was our French teacher, and Bell was very fond of her, but ruled her as she did all the rest, compelling her to give descriptions of ball dresses in lieu of Racine's tragedies which we were supposed to be translating, and chattering volubly to her in abominable school-girl's French, but with a pure and beautiful accent; for Bell could mimic anybody or anything, and caught the pronunciation of any language immediately. "You only need to shrug your shoulders—*so*, and *h-h-h-rrrattle* off your sentences *h-h-h-rrrapidly*, to be an admirable French scholar," she declared. And it was in this way that we learned Latin and French, and I came limping and lumbering along after Bell, who performed these rapid acts on the intellectual trapèze to the great admiration of all who watched her progress, whereas I got admonitions for idleness and want of brilliancy, and felt my inefficiency more and more every day.

I could have accepted my own stupidity with tolerable calmness however, if I had not been oppressed with a sense of injustice. I believed I *could* learn, and conquer all my difficulties, if I could be taught alone; but Bell's continual presence was a barrier to me.

All our teachers liked better to laugh with her than to settle down to hard work with me. Mr. Black had been conscientious, but came under the same spell, and I despaired of ever receiving any education or notice of any kind while Bell was beside me.

She learned in her own way, and she learned more things in heaven and earth than ever were dreamed of in our good step-mother's philosophy.

How, when, and where she picked up all she knew was, and still is, a mystery to me. She had a way of adapting quickly all she read. For instance, she would open some book accidentally, read a sentence or two in it, and then shut it up, and apparently care no more for it. In the course of the next ten minutes, however, she would introduce these sentences in her conversation very aptly and quietly. She did not know what went before them nor what followed them, but she was singularly happy in applying just what she did know. This used to make me very angry; I hated to have her do so, it seemed so untrue.

"It's very wrong," I declared; "it gives people the idea that you know more than you really do."

"And who is to blame for that?" Bell asked. "I don't tell them that I know any more, and I do tell them all I know; there is where I am more sensible than most people. Usually much time is spent in idle speculations, and people think themselves very clever because they talk about what they *don't* know. I never do that."

"But you do. That is just what you do," I cried. "Didn't you tell Dr. Rossitur an anecdote about Socrates yesterday, just as if you knew all about Socrates, when you don't know anything about him."

"But I *do* know about him," maintained Bell; "I know just what I told Dr. Rossitur, neither more nor less."

"But he thought you knew all about him, and that you were very clever and well educated."

"That's his own lookout," said Bell, coolly; "if he sets his wits to work he may find out he was mistaken in those conclusions; but if he don't, he is welcome to think what he likes."

"Well, where did you get your information?" I asked.

Bell began to laugh. "In a newspaper paragraph that I happened to see in the daily paper that I was looking over while he was talking."

"Just that very moment?"

Bell nodded.

"It fitted in very well, didn't it?" she asked. "It isn't often I can bring anything in as pat."

"But he could read it where you did, and then he will see just how shallow you are," I argued.

"He is welcome," said Bell; "but he *had* read the paper and hadn't noticed it, and *there* is where I *am* clever, Miss Prim. I know how to read and how to diffuse knowledge. I don't pretend to anything, so how am I untrue? If I had to pass an examination on Socrates, I would frankly confess I knew nothing about him; but I am not bound to say, 'I don't know all about everything' before I begin an anecdote."

"But you had only just that moment read the anecdote, and you spoke as though you had known it all your life."

"Good gracious!" cried Bell, in exasperated tones, "how long must a fact remain in your possession before you can use it and be righteous? Bless me!" And Bell threw scornful glances at me.

"I can't help it, Bell," I said, "you are very superficial."

That same evening, Dr. Rossitur being present (as he usually was, for he was an old and intimate friend of our parents, a bachelor, and very much at home in our house), he being present, as I said, and Bell and I being allowed to sit up half an hour later than usual at his request, Bell began to converse as follows:

"Dr. Rossitur, I want to tell you a little story apropos of what you have just said."

Dr. Rossitur politely turned toward my sister.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," began Miss Bell, who went on steadily from that point, in a slow, even tone, giving a chronological account of the world's progress without interruption, while my mother dropped her knitting, my father his paper, Dr. Rossitur opened his eyes very widely, and my cheeks burned.

"Is the child crazy?" at last said my father.

"I am not mad, most noble father," said Bell; "but Bess thinks I am superficial and untrue because I do not go to the root of the matter when I tell a story. This story is about a man who is now alive, and I must give a reason for his existence, so I have begun with the formation of races. Don't get tired, I'll come to the point of the joke in a little less than an hour if I'm not interrupted; and, by the way, I only heard about the man two hours ago, and I cannot state positively who his maternal grandmother was, but I am quite sure he was a descendant of Japhet, consequently of the Aryan race—Japhet was the third son of Noah, his descendants settled in——"

How long Bell would have run on in this wild way no one could possibly tell. Dr. Rossitur's keen eyes twinkled with laughter, for he knew us both, and saw what had given rise to this *douche* of learning; but I arose in my might, put one arm around Bell and swept her out of the room, tusseled with her on the stairs, and got her up to her room, where we both fell to laughing, although I was angry enough to have boxed her ears, and would have done so, if—well—if she hadn't been Bell. But what was the use of getting angry with Bell? She never cared for scoldings.

One warm day in early fall, I remember, Bell astonished me more than she ever had, and that day stands out in my recollection as vividly as the one on which she annexed my blue doll.

We had gone a short distance into the country to spend the day with one of mother's old friends, Madame le Blanc, a French lady, whose daughter Natalie was our one intimate companion. Natalie shared our joys and woes, studying with us when in town in the winter, and sympathizing in our domestic situations generally. Once every week in summer we spent a day together, Madame le Blanc and Natalie coming to see us in the city, we going to visit them in their fine old country house. The day I allude to was a magnificent one, just cool enough for exercise, but warm in the sunshine. The leaves of the vines were already tinged with crimson, the purple asters and the golden-rods were making every lane brilliant; great golden pears hung on the pear-trees in the garden, and the tomato-plants, already shrinking in the early frosts, revealed the luscious scarlet fruit bursting with its own richness. The Le Blanc mansion was an old-fashioned one, with a large square observatory on the top, where we invariably climbed to "view the landscape o'er," and indeed it was worth looking at. But Bell and Natalie never lingered long over landscapes, and they always hurried me down-stairs before I was ready, for they loved to sit on the old stone porch in the sun, and "have a good talk" where no one could hear. This porch had once been a very handsome affair, and the two pedestals, now unornamented, had at one time held statues of some value, and it was Bell's dearest delight to mount one of these pedestals and represent the missing statue.

Madame le Blanc and our step-mother were usually very good-natured on these gala-days, but on this particular occasion they seemed to share their annoyances, and stimulate each other to the recital of their woes, and these, it appeared, were caused by our delinquencies. Sitting most comfortably in luxurious chairs, before a wood fire, they began their plaint. Natalie did not practice enough, Bell would chatter in English instead of French, I never held myself well, and read novels whenever I could get them.

"These naughty little girls will never learn," said Madame.

"Indeed they are great trials," chimed in our step-mother, in a fretful voice, although, to do her justice, she did not mean what she asserted so plaintively.

"When one thinks of their opportunities," sighed Madame.

"And of our sacrifices on their account," echoed our step-mother.

"Quite thrown away upon them. So heedless, so careless, so wilful! The teachers they have had! The time and money squandered on them! The anxiety I endured before I found a French master with a pure Parisian accent! The infinite trouble I took to secure a music teacher! And yet they *will* not speak French!"

"Nor practice unless they are driven to the piano!"

"Nor read improving books if they can get novels!"

"Naughty girls!"

But before the conclusion of this song of degrees, this mournful fugue in the minor key, we had escaped to our sunny porch—"Because, of course, they'll go on making each other worse," said Belle; "it's in the nature of things that they should, and if we are there to inflame them by our presence no one can tell to what lengths they will go. Whereas if we depart in peace they'll begin to brag of us to each other, and we shall be well received at luncheon."

So spoke Bell, as she climbed up on her pedestal. Natalie threw herself down on the floor of the porch, and leaned her head against the wall of the house. The red vines falling around her made a frame for her beautiful head, for Natalie was beautiful. She had large, liquid, soft, pathetic eyes, dark and bright. These she closed, and let the sunlight fall warmly on her full, white lids. She threw her garden hat aside, and the breeze blew stray locks of her curly black hair across her face, but she never moved her white, idle hands to brush them away. When the breeze blew them high up over her head, she occasionally opened those wonderful eyes of hers and looked pensively over the scene, with an expression as though she were saying to herself, "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that rise in me."

But I, looking at her from my pedestal, wondered if she ever had any thoughts at all, so unmoved was Natalie by any occurrence. How could she have such eyes? They were like Evangeline's, and had just that wistful, longing, earnest, sad expression. "But Evangeline had a history," I thought, "a sad love story, and Natalie never had anything to worry her." Indeed, Natalie and Bell were alike in that one particular, they never allowed anything to trouble them. But how, then, could Natalie have such a sorrowful expression? Natalie's eyes were as great a perplexity to me as Bell's way of telling her anecdotes; they both seemed to indicate that something existed which really did not, and yet how could I call either of them untrue? Indeed, once when I consulted Bell on the subject, saying, "How *can* Nattee look so sad and pensive out of her eyes?" Bell impatiently exclaimed, "What else has she to look out of? She certainly can't look sad and pensive out of her nose!" and I was silenced as usual. But on that particular day I was more than ever struck with Nattee's beauty. "Brush your hair out of your eyes, Nattee," I said rather brusquely, for it troubled me to have it flying across her face just when I wanted to see that sad, sweet expression.

"Let her alone," cried Bell, balancing herself perilously on one foot, in her attempts to represent the statue of the flying Mercury, "let her alone; we've had admonition enough for one day."

"That's so," I assented, gloomily.

"Well, don't be such a bruised worm," cried Bell, raising her sun umbrella to serve as the caduceus of Mercury. "You let everything afflict your soul. Don't bother about the scoldings; they don't hurt anybody. What's the use in saying so much about it?"

"I have said two words and a half about it," I answered, slowly and with precision.

"How rapidly thee calculates, friend Elizabeth," jeered Bell; but the next moment she screamed, for in her successful attempt to achieve the *pose* of Mercury, she had set all the laws of gravitation at defiance, and would have fallen if I had not leaped to her side and caught her.

"How can you be so heedless?" I asked.

"Pshaw! don't be so silly; you're as white as a sheet, you little foo-goose. I had just the right position then. See!" and she prepared to take another aerial flight.

"You shall not do so," I cried.

"But I will," cried Bell in return; "there's no danger; it was only this parachute that upset me; it don't make a good wand; give me something else. I carried too much sail for this breeze—that was all." And Bell flung aside her sun umbrella, and saw it bounce down the garden terrace with great satisfaction.

"It's no good at all," she said.

"It's an excellent sun umbrella," I declared.

"That may be, but I don't want a sun umbrella, I want a wand;" and she seized my long wooden knitting-needle, and prepared to resume her position.

"Be something else," I begged; "be Contemplation, or Resignation, or something in statuary that sits down, or at least don't fly off on one leg."

"Contemplation," cried Bell, in high disdain, "Resignation, or something that sits down, after contemplating and sitting down all the morning! You must be foolish, Bess. But I'll dance a sword-dance up here if you like!"

And Bell adjusted the knitting-needle between her feet as a sword.

"No! no!" I cried hastily, "not up there! The pedestal is not broad enough to dance upon. Oh! Bell, what a torment you are."

"Well, then, do you get up on your pedestal and be one of Canova's Dancing Girls, and I'll be the other. I'll be the one with her fingers on her chin; you must be the other."

I mounted the pedestal carefully, knowing well that unless I yielded to this comparatively sensible request Bell would inevitably do something extraordinary, and I felt it to be my stern duty to save her life, for she was evidently determined to fly off on one leg, as I have said, and so flying would without doubt fall from the high pedestal and hurt herself on the stones beneath. So I clambered up, and when fairly poised I held back my skirts, and turned my head, and put out my right foot as well as I could, in imitation of the statue Bell had designated, trying my very best to fill her requirements, and be a pair.

"Oh! you prancing cow," cried Bell. "Nattee, Nattee, *do* look at Bess!"

But before Natalie could leisurely unclose her eyes, I had jumped down and spoiled the fun.

"Bess wouldn't make herself ridiculous for anything on earth but to save my life," said Bell; "and as for you, Nattee, you are too lazy to be ridiculous under any circumstances, you unappreciative thing. If it was not for me no one ever would be ridiculous in this household, I do believe."

Bell sighed as though the duties that devolved on her were too great to be borne.

"Oh! I'm tired," said Nattee, stretching her arms over her head and yawning. The words well suited her pathetic voice and eyes, but the yawn was prose itself.

"Of course you are," said Bell. "And so am I, and so is Bess, if we would admit it. We are all tired to death, crammed to death, bothered to death, scolded to death, and I just tell you girls I'm not going to stand it any longer."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Natalie, in her sweet, low, drawling voice.

"I'll get married," said Bell.

"Wait till you're asked," I suggested. And it was then that Bell astonished me, and it was her answer that marked that sunny September day, and made it a memorable one to me. When we look for a long time at any bright object, and then turn away, we see dark spots everywhere before our eyes. So having looked always at the brightness of childhood, I, who now for the first time looked away from it, saw the first dark shade of my life. There it was—before me. But this is what Bell answered when I said, "Wait till you're asked."

"I have been asked; what's more, I have been *urged*, and what's more, if our mothers don't stop scolding at us I'll just do it, and then we shall see where all the educational theories will go to! You two girls shall come and live with me; won't that be a good plan, Nattee?"

"Oh! if I only could get married too," sighed Natalie softly. But I could not speak. I dared not asked the question which Natalie now put with perfect nonchalance.

"Who has asked you, Bell?"

"Who? Well, Nattee, I shall not tell you that."

"Then I believe nobody did," said Natalie.

"Believe what you like, I never interfere with creeds," laughed Bell.

"No; but, Bell, *really, truly*, have you had another offer?"

"Really, truly," answered Bell. "Why, what's the matter, Bessie?"

I did not know what the matter was; my breath was coming in quick short gasps, my head felt as though it would burst, a lump in my throat seemed to choke me. If I had only known I might have said, "Jealousy is the matter, dreadful gnawing pain in my heart, death in life as it has truly been called!" But I did not know the meaning of this new pang.

I recovered my senses quickly, and with a beating heart put the question I thought would choke me in the utterance, "You don't *love* anybody, do you, Bell?"

"Hmm—tol lol," answered Bell, with an apt imitation of Dr. Rossitur's manner, which he sometimes assumed when he wanted to be absurd.

I looked up hastily, and Bell's eyes and mine met. She nodded her head at me, "Yes," was all she said, and then I knew who it was of whom I was jealous.

"But this *could* not be," I said to myself, "Dr. Rossitur! why it was impossible! He was nearly as old as father, and had romped with us children, helped us in our studies, sympathized with us when we fell into disgrace, begged us off from punishment, laughed with us, and teased us ever since we could remember anything. He was as much a part of our household as father himself. Had not our mother scolded Bell only yesterday for her disrespectful way of treating him? Why, Bell was only seventeen, and Dr. Rossitur was over forty; the thing was absurd, impossible!"

And yet something in Bell's manner made me sure she was not joking, as she so often did.

"How lucky you are, Bell," sighed Natalie, looking as though poetry itself was dropping from her rosy mouth.

"Well, it *is* an uncommonly comfortable feeling, you know," explained Bell. "For really between religion and education my good step-mother drives me wild. She is forever nag, nag, nagging, scold, scold, scolding, fret, fret, fretting, and I am thoroughly sick of it. So now, any time I want to, I can snap my fingers at it all, and be up and off. When our mothers got going so hard to-day I just said to myself, 'You won't have a chance at *that* much longer, madam mother!'"

"Oh!" said Natalie, "it is the luckiest thing for you. Is he rich, Bell?"

"Of course he is, Nattee; do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, indeed," said Natalie; "you know enough, and so shall I, when a rich man asks me to marry him. *I* shall not wait for love. Stuff and nonsense. Ah! only think what joy to wear a cashmere shawl, and to be called madam!" Natalie looked up at the blue sky above her in a lazy rapture, her dark eyes, more than ever like Evangeline's, seemed full of sad longing; her sweet, low voice was music itself. A feeling of resentment rushed over me. Was *everything* a sham? Was even nature untrue? Why had Bell, who cared nothing for love, all the wealth of love poured upon her? Why had Nattee such beauty, when she was as insensible to beauty as a doll? Why was *I* left out? Did not I long for love? was not my heart open to influences of beauty to which Natalie was, and ever would be, a stranger? But although envy may have beset me momentarily, all other feeling was swallowed up in the one great misery that Bell loved somebody better than she loved me. What she had said about money had not disturbed me, for I did not believe she meant it; that was only banter intended for Nattee. And yet the thought *would* come, was Bell mercenary? Oh! I would rather a thousand times endure the bitterest pangs of jealousy than think that Bell could be influenced by the motives she had announced. No, no, she did not mean that. She was in love with Dr. Rossitur; unaccountable as it seemed, it must be true. She loved him more than she loved me. My heart was wrung with these tormenting feelings, and I was very far from the kingdom of heaven at that time. I felt as though the very spirit of evil was let loose upon me, but I sat quite still, apparently unmoved, and listened to the chatter, and then answered Nattee's last remark coldly.

"If all you want is to wear a camel's-hair shawl, you can do that now, if you've got one."

"*Indeed* no!" cried Natalie, with real enthusiasm, for etiquette was her religion.

"It *cannot* be done so, Bessee." When she was excited she always spoke with a slight accent.

"French ideas," I said scornfully.

"True ideas," she cried. Surely, Bessee, *you* would not wear a cashmere if you were not married?"

Bell began to laugh. "Bess will not wear a cashmere now nor ever. She will never get the chance. She will marry a parson, and wear narrow, short, black skirts, that will always need a quarter of a yard more than they have. She will save the money and material and give it to the poor. Oh! yes, Bess shall marry a parson."

"I'll marry no man!" I cried, in a voice that was husky, although I tried to laugh.

"She shall preach when the parson has a sore throat," continued Bell. "You and I will come to hear her, and wink at her from the front pews. She will have to cook his dinner, and make his gruel, and tie up his throat in red flannel."

I did not mind this nonsense, my heart was too full.

"Tell me," I whispered to Bell, as we all rose to saunter through the garden, "tell me you did not mean what you said just now."

"About the parson?"

"No! no!"

"About the narrow skirts?"

"*No! no!*"

"About getting married?"

I nodded.

"No, I'm not in fun, I do mean it," said Bell quietly.

My heart bounded. "Bell," I said, earnestly, longing to add the question I dared not ask.

"Come on," cried Natalie impatiently.

"You don't love him more than *me?*" I asked breathlessly. But Nattee drew Bell away, and I threw myself down on the sunny terrace and broke my heart all alone.

(*To be continued.*)

Gone!

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

SHE hath gone fast to sleep,
Idle her white hands rest;
Never to wake or weep,
Stirreth her breast.
Swift thro' the wilds of night
Fled her spirit from sorrow,
Into God's boundless light—
Heaven's to-morrow.

GONE in the morning light.
Fled with the winging dew;
Gone! e'er the sense or sight
Found earth untrue!
Sickness shall vex no more;
Sorrow shall pain her never:
Safe on the bosom of God
Resting forever!

Common Sea-weeds.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

FEW studies afford more instruction, or are attended with more genuine pleasure, than that of the algæ; and this is not due simply to the boundless wealth of form they exhibit, nor on account of the inexhaustible material they afford the botanist for observation and comparison. The main point of interest is, that by a close investigation of the conditions of life existing in the algæ, we are enabled to obtain a true insight into the structure and functions of higher plants.

Let no reader who is at a distance from the sea-coast fancy she can have no share in the delights arising from this branch of natural science, for algæ are to be found everywhere —often, indeed, where the superficial observer would scarcely expect to find even the smallest trace. Wherever water collects—in sea or lake, river or pond, even in the tiniest ditch or puddle, often on the face of a damp wall —there algæ thrive and invite the attention of the student. The writer has a specimen of fresh-water algæ (No. 1), which she fished out of the Paolina Fontana, in Rome, one bright spring day, and which is identical with another gathered only a few days since from a running stream in Westchester County. The delicacy and beauty of these graceful, feathery plumes can hardly be equaled by anything in nature.

But it is with the marine algæ that we have most to do in this paper, whose beauty of form and coloring have not only made them favorites with botanists, but with many persons for whom botany, as a science, has no charms. They are to be prized, too, not for beauty alone, but for utility as well. In the vast ocean, whose every wave contains living creatures countless as sunbeams, dead animal substances lie or float, whose putrefying remains would spread poison on the air around and above the sea. The sea air, which now brings health on its breezes, would carry disease and death, were it not for the scavenger-like animals which prey upon its refuse, and for the sea-weeds which, with continual and rapid growth, cover every part of ocean's bed. Their tough and woody stems, often crowned with gigantic fronds or leaves, assimilate to their own support the masses of putrescence arising both from this source and from the substances carried from the shore by every tide. And so the lovely plants of the sea aid the ebbing and flowing of the tides and the saltness arising from deposits of saline matter in the channels of the deep, to change what else would be evil into good, and to spread wholesome air instead of poison.

Botanists divide sea-weeds into three great groups, the olive green, the red, and the green. We may find specimens of the coarse olive-green weeds, the *melanosperms* of the botanist, at almost every season of the year. The most common of these the bladder fucus (*Fucus vesiculosus*). When fresh it is dark olive in tint, but if left in the sun for a little while it becomes black as ink. Its fronds, when growing near the shore, are about a foot long, but found in deep water, they grow to the almost incredible length of five to eight hundred feet. They are abundantly supplied with air-vessels, by means of which they wave about on the surface of the water. At the Falkland Islands they grow to such an extent as to be called sea-trees, and at Port Stanley the weed is so thick in some parts of the harbor that it is almost impossible to row through it. The common name of this fucus is bladder-wrack or kelp-wane. It is much used in the British Isles for manure, and along the coast as food for cattle. Its bladders yield iodine, the quantity of which varies according to the climate in which the plant grows.

Another common fucus is the prickly tang (*Fucus serratus*). This often covers the rocks to the limit of low water, its fronds varying in length from two to six feet. It to be distinguished from *Fucus vesiculosus* by having no air-vessels, and by its notched or serrated edges.

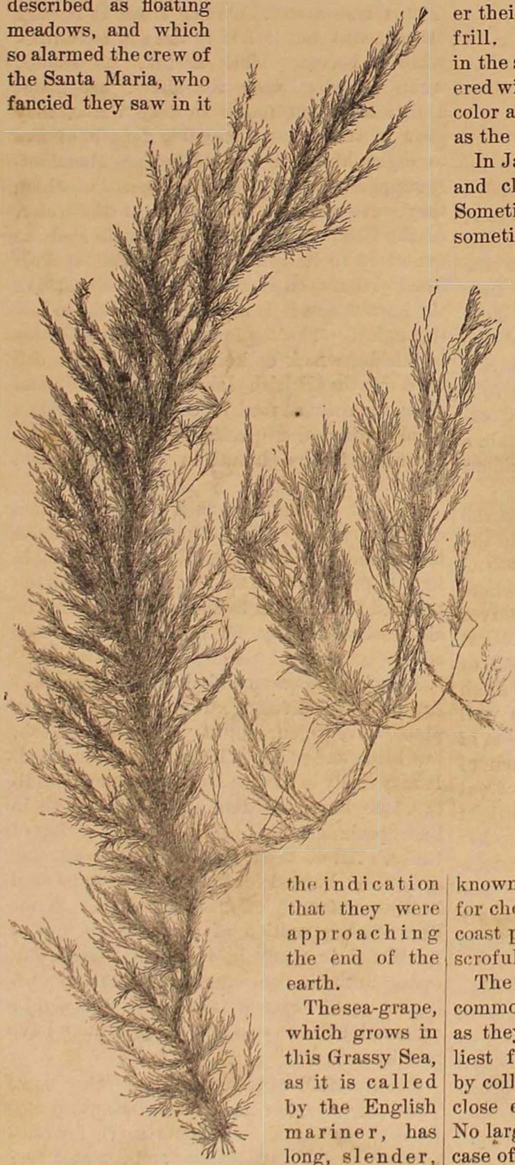
Yet another common kind is the *Fucus nodosus*, or knobbed fucus. It is a thick, leathery plant, olive green, almost yellow when fresh, but black and polished like ebony when dried. It may easily be known by its long stem, swelling into large bladders an inch in length in fine specimens, and looking like a string of beads. All of these species, as well as some others, are burned for kelp or soda, to be used in the manfacture of glass and soap. At one time the preparation of kelp was a source of livelihood to many in the British Isles, but owing to the improvements in chemistry during late years, by means of which soda can be procured at less cost, the kelp-burners have now little to do.

But the fuci have a variety of other uses. The poor Icelander makes use of many species for food, while the commoner serve for mattresses. In Holland, bladder and serrated fuci are used for packing fish for exportation, and the bladder-wrack is greatly in vogue in Scotland as an outward application for glandular swellings. In the Channel Isles, these weeds are not only used as a fertilizer in their fresh state, but the ashes are carefully spread over the soil, after the weeds have been burnt for fuel. Rarely, indeed, does a coal fire glimmer in the stove of a Jersey farm-house, for sea-wrack makes a hot though not a cheerful fire, and as the ashes are useful, the fire is suffered to burn by night as well as by day.

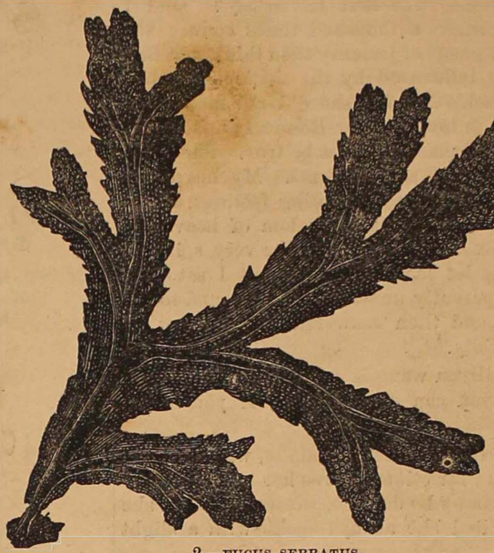
Most sea-weeds have some kind of root or means of attachment to the soil or rock on which they grow. This is merely a continuation of their leafy substance, the fixed end of the plant swelling out when it roots itself. But there are a few species which have no point of attachment, but grow in floating masses in the open sea.

The gulf-weed is one of these. It has been found in almost every part of the world, and an immense tangled mass covering a space of fully 40,000 square miles floats in the Atlantic just within the great equatorial current. It must have been this Sargasso Sea which Columbus described as floating meadows, and which so alarmed the crew of the Santa Maria, who fancied they saw in it the indication that they were approaching the end of the earth.

The sea-grape, which grows in this Grassy Sea, as it is called by the English mariner, has long, slender, olive-green leaves, and berries about the size of a pea. Sailors call it midshipman's pickle, because it is pickled in vinegar and eaten on shipboard.


1.—FRESH WATER ALGÆ (*Lemna*). FROM THE FOUNTAIN PAOLINA, ROME.

There are two varieties of weeds which curiously resemble those gray crusted lichens which hang about old trees, and which have been named lichina in consequence. The dwarf lichina grows on sea-side rocks, and when the tide is out and it is dry, becomes a hard black crust; but the returning waves restore it to its original olive tint, and render it soft and flexible. The other forms close tufts on rocks never inundated by the waves, but only sprinkled by the spray at high tide.


2.—FUCUS SERRATUS.

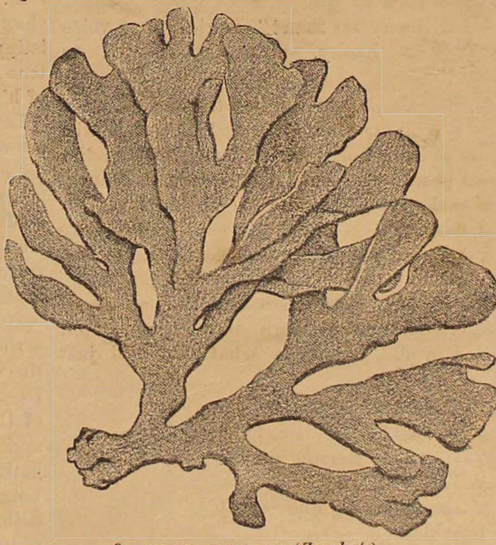
The sweet laminaria (*Laminaria saccharina*) has fronds from four to five feet long and from four to five inches wide, on a thick, tough stem. In young plants they are like thin flat leaves, but when older their edges are puckered like a frill. When washed and hung up in the sun to dry, they become covered with an efflorescence, white in color and not agreeable to the taste, as the flavor is both saltish and sweetish.

In Japan it is called komb, and when dried and cleansed is used for several purposes. Sometimes it is cut into strips and boiled; sometimes it appears on the table uncooked, after being well scraped and cut into slips two inches long, and folded in squares. When presents are made, the complimentary note which accompanies them is often tied with a slip of this weed about an inch broad, perhaps to signify that the resources of the sea are free to those who choose to avail themselves of its benefits.

The tangle or fingered oarweed (*Laminaria digitata*) has a long flat leaf, which after its early stage separates into a number of segments like ribbons, from the point of the leaf to within a few inches of the stem. This weed makes an excellent barometer when taken inland, as it affords a good indication of approaching rain by its damp, flagging state when the atmosphere is moist. This plant contains a larger quantity of iodine than any sea-weed known, and the stems are much used for chewing in the South American sea-coast provinces by persons affected with scrofulous troubles.

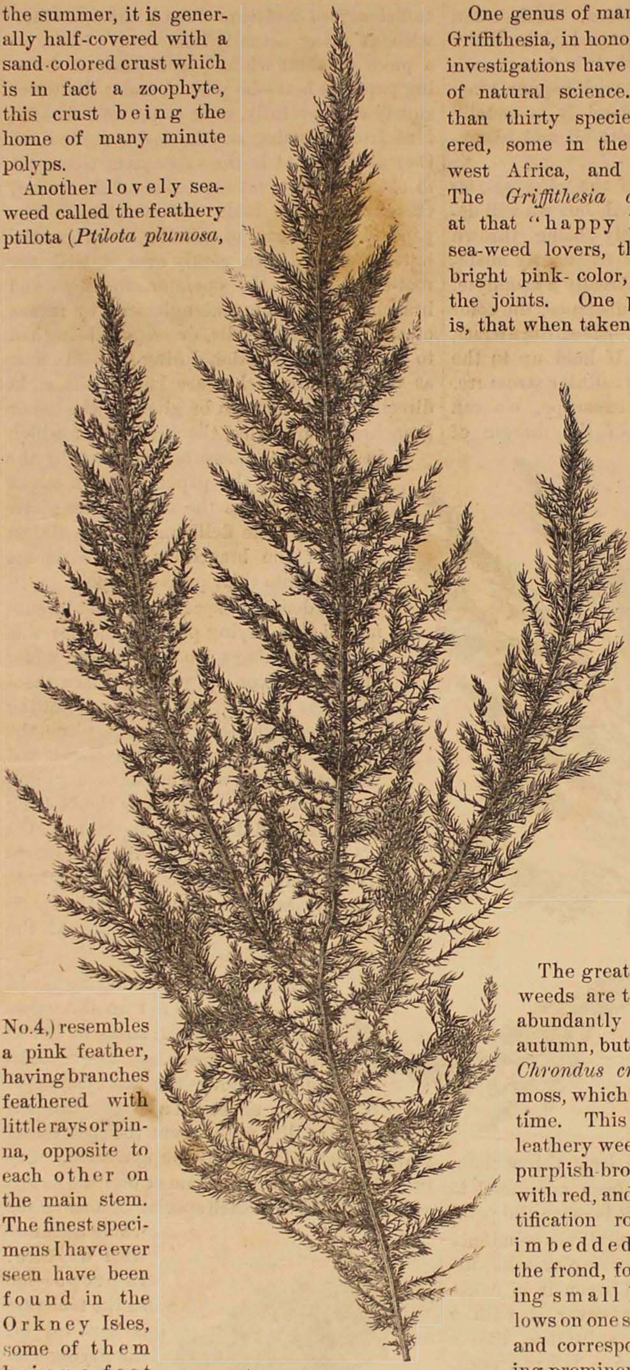
The red sea-weeds, or *rhodosperms*, are more common in seas of the temperate zones, and as they exhibit marine vegetation in its loveliest forms, are sought for with eagerness by collectors. But most of this family need close examination to discover their beauty. No large masses cover rock or shore as in the case of both the olive and the green varieties. They court the shade, and will not grow if exposed to much light or air, being most vivid in color when sheltered from the sun's rays in some rocky pool.

The commonest of red sea-weeds is the hair-flag or *Plocamium coccineum*. This name is derived from the Greek word signifying hair, but it is not a very happy appellation, for finely divided as is the frond, it cannot be said to resemble hair. The frond grows in tufts, very bushy and branched, the main stem irregularly divided and seldom thicker than a coarse thread. All the smaller branches are set with uniform little branchlets. These produce two series of three or four tiny branchlets from the upper edge, and sometimes a third or fourth even occur, each less than the preceding ones, but always of the same number and always from the upper or inner edge.


3.—FUSTRA FOLIACES (*Zoophyte*).

A sea-weed which soon darkens so as to resemble one of the olive-colored sea-weeds, after being taken from the water, is the much branched forked furcellaria (*Furcellaria fastigiata*), which grows on rocks and is found scattered profusely on the shores of temperate zones after a storm. It is of a pale pinkish purple, rather rigid, and becoming quite crisp as it dries. In the summer, it is generally half-covered with a sand-colored crust which is in fact a zoophyte, this crust being the home of many minute polyps.

Another lovely sea-weed called the feathery ptilota (*Ptilota plumosa,* No. 4,) resembles a pink feather, having branches feathered with little rays or pinna, opposite to each other on the main stem. The finest specimens I have ever seen have been found in the Orkney Isles, some of them being a foot in length, and completely covering a large folio sheet of paper. When left to dry on the beach, the plant first turns violet, then a brick red, and lastly green.



4.—PTILOTA PLUMOSA.

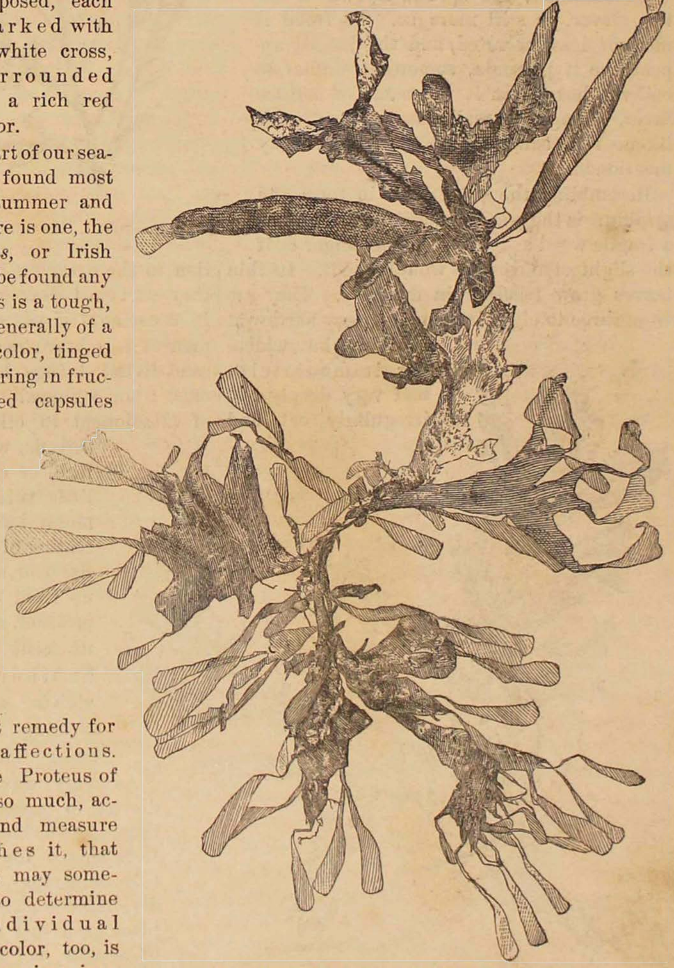
One of the thickest and most substantial of red sea-weeds and one very easy of recognition is the Esculent Iridae. This is much used in the Orkney Islands and in Scotland as a vegetable. It is also eaten by the fishermen on the southwest coast of England, and is said to have the flavor of roasted oysters when pinched with red-hot irons. The leaf is thick and fleshy, flat and veinless, with the upper part somewhat egg-shape. When young it is very pretty, and if laid to macerate in water it tinges the liquid a fine purple tint.

One genus of marine plants has been named Griffithesia, in honor of an English lady whose investigations have done much for this branch of natural science. There have been more than thirty species of Griffithesia discovered, some in the waters of Australia and west Africa, and the Mediterranean Sea. The *Griffithesia corallina* (No. 5), found at that "happy hunting ground," for sea-weed lovers, the Isle of Wight, is of a bright pink-color, with darker shades at the joints. One peculiarity of this genus is, that when taken from the water it projects minute globules of liquid to a distance of several inches, making as it does so, a crackling noise not unlike the sound caused by throwing fine salt on the fire. One very interesting fact is noticed in one species of the Griffithesia, which grows on most of the rocky shores of the Atlantic, from high northern latitudes to tropical regions. When viewed through a microscope its blackish purple tufts display strings of small pear-like substances, beautifully and symmetrically disposed, each marked with a white cross, surrounded by a rich red color.

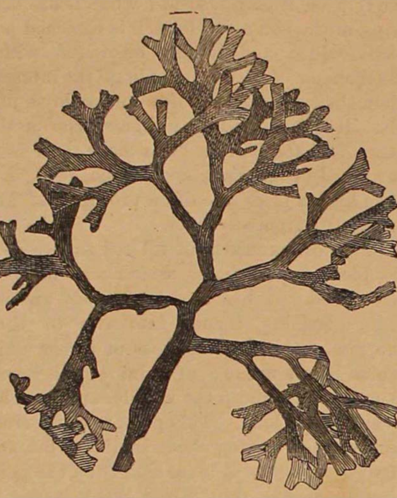
The greater part of our sea-weeds are to be found most abundantly in summer and autumn, but there is one, the *Chrondus crispus,* or Irish moss, which can be found any time. This moss is a tough, leathery weed, generally of a purplish-brown color, tinged with red, and bearing in fructification rounded capsules imbedded in the frond, forming small hollows on one side, and corresponding prominences on the other. This moss is very nutritious, and if boiled into a jelly and made palatable by the addition of lemonade juice, is an excellent remedy for coughs and pulmonary affections. It has been called the Proteus of the algæ, for it varies so much, according to situation and measure of light which reaches it, that an amateur botanist may sometimes find it difficult to determine to which species an individual plant belongs. Its color, too, is variable. When growing in a shady pool, it is iridescent; when it has been lying in the sun a few days, it is bleached perfectly white, and it may be found within the distance of a few miles in all the intermediate shades between white and reddish purple. It is from an East Indian species of this genus that the Chinese birds make those nests so valued in the East, and which, being sold at so high a price, are often procured at hazard of life from sea caves.

But most exquisite of all red sea-weeds is the blood-colored fucus, which may be easily recognized. It has a stem scarcely an inch long, dividing thence into two or three branches about the thickness of a crow-quill, which bear a number of shining pink leaves, each with a vein up the middle, and from five to six inches long. This plant is wonderfully lovely when waving about in the water, and, if well pressed, will lie so closely on the paper that its elegant, transparent, wavy leaves resemble a beautiful painting.

We have all seen rocks covered with what a vivid imagination could fancy to be the grass-green hair of a sea-maiden, rendering them so slippery as to be frequently unsafe for walking. This *Conferva lacteviseus,* with its bushy, yellowish-green tufts, is to be found in great profusion at almost every season. If we gather a tuft, the fibers hang together, but a very small portion is sufficient for a dried specimen, as the slender thread



5.—GRIFFITHESIA, FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

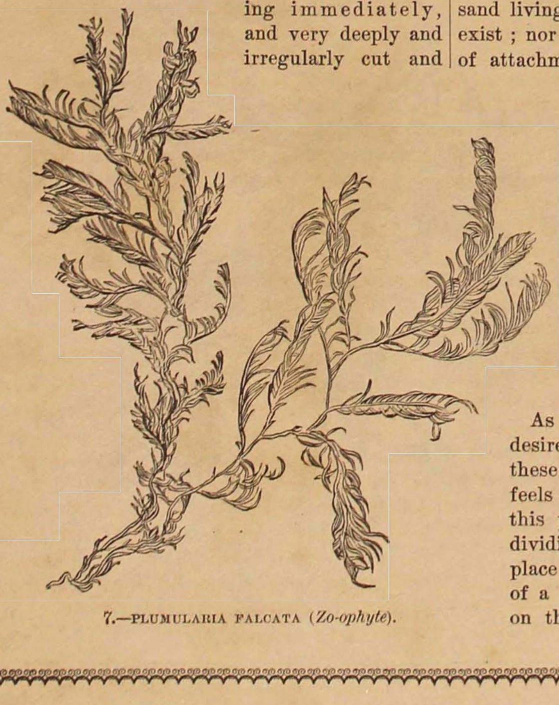


6.—CHONDRUS.

may be easily laid out so as to cover a large sheet of paper, like a miniature green tree.

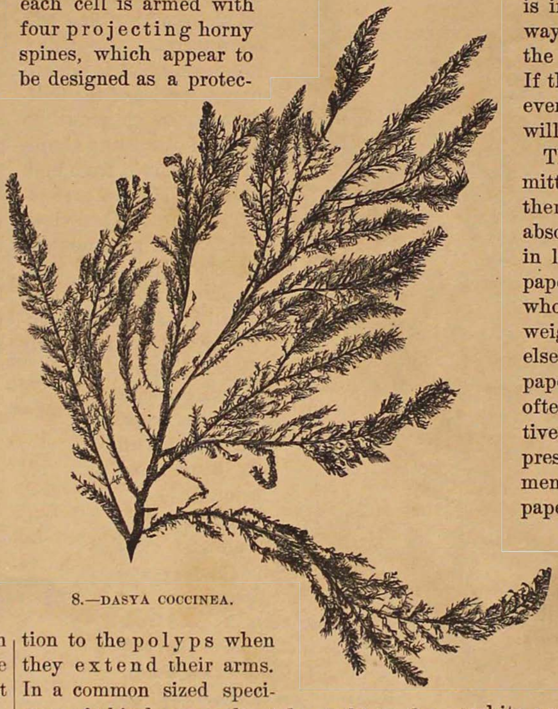
The ulvæ, or lavers, are flat, green, transparent leaves, which, when laid on paper, are scarcely thicker than gold beater's skin. The broad, green laver has a broad, ovate, glossy leaf, and, as it waves up and down in the water, is extremely elegant. But tender and delicate as is the frond of the *Ulva latissima,* the species known as lettuce laver, is still more so. Its frond is more or less lacerated, and the jagged appearance it presents, somewhat similar to endive, has given it the name of lettuce laver, though it really has not so much likeness to salad as the laver previously mentioned.

Resembling the green laver in form and structure is the porphyra, or true laver. It is a fragile weed as it clings to our finger as if the slightest movement would rend it. Its thin leaves grow together in numbers. They are from three to eight inches long, very narrow at the base, but widening immediately, and very deeply and irregularly cut and waved. It is a useful plant, much eaten in Scotland, where it is called sloke kale. When prepared for the table it is first pounded, then stewed and served with pepper, vinegar, and butter. In England it is usually kept in brine and stewed with oil and lemon-juice.



7.—PLUMULARIA FALCATA (*Zo-ophyte*).

There are large genera of the *chlorosperms* which must be left unnoticed, but we will describe one object constantly being thrown up by the waves, which is frequently mistaken for a sea-weed, but is really a zoophyte. This large, horny, brittle substance, the color of moist wood, is the broad-leaved Hornwrack (*Flustra foliacea,* No. 3). If held up to the light, we can see plainly its cellular structure. When placed under a microscope, we can see that the upper part of the margin of each cell is armed with four projecting horny spines, which appear to be designed as a protection to the polyps when they extend their arms. In a common sized specimen of this hornwrack, at least thirty thousand living beings have been computed to exist; nor is this all, for it is often the point of attachment to other corallines — minute threads, which creep over its surface, or crowd upon it in dense little tufts, or cover it with a mossy looking substance, like a coating of down. It has a peculiar odor, and when freshly thrown up from the water, is often very pleasant. One writer compares its scent to that of the orange; another, to the perfume of violets; another, describes it as mingling the perfume of rose and geranium.

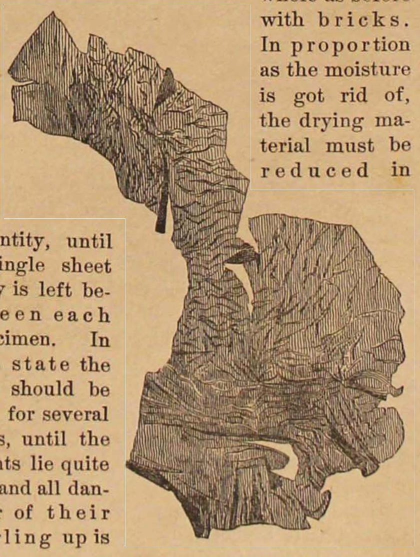


8.—DASYA COCCINEA.

As every wanderer on the sea-coast desires to preserve some specimens of these beautiful objects, the writer feels that a few words of advice on this point may not be amiss. After dividing the plants into fitting portions, place each tuft separately on the edge of a plate, not in the water, but just on the side, so that it may imbibe a sufficiency of moisture during the operation without being actually immersed. Next, let a piece of stout white paper—smooth drawing paper is best—be pushed under the water slowly and carefully, so as to prevent air-bubbles from pressing on the lower surface, as they are very apt in the subsequent treatment to cause an unequal expansion of the paper, thereby causing folds and wrinkles. The paper being ready to receive the alga, the latter may be drawn gently over it, with the root-end toward the operator, the stem and branches kept from entanglement by means of a smooth blunt needle, due regard being had to their natural position during life. As soon as the larger branches are laid in the right direction, attention can be given to the minor branches or pinnules, the position of which is in a great measure regulated by the way in which the paper is drawn out of the water, across the edge of the plate. If this is done deliberately, the tiniest even of the branchlets and filaments will fall into their proper shape.

This done, the specimens must be submitted to a drying process, and for this there is nothing so good as smooth white absorptive blotting paper. Place them in layers with several sheets of blotting paper between the specimens, place the whole between two smooth boards and weight it down with bricks or anything else convenient. Every day the blotting paper should be changed—in fact, the oftener a change is made in the absorptive material, the better, as it tends to preserve both the coloring of the specimen and the clean appearance of the paper on which it lies.

When changing the drying paper, the best plan is to turn the whole pile upside down, so as to get at the lowest specimens first. Carefully remove the first layer of damp sheets, taking care not to lift with them the piece of white paper attached to the specimen. Lay the latter on a fresh stratum of blotting paper, and so proceed with each specimen, loading the whole as before with bricks. In proportion as the moisture is got rid of, the drying material must be reduced in quantity, until a single sheet only is left between each specimen. In this state the pile should be left for several days, until the plants lie quite flat and all danger of their curling up is past.



9.—PORPHYRA LACINATA.

Uncle Martin's Inheritance.

[*From the German of* L. SCHUCKING.]

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

(*Continued from page* 486.)

WHAT is the matter?' I asked, walking over toward her. 'Are you looking over your uncle's *billet doux* and secret correspondence?'

"She breathed a little heavily from her fright, and with a smile looked up and whispered:

"'Oh, no; but I have made a discovery. See, Paul, the good dear uncle,' and she again opened the drawer and took out a morocco case. It contained a handsome set of jewelry, after the Etruscan style, brooch, ear-rings, and bracelets.

"'See,' she said, 'I dare say it has entirely slipped your mind that to-morrow is my birthday, but uncle has not forgotten it.'

"'Oh, no, I have remembered the day as well; although I must say I admire your uncle's gallantry. It is the very set we admired together so much the day we were in Frankfort, is it not? There were two sets exactly alike in the window, you remember, and we could hardly tear you away.'

"'Yes, and uncle has not forgotten my admiration, and intends to make me a present of the set, as a surprise. How very good he is,' and Eugenie's eyes glowed with pleasure like those of an innocent child.

"'But is it not imprudent to let this elegant jewelry lie so openly in his secretary, in a hotel where strange people are constantly coming and going?' said I.

"'Of course it is careless, but in his usual absent-minded manner, he has entirely forgotten to lock the drawer and take the key when he left the room, and that is how I came to make the discovery.'

"'To say nothing of your woman's curiosity, you very daughter of Eve, and now you will spoil the pleasure of the surprise your uncle wished to give you.'

"'Oh, no,' she cried, quickly putting back the case into the drawer and closing it; 'Uncle Martin must not have the faintest suspicion that I have seen the jewels; I would not have him know it for all the world, Paul.'

"'I will not betray you, Eugenie,' I said, 'but in return I wish you to do me a favor; no, even more than that. You must help me out of a terrible dilemma, save me from great trouble and difficulty into which I have fallen.'

"'Dilemma, trouble, difficulty!' she echoed, looking up into my face with astonishment upon her own.

"'Yes, it is this: I have lost every cent of my money, and I owe besides the sum of one hundred dollars to a strange gentleman; that I must return to-night, as he leaves in the morning. You, Eugenie, are your uncle's cashier; you must loan me this money until I receive remittances from home.'

"She listened to my desperate sort of demand very quietly; she did not even answer when I ceased speaking, but looked at me calmly with her great eyes. I observed, however, with all her composure her face grew pale and colorless.

'Answer me in Heaven's name, Eugenie, answer me!' I cried, growing more desperate every moment.

"'What answer can I give you?' she said, in a low cold tone. 'You expect from *me* assistance in the dilemma which your abominable passion for gambling has brought about; from me, who have begged of you, and preached to you, and always to dumb lips and deaf ears. Have I not pictured to you often this result? Has not your mad passion given me vexation and grief enough?'

"'You grief and vexation, Eugenie?'

"'Yes, me; you might have known that it was a constant trial and shock to my feelings to see you go on as you have been doing.'

"'Great heavens! I did not dream for a moment that it grieved you, Eugenie.'

"'I have shown my feelings openly enough, but your passion was stronger than your—your regard for me, and now keep to your beloved play, for I will not assist you; no, I am in earnest, and I am glad besides, that you have found my words true, and that I have my revenge, for you must know I am of a very revengeful nature, and I rejoice in your losses!'

"'But Eugenie," I cried, holding her back as she angrily turned away from me to leave the room, 'Eugenie, that cannot be your words, you surely do not mean. Do you not see the terrible situation in which I am placed? My honor demands that this debt is paid at once; your hear, my honor! Indeed, should I be obliged to confess to this stranger: "I have accepted your money, lost it, and cannot return it," I should kill myself in desperation!'

"'Nonsense, Paul, your extravagant language makes no impression upon me,' she replied, freeing herself. 'Help yourself out of your well-deserved disagreeable position; your passion for the gaming-table has placed you there, and I will *not* assist you,' and with this she left the room ran quickly across the hall and bolted herself in her own apartment, as though wishing no further intrusion.

"I followed her retreating figure with mingled feelings of anger and surprise in my bosom; I was indignant at her cold severity, as well as shocked at the harsh cruelty with which she intended to punish me; but there was a certain feeling of happiness in my sensations too; she had shown, by taking so deeply to heart what I had done contrary to her wishes, that her affections were all mine! I went to my room and wrote home for money to be sent me by return mail. After I had posted the letter, I returned to the hotel, intending to take an early supper in order to be prompt at the gambling salon to find my Heidelberg student, and tell him of my painful embarrassment, and also to make one more trial with a few dollars which I had found among my papers, and tempt Dame Fortune to come to my assistance. I found Uncle Martin taking his frugal supper in the dining-hall, while Frederic, his servant, stood near him, apparently in deep conversation.

"'Has Eugenie not taken tea with you, uncle?' I asked the old gentleman. I had somehow gotten accustomed to call him 'uncle,' although our relationship must have dated back to ages remote.

"'No, madame has the blues,' replied the old gentleman with a mocking sort of smile; 'everybody knows what the "blues" is, of course. You may go now, Frederic,' he said, turning to his servant; 'I will soon follow, as I am tired and wish to retire early. Yes, Eugenie has a bad fit of the blues, Paul,' he repeated, turning toward me when Frederic had gone, 'and not altogether without reason either; she has really had a most disagreeable vexation.'

"I felt qualms of fear, supposing, of course, that I was the cause of all this vexation; but I was soon quieted when Uncle Martin continued in lower tones,

"'You must know, Paul, that it was my intention to give her a little surprise and pleasure to-morrow; it will be her birth-day, did you know it? Well, I was going to give her as a present a set of handsome jewelry, such as we saw the other day at Frankfort, Etruscan, the pattern she admired so much.'

"'Oh yes," I remember, there were two sets just alike, in Zeil Street.'

"'Exactly, they were exhibited there.'

"'Well, and what else?' I asked, waiting to hear what had caused Eugenie a fit of the blues in connection with this set!

"'What else? Why they have been stolen out of my room, here in the hotel!'

"'Stolen,' I cried. 'Impossible! were they not locked?'

"'Oh yes, it is quite possible, for they are gone, and it would have been a wonder if they had not been stolen; you know my stupid weakness of forgetting everything, well, old fool that I am, I not only left the door of my room open, but the lock of my secretary as well; the set was in one of the drawers, and in a hotel where there are hundreds of persons constantly going and coming, it is no wonder they were stolen!'

"'No one enters your room, Uncle Martin!'

"'No one! A pigeon cote is not less private. There is some one running through all the while,—waiters, guests, servants, workmen,—'

"I shook my head, dumbfounded.

"'Well, they are gone, and it was all through my stupidity—not alone that either, wickedness, for the one who gives occasion to another to commit a crime, is as great a sinner himself; and for this reason, I wish nothing said in the house about my loss, I don't care to have the police running about, and making a great fuss over it, neither shall the proprietor hear of it, or we will have no more peace as long as we stay here.'

"'You certainly take the affair very philosophically, Uncle Martin,' said I; 'why not inform the police and have the theft——'

"'I beg of you, my dear Paul, no police and no fuss! You say I take the matter like a philosopher? Well, I do, and why not? Shall I lose my ease and enjoyment for simply the plunder of a thing worth two hundred dollars or so? Ah no; but Madam Eugenie takes it quite differently; she goes and falls into a fit—of the blues!' and Uncle Martin laughed so heartily and heartlessly, that I felt hurt for Eugenie. I could only shake my head again at the easy way in which he accepted his loss. It showed his character decidedly. With all his kindness of heart, Uncle Martin was a true 'old bachelor,' that is to say, an egotist, and a perfect master in the art of keeping himself out of all unpleasant or disagreeable affairs.

"I felt compassion for Eugenie; she had been so childishly delighted at prospect of her gift, and now, her pleasure was all spoiled!

"I tried in vain to consider what I should do. Uncle Martin had forbidden me to say anything more about the matter, and had gone to his room. I was now doubly depressed; I had Eugenie's, as well as my own loss, to worry over. It was therefore with a heavy heart that I entered the saloon once more, and began to play, with scarcely a hope of winning; but it was my last resource, and I had staked my few dollars, and strange to say, won, faster and faster, until, gaining new courage I set my stakes higher, and in an hour, I had not only a sufficient sum to see me through my troubles, but considerable left! I played on; and then there came a reverse. Fortune, fickle goddess, seemed to suddenly turn her back on me again, and I lost. I felt my time to stop had come now, and although it cost me a great effort, so insatiable is the desire to gamble, I still controlled myself and desisted. I need not tell you, perhaps, that when I left that saloon, I took a solemn oath never to play again as long as I lived.

"I hunted up the student in order to pay him back the money loaned, and found him seated at one of the green tables, also interested in the play.

"'Ah,' he said, 'it is well that you have come now; I have lost fearfully, and must leave Wiesbaden to-night.'

"'To-night!' I exclaimed, 'why it is nearly midnight, and no trains run.'

"'I shall go, however,' he answered; 'I am going to take a ride on a locomotive; one leaves here in about one hour; the superintendent engineer, whom I know, has received a telegram, which obliges him to steam immediately to Frankfort; something has occurred up there and he is wanted at once. He has consented to let me ride with him on his iron horse, so I shall go.'

"'Ah,' I cried, struck with a sudden thought, 'will the engine return before morning? and would your friend the superintendent take me?'

"'The latter I am quite sure of; as to the engineer's returning at once, I cannot say. Would you really like to take such a trip?'

"'I should indeed, provided I can return before morning.'

"'Come with me to the dépôt, there we can ask him all about it.'

"I followed him to the station, where we found the superintendent walking up and down the platform, while the iron horse glowed and snorted in the distance looking out with its fiery eyes into the dark night as though impatient to be off. The student introduced me to his friend, and expressed my desire for a trip with them; the gentleman assured me my company would be very agreeable, and said as the locomotive must be in service next day at Wiesbaden, it would consequently return immediately after leaving him in Frankfort. He also spoke glowingly of the beauty of such a midnight trip.

"And he spoke truly. The fiery monster presently came slowly toward us; we stepped on the tender and sat down on a little wooden seat. At first gently, then faster and faster, we glided along the track. After leaving the town, the champing, furious steed began to dash along at a frightfully rapid rate, tearing forward, and making us feel as though we were attached to some planet and swinging round its orbit. Our train being light—there were but five men aboard—we had no fear of danger, although I shuddered several times. I stood up on the tender, and holding tightly on in order to keep myself erect, watched the play of light which the fire of the engine threw out over dark objects.

"The landscape took such new and fanciful forms that I felt as in a dream and grew dizzy. We appeared to be racing, by means of some unknown mad power, through a strange mad world, in which all distinguishable objects, such as fences, gates, farmhouses, trees, stations and villages, had become alive, and were coming toward us with a furious crash. There was a terrible excitement in this frightful night ride; my nerves were already stretched to their highest tension in consequence of what had gone before: my interview with Eugenie, my luck at play, as well as an idea I had in my head, and one whose execution would make me proud in my triumph over the woman I loved, when I would make her confess that she was conquered—and gambling not such a dreadful thing after all! But I really did not wish to make her feel ashamed of her hardness, nor did I wish to show my triumph with a spirit of vengeance. I thought only of her disappointment at losing her birthday present, and I wished to make her happy again, and make the day a memorable one. I also had the very natural desire to prove my love to her, and deserve her forgiveness for having pained her previously: all this, was what made me undertake this midnight trip.

"I thanked the superintendent heartily for his kindness when we arrived in Frankfort. He then gave orders to the engineer to await my return from the city before starting homeward, and I hurried through the town toward Zeil Street, where I found considerable difficulty in arousing the jeweler, and convincing him that his midnight customer wanted not his life, but the other Etruscan set of jewelry, which fortunately was yet in his possession! I paid him for it, in crisp, new, bank notes, which he scrutinized in a very suspicious manner, and then I hastened back with my treasure fast in my hands, and was soon speeding again on my way to Wiesbaden."

Here the forest master paused in his recital; he looked steadily for a long time into the glare of the lamp which burned upon the table, then filled a glass with water, which he drank copiously, and resumed his walk.

"To avoid details, which would have no interest, I will make shorter what follows. It is enough to show you the folly and result of the trip which I took, for the purpose alone of affording the woman I loved a little pleasure! We arrived in Wiesbaden about four o'clock in the morning. I hurried to the hotel, and quietly ascended the stairs. I knew Frederic's room was next door to Uncle Martin's; awakened him, and putting the jewel box in his bed, whispered:

"'Give this to Uncle Martin as soon as he awakens in the morning; tell him I brought it; he will understand.'

"As noiselessly as I entered the room I left it, and went to my own quarters, where I quickly undressed and threw myself down, and was soon in a deep and refreshing slumber. Too deep a sleep for a man who, on the morning of his lady-love's birthday, should be the first to bring her his flowers and congratulations! When I saw how late I had slept, I dressed hurriedly; during my toilet I discovered a note upon my table, addressed in Eugenie's hand! I tore it open, and struck dumb with amazement, read:

"'PAUL:—That the demon of a gambler's passion sometimes brings him to suicide, is well known; but that it as well causes him to commit crime, is less frequently heard. You, no one but you, have stolen the set of jewelry which my uncle had intended as a present to me! When I left the room to-day, you were alone there and *near the secretary*. Knowing the desk to be unlocked, I was careful to watch the room all day. No strangers entered it, and it is you alone who are the—thief! You took it in order to obtain the necessary sum to pay what you called, "a debt of honor!" You need make no denial! I never would have believed it possible of you, Paul, never! Bring the jewelry back to-night, or I will inform Uncle Martin who the thief is!'

"That was about the index of the note. The bitter words were hers! You will comprehend that I was struck dumb; I stared at the paper like an idiot, until the great beads of perspiration rolled off my forehead. I grew faint and giddy, and sank down upon a chair. You see, I had already *answered* the letter, by my action during the night. I had confessed my crime by bringing and delivering to Frederic the jewelry of which I was accused of stealing!

"A stupid thief, who was afraid of the consequences of his act! Eugenie was already in possession of the set, as being past their breakfast hour. Uncle Martin had no doubt presented it, saying, joyfully, no doubt: 'See, child, the thief was seized with remorse during the night, and brought the jewelry back early this morning!' And she? how had she received them! were they embittered by the thought that I, her lover— Well, what did I care what she thought! She had called me a 'thief;' she believed me one, and now she held the proof in her hands! I had lost her heart forever! Nay, I had never possessed it, else it would have been impossible for her to call me such a thing, to accuse me so cruelly, write such words to me! I got up and sat down, stared out of the window, cursed, wept, and finally reached for my revolver, which lay near my bed; I cocked it, then threw it down, and rushed madly up and down my room. I seized it again, placed it to my forehead--and fired!"

"But, Cousin Paul," cried Franz aloud, "that was terribly foolish!"

“Of course it was,” replied the forest master, in a cold, hard voice.

“It would have been so easy to prove——”

“Prove! ah yes, I could have proved a number of things. I might have run down to Eugenie and explained that this set I had brought from Frankfort during the night, and she would have answered me, ‘No train arrives, or goes to Frankfort after midnight.’ I could have told her I flew there and back by means of an extra train; but it would have sounded like a very improbable story! yet even that I might have proved by the engineer and officers of the road. I could have telegraphed to the jeweler as regards my purchase, and proved that the set I brought to Frederick was not the one stolen in the morning, but—would I have proved by all that, that the one *bought by Uncle Martin had not been stolen by me?* Could I have proved that I had neither pawned nor sold *that* set, and used the money to gamble and win with, and then, that frightened by Eugenie's letter, I had gone to Frankfort, and purchased the second set? You must not think that at that time I could see clearly through my difficulty, or consider and think as I can now.

Franz in his intense excitement had risen from his seat and leaned with his back against the table, following his cousin's quickened walk with anxious eyes.

“And then, how did it end?” he cried in breathless suspense. “Your wound was not mortal; help reached you in time; Madam Lindner learned of the grievious wrong she had done you?”

“Not the latter, Franz! at least I never heard she did, and far be it from me to ever ask her! Possibly, if I should speak of it today, she would reply: ‘I no more believe you to be a criminal,’ possibly, may be not however; and even if she should say so, how do I know that she tells me true? How do I know what she still thinks of me in the innermost recesses of her heart! The only thing that I do know is, that we are separated eternally and forever. Whether she still thinks me a thief, or whether she has changed her mind, remains all the same to me. My honor forbids me ever speaking one word on the subject with her!”

Franz did not reply at once. After a pause he asked suddenly, as though roused from deep thought:

“But your wound, Cousin Paul?”

“Ah, my wound! well it was dangerous enough. The sound of the shot was heard, some one hurried to my room, and found me—not a pleasant sight to look at I fear. I was lying on the floor, my face covered with blood, and on my forehead here, which still retains the scar, there was a pretty good rent, clear through to the skull. The surgeon was called, and my shattered head plastered together; then came wound fever, a long dull time of delirium and raving. I believe Eugenie nursed me faithfully during this illness, but when I fully recovered my consciousness I found my sister, who had been sent for, at my bedside. When it was reported that I was out of danger, Uncle Martin and Eugenie left Wiesbaden, Eugenie, no doubt, doubly convinced of my guilt, for was not my attempt at suicide as good as a full confession? Why would I otherwise have tried to kill myself? And just here lies the moral of the story, Franz, a two-fold one: when a man serves too zealously in the cause of woman, and as a last resort uses the revolver to end—everything—the rash act *proves* nothing!”

The forest master uttered these last words with a jeering bitterness, and was silent. After a little, Franz ventured to ask:

“And then? What came next?”

“What should have followed? We saw no more of each other for a very long time. I was finally given a high government position, and it brought me into their neighborhood. Uncle Martin, who probably never fully understood the story, sought me out, and appeared to wish to renew our old footings. I had no objections, as there was no earthly reason why I should be at variance with the old gentleman; but as he had known of my affection for Eugenie in the past, he noticed our cold and haughty manner now, and could not comprehend it, indeed he several times expressed himself warmly over our curious strangeness, which showed that he was not pleased. He finally, in his will, has tried to bring us together. I have acquiesced to the conditions of this will, as far as was absolutely necessary, in order to secure for Madam Lindner and her daughter their rightful inheritance; but between that lady and myself there is an insurmountable abyss which will remain unbridged forever! And now, Franz, I trust you understand all.”

“Yes, I understand,” answered Franz with a heavy sigh, “but there is one thing still not quite clear to me. I mean——”

“What do you mean?”

“I think Uncle Martin acted very curiously in this affair! His jewelry was stolen; he received another set similar next day through the hands of his servant; shortly after his nephew made an attempt at suicide; all these are occurrences which ought to have moved him out of his usual phlegmatic course, matters which demanded inquiry and examination.”

“Without a doubt, Franz, your remarks are very sagacious. It is quite likely that Uncle Martin talked the affair over many times with Eugenie, and she has had explanations in readiness! She could easily tell him that I had been hard pressed for money that morning, and that I had doubtless taken the jewelry in order to raise it; but alarmed at her threats, had returned the set during the night, and then, out of sheer desperation over the worry about my ‘debts of honor’ at the gaming table, had tried to kill myself. It was plain and clear before her eyes, and thus she made it to Uncle Martin. They had the kindness to explain to the world that my act was brought about by my passion for gambling. Uncle Martin extended his kindness to me so far as to forgive and forget all, and he therefore found it incomprehensible and unpardonable that I too could not forgive and forget everything, and again resume my old footing with Eugenie.”

Franz nodded his head several times in silence; the forest master also was quiet; he took down a gray summer hat which hung on the wall, and left the old tower by some outer stairs leading down into the moonlit garden.

CHAPTER V.

After this remarkable disclosure, Franz passed a very restless night; he was excited over what he had heard from his cousin's lips, and he could not sleep for anxious thoughts concerning what he had learned.

Never was there a more significant or deep consultation than that held next day between Franz and two other persons under the shadow of an old elder tree which stood near by an old-fashioned building. This building had originally been the principal house upon the Lindner estate, but it was now partly occupied by a quiet old couple, Frau Martha and her husband, the gardener Stephen; the other, and larger part of the dwelling was inhabited by the tenants of Madam Lindner's farms.

Further down, and nearer to the river, stood an elegant new villa, which was built by Uncle Martin, and occupied by him many years before his death.

In the shadow of the old tree near the farmhouse in close council, sat Eva, Franz and old Martha; they all appeared in a very dejected, helpless sort of consternation over their subject, which state of mind was far from being characteristic of either of the trio. Frau Martha was a strong-minded, resolute kind of woman, who, judging from what she had seen of the world, knew well how human nature and life in general must be taken; and she was not a little proud of her common sense; she was a hearty, true, good woman, and beloved by all who knew her.

Franz had had an interview with Eva that day after dinner in the little forest hut. After he had confided to her the strange and exciting story which his cousin had related, and to which she had listened as eagerly as Franz, she seized him by the hand, and they both ran breathlessly and with flushed warm faces, to old Martha's house to tell her in turn, and ask her what they should do.

Martha had at one time been a servant in Madam Lindner's service, and was with her at Wiesbaden; she must know something, surely, of the case, Eva argued, and she, no doubt, would give them advice in the matter.

Frau Martha, however, seemed to disappoint this hope, for, when Franz had finished his tale, she only looked from one to the other with her wide opened, great blue eyes, in speechless surprise.

“Ah,” she cried, at last, “this is a story like one reads in books—an undreamed-of story!”

“But the forest master told it to me for truth, Martha, and when he says it all happened we can believe him.”

“Certainly, Master Franz, he is to be believed, and, what is more, do you know I have a fancy I can make a rhyme that fits into the true jingle?”

“Oh, Martha! Then you do know something! I was sure you could help us,” said Eva, earnestly.

Old Martha looked at them both, and rubbed her knees slowly, as she said impressively:

“If the forest master did *not* take that set of jewelry, and did *not* return it again at night, as your mama, my dear, most firmly believes even to this day, and if he *did* buy another set precisely like it, then there must have been two sets in the house.”

"Why of course there must have been two sets, don't you see, Eva?" cried Franz, his eyes very large with interest now.

"And the first set was stolen and never found, and the thief is the cause of all this trouble," continued Martha.

"But my cousin Paul was not the criminal. That I will stake my life upon," interrupted Franz.

"Please, Franz, let Martha continue her argument," said Eva, laying her hand on his arm.

"Oh, no, Master Franz. Not the forest master—I do not mean him; but I do mean that covetous, cunning fellow of a Frederic! When Madam Lindner so carefully guarded the room where the set was kept, and knew that no one had entered it after the forest master left, then only one of the two people who were continually around the room at that time could have taken it—I or Frederic. And I, you know, I have not the set. Then it *is* Frederic who was the thief! He was always a sly, reserved, mean sort of creature, who had very little to do with the other servants for fear of being obliged to spend a penny; he never even allowed himself any extra kind of amusement, on account of his stinginess. Oh, yes! He was the personification of good behavior, honesty, and virtue! The good uncle never mistrusted that he was anything but what he appeared to be, and so believed he possessed a jewel in the person of his servant. But, nevertheless, I declare it is none other than this scrupulous Frederic who has stolen that unfortunate set of jewelry! He has taken it and said to himself, 'In a hotel, where there are so many people going in and out, I will never be suspected.'"

"But, Martha, you said no one but you and Frederick entered the room; how, then, could he think any stranger would be suspected?"

"Oh, it was possible that others *might* have passed through the room—the waiter, the chambermaid, the porter—and Frederic was well assured in his mind that no one would ever imagine him, the faithful, honest Frederic, to be the thief! Oh, no. But he did *not* know that Madam Lindner had guarded her uncle's room securely from her own, so that it was impossible for any one to have entered. When, in the night, the forest master brought the second set, Frederic, of course, had to give it to Uncle Martin, as directed, and they supposed it to be the *first* one, the one which, at that time, was in Frederic's possession."

"Your argument may be right, Martha," said Eva, pensively, "but I wish it would assist us in knowing what to do. I wish we had positive evidence that it is so."

"Why should not Martha's argument assist us?" cried Franz, warmly. "If we—no, if you, Martha, should go at once to Madam Lindner and tell her your suspicions and your fears, would she not see how great an injustice she has done my Cousin Paul all these years, and could things, then, not be righted?"

Martha shook her head slowly, then she brushed her brown hair down smoothly with her hands, and answered:

"No, my children, I fear nothing would be gained by that. You do not know Madam Lindner's character as well as I. She is a just but a stern woman. If an upright, well known person should come to her and tell her an honest, true story, she would believe them, provided the story concerned her neighbor the miller, or the farmer down there; but when, as in this case, the story concerns herself, and is one which would take hold of her heart, nay, go through it like a red-hot sword, then she will not believe so readily. Such a woman is Madam Lindner, and one cannot demand of her that she should believe. No, no; without you could put proofs into her hands she would not believe. If one could only take Frederic by his neck and drag him to her, and force him on his knees to confess, then one might make her believe; but that, I fear, is impracticable; and I must say I do not know what is best to do now, Eva. You see the thoughts of all this unhappy affair have become a burden to your mother—one which depresses her daily life. It is just as if you should put a tiny pebble on to this dandelion just opening into a flower at your feet: it would torture itself on to live, but its growth and bloom would be at an end. That something has been gnawing on your mama's life I have suspected for a long while, and I have also not been so dull as not to see that its beginning dated from the day of the forest master's attempt at suicide. But its real connection with that affair, and all that lay behind it, *that* I have just heard from your lips. From that unfortunate day your mama's life has been changed and embittered. She, who was always such a joyous, happy-hearted lady, elegantly dressed, and fond of fashionable gayety, became at once totally changed. She conducted herself like an *old* widow, instead of the young woman that she was. She cared nothing for her attire, wearing only the sombrest and plainest black. Something preyed on her mind and gnawed on her life like a worm. Should you now suddenly burst out with the truth to her, and expect from her that she should confess to herself that through all these long weary years she had been unjust and hard: that she had nourished a false belief and suspicion, and condemned a fellow creature without first asking and investigating his guilt or innocence—that would be the wrong way to pursue, and the end you wish to attain you would never reach. You may rest assured, children, that Madam Lindner has been thinking deeply over this affair for years, and has viewed it in every possible light during the many lonely hours she has spent here.

"When a person passes most of his life without mingling with the outside world, and knows very little of worldly pleasures and gayeties except the little jokes and pleasantries told by an old uncle in declining years, then that person is less inclined to believe what comes to his ears from other sources after, and is less tolerant and charitable toward his fellow-creatures who may be weak or erring; indeed he will be sharp and bitter in his judgment. The whole world seems to him a wicked, bad one, and they grow suspicious, and cruel, and hard—for all these follow a narrow experience."

Such was Frau Martha's long speech, and her view of the matter, it must be confessed, had very little consolation in it for the young couple who had listened attentively to her words.

"And you really think, Martha," said Franz with a sigh, after a long pause, "that if Eva or I should tell Madam Lindner all that the forest master told me, you really think she would not believe it?" Martha shook her head sorrowfully.

"It is the forest master himself who makes it impossible for her to believe! Why did he not at once, years ago, tell the whole circumstance to Uncle Martin? Why has this man been so stubbornly proud and conceited?"

"Oh Martha!" cried Franz, can you not understand that a man with such a deep sense of honor cannot *say*, 'I am not a thief?'"

"All nonsense, the truth can be told always, and," continued Martha, "has he not told it to you at last?"

"That is quite different, Martha; my Cousin Paul loved Madam Lindner, and he believed he had a right to her confidence and trust; he was therefore shocked to his innermost heart and soul at her suspicion."

"Well, well, with all our talk, we are not coming a step forward; should Madam Lindner hear this story now, she would doubtless say to herself, 'The forest master has made our engagement known to the world, and the situation oppresses him; he lets this improbable story come to my ears just now! after ten years! and he dares to ask me to believe myself a suspicious wicked woman all these years!' You see, Eva, if your mama has believed the forest master guilty of the theft, as she really has, then will she as well suspect him capable of inventing this story about it!"

To this reasoning no answer could be given. Eva heaved a deep sigh, and said at last:

"If Frederic has the jewelry yet, and one could buy it from him, and lay it before mama, then she would see with her own eyes that there were two sets!"

"A brilliant idea, Eva," said Franz jumping up and seizing her hands, "and a practicable one, and one I shall try immediately. I will go find Frederic at once, and shall get something out of him at least, he shall speak!"

"Beware, Master Franz, he is cunning and crafty," said Martha.

"I do not care, I will see him. Where is he now—where does he live?"

"In the city; he married a few years ago, his wife keeps hotel, and he plays gentleman. He is well to do in the world now, Master Franz, and does not need to *sell* his crime for money!"

"I shall get something out of him nevertheless, and this very evening I shall go to the city, it is but eight miles distant. What is the name of the hotel, Martha?"

"The Blue Lamb."

"Very good," said Franz, putting down the name. "This evening finds me a guest at the 'Blue Lamb,' and Mr. Frederic shall be called to account; I shall press him hard. How? That I will think over as I go. Don't persuade me from this step; I am resolved to go."

When she saw how determined he was, Martha felt no inclination to hold him back, but instead hastened to prepare him some refreshment before starting on his journey, and also offered to send her little boy to the forest master to say that Franz would not be home that night.

Eva accompanied Franz on his way as far as the turnpike road; they chose paths which led through high corn fields, and repeatedly took tender farewells of one another. At last Franz was alone on the road, thinking the while how he should manage the interview he meant to hold with Frederic.

Unlike Jean Jaques, who could only work as he walked, Franz was not a deep thinker while on foot; everything about him diverted his thoughts—the birds which flew over his head, the quail's call in the fields, the white weazel running across his path, a passing traveler's "good day"—all these distracted the purport of his plans, so it came at last, that Franz stood before the door of the "Blue Lamb" without any definite idea as to what he should say to Frederic when he saw him!

The porter showed him into the guests' room, where he found the customary rows of tables and chairs, the usual commonplace pictures on the walls, and innumerable flies buzzing over all. As before said, Franz had not the shadow of an idea as to how he should carry out his scheme.

Even when his host, Frederic, with his keen sharp face, made his appearance, and after the usual polite opening of conversation, asked from whence his guest had come, Franz found no other thought in his mind than that this man Frederic was an active, intelligent, unassuming kind of man, and of a totally different aspect from the one he had imagined from Martha's description. He endeavored to keep up a conversation with Frederic, talking on all kinds of subjects, spoke of his being assistant forester to Mr. Paul Lauderback, and finally mentioned Uncle Martin, whom he had never seen. All of this amounted to nothing; he still found no subject that would lead up to the point he desired. Frederic entered into the talk with that perfect ease which only a man who feels himself perfectly safe could have. He spoke highly of every person mentioned, and appeared to dwell with sincere feeling upon the merits of Uncle Martin.

Luckily, however, the entrance of Frederic's wife gave him new courage.

She was a woman in the prime of life, and dressed with a certain attempt at elegance; she appeared to have returned from a ceremonious visit, and besides her handsome dress and shawl, wore a pair of elegant gold ear-rings of Etruscan pattern.

CHAPTER VI.

THE following day, Madam Lindner, dressed in mourning, which she still wore for her uncle, sat at the open parlor window. There was a piece of needle-work in her lap, and an open book in her hand into whose depths she appeared seemingly absorbed. Occasionally the book fell from her hand, as though her mind dwelt upon what she read there, and her eyes roamed over the scene outside the window; in this position her clear delicate profile was shown, and the long lashes that swept her cheek gave her an almost childish appearance.

The door was presently opened very softly, and Eva came timidly in. She approached her mother and stood silently behind her chair.

Mrs. Lindner turned her head toward her daughter, and caressingly smoothed her curls, then putting her arm around Eva's waist she asked:

"Where have you been this long time, my child?"

"Over to the farm, with Martha, mama."

"And what were you doing there, pray?"

"I—oh not much with Martha, mama; Franz was there too; he has been to the city, and he had some important business with Martha—"

"He! with Martha! and was your presence necessary? Eva, I do not at all like your meetings with Franz at the farm in this manner."

"But mama, when one meets accidentally, entirely by accident—"

"You shall have no more 'accidental meetings.' I fancy that Franz has some silly notion of paying court to you, and comes there to pass his time in idle foolish love making—"

"Oh mama, Franz is not idle or foolish, and if he does have an earnest affection for me—"

"Tut, tut, how silly you speak. Franz to have an idea of 'earnest affection?'—a young fellow just out of school, and with many years ahead of him before he can say 'I am a man; I am somebody!'"

"Well, am I not young too? Could I not wait that long, mama?"

Madam Lindner looked at her daughter with alarm. This was a new phase in her child's character, a new light dawning in her eyes.

"Eva," said she anxiously, "I fear Franz has already put thoughts into your head which are more than idle and foolish. You wait for Franz to become a man and distinguish himself? Ah, I fear that will never happen—the distinguishment at least!"

"Oh, mama!"

"Yes, Eva, I have been studying Franz for some time, and I find him a harmless, inoffensive sort of fellow, without the energy, talent and ambition I admire in a man, and particularly in one to whom I would give my daughter. I desire a son with intellectual activity and ambitious aspirations, not an easy, indolent good-natured sort of fellow."

"Oh, mama, how unjust and severe you are in your judgment of Franz; your feelings toward him grieve me more than I can tell you!"

"Indeed, I grieve you by expressing my opinion of a young man!"

"Yes, mama," continued Eva with fervor, "the more because now you will say 'no' to the question I was about to put to you."

"A question! well what is it? speak."

"May I accept a present from Franz, something valuable?"

"Certainly not, upon no conditions will I allow you to accept a present, a valuable one too! What is it, pray?"

"This," said Eva, as she took out of her pocket a jewel case, which with cold trembling fingers she put into her mother's hands.

"This," echoed Mrs. Lindner, as she indifferently opened the case, and then when she saw its contents she exclaimed again with surprise, "This!"

"Yes, mama, this set of jewelry."

"Why, it is *my* Etruscan set, what do you mean?"

"No, mama, this is not yours, but it is one exactly like yours. Let me go up stairs and bring yours down and compare them."

Madam Lindner stared at the jewelry with fixed eyes.

"No, do not go, Eva," she cried, "but in Heaven's name tell me quick how did Franz come in possession of this set?"

"It is a remarkable story, mama," said Eva, in a hurried, trembling voice. "Franz was in the city last night, and staid at the 'Blue Lamb' hotel—you know old Uncle Martin's servant Frederic keeps the house."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, while there, Franz saw Frederic's wife wearing these ear-rings, and Frederic told him that this was the set which years ago, when you and Uncle Martin and the forest master were in Wiesbaden together, the forest master brought one night in an extra train from Frankfort, for your birthday, which was next day."

"Brought from Frankfort—for me?" said Madam Lindner, looking at Eva with strained attention.

"Yes, that is what Frederic says; it appears that Uncle Martin, who was always fond of a good joke, deceived you and the forest master in telling you that the set which he intended giving you on your birthday had been stolen in the hotel; the forest master naturally believed it however, and to make good your loss, he went that night by special train to Frankfort, and bought this set, exactly like the other, and gave them to Frederic early in the morning to hand Uncle Martin, that you and he might not be disappointed about the gift."

While Eva was speaking, Madam Lindner had risen; she laid the jewels down with one hand, while with the other she steadied herself against the chair, and pale as death she gasped:

"Eva! what is this that you tell me? Uncle Martin *deceived* me when he said the set was stolen? The story of the theft was only a *joke?*"

"Yes, mama, a joke which Uncle Martin contrived to punish you for your curiosity. You must know that Frederic saw you go into Uncle Martin's room and look through the drawers of his secretary, he having left the key carelessly in the lock, and he knew that you discovered the set of jewelry with which Uncle Martin intended to surprise you next morning; this he at once reported to Uncle Martin, who was furiously angry at having had his pleasure in the surprise spoiled, so to punish you, he agreed with Frederic that they would announce that the jewelry had been stolen."

Madam Lindner stood speechless; she breathed heavily, as one stifled; her face became deathly in its pallor, but she spoke not a word; not a syllable yet passed her lips.

Eva felt some alarm at the result her story might bring about, but she went on with trembling lips.

"On the morning of your birthday, Uncle Martin gave you the set he had intended you should have at first, a little chagrined because upon wakening Frederic had brought to his room the second set, thus spoiling his plans, and too feeling a little regret that the forest master had gone to such a piece of extravagance as to rush to Frankfort and buy it. He told Frederic to keep silence in the matter, as the forest master was a proud, ambitious young fellow, and would feel mortified to have his night ride and zeal made ridiculous, and he said that when the forest master came down to breakfast he would tell him himself that he had gone to unnecessary trouble in the purchase, and he would hand the second set of jewelry back, and tell him to return it to the jeweler in Frankfort and receive his money back.

"But the forest master did not come down that morning; he was suddenly, very suddenly taken ill I believe, and some time after when Frederic took the jewelry to his room in order to explain and return it, he grew fearfully excited and frantic with rage, and bade Frederic never to let him see the set again—to keep it, or throw it into the river.

"Frederic preferred the former, and that is how Franz came to see it on the person of his wife yesterday. He bought it of her directly to make it a present to me; she parted with it quite willingly; she said it had never seemed in keeping with her position, and she seldom wore anything but the ear-rings. And now, mama, may I take the set as a present from Franz?"

"Put it down, Eva, and leave me; I must be alone," gasped Madam Lindner, motioning with her hand for her daughter to go.

Eva obeyed her, and noiselessly walked away pausing as she reached the door, and looking anxiously back at her mother.

Madam Lindner remained standing, motionless, like some marble statue, while with blanched lips she whispered to herself:

"I knew it, I felt it. Ah, I have deserved this—to let it go on so all these years!"

CHAPTER VII.

About the same time of day, Franz stood in the forest master's study, announcing his return from the neighboring city.

"But I do not see any reason for your passing the night in M——, Franz," said the forest master.

"To be candid, dear Cousin Paul," Franz replied, "and to keep nothing back from you, even the innermost thoughts of my heart, I will confess, that as for myself, there was nothing to take or keep me at M——. The episode in your life which you confided to me, night before last, was what took me there. I could not get the strange story out of my mind; there were many things about it that were not quite clear, but as I had not the courage to trouble you with questions, I came to the conclusion that I would go to M—— and talk with Frederic about it; you know he is landlord of the Blue Lamb in the city?"

"Yes, I have heard that he married the widow of the former proprietor; but explain, if you please, how you could be so indiscreet as to speak of matters which I told you in strictest confidence, and with the supposition that you would know how to keep that confidence inviolate!"

"Do not be angry with me, Cousin Paul! Knowing that Frederic *must* be well acquainted with the unhappy affair, I did not think I was behaving indiscreetly, or breaking confidence in speaking to him of it, and it gave me no rest until I had found out—"

The forest master rose abruptly, and with a flush mounting to his brow, said, in a voice of suppressed anger:

"Indeed, Franz, if I had had the faintest idea that you—"

"That I would have taken such a deep interest in this affair, Cousin Paul? You would not have shown such great confidence in me? Ah, I am sorry you feel so, for in that case I should not have been able to communicate something to you which will now astonish you!"

"'Astonish me,' and what can that be, pray?"

"Frederic tells me that Uncle Martin—he must have been an eccentric old gentleman—played a joke upon you and—somebody else. This is the way, listen: He heard, through Frederic, that Madam Lindner, finding the drawer of his secretary unlocked, rummaged among his things, and there discovered the set of jewelry which he had intended as a surprise for her birthday; to punish her for her curiosity, he made her believe that the set had been stolen—"

"'*Made her believe!*' Frederic told you that the story of the theft was an invention—a joke on the part of Uncle Martin!"

"Exactly, Frederic says so; it was a cruel joke, surely! The set was not stolen, but lay quietly in his drawer at the time of the announcement! The next day, Uncle Martin handed it to Madam Lindner, saying:

"'You must have been zealous in your prayers; here is your present found. St. Antonious, who is the saint who returns lost and stolen articles, sent an angel in the night, with your set of jewelry. Take it, and I hope it will give you some pleasure if not the complete *surprise* I had expected.'"

"But this is terrible!" cried the forest master, "to have thus become the victim of a stupid, frivolous joke of an eccentric old man!"

"It is not the first time, I think, Cousin Paul, that a joke has been the cause of much harm and trouble!"

"Why did Uncle Martin never speak of the jewelry which I brought from Frankfort? Why did he not explain that to Eugenie?"

"He laughed heartily over your night ride on the locomotive, and called it a 'romantic knightly feat,' but he never told Eugenie, and forbade Frederic to speak of it to any one; he did not wish you to appear ridiculous in the eyes of Madam Lindner, and he also feared you would feel mortified about the affair, and he was afraid, too, that you would be angry and indignant at his foolish joke about the theft. Before he could speak with you about the matter and explain it all, you—you put yourself in a position which made such explanation impossible, Cousin Paul!"

The forest master stood motionless, staring at the speaker, and muttered:

"It is incredible! incredible!"

"It is true, Cousin Paul, for I found Frederic was in possession of the set which you at that remarkable time handed to him! He positively asserts that he took them to you, during your illness, but that you became terribly excited at sight of them, and cried to him to keep them or throw them into the water—it was doubtless while you were suffering from wound fever. When I told Frederic that he must let me have the set, in order to prove to Madam Lindner, by comparing them with her own, that you had not been the repentant thief who, in terror and fear at her threatening letter, had returned the stolen jewelry, he willingly gave them to me, and I have—"

"What, have you!" passionately cried the forest master.

"I have given the set to Eva, who has taken them to her mother."

"Oh, this is too much," exclaimed the forest master, turning pale; "you have dared to send that set of jewelry to Madam Lindner as coming from me!"

"No, no; not exactly that, Cousin Paul," answered Franz, timidly now, as he looked at the man before him laboring under such terrible excitement; "we did not do that; we thought it over, Eva and I, and——"

"Well, and who else? Out with it; to whom else has this secret, which I believed safe in your breast, been confided!"

Franz, seeing that he had very nearly made a blunder, managed to just swallow at the right moment the name 'Martha' upon his lips, and replied hesitatingly:

"Please quiet yourself, Cousin Paul; I was only going to say, that we considered well the matter, and fully understood that it was a very delicate affair to have anything to do with; that it was neither Eva's affair nor mine; so Eva has told her mother that the set was a present from me."

"A present from you! but she has had to explain to her mother how the set came into your possession!"

"Oh yes, that she may have done," replied Franz.

"'She may have done,'" echoed the forest master warmly. "She may have done," he repeated to himself, as if deeply affected; then, as if he scarce knew that he spoke, he said again, "She may have done so," and sank into an arm-chair; he rested his head upon his hands, while his breast heaved heavily and irregularly; he seemed absorbed in deep and painful thought, and unaware any longer of Franz's presence.

Franz, who now thought that the rôle he had been prompted to play by old Martha, was about at end, but with what success still remained to be seen, left the room quietly.

Uncertain as to what might be the result of his heroism in having captured his trophy of jewels, and not knowing to what end it would lead, Franz ascended the tower and immediately reported to Eva, by means of one of their winged messengers.

"I have done exactly as agreed upon; the stone is set rolling; if you have done as much, let us hope the two will not come together with too hard a crash."

Franz was not a little proud of his literary achievement, and carefully scribbled it on to a paper which he tied under the wing of a dove, and very swiftly it was carried over to Eva's dove cote.

A little later, as Franz was idling about the court-yard, seemingly occupied with his dog Carlo, but with his whole thoughts concentrated upon his message, and scrutinizing the heavens as though he expected some blessing from above to descend upon him, he was suddenly surprised to see a servant bring the forest master's riding horse, all saddled and bridled, round to the bridge, and the forest master himself quickly appeared, swung himself into the saddle, and rode off.

Franz's heart beat high as he followed the rider with his eyes, and saw him enter the long linden avenue; he knew well it could lead to no other end than Eugenie's home!

CHAPTER VIII.

AND in fact that was the forest master's destination. He was very pale when he entered the reception-room of Madam Lindner.

He advanced toward her, with slow hesitating step, while she, with a low cry of astonishment and terror, rose quickly, and made a movement of coming forward to meet him, when she stopped suddenly as though petrified. His eyes were full of a cold majestic power, and never swerved as they met hers, and in a voice steady and firm, he said:

"Eugenie, I have felt it my duty to come to you in this hour; I know that you reproach yourself unmercifully; you are wretchedly miserable, and at anger with yourself. I sympathize with you in your soul's grief; unhappy indeed must your feelings now be! But I have come to say to you, make yourself no longer wretched, we are neither of us guilty of any crime, we are the unfortunate victims of an abominable lie! It is in consequence of this lie that you have acted as you have done; it was impossible for you to have acted otherwise, believing as you did, even if, after I had silently condemned you in my mind for your injustice—even then, if I had demanded an explanation, you could have acted no differently. It was my love for you that made me condemn you, as it is always our passion that causes us to err. Give me your hand, Eugenie, and assure me that you will no longer upbraid yourself with bitter reproaches."

Madam Lindner slowly lifted her hand and put it into his, letting it rest there a while, and looking up at him with a mournful smile as she said:

"It is noble in you, Paul, to come to take away this terrible burden of reproach from me; believe me, I feel deeply the nobleness of your action. I have done you a great wrong; nay, it is a fearful crime that I have committed against you in my mind, but O God, I was beside myself at that time! Everything told so plainly against you; surely there is a little excuse for my unjust and bitter letter? Will you not believe me when I tell you that I very soon confessed to myself that I had done you wrong, I had been cruelly unjust?"

"You believed it! You confessed that to yourself, Eugenie?"

"Truly, Paul, I did. The explanation I received this morning was unnecessary. Long ago there was the immutable knowledge deep in my heart that I had done you a grievous wrong, but with that knowledge there has been as well an unalterable bitter feeling that I could *never* pardon you for having allowed your pride to be stronger than your love for me!"

"Stronger than my love for you, Eugenie! Why it was just because my love was so deep, so strong——"

Madam Lindner shook her head mournfully.

"If you had loved me, Paul," she interrupted, "you could not have punished me through all these long years as you have done; these long years so full of grief and pain, in which you have said to me plainly, through your haughty silence, 'I am indifferent as to what you think of me; I have the means at hand by which I could prove to you that you have done me an injustice, but I will not lift a finger for your sake; I could speak and say, "I am innocent," but I am too proud to say it!' Oh Paul, this is what has wounded and pained me, that you could think and act in such a manner that your silence has been my continual punishment, that in this way you have shown me that your love was forever lost to me. This is what has severed love, and separated us forever."

Eugenie withdrew her hand, and Paul saw that her eyes were suddenly filled with tears. He looked down at her in perplexity and astonishment.

"And so," he said with a painful smile, "and so, after all, it is I who am the offender. I who am the guilty one, the sinner! Truly I had no presentiment of such a turn in affairs; but if it be as you say, and you will never forgive *this* fault of mine, then we are again separated as before."

She bowed her head in assent, covering her face with her hands to hide her fast falling tears.

The forest master stood still in amazement; it seemed as though he could not comprehend the situation for a moment, then suddenly, as one awakening from a dream, he cried passionately,

"Eugenie, say it again, that my ears may not deceive me; say, that this which you call my fault, this that I did because my honor demanded it of me—say that you will never forgive this, and by heaven, there remains nothing for me to do but to put an end to this life; this life of hardness and uncharitableness; this life which has worn me so long, and has at last become insupportable; but this time, rest assured, I will direct the bullet surer than I did that one at Wiesbaden; upon that you may rely!"

"Oh Paul," cried Madam Lindner, starting up in terror and going over to him, while she put her two hands upon his shoulders and through her tears looked up beseechingly in his face. "What wild words are you saying? What would you do? Paul, you cannot still love me! I who have so cruelly wronged and wounded you!"

"Eugenie, you say you no longer condemn me, but that I still have one great fault in your eyes—pride—but, Eugenie, this pride proves how I have loved you! All through these years I have suffered silently, my love the while becoming a terrible passion. If I had *not* loved you, how easy it would have been to speak, as easy as it was for me to tell Franz the unfortunate story; but toward you, Eugenie——"

She did not allow him to finish, but laying her face upon his breast and hiding it there, she sobbed,

"Oh Paul, Paul, we two middle-aged people have acted like a pair of silly children."

On the evening of that same day, Mrs. Lindner held a long conversation with her daughter, at the end of which Eva embraced her mother warmly, and said:

"You are kind and good, dear mama, to tell me all; and I now see plainly that it was quite unnecessary for Franz to have shown so much heroism."

"'Heroism,' what heroism was there demanded of Franz in the matter?" cried Mrs. Lindner.

"Why you see when the forest master showed him so much confidence in telling him all the unhappy story of his life, Franz made up his mind he would set about to reconcile you two, and clear away this terrible error under which you both were so unhappy, so he and I——"

"You too?"

"Yes, both of us; do you think Franz would do anything without my advice? Oh no, indeed. Well, we both felt positive that you would never be convinced of the forest master's innocence without you had the plain proof in your hands, and that proof old Martha thought was in Frederic's possession——"

"Old Martha, too, was in the conspiracy!"

"'Conspiracy,' mama; what an expression; at the most it was a conspiracy against Frederic only. And oh, mama, if you could have seen how bravely, energetic and manly Franz took the affair into his hands. He determined to go to the city at once, and not rest a minute until he found Frederic, and forced him in some way to give up the set of jewelry; he had deep-meditated and well-laid plans laid in order to oblige Frederic to comply with his demands, but he did not tell us what they were, but just hurried on to the city, and oh, mama, with what enthusiasm he went. Jason did not set out with more courage after the golden fleece than did Franz after that set of jewelry!"

Mrs. Lindner gazed at her daughter again with astonishment, and smiled as she shook her head.

"And now, mama," continued Eva, with increasing fervor, "now you will never say again that Franz is unmanly and irresolute—and—when he comes to ask you for my hand——"

"I shall be so overcome with fear that I dare not say 'no' to this 'Jason.' Well, I shall have to say 'yes,' then; but, she continued, putting her arm around her daughter's waist and looking into her eyes earnestly, "but I fear it would be too late for me to make any other answer. The forest master, as well as myself, have postponed traveling at present, so you and Franz will remain near one another during the remainder of the summer, and I do not doubt but that this young 'Argonaut' will make such good use of his time that my little daughter will believe still firmer in his courage and heroism!"

"But you must confess, mama, that it is Franz alone who has brought everything around all right at last."

"And you therefore think it would be showing undue ingratitude in me to refuse him my daughter as a recompense? The whole truth of the matter is this: you two children have plotted deeply against us older ones; I feel unequal to argue against two such clever young people, and therefore I promise, if Franz shows as much zeal and courage in his studies, and brings home a good certificate from his state examination, and remains true to you——"

"'True to me!' Oh mama!" laughed Eva, in her glad perfect confidence in her lover, and she threw her arms around her mother's neck and closed her mouth with kisses.

Eva was not wrong in her high estimation of Franz. The forest master, in speaking of him to Madam Lindner, who told him of her promise to Eva, said, "Franz is one of the truest and best of men."

In regard to the other conditions, which Madam Lindner had mentioned, it was read with great pleasure in the latest official gazette, that Master Franz Lauderback had made a creditable state examination, and had received the title, "High Forest Master."

THE END.

Charles Kingsley.

BY MRS. L. P. LEWIS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, author, philanthropist, and clergyman, was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, England, June 12th, 1819. His parents were gentlefolk of force and culture. From his father he inherited his love for art and his fighting blood;—from his mother his keen humor, and his love of science, romance, and literature. He displayed his natural gifts very early in life, commencing to write poetry and preach sermons when only four years of age.

When Charles was about eleven, his father removed to Clovelly, a small fishing parish, whose rich vegetation, strange fauna, and new flora filled the boy's soul with delight. A most striking scene in one of Kingsley's stories is a reflection of life in Clovelly, representing the putting out to sea of the herring fleet, when the rector, his wife and boys always went down to the quay, no matter what the weather might be, to hold a parting service with "the men who worked and the women who wept," and they all joined in singing,

"Then thou my soul in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep."

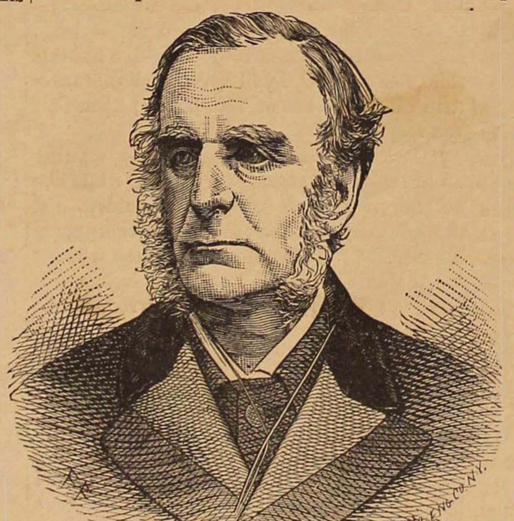
When, in 1836, his father was presented with the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, Charles was entered as a scholar at Kings College, London. But it was a great trial for the nature-loving boy to leave his country home, with its geological and botanical pleasures, for a London rectory, with its endless parish work and talk. Two years after, Charles went to Cambridge, where he came out first in classics and mathematics the first year.

But at this period he was so full of religious doubts, and the conflict in his mind between faith and unbelief was so fierce, that the succeeding year he read but little, rushed into almost every excitement, and at one time nearly resolved to leave Cambridge and go to America to live as a wild hunter on the Western prairies. God, however, sent light into the darkness, and he came out doubly strong in faith and confidence.

In 1841 he left Cambridge and decided to take orders, although his previous intention had been to study law. A most amusing story is told of his answer to one of the questions propounded by one of the examiners in Physics,—"Describe a common pump."

Kingsley, being utterly unable to give a scientific account of the internal machinery of a pump, sketched a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite the porch of an old church. Surrounding it were women and children of all ages, sizes, and costumes. Around the pump was a huge chain, padlocked and guarded by the church beadle, who pointed to a conspicuous notice, "This pump locked during Divine service." This sketch Kingsley sent up to the examiners, and though probably hardly received as a proper answer to a scientific question, was so cleverly executed that the Moderator of the year had it framed and hung in the examination room.

Having finished his theological studies, Kingsley became curate of Enersley, in Hampshire. It was a small parish, but had been greatly neglected. Before Kingsley took charge, if the rector happened to have a cold, or any other trifling ailment, he would send notice at the hour of service that the church would not be open that day. As a natural consequence, when the church doors were open the pews were usually empty, while the pot-houses were full.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

In 1844 Kingsley was married to Fanny Grenfell, to whom he had long been attached. He had expected to leave Enersley at this time, but the living falling vacant just then, the parishioners made a successful effort to secure the appointment of the curate who had labored so diligently among them. When fairly settled as rector, happy in his work and happy in his home, he met all difficulties bravely,—and they were not few. His home was damp and unhealthy; there was not a grown-up man or woman among the laboring class in his parish who could read or write; the church was in a dilapidated condition; one old broken chair stood in the chancel; alms were collected in an old wooden saucer, and the Holy Communion was celebrated but three times a year.

He drained the rectory garden and filled up the ponds which surrounded the house; he established shoe clubs, coal clubs, maternal clubs, and a loan library. He had adult schools in the rectory three nights every week, Sunday school in the same place every Sunday morning and afternoon, and weekly cottage lectures in the outlying districts for the old and feeble. But the power he acquired over his parishioners was mainly by his house-to-house visiting, for if any one was sick or in trouble he would go, not daily, but three or four times a day, and night as well.

The *Saint's Tragedy,* which was his first book, was published in 1848, and though it did not make much impression on the English literary world, yet gave him a position, especially among the young men at the Universities. The High-Church party of Oxford attacked it fiercely, while in Germany it was eagerly read and appreciated.

During 1848 the Chartist troubles arose, which shook England severely, and under the force of that excitement Kingsley wrote *Yeast,* which was published as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine.* Having every hour occupied during the day, he wrote it at night, after the rest of the household were abed. This proved too great a strain upon nerve and brain, and he was ordered entire rest from mental work.

He went to Ilfrancombe, and for many months he could do nothing except wander on the sea-shore, collecting shells and zoophytes with his wife and children. After his recovery he returned to Enersley, and fell back into his routine of hard work. The times were bad and the tax-payers discontented, so the rector returned to the tithe-payers ten per cent. on their payments, thus gaining their confidence forever. To make up this deficit in his income he resorted to his pen, and wrote *Alton Locke,* for which he found some difficulty in getting a publisher.

In 1853, *Hypatia* was given to the world, and was recognized by thoughtful people as not only a valuable page of history, but as a real work of art, though among extreme high churchmen.

The feeling was, if possible, more bitter than that aroused by the *Saint's Tragedy.* In 1854 he passed several months at Biddeford, on account of his wife's ill health, and as at that time the fierce attacks of the religious press had frightened all parties of the clergy, he was for once allowed perfect rest, all pulpit doors being closed against him. It was during that time that he gathered together the materials for that most charming of his books, *Glaucus.* He passed hours on the sea-shore every day accompanied by his children, collecting numberless treasures of shells, sea-weeds, and zoophytes, to be arranged and classified at home by the side of his invalid wife. Here, too, he commenced his novel *Westward Ho!* whose opening pages describe the scenery of Bideford minutely.

Upon his return to Enersley he began a course of lectures in his night schools, upon subjects connected with natural history, illustrated with blackboard drawings. His sense of form was marvelous, and he was rarely seen indoors without pen or pencil in hand to aid his conversation, no matter what the subject might be.

The passion he felt for inanimate things he also carried into his love for animals, with one exception, of which he speaks in *Glaucus* when he says, "Every one has his antipathic animals. I know one bred from childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet, after handling and petting and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, cannot avoid a paroxysm of horror at sight of the common house spider."

To his children he was everything, father, companion, playfellow, teacher. Sunday, to so many little ones a day of gloom, was the brightest day in the week to them. They were taught to begin the day by dressing the graves in the churchyard with flowers, and no matter how weary he might be when his day's work was ended, there was always the stroll on the moor after service, or indoors, some Bible story to be illustrated with his ready pencil, the children always choosing the subject.

In 1859 he was appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary, and from that hour till his death he received many tokens of royal kindness. The following year he was accorded the Regius professorship of modern history at Cambridge, and also appointed special lecturer to the Prince of Wales.

That delightful child's book, *Water Babies*, was written about this time for his youngest boy, a book which has the freshness and fragrance of sea breezes in almost every page. In 1863 he had the honor of being made a Fellow of the Geological Society, which was a sort of comfort to him after his rejection at Oxford for the D.C.L., asked for him by the Prince of Wales. The refusal to confer this degree upon him had been a great disappointment, for he confessed to have had for years a hankering for the Oxford D.C.L.

In 1869 he resigned his professorship at Cambridge, feeling the tax upon his strength to be too great. However, he kept up his work at home, giving lectures, penny readings, and musical treats for his poor people, besides writing essays and books.

At the close of 1869 he went to the West Indies, a trip graphically described in *At Last*. To one so fond of nature what a storehouse of delights those islands must have been, the orchids and the ferns, the lumps of coral and the delicate shells, the tall aloes and the gray-blue cacti. Yet in three months after quitting his native land he was back again at his work, though feeling sensibly the change of climate, from the warmth of the western paradise to the damp cold of his northern island home.

He had before this been made Canon of Chester cathedral, and during his yearly three months' residence there he started a botanical class, expecting to have a few young clerks only to attend. But the class increased largely, and they soon added to the room lesson a weekly walk and field lecture. During his second year's residence geological lectures were added, and a regular society formed which has grown to be a society numbering six hundred, with such names as Hooker, Huxley, Tyndal, and Lyell on its list.

In 1873 he was offered a canonry in Westminster Abbey, which he gladly accepted, not only for the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, but for the opportunity it gave of permitting him to lay down his pen as a necessary source of income, so that he could devote his whole power to his sermons alone.

In 1874 he came to America, where he spent some months, going west as far as California, everywhere received as a valued and honored guest. Soon after his return to England he was taken ill, not indeed having ever fully recovered from a severe illness he had had in Colorado. He preached his last sermon in the Abbey, November 20th, and when the service was ended, he went home much exhausted, and going to his wife's room, who was very ill at the time, he said, "Now my work here is done!"

They returned to Enersley next day, but the journey was serious in its consequences upon Mrs. Kingsley, so that it seemed for many days as if death was threatening the household.

In his anxiety Kingsley became reckless, and though he promised his wife to try to live for his children's sake, yet it really seemed as if his heart was broken. He became seriously ill, and for some days husband and wife both lay under the dark shadow. The last morning of his life, January 23, 1876, he was heard to repeat a portion of the burial service, after which he turned on his side and passed away so gently that his daughter who was watching him could scarcely tell when he was gone.

On the 28th of January he was buried in the "dear churchyard" at Enersley, in the spot chosen by himself many years before. Men of every rank, profession, and school of thought met around that grave. Roman Catholics and Protestants, dissenters and churchmen. Telegrams and letters of sympathy poured in for those left behind from every part of the world. Never was man more loved or more mourned.

His grave was visited for months afterward by strangers, even the Gypsies, whom he had always befriended, turning in whenever they came near to scatter wild flowers upon it.

A white marble cross marks the spot, on which, under a spray of passion flowers, are the words he himself chose, as telling the story of his life,

"Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus."

Old Elsie.

BY MARY TORRENCE.

OLD Elsie sits by the window low,
In quiet Camwell town,
With a wistful look on her aged face
So wrinkled and old and brown;
And watches, far over the harbor bar,
The weary sun go down.

THE restless day is sinking to rest
Adown the horizon far,
And calmly up from the tossing sea
Floats the silvery evening star,
And softly shines in the cloudless sky
Above the harbor bar.

NOW come away, Mother Elsie, come,
For the air is damp and cold,
And the wind blows strong from the salt sea waves,
And the mists the world enfold;
And long ago on the evening air
The vesper bells have tolled.

NO ship on the moaning, restless waves,
As far as the eye can see;
No sound save that of the rolling surf,
That sigheth mournfully,
And the voice of the homeward-bound fisher lad,
Who sings aloud in glee."

OLD Elsie slowly shakes her head,
And gazes longingly
Far off to where the sky bends down
To touch the tossing sea,
And in a feeble trembling voice
This answer maketh she:

I WILL not leave my station here
While day shines o'er the sea,
And I can watch in the softened light
The wavelets kiss the lea,
And listen to the message sweet
They softly speak to me.

TO you no other sound is borne
But the song of the fisher lad,
That floateth out on the sea-moist air
From a heart that's young and glad;
And the moaning of the restless waves
In cadence low and sad.

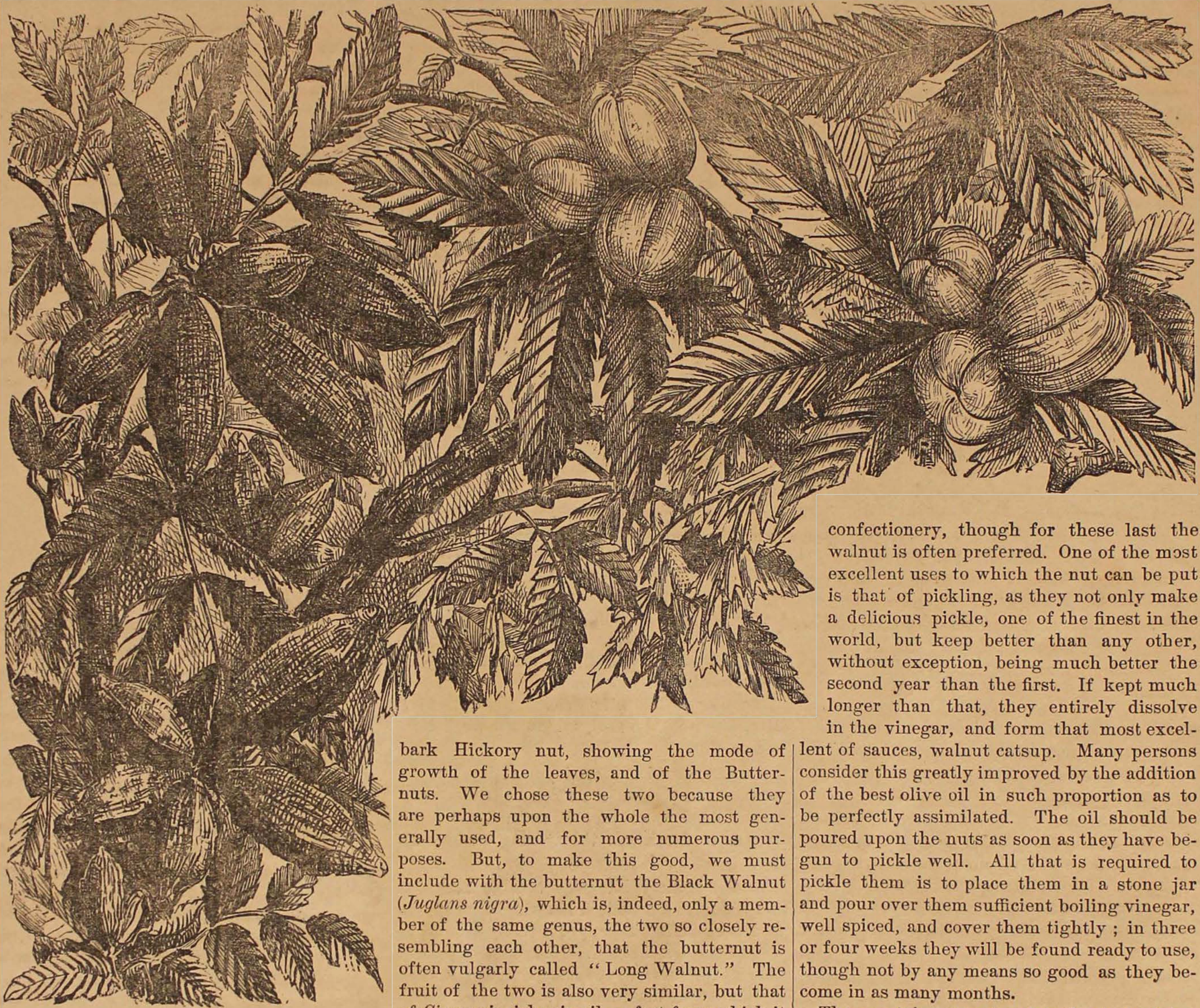
CAN you not hear, far o'er the wave,
The sailor's cheery call,
As he swiftly nears his dear-loved home
While the evening shadows fall,
And through their mist he sees afar
His humble cottage wall?

THE good ship *Mermaid* homeward bound
Sails over the ocean wide,
I have waited for many a long, long day,
And watched o'er the dashing tide,
While the weary day far off in the west
In a sea of gold has died."

FOR five and forty weary years
Old Elsie's wistful eyes
Have looked far off to where the sea
Is kissed by the sunset skies,
When the tedious day with its load of care
In the far horizon dies.

SHE watches for a gallant ship
That sailed one summer day,
While she with mournful, tear-wet eyes
Saw it slowly fade away,
Like a fairy hope, too beautiful
In this dark world to stay.

AND never more the stately ship
Came back to Camwell town,
Where the fair young face through the weary years
Grew wrinkled and old and brown,
As it watched in the misty even-tide
The tired sun go down.



The Last Course.

NUTS.

NATURE certainly favors the fashion of numerous entrées, and, like one of the *élite*, she brings on the nuts after the fruit. The last peach with its perfect bloom has dropped, the plums are gone, and even the grapes, crown of the fruit harvest, have quite disappeared; and our eyes, so long bewildered with the lovely variety of crimson, gold, purple, orange, rose, and scarlet, are now at liberty to observe the more subtle, but no less lovely, tints of russet, olive, and Vandyke browns, which show themselves in the nut harvest, with added graces of form and gleam and gloss of polished surfaces.

The last-mentioned charm often adds the gratification of another sense—that of touch, for who can pass the hand over a heap of polished chestnuts, or rounded filberts, without receiving a special pleasure from the contact.

We have placed at the head of this article the Butternut (*Juglans cinerea*) and the shell-bark Hickory nut, showing the mode of growth of the leaves, and of the Butternuts. We chose these two because they are perhaps upon the whole the most generally used, and for more numerous purposes. But, to make this good, we must include with the butternut the Black Walnut (*Juglans nigra*), which is, indeed, only a member of the same genus, the two so closely resembling each other, that the butternut is often vulgarly called "Long Walnut." The fruit of the two is also very similar, but that of *Cinerea* is richer in oil—a fact from which it takes its name. The nut is inclosed in a thin, green envelope, or husk, very tough, and of a dark olive brown when ripe, is ridged, deeply furrowed, and sharply cut. When opened by its natural sutures, it presents the appearance of an oval walnut of rather deeper and richer color. This richness of color, owing probably to the presence of so much oily matter, extends to the wood, and makes it valuable in cabinet work of an ornamental kind, it being often used for trimmings upon darker and less brilliant kinds, especially in connection with black walnut, with which it forms a striking contrast. Its oily nature renders the nut particularly liable to become rancid, and they should therefore be kept in a cool place, in order to preserve their rich flavor. This very wealth of flavor is, however, found objectionable by some who prefer something less tangible, and more delicate.

The whole tree may be said to be useful to man, for the acrid leaves have an irritating property, and are sometimes used as a substitute for Spanish flies. The shell of the nut makes a rich and durable dye, while the kernel serves the housewife and the confectioner in adding flavor to cake and many kinds of confectionery, though for these last the walnut is often preferred. One of the most excellent uses to which the nut can be put is that of pickling, as they not only make a delicious pickle, one of the finest in the world, but keep better than any other, without exception, being much better the second year than the first. If kept much longer than that, they entirely dissolve in the vinegar, and form that most excellent of sauces, walnut catsup. Many persons consider this greatly improved by the addition of the best olive oil in such proportion as to be perfectly assimilated. The oil should be poured upon the nuts as soon as they have begun to pickle well. All that is required to pickle them is to place them in a stone jar and pour over them sufficient boiling vinegar, well spiced, and cover them tightly; in three or four weeks they will be found ready to use, though not by any means so good as they become in as many months.

The most important point about obtaining the nuts for pickling is that they be gathered before the woody portion of the nut has become hard. About the fourth of July they are as mature as it is safe to use them. The test is to run a darning needle through them. If it does not pass through easily, they are too old. At that time the outside will be found quite sticky with a resinous substance, which holds the fine aroma which distinguishes this nut and the walnut alike, and forms so large a part of the odor of woods which give us such pleasant greeting when we draw near their skirts.

What I have said applies in most particulars to the black walnut, which is too well known to need description here. Both are American trees, and found in all parts of the United States, but far more abundantly west of the Alleghany Mountains, where the black walnut is the principal lumber tree, and largely used for cabinet work, which are sent to the Eastern cities at lower rates than it can be made there.

The hickory and chestnut are dear to youthful memory, and redolent of sweet associations of nutting days, when we watched for the first frost as the signal of the commencement of delightful excursions after nuts, in the still golden days of an American autumn, when the crisp, clear air exhilarates like wine. The hickory nuts were generally the favorites, because they are defended by no burr bristling like a porcupine, and no husk like the walnut, staining pink fingers with unsightly blotches of dark brown. The hickory genus, *Carya,* is the common name of several species, of which the shell or shag-bark, *C. alba,* is the most valuable. It is this that is represented in the plate. The shape of the nut is different from that of the other species, such as the pig nut, which is worthless, and is rather oval than round, and the Western shell-bark, *C. sulcata,* which is twice the size of the *Alba,* and an excellent nut, though not so well flavored.

The pecan nut is a cousin of the hickory, and is very popular in the South-west, where it grows abundantly ; and North Carolina boasts a sort which is something of a curiosity, being confined to a limited area, and closely resembling the nutmeg. But for our dessert, the shell-bark has no rival, it being no slight accommodation that the shell is thin and very brittle, and therefore easily cracked. The principal use of these nuts in cookery is as an addition to fruit cake, which they greatly improve, and for making a kind of macaroon, for which purpose they are scalded and pounded like almonds.

The hickory tree is one of the most valuable we have, as is well-known, for timber and fuel, and as a forest tree it has few rivals in beauty and stateliness.

The compound leaves are exquisitely marked, and in the autumn assume a rich brown, which harmonizes well with the brighter colors of October.

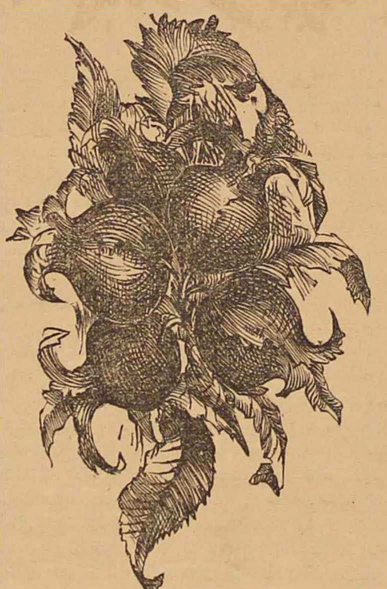
Only two other American nuts make their appearance at our dessert, the hazel (genus *Corylus*) and the chestnut (genus *Fagus*). Both are common and well known. The glossy chestnut imprisoned in its stinging envelope is a prize well worth some risk of sharp thorny prickles.

Its glossy coat gives name to one of the richest and most delicately blended colors in the world. It seems to be a threefold chord of color, blended of red, gold, and brown ; and the crisp but leathery pericarp has an exquisite gloss when ripe that is not surpassed by any other nut. It is seen in its perfection in the unedible horse-chestnut, but is conspicuous also in all fine specimens.

The chestnut has been used for food from ancient times, and the chestnuts of Italy, are justly celebrated for their superior qualities. At one time they furnished a large part of the sustenance of the poorer classes, and were highly esteemed by all. Those of our own country are excellent, and are not so plentifully distributed as to at all impair their value, as they always bring a good price in the market. Every one fancies having a store of chestnuts for Christmas, when the roasting becomes an attractive pastime seasoned with sufficient flavor of superstition to make it piquant.

We believe the only way in which they are cooked is by boiling and roasting, though it is matter of wonder that it is not more used as a confection.

All the nuts that we have spoken of have been the fruit of stately trees which are found among the monarchs of the wood, but the last is in this instance also the least, the "little one :" the hazel, growing only upon a low bush which seldom aspires to the height of a tree, but is found rather growing thickly over large spaces in the form of a low coppice, which generally excludes all other growths, and is the favorite haunt of rabbits, and an oft chosen nesting-place for unambitious birds, who are not shy of men and animals, and rather enjoy a neighborly call from their four-footed friends, the sheep, who browse upon the leaves of the hazel, and sometimes leave a lock of wool behind for them. There is no prettier green thing than hazel clusters in July, when they have become perfect in form, and are yet freshly colored. The shape of the nut's leafy husk is fit for an Etruscan vase, and the shading exquisite. The pretty brown nuts cannot be seen until Jack Frost has quite spoiled the vase and made it look rusty and ragged. When this change has come, the hazel copse becomes the resort of Master Bun, who frisks up and down the slender branches in an ecstasy of glee, and knows very well how to dispose of the shining treasure offered as his easy prey.



The hazel is abundant in all the Middle and South-western States. On the rolling prairies of Missouri it makes pleasant islands of verdure raised above the long sweeps of grass, and showing green when all around is brown. The botanical name comes from a Greek word signifying helmet, referring to the shape, and the English, hazel, from the Saxon *hæsel,* a bonnet, implying the same idea—a pretty coincidence, which may make our nuts more interesting. The American hazel is of the same genus as the European filbert (*C. avelanda*), and perhaps, if it was carefully cultivated as it is in England and on the Continent, might rival it in excellence ; but at present it is far inferior. By careful training the filbert tree sometimes attains thirty feet in height, while ours seldom exceeds six, yet naturally it is, like ours, only a bush. It is not so classic in shape, but of delicious flavor. The finest kind is the Cosford, a very long nut with a very thin shell.

From Barcelona alone 140,000 bushels have been exported in a single year.

There are several varieties. One is Asiatic, and is a large tree ; and another, which has beautiful purple foliage, is cultivated as an ornamental shrub. We have no native varieties which are worthy of notice. The hazel is associated with many old superstitions, one of them being the discovery of water by use of a hazel switch, and the wood has always been favored by witches and fairies.

We are afraid that our patriotism will not be strong enough to enable us to prefer a dish of hazel nuts to one of filberts, but nevertheless we may find them an excellent substitute, and cannot but hope that they may be improved so as to make them a worthy addition to our dessert.

Clocks, Past and Present.

BY CADMUS.

DOUBTLESS one of the first problems the solving of which engaged the attention of primitive man was the measurement of time. Apart from the divisions of day and night which were ready to his hand, there must soon have arisen a want for a still further subdivision of the passing hours. To the shepherd or the tiller of the soil this purpose was served by the shadows of the rocks and trees cast by the ascending or declining sun ; and for greater periods the moon, as with all savages even in our day, marked the months and years. Copied after shadows on the earth was the first instrument for reckoning time made by human hands —the sun-dial. This was an invention of the Babylonians, and the first one mentioned was that of king Ahaz, who lived seven hundred years before Christ. Four hundred years later the Romans still measured time by the motions of the heavenly bodies ; but about 300, B.C., a sun-dial constructed according to scientific rules was set up in one of the public squares of Rome. But the most perfect sun-dial was useless in cloudy weather or in the hours of the night, and so human ingenuity produced successively the hour-glass and the clepsydra or water-clock. The first is familiar to all, and has not varied materially in form in two thousand years, but the forms of the latter were as varied as are the timepieces of to-day. One was constructed by Vitruvius, an Alexandrian, which consisted of a perforated vessel, the interior of which had the hours marked upon it, and these were indicated by a little boat which pointed to them as the water fell. So far as we can learn, however, the ancients used only the most primitive forms of clepsydra, and not until A. D. 800 have we record of a complicated water-clock. About that time Charlemagne received one as a present from the caliph of Bagdad, which struck the hours by means of mechanism which threw up the requisite number of metallic balls which fell upon a cymbal, and at the same time a corresponding number of horsemen issued from apertures placed all round the case. All of which may be said to be open to doubt, but it is certain that this clock was the first which indicated the hours by striking. In some water-clocks a perforated pearl was used for the water to trickle through, it being considered that from its hardness, the water could not enlarge the hole by constant running. It will be seen, of course, that, as with the sun-dial, there was a fatal objection to the clepsydra—the waste of the water by evaporation—and many devices were employed to supply the defect.

Alfred the Great employed very successfully candles to mark the time in his palace. These were made of a uniform size, with the hours marked in circles, and a servant was employed whose sole duty it was to announce the flight of time by sounding a gong. When Alfred found that oftentimes the excessive draughts in his exceedingly well-ventilated palace caused the candles to burn somewhat irregularly, he surrounded them with thin slabs of horn set in frames of wood.

The word clock at first signified only a bell for giving forth sound, and in France to-day *cloche* means a church-bell. The term was first applied to instruments that indicated the hours by striking about the thirteenth century. But striking clocks, moved by weights and toothed wheels, were apparently known in the monasteries of Europe as early as the eleventh century.

Richard Wallingford, the son of a blacksmith, was taken under the protection of the Abbot of St. Albans, and became abbot in his turn. At the commencement of the fourteenth century he invented a clock, the first of which we have any authentic record, which "showed the hours, the apparent motion of the sun, the changes of the moon, the ebb and flow of the tides, etc." It continued to go until the reign of Henry VIII., and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford is preserved the description which Abbot Wallingford wrote of his wonderful invention.

At the Reformation there was removed from Wells cathedral a clock which was made in 1326 by one the monks. The "dial showed the motions of the sun, moon, and on the top of the clock eight armed knights pursued each other with a rotary motion." This must have been constructed in a very substantial manner, for it was going up to 1834, when a new set of works was supplied by a firm of London clockmakers. In Dover castle there is a clock which bears the date of 1348, and it is still going.

As may be imagined, clocks were not very plentiful in the private households about this time, and use was still made of the sun-dial and the hour-glass. The alarm, supposed by many to be a modern innovation, is in reality of great antiquity, it having been invented to call the monks to their early matins. In the possession of Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, is a small clock which was presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII. at their marriage in 1532. This clock, beyond an occasional cleaning, has never been repaired, and is now in actual going order.

From the beginning of the fifteenth century to the end of the sixteenth the sole aim seems to have been not so much the invention of mechanism which should keep accurate time as for introducing startling effects. One of this sort was on the exterior of the old church of St. Dunstan, in Fleet Street, London, and consisted of two colossal figures who, with clubs in their hands, struck the quarters upon the suspended bells, moving their heads at the same time. Another, only equaled by the famous Strasburg clock (a model of which last was shown at the Centennial), is that in the church at Lubeck. It is thus described: "It represents the changes of the heavenly bodies until 1875; and when it strikes twelve, a number of automatic figures are set in motion; the electors of Germany enter from a side door and inaugurate the emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when, after receiving his benediction, the whole cavalcade retire amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels."

At Versailles, in a court of the palace, is, or was, the "clock of the king's death;" it has no works but a dial and one hand, which was set at the minute of the death of the last monarch of France, and which remained so all through the reign of his successor. This custom was instituted by Louis XIII.

One of the largest clocks in the world is that of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The dials are nearly twenty feet in diameter, the numerals are two feet in height, the minute-hands nine feet long, and weigh seventy-five pounds each; the hands have a minute stroke of eight inches, and though placed 180 feet feet from the ground, the minute stroke can be seen by the unassisted eye; the hour hands are six feet long, and weigh 44 pounds each; the pendulum is sixteen feet long; and the note of the bell on which the hours are struck can be heard for fifteen miles in clear, quiet weather.

The largest clock in the world is that of Westminster Palace. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter, and it has four faces; it goes for a week, and takes two hours to wind up. This clock is connected with Greenwich Observatory by electricity, and is regulated by the true time from that place whenever it varies sufficiently to make it necessary, which is seldom more than once a month.

American clocks have a world-wide celebrity. "One firm in Connecticut produces 600 a day; and in New Haven 50,000 eight-day clocks are made in a year in one factory."

Of late years it has become the custom to regulate the clocks of all important business centers by some one standard. In England this standard is Greenwich time; in this country Washington time is sent at noon every day to all of the Government observing stations and many private establishments. This is done by electricity, and all that is necessary is the giving of a previously agreed upon signal at the appointed time. It may be seen every day at the Western Union building on Broadway, where a time-ball falls at noon; and so accurate is the system that it may be corrected to the hundredth part of a second.

A future article will take up the subject of watches and other pocket time-pieces.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Do we make our opportunities, or are they made for us? This is rather an interesting question, and one considered especially so by a vast number of young women who tremble upon the brink of many possibilities, and constantly let "I dare not!" wait upon "I would!" It is an illustration, also, of the fact that very few questions in this world can be answered by a "Yes" or "No."

Opportunities are of many kinds, and even the recognition of them—the knowledge that they are opportunities, and that we would do well to make use of them—implies a degree of mental perception and moral and intellectual advancement which only a certain proportion of men and women have attained. To some people opportunities are troubles, to some they are difficulties, to others they are annoyances, and it is to be feared that it is not to the majority that they are accepted as means of growth.

Opportunities are big and little. Many people—the young especially—miss the small ones while waiting and hungering for the larger, never dreaming, when these do not come to them, that they missed the stepping-stones in overlooking the little chances which they despise.

The world may really be divided into two classes of persons—those who see and make use of their opportunities, and those who do not. The first are usually called the lucky people. Everything gravitates toward them, because they gravitate toward everything. They are helpful, sympathetic, and assimilative. They seize their opportunities by instinct, before they know what opportunity means. Wherever they go they learn something; wherever they are they do something. When they reach manhood and womanhood they naturally represent the fullness of these things which they have gathered together.

It is a misfortune of prejudice that it narrows our opportunities, and only permits us to see them in given directions. We may do one thing, if the chance presents itself, but we must not do another. We may be helpful to others, but we must not be helpful to ourselves. Women especially have been hemmed in and about with manifold restrictions, whose origin was simply the conventional law of a small proportion—called "society"—of the community in which they lived, and which had no foundation in morals or the ethical life of the great body of humanity. The necessities of men have relieved them largely from this bondage, and thus another code has grown up, the laws of which, as relating to all the minor acts, differ totally for men and for women, and when the latter, from the compelling force of circumstance or natural inclination, go contrary to the traditions and enactments as accepted by the few who compose their world, they are apt to find the martyr's scourge rather than the victor's crown.

This consideration stands in the way of many women who would gladly seize the opportunity which comes, or endeavor to make one for themselves. But these cases are, after all, few and far between. Life is not made up of great opportunities, but of small ones, and it is out of these that the great ones grow. Moreover, as before remarked, the first rarely come to us as opportunities. They come as duties, and are more frequently considered troubles and obstacles and interruptions to enjoyment than as helps to future advancement.

It seems a great pity that we cannot know all that depends on our doing the wisest thing when we are young; but it is not certain that we should do much better if we did know. Knowledge that simply comes by telling is only valuable to us when we can take it and make it a part of ourselves. If the words are only sounds to us, repeated parrot-like, and forgotten as soon as the memory is charged with something else of more interest to us, the acquirement was worse than useless, for it occupies the time which might have been put to better advantage. This is why the experience of others is of so little value to us. We do not appropriate it or apply it to our own lives; we have to live it all out for ourselves before we feel its force or can employ its lessons.

The great advantage of using one's opportunities is in the unconscious education received from them, which begins with the first and only ends with the termination of existence. Opportunities are the unconscious links of a sort of Jacob's ladder, by which we may climb to heaven, or rather a ladder suspended between earth and heaven, which unites us with and gives us glimpses of one, while we are compelled to live and work upon the other.

Opportunities are doses which are sometimes not at all pleasant to take, and of which we cannot always see the good to be derived from them. In fact, as blessings they are very often disguised, and their real ministry is least of all recognized by its unconscious subject.

Opportunities are like the good fairies of the old story-books. They do their best when they are taken on trust, accepted, and ministered unto for what they seem to be, rather than the providences they are. The best opportunities which come to us, and those which we should most gladly accept and persistently hold to, are the ones, firstly, which assist our growth and development, and ultimately aid us in benefiting others. It is a sin for a girl to be made weak and puny and helpless, or to permit herself to become so, because she can only be a burden and a drone in the universe, instead of an active, useful part of it. If she should be weak and puny, however, from circumstances beyond her control—if air, and sun, and light, and cheerfulness, and work can do nothing to help her—even then she will find her opportunities, and making use of them will be cherished as a sacred trust rather than felt as a weight and an encumbrance.

Some persons embrace one set of opportunities but neglect others. They are fond of outdoors and activity. They seize every chance of fresh air and participation in sports, but they neglect their indoor life, their home duties, their opportunities for intellectual cultivation and mental improvement.

There are others who narrow existence down to a little treadmill, upon which they keep incessant step, and beyond which they cannot or will not look. Nor is it themselves alone that they sacrifice. The fact that their own lives are one continued plaint and melancholy dirge does not prevent them from endeavoring to set all others to this one minor key, and crush, as far as possible, the instinctive desire toward broader, freer, and more healthful habits and methods. This is all infinitely to be regretted. It is so sad and pitiful to see the sweetness and soundness, the best possibilities, taken out of human existence by ignorance, by neglect of the means—the often very simple means—which lie close to your hand.

Have you ever been in a confined room where perhaps some one lay sick? The air was stifling, the patient oppressed and gasping, the nurse worn and irritable. Ignorance presided there; fresh air would give the sick one "cold," forgetting that sick and well must breathe *some* air, and if the pure is not introduced it must be the impure. But knowledge arrives, and proceeds at once to open the window. The sweet reviving air is waiting outside, and comes in gladly, so happy to have its opportunity. The foul malarious atmosphere is expelled, the invalid revives, ill temper disappears, recovery is made possible, and all this good is accomplished by a breath of fresh air. Thus opportunities become our teachers, and pave the way for other opportunities and still greater achievements.

It is safe to distrust any one who is not thankful for an opportunity, or who stops to measure it by what it may be calculated to return in the way of reward or compensation. To the young especially opportunities seized become the foundations of future power, happiness, and prosperity. Neglected, there is nothing upon which they can raise the structure of future greatness, and it depends upon the kind of opportunities they have encouraged, and the kind they have failed to appreciate, as to what the building is which their daily life will rear, consciously or unconsciously, with or without a purpose.

Naturally the best and most rounded life grows out of an appreciation, and employment of the best opportunities which have come to us, and which multiply each other so marvelously.

This is particularly the case as regards women, because their more sympathetic nature places them in *rapport* with the universe and its forces, and they have no idea to what an extent they are in harmony with apparent opposites, until some timidly accepted opportunity, taken fearfully as a not-to-be-set-aside duty, puts a key into their hands which unlocks the door of a new and most welcome world.

Oh! blessed possibilities for those who instead of sitting down and selfishly repining, pick up cheerfully the first opportunity that presents itself, if it is only to make clean what was dirty, to plant a tree where was a waste, to study and acquire knowledge instead of remaining in ignorance, to get rid of a bad habit, to strengthen one's self or another in a good one, to lessen confusion by keeping order, and finally to be the unconscious embodiment of a perpetual opportunity by which others may see the result of a true and faithful life.

Laurel Blossoms.

BY ESTELLE.

THE July sun was just setting behind Norton Crest; and the old pine tree, that for generations past had stood upon its summit, a solitary sentinel, was transfigured in a flood of golden light.

Fred Harrington sat upon one corner of the piazza, his feet perched comfortably upon the railing, and his hands clasped behind his head, looking dreamily at the glory-covered pine, when down the hard gravel road clattered the old stage-coach that made tri-weekly visits to this usually quiet region. Fred had heard nothing of expected company, and the old coach had become so familiar an object that he heard without hearing, and saw without consciousness its approach, so dreamily were his thoughts engaged with the suggestions of the sunset fires and clear outlines before him.

"Aunt Jane, the shawls please; so, let me help you with that."

The clear, ringing voice brought Fred's thoughts back to time and sense; and the vision that met his eyes brought his feet to the floor and a half-smothered exclamation to his lips.

The coach had stopped at the gate, and a young lady in a gray traveling suit, a saucy straw hat perched upon her head, with a floating scarf of shining gray stuff, that looked to Fred's dazed eyes like a bit of moonlight, but which really was a very serviceable veil of gray grenadine, stood, with hands extended, to aid another figure in brown that was just emerging from the depths of the time-honored vehicle.

"Aunt Jane" having been dutifully helped to the ground, and the numerous salutations of the inmates of the house (who had ere this discovered the new arrival and rushed from all quarters), shawl-straps and satchels were appropriated by Thee and Bess and Tom, even little Dick protesting that he wanted "to carry sumfin' of Cousin Minnie's," whereupon the young lady with the "moonshine" on her head gave him her parasol and a kiss—gave them with such a grace as put baby Dick in the seventh heaven, and made Fred wish that he might "carry sumfin'" too.

As they came upon the piazza he discovered that "Cousin Minnie" was not only graceful as a fairy, but as beautiful, with abundant chestnut curls floating from under the little traveling hat, and brown eyes, that Fred said to himself were "liquid as a houri's." He found upon further acquaintance that they could be very wicked eyes at times, full of mischief and torment to poor mortals like himself.

Now Fred Harrington had never been considered an impressible young man. He had been an intimate friend of Thee Gorden's at Harvard, selecting, as the quiet, studious men often do, a younger and much livelier man for a friend. And Thee Gorden was certainly one of the jolliest, fun-loving youngsters in all Harvard; still they had never quarreled, and when Fred graduated in June, Thee had insisted upon his spending the summer with him at his home among the mountains, saying, "I must make the most of you while I can, for it will be horribly lonesome at old H—— next year without you."

So Fred was at the Gordens, fishing and tramping about with Thee, and dreaming on the piazza corners at sunset; thoroughly enjoying this lazy midsummer life, where, as yet, no thought of womankind had intruded, save the good-hearted, motherly kind, such as Mrs. Gorden, whose cheery, watchful care brooded over this household, saving it from tangle or snarl, and helping its inmates to feel that daily living was really what she represented it to be, a thoroughly good thing when one went about it in kindly earnest.

To be sure there was fifteen-year-old Bess; and a wise little midget, too, was Bess; but it was the happy, hearty wisdom of childhood, for in this healthy home atmosphere no fine-young-ladyisms flourished in short dresses. She loved and petted her brother Thee, who was five years her senior, and looked upon his friend as a miracle of wisdom and dignity, for whom she entertained unbounded respect; but her best friend and constant companion was her twin-brother Tom, and the especial objects of her love and care were baby Dick and a lame chicken.

Cousin Minnie had been long expected, but Thee had mischievously forborne announcing the fact to his unworldly-minded friend, for Minnie, of all his cousins, was his prime favorite, and he had looked forward with considerable zest to the impression her advent would make upon Fred.

Supper was announced, and that young gentleman having given unwonted attention to the set of his necktie and the minor details of his toilet, descended with eager interest to the introduction awaiting him in the supper-room. Upon his entrance Mrs. Gorden led him to the lady in brown, saying: "Miss Gorden, allow me to introduce to you our friend Mr. Harrington. Mr. Harrington, my sister-in-law, Miss Gorden." And Fred saw a little woman of uncertain age and parchment features whom he addressed respectfully; and then Thee dashed in with "Harrington, my twin cousin, Miss Hilton; Minnie, this is Fred," and there was the "houri," her brown eyes raised to his face, one hand lying lightly on Thee's arm, the other extended in greeting to himself.

Thee's unceremonious introduction did much to put Fred at his ease; so without undue trepidation he took the little hand saying:

"This is an unexpected pleasure to me, Miss Hilton; they did not tell me company was coming; I'm glad to meet you."

"Then they treated me better than they did you; Thee wrote me from college that you were to spend the vacation with him."

Supper was altogether delightful that night, and the weeks that followed were wonderfully bewildering weeks to Fred. He was amazed to find himself over head and ears in love.

As for Minnie, she had no more idea of falling in love than she had of taking a trip to the mountains of the moon; glad and happy in the midst of her friends, with her fresh young womanhood untouched as yet by sorrow or care, she acted like a very witch. Such a merry life as they led, driving, boating, scouring the country on foot and on horseback, gathering water-lilies from the little lake in the valley behind the house, or singing at the piano in the cool shadows of the parlor. No wonder Fred's heart yielded to this bright, beautiful creature, so surrounded by the sunshine and fullness of life.

Perhaps the song Goethe puts into the mouth of Clärchen best expresses Fred's inner life during these days:

> "Blessèd,
> Depressèd
> Pensively brooding amain;
> Trembling,
> Dissembling,
> Hovering in fear and in pain:
> Sorrowing to death, or exulting the angels above,
> Blessed alone is the heart in its love."

But Fred was no namby-pamby to wear his heart on his sleeve, and none suspected the uneven tenor of his thoughts unless it was Thee; but if that young gentleman had his "little thoughts" he wisely concluded to keep them to himself and not put his fingers into any match-making pie crust.

When Fred came to know the condition of his own heart, he set himself fairly and squarely, with all the earnestness of his manhood, to win the coveted prize; not with soft speeches and the usual love-tokens of smitten swains; she was too spirited, and his passion too deep for that; but there was an irresistible power in those gray eyes of his, and a strength of will in the well-balanced mind that heretofore had made everything bend to his desire. It was a common saying at Harvard that "When Harrington sets his mind upon anything, the end is as sure as fate."

And so three weeks passed, but Minnie showed no signs of yielding, but went singing about in her light-hearted gayety till at last only five days remained of her visit, and Fred resolved to put all at a venture.

Baby Dick was fast asleep upon the sofa, and Bess sat on the piazza steps, her chin supported in both hands, watching some thunder-clouds that far away in the north-west were marshaling their forces for a fray.

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," quoted Fred, coming through the gate and up the walk.

"Can you come out of them, Bessie girl, long enough to tell me where Miss Hilton is?"

"In there, looking at mamma's chessmen," answered Bess, pointing with her thumb over her shoulder to the open door of the sitting-room.

Fred entered, and Minnie said softly, pointing to the sleeping child:

"Don't wake him, he has romped till he is tired out. I have been sitting still as a mouse, and was just thinking about going to sleep, for want of something better to do."

"Those thunder-clouds sent me to the house," said Fred. "There will be a grand crash when they get ready for work; the day has been so stifling, hot, and sultry, a shower will be a positive relief. Are you afraid of thunder-storms, Miss Hilton?"

"Not at all," answered Minnie, replacing the chessmen in the box; then, with a pawn poised midway:

"Do you play, Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes; suppose we outplay the shower," said he.

"Good!"

The ivory men came out of the box again, and they seated themselves at a window to outrival upon the bit of board between them the war that was so fiercely menacing without.

"For stakes or for glory?" asked Fred.

"As you please," laughed Minnie.

But an idea occurred to him.

"Are you good?" asked he.

"I am good."

"Extra superfine!" called out Thee, putting his head in at the back window just in time for that last question.

"But, Min, look out for your laurels this time. Fred is *the* chess-player par excellence of Harvard. But I must take myself off; we are going to have a deluge in about three minutes, and I must get old Mooly and her bossy under shelter."

So he went off toward the cow-sheds, whistling for Uno, the big brown shepherd dog.

Fred and Minnie finished their arrangements for the game.

"Let it be this way," said Fred; "if I win you are to put yourself under my especial care and protection for the fishing excursion to-morrow; and if you win, why—I'll beg the same favor afterward, and trust to your mercy to grant it."

Minnie laughingly consented, saying, however, that "she never showed quarter to the vanquished, but killed them on the spot," from which heathenish declaration Fred's eyes looked an appeal that somehow sent the blood thrilling through her veins in an unexpected manner.

They went at it in earnest then.

Outside, for three hours, the thunder crashed; green lightning played over the mountain side, showing the lichens on the rocks and fences far away; the granite rocks opened their stony hearts to receive blue bolts of zigzag lightning, and the old pine tree on Norton Crest tossed its great arms wildly about in the storm; but it had been a life long weathering just such storms as this, and when the angry clouds had spent their force, and the fast declining sun shot long golden rays down over the mountain top, setting the valley all asparkle with rain jewels, it settled its great limbs quietly and calmly, letting the wind murmur soft evening vespers through its fresh, green needles, as though no thought of storm ever occurred in its existence.

Inside, Minnie's warriors were scattered in dire confusion. Conscious that Fred was looking at her instead of the board, she made a hasty move ; down from the opposite corner came a bishop to occupy the vacant place, and Fred's quiet voice was saying :

"I think you are mated."

It was a quiet voice, but there was an intensity in it that startled her. She gave one glance into the earnest gray eyes opposite, and suddenly pushing the board from her, to the imminent peril of the ivory toys, she left the room.

Fred put the men in the box, and leaning back against the window-casing, looked off to the sunset, with a satisfied light shining in his eyes.

Thee was out on the croquet ground, knocking a ball about over the short wet turf. Snatching her overshoes from the hall closet, and a mallet from the box, Minnie joined him.

Seeing the excited look in her eyes, Thee whistled softly to himself, "Whew ! What's the matter, Min? has Grimalkin been scolding you again ?"

"Shame on you, Thee Gorden, to speak of your father's own sister in that style. When *I* get to be as old as Aunt Jane I'll be ten times as cross."

"I don't doubt it ; a perfect scratch cat," laughed Thee. "Only don't try your claws on me yet awhile ; as for that old cross-patch, if she don't let you alone I'll call her worse names than that."

"But, Thee, it wasn't Aunt Jane at all. I have not seen her since dinner ; she has probably been smothering between two feather beds through all this storm."

"What on earth, then—Oh, I see ! Fred beat you at chess !"

"Yes."

And Minnie gave a spiteful little stroke at a ball with her mallet, and missed it ; then she looked straight into Thee's eyes, laughed, and they began to play.

Minnie came off with flying colors this time. As they mounted the piazza steps Thee put both hands on her shoulders, squared her round, and said :

"I say, Min, if I had won this game would you have looked as you did when you came out ?"

Minnie could not help the blood flushing up into her face ; but she only laughed, gave his ear a sudden tweak, and ran up-stairs to dress for supper.

Thee whistled a longer "whew" this time than before. "So the castle is yielding to the besieger at last ! Good, better, best !" and at the last comparison he sent his hat whirling up into the air, when, rather to his astonishment, it landed on the piazza roof.

"Oh, you goose !" shouted Tom, coming round the house just in time for that last performance. "If I could not throw better than that I'd quit. Who is going to get it, do you suppose ?"

"Why, you are, of course," said Thee.

But just then a white hand came through the blind, and the hat disappeared. Thee rushed up-stairs to get it, and Minnie met him at the door of her room.

"Promise me something," said she.

"I will, if you will tell me something."

"Well ?"

"Why did you not answer my question down there on the piazza ?"

Minnie dashed the hat out into the hall, and shut the door in his face.

Thee picked up the much-abused hat and turned into his own room, where he tormented Fred with a constant comparison of adjectives, but would give no rational answer to questions of, "What *does* possess you ?" "*Have* you gone crazy ?"

Clear Lake is a wee bit out of mother earth that once seen one never forgets. It is a coy bit of a lakelet hiding itself on—nay, *in*—the very top of Laurel mountain, a place not over-easy to reach ; so that without definite pains and determined climbing one goes on one's way never knowing what a picture has been passed by.

To-day it is especially beautiful, lighted up with the bright flutter of ribbons, and ringing with the merry voices of a fishing party—that was the name at least with which they dignified it ; but of all the merry company only three seemed to be really engaged with hook and line. These three—Thee, Minnie, and Fred—were standing upon rocks far out in the lake, evidently intent upon success. The rest of the party, who were enjoying themselves upon the shore, wondered how, in the absence of a boat, they had managed to get so far out ; but Thee knew every foot of the rocky bottom, and Minnie, who could spring like a mountain deer, had been all over it with him the summer before. Fred, too, was equal to anything in that line ; so from rock to rock they had made their way out from the shore to where the laugh and chatter of their companions would not disturb their work.

Minnie fished very energetically for an hour, then gathering up her line she called, "Congratulate me, Thee and Mr. Harrington, I have eight fish, and now I am going to stop and rest till lunch time."

Fred came over to the rock nearest her, and with much laughing and some danger of a ducking for one or both, she managed to get her basket of fish over to him, and they wended their way to the shore.

Minnie joined a knot of young girls, and Fred, after showing the result of their morning's work to the ladies, carried the fish to the cook to be prepared for lunch. He then came back in search of his partner, but she was nowhere to be seen. Uno the big shepherd dog, who was a firm ally of Minnie's, had also disappeared, so Fred, concluding that she had gone on a tour of investigation, started in pursuit. After considerable search he met her coming round a great rock, her hands full of laurel blossoms.

"What ! rhododendrons in July !" exclaimed he. "Surely you must be a fairy ? By what enchantment did you procure these exquisite beauties at this time of the year ?"

"That is my secret," said Minnie ; "mine and Uno's. Isn't it, old fellow ?" and she stooped to pat the shaggy head of the dog. "Not even Thee knows where these grow. I found them last year a week earlier than this, and came in search of them to-day, hardly expecting to find flowers."

"But why come alone ?" asked Fred.

"Because I am selfish and did not want to share my charming secret with any one."

"And you won't show me the place ?"

"Shall we, Uno ?" asked Minnie, pulling one of the dog's brown silky ears. "Shall we show this curious person into our little Eden ?"

Uno gave a quick little bark in reply, and leaned his head up against her, pushing his nose into her hand.

"Come, then," and Minnie turned round the corner of the rock again.

"How that dog loves you," said Fred, following her. "And no wonder, you talk to him as if he could understand. I verily believe you love him better than you do human kind."

"Better than many specimens of human kind, certainly ; and who wouldn't, great faithful affectionate fellow that he is ? I detest little dogs that snap and caper and show off their egotistical little pranks, and then sneak under the first convenient piece of furniture at the merest sound of alarm. But here we are at the gateway of my Eden."

"Exactly," said Fred, with a perplexed but amused countenance. "I suppose you know the 'sesame' that shall open this door in the rock, for door in the rock it certainly must be, since there is nothing else visible in this place."

"But Minnie pulled aside a tangled clematis that ran riot all over a great pile of granite bowlders, and there, through a crevice, Fred saw a little open space carpeted with velvety moss, black water trickling down the great rocks that towered high on all sides, and in the midst stood the belated Rhodora, its waxy blossoms shining pale and pure in the dim light ; feathery ferns nestled at its feet and clustered in the crevices of the rocks, and as they stood looking in silence they could hear the soft trickle, trickle of the water."

"Do you wonder that I dislike to bring everybody here ?" asked Minnie. "I never saw a cathedral ; but when I have stood alone in the shadow of these great rocks, with these pure blossoms open before me in the still dim light, I have fancied that I knew something of the feeling people have when standing before the religious shrines in the vast cathedrals of the old world."

"I fancy the feeling is not unlike," said Fred ; "but the purity and perfection of these blossoms, with but the tiniest occasional peep of sunlight to bring them to life and beauty, is it not wonderful ?"

"Wonderful indeed," answered she. "It is one of the cool, quiet places that one comes to occasionally in a lifetime, where we can stand still and see God work under circumstances that would be disastrous to man's attempt." How lovely she looked standing there in the cool shadowy light! The man in his strong passion longed to take her in his arms, and holding her close to that heart, so unutterably full, claim her his own now and ever; but his indomitable will held him quiet till he should be sure he had won.

"Do you know, Miss Hilton, you have not offered me a single one of these same blossoms yet?"

"You won your laurels yesterday afternoon." The words slipped out inadvertently; she could have boxed her own ears soundly as soon as they were uttered, but they were said, and she stood flushed and silent before him, not daring to lift her eyes.

"Give them to me then."

There was the same intensity in his voice that had startled her before. She reached out her hand to break a fresh cluster from the bush, but he caught it, saying: "Not that, give me this one," pointing to the one she had pinned at her throat. "And Minnie, don't give it unless you give me yourself with it, to be my own wife now and always."

For answer she unfastened the flowers and laid them in his hand.

He took her then, the right all his own, into his strong arms, and Minnie was almost frightened at the passion that blazed in his eyes and burned on his lips as he pressed them to hers.

Some time later and Fred whispered over Thee's shoulder, "Congratulate me, old fellow;" and Thee turning read the truth in his friend's eyes, and grasping his hand answered, "With all my heart."

Half-Hour Heroics.

A PARLOR DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Hollis.
Mrs. Hollis.
Miss Nettie Worth,
Miss May Merton, } Nieces of Mr. Hollis.
Mr. Hal Sandford,
Mr. Bert Werd, } Nephews of Mrs. Hollis.

Scene. *Parlor in* Mr. Hollis's *country house. Long curtained window in rear looking out on garden. Exit door at side. Curtain rises, discovering* Miss Merton *and* Miss Worth *embroidering.*

Miss Merton (*yawning*). Oh dear! How long the days are in the country! I wonder if the sun, being a large body, don't move slower during the heated term. I'm sure that shadow on the carpet has not crept an inch since we've sat here, and it's most dinner-time, isn't it?

Miss Worth. I do not believe it's ten o'clock; but speaking of the *sun*, May, don't you think it's about time those interesting nephews of Aunt Hollis, of whom we have heard so much, made their appearance at "The Grove?" Do you know I begin to think there "ain't no Mrs. Harris." Surely two handsome young men, knowing two ditto young ladies were sojourning for a couple of weeks at a country house where there are no other *beaux*, would by *this* time have come to the rescue of the unfortunate damsels, spoiling for want of a flirtation to keep their hands in!

Miss Merton (*sighing, and fanning herself*). Heigh ho! that is the way always. We girls have to sit with folded hands, and wait for their lordships to appear upon the scene.

Miss Worth (*laughing, and tossing her head*). But when they *do* come, May, we *pay* up!

Miss Merton. Yes, I must confess we do make them suffer. (*Throwing down her work.*) Nettie, it *is* awfully lonesome here. Why, only think, we haven't seen the shadow of a man since we came, except Uncle Hollis.

Miss Worth (*roguishly*). Oh, May, you forget last evening—(Miss Merton *looks up in surprise*)—the man—in the moon!

Miss Merton. Oh, what a teaze you are! I thought perhaps you *had* made the discovery of a Dryad in the Grove! But actually, I have not seen a masculine since we arrived here, not even a tramp, and mamma was so afraid we should be troubled with that species of the *genus homo* that she made me promise never to go out alone for a walk.

Miss Worth. I never saw a tramp, May. I'd like to, dearly. How do they look?

Miss Merton. Oh, they carry sticks and bundles, wear flannel shirts, old torn hats, and dusty shoes; and they're always hungry.

(*Enter* Mrs. Hollis *with a letter.*)

Mrs. Hollis. Listen, girls. I've heard at last from the dear boys; they are on their way to the Grove; where is it? oh (*reads*): "We have had a glorious trip: been camping out, and roughing it all the way, but we are practicing now for a return to civilization, and hope to see you in the course of a few days. I trust you are alone, no *company*, for we want a real good old-fashioned time with you and uncle, and shall not unpack our 'company manners' until we get back to the city." (*Folds the letter.*) Bless the dear boys, I am so glad they are enjoying themselves; indeed, they *shall* have a "good old-fashioned time."

Miss Worth (*pouting*). But, auntie, they will be disappointed to find May and I here. You see they say "they trust you have no *company*"—(*aside*) the selfish, horrid fellows!

Mrs. Hollis. Oh, we don't call you girls company. Why it will be all the pleasanter for the dear boys; they have heard your uncle talk a great deal about you, and often wished they could meet you. It will be a very pleasant surprise for the dear boys.

Miss Merton. When shall you expect them?

Mrs. Hollis (*looking at letter*). Well, I shall look for them some day next week, and now I must go right into the kitchen and bake some gingerbread for them, they always did like my ginger-cakes, the dear boys!

Miss Merton. Let us go with you, auntie, and help?

Miss Worth (*aside*). Yes, I'll put in an extra dose of ginger, and make them nice and hot for the "dear boys."

(*Exit* Mrs. Hollis, Miss Merton, *and* Miss Worth *at side door.*)

(*Enter* Mr. Sandford *and* Mr. Werd *through window. They are both attired in rough costumes—flannel shirts, torn hats, dusty shoes, and each carries a stick and a bundle. They look at one another and laugh heartily.*)

Mr. Sandford. It didn't strike me before, Bert, on the road, but I declare here in the parlor you look for all the world like a first-class tramp; set down your bundle and dust off your boots.

Mr. Werd. Well, *you* look like a fourth-rate burglar! You're actually black and blue in the face with dust and beard. That last mile was a long one, wasn't it? I don't fancy traveling on an empty stomach. (*Looking round.*) Where on earth are the folks? Let's go round to the kitchen door and look them up. (*Both exit, calling as they go.*) Hallo there! hallo!

(*Enter* Miss Merton *and* Miss Worth *quickly through door.*)

Miss Worth. I wonder what that was! I certainly heard a man's voice calling.

Miss Merton (*looking out of window*). Oh, Nettie, it's a tramp—it's two tramps. (*Wringing her hands.*) Oh dear, what shall we do!

Miss Worth. Do? Feed them, of course. *I* don't believe in setting the dogs on them, the poor downtrodden creatures. (*Looks over her cousin's shoulder.*) How weary and travel-stained they are, poor fellows! (*Calls and beckons.*) Come here, sir!

Miss Merton (*protesting earnestly*). Oh, Nettie, Uncle Hollis never allows a tramp on the grounds; he will be furious if you call them in.

Miss Worth (*warmly*). He need know nothing about it, without *you* tell! Nor auntie either. We can just take turns watching to see that they do not steal, and in the mean time feed them. I dare say they are hungry—they *always* are, you say. (*Turning to window again.*)

Miss Merton (*holding her cousin back*). But, Nettie, I never was a heroine in my life, and I can't begin on two hungry tramps with sticks; I think you are dreadful to *think* of assisting them. Indeed your ideas are really "communistic," as uncle calls it.

Miss Worth (*with dignity*). May, you do not know what you are talking about; my ideas are humane and Christian as regards the matter. In fact, I call it heroic to do as I intend to do, here in the face of the law of the house—persist in doing what I feel to be my duty—feed my poor fellow-creatures. I shall call them in directly. (*Moves toward window.*)

Miss Merton (*half crying*). I hate heroics: they always get you into a muss, and I think it would be a great deal more sensible to call the dogs and send them away!

Miss Worth (*beckoning from window*). Here, this way; come in, sir. (*Enter* Mr. Sandford *and* Mr. Werd. *Both look bewildered and surprised, and appear awkward and confused.*)

Miss Worth (*boldly, and in a loud tone*). Do you want something to eat? Are you hungry?

(*The gentlemen look at one another in astonishment.*)

Miss Merton (*in a low tone, to her cousin*). Maybe they are foreigners, Nettie; this one (*pointing to* Mr. Sandford) looks dreadful (*shudders*).

Miss Worth (*speaking still louder*). Avez-vous faim? Sind sie hungrig?

Mr. Sandford (*speaking to his cousin behind his hat*). They take us for a couple of tramps, Bert! It's a jolly lark; let's carry out the joke till Aunt Hollis comes in; it won't be ten minutes. You needn't say a word; I'll manage the whole thing. Just look stupid—you'll find it easy!

Miss Merton (*behind her fan, to her cousin*). They are whispering, Nettie. Do you think they are armed?—pistols and knives?

Miss Worth. Nonsense! armed! They look too weak and hungry to hurt a fly.

Mr. Sandford (*bowing to* Miss Worth). Tanks, my lady, we famish for somesing to eat. My companion not speak; he deaf and dumb.

(Mr. Werd *turns his back quickly and struggles between a laugh and a cough.*)

Miss Worth (*regarding* Mr. Werd *compassionately*). Poor fellow! how sad! (*To* Miss Merton) Quite an intelligent face, too.

Miss Merton (*catching hold of her cousin's arm tight*). Intelligent! he seems to me vicious; see him squirm up his mouth and gnaw his moustache! Nettie, I'm afraid of them both!

Miss Worth. Pshaw! have some womanly courage. (*To* Mr. Sandford): Have you walked far to-day?

Mr. Sandford. Ninety miles, my lady.

Mr. Werd (*pushes him*). More or less, to be sure.

Miss Worth. Ah, poor fellows; how tired you must be!

Mr. Sandford. Yes, *very* tired. My companion, he a gymnast, a circus—what you call him? He stand on his head. Will you see him perform some tricks, my lady?

(Mr. Werd *walks quickly over to window to conceal his laughter.*)

Miss Worth. Oh no, thank you; he must be so fatigued. Will you not have some dinner? I will bring you something to eat (*starts to go*).

Miss Merton (*following her*). Nettie Worth, don't you *dare* to leave me alone here with these two terrible men! If the dumb one stands on his head, there is no knowing *what* the other may do!

Miss Worth (*plaintively*). Well, but, May, I don't want to be left alone, either.

Miss Merton. Oh, indeed! why, they are *your* guests; you invited them in; now is the time to display your womanly courage and heroism. *I* am going to call uncle.

Miss Worth (*catching her cousin's dress*). Oh, May, don't leave me!

Mr. Sandford (*coming closer*). What for you run? We will not harm you if you give us somesing to eat, but—"

(*Enter* Mr. Hollis. *Both girls rush up to him and grasp him tightly round the neck.*)

Miss Worth. Oh, Uncle dear, it was I who asked them to come in, they looked so wretched and hungry.

Miss Merton. I *told* her you never allowed tramps on the premises, and she *insisted* upon calling them in.

(*Enter* Mrs. Hollis *with a plate of cakes. The young gentlemen look relieved.*)

Mrs. Hollis (*letting the cakes drop and rushing up and embracing the two*). My *dear* boys! *When* did you come? Why, how you *do* look! What are you in such a plight for, and—"

Mr. Sandford. Before I reply a *word* to your very pertinent questions, aunt, I must first beg pardon of these ladies (*bowing to* Miss Worth *and* Miss Merton, *who look bewildered and astonished*) for the little joke I have played upon them. Bert and I *do* look like a couple of rough customers, I must confess, and these ladies very naturally took us for a pair of tramps; it was impossible for me to resist having a little bit of sport out of their mistake; and if they will only forgive me, I will pledge myself their gallant knight for life.

Miss Worth (*recovering her equanimity and speaking haughtily*). You certainly were an adept in playing your part.

Miss Merton. And you *both* looked it to perfection (*glancing saucily at* Mr. Werd).

Mr. Werd. May I speak *now*, Hal? (Mr. Sandford *laughs, and nods yes.*) *I* think it was a contemptible little practical joke, myself, and I am thoroughly ashamed for having taken part in it. I hope the ladies will forgive me too; I was an involuntary actor, they will recollect.

(Miss Merton *and* Miss Worth *smile and bow.*)

Mr. Hollis. Ha! ha! ha! So that is what you two girls meant by rushing at me and pinching me black and blue (*rubs his arms*); you were scared to death after all your attempts at bravery.

Mrs. Hollis. Well, I think it a very good little introduction to one another; you certainly *know* each other pretty well now. Father, my "boys," you see, are a match for your "girls."

Mr. Sandford. But if you please, aunt, an introduction *by name* would not come amiss.

Mrs. Hollis. Oh! don't you know your names? Well, girls, this is Hal Sandford and Bert Werd.

Mr. Hollis. And, boys, these are May Merton and Nettie Worth (*they all bow*).

Mr. Sandford (*offering his arm to* Miss Worth). And now, if you please, we'll have that little "somesing to eat" you promised us; I assure you we are as hungry as you imagined we looked.

Mr. Werd. Yes, *that* part was *real!* but (*pushing him aside*), Sandford, you ought to allow *me* to escort *this* young lady. Miss *Merton* should be your partner, of course.

Mr. Sandford. Oh, ah, yes, I see; "Sandford and Merton," giving a *moral* sort of tone to the affair (*offers* Miss Merton *his arm*).

Mr. Werd. And allowing *me* to do the poetic (*gives his arm to* Miss Worth). *Werd's-Worth*, eh!

Mr. Hollis. Capital! My dear, it remains for you and me to perform the operatic and sing the chorus (*offers his arm and sings*): Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!

(*All promenade.*)

Mr. Sandford, Miss Merton.
Mr. and Mrs. Hollis.
Mr. Werd, Miss Worth.

CURTAIN.

A Summer Afternoon in Germany.

IT was in a charming place, a perfect June day, and after an excellent dinner. We sat in the coolest of conservatories, and were, all told, ten most excellent and pleasant people, from all of which you may conclude in what humor we should be. When it is taken into consideration, further, that our hostess was as highly endowed in spirit and mind as she was beautiful, and that our host, for only one of a wedded pair should never be praised, kept in store the finest cigars, then you will comprehend that, even to the possible pessimist among us, this vale of tears was, for the nonce at least, quite a bearable place.

In short, we were in one of those rare, harmoniously attuned moods, in which you feel capable of anything good and great, and which are so precious that but few know how to enjoy them as it is meet. We were of those favored few, at least so it seemed at first. Every one talked to his fair neighbor in low, murmuring tones, peaceful conversation, not too sensible nor the contrary, but altogether pleasant. When suddenly, this *dolce far niente* quiet was metamorphosed into general vivacity, and the ball of conversation flew hither and thither gracefully caught and lightly tossed back. How is it possible to remain in seraphic mood when perhaps the very next moment shall require you to be witty? But what had given occasion to this storm of puns and paradoxes? What small impertinent spark had kindled this fire of wits? An unfortunate, unhappy allusion to that vexed quarrel over women's rights—the most unreasonable of all disputes, since reason was supposed to have been evolved in the head of apes, and then followed that unwarrantably silly assertion, sometimes hazarded by thoughtless people: "There are girls that do not wish to marry," by Miss Finette, whose recollection did not date back further than the July Revolution, and who was the palest of blondes. Seraphine was her name; she should have been called Sera. What sera means, you may ask your brother or husband or whoever else in your neighborhood is versed in latinity. Woman's rights! after a good dinner on a June day, and in this charmed circle—can you imagine a more mischievous and unhappy change in our frame of minds? How flew the saucy speeches and sarcastic replies hither and thither. Now, I was almost demolished by a ponderous argument from Stuart Mill; then pelted unmercifully by a small fire from lesser wiseacres, and Miss Finette herself almost destroyed my small remainder of equilibrium by a very neat argument from Margarete Halm. Finally, this lively skirmish restricted itself to a duel between our hostess and my promising Pythias, a phlegmatic young man, who was an author, or would have been if he had written more. But he was not obliged to write—well for him, therefore he wrote seldom—well for us. "When you are so angry," said the young person with a serious air, looking calmly at his fair but excited adversary, "my gracious enemy, you remind me of your pretty, gentle white kitten."

"Very flattering—and why, pray?"

"In truth, upon very flattering grounds. You said to me lately, 'My kitten is so gentle, not at all like other cats, I can tease it as I will; she never scratches me except I pull her ears the least little bit, then she revenges herself;' most gracious lady, you are as gentle as your little cat; you never—pardon! only when woman's emancipation comes into question."

He said it in such apparent childish simplicity, that we all laughed. Even his fair enemy smiled. "Yes, and I can return the compliment. You are passibly good-humored in general, except when you speak of the 'Emancipation of Women' as you call it, and then you are quite unbearable. But a just vengeance will yet be visited upon your head. Doctor, I prophesy that you will be the most henpecked knight of the slipper that ever rocked and tended babies, and mended his ill-treated visage with strips of court-plaster, where the darlings scratched it!"

"That will I not!" said the doctor composedly. "I shall most carefully avoid such a catastrophe."

"How? by not marrying at all?"

"No, but by laying before the girl of my choice twelve articles, to keep which she shall most solemnly swear. And they shall be the Magna Charta of my liberties, the sacred sureties of my happiness!"

The ladies laughed.

"And what may the articles be from which you expect such incredible things, and since when have you drawn them up?"

"Oh, they are not of my preparation at all."

"Probably compiled from that hateful Schopenhauer," suggested one of the ladies.

"Oh, no, that hateful Schopenhauer was so wise a man that he did not even think of marrying. The articles are older. They are of ancient, honorable origin, the twelve Indian marriage laws."

"Oh, the barbarians!" cried our hostess indignantly. "I believe you would be capable of compelling your wife to be burned on your funeral pile! That is Indian fashion even at the present day."

"Yes, in Jules Verne and on the stage."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," verified Miss Finette, I saw it very lately in some historic work."

"My fair enemy, I can assure with authority, that you would never be burned as the widow of an Indian prince."

"Why not?"

"Because these people love their princes, and believe in the immortality of the soul. And besides, my twelve articles contain nothing on the subject of burning, contain nothing that is not perfectly reasonable."

"I will wager that they contain nothing reasonable," cried Miss Finette.

"India!" indignantly chimed in our hostess. "Where the wife is a slave! I will wager the same!"

"Indeed. What is it that you would put in such risk?"

"You may propose something."

"Agreed." He drew his memorandum-book from his pocket. "I have the twelve articles here."

"What I should call being prepared for emergencies," remarked Mr. De V. with dry good humor. "Probably that they may be subscribed to on short notice."

"You are right!" returned Pythias. "But, now you shall assist me to a small triumph. We are here five ladies and five gentlemen. I will waive my right to vote. The ladies will be in the majority. You see I am generous or confident, as you may please to call it. I will read the laws to you, and you nine shall vote upon every one of them, whether it be reasonable or the reverse!"

"Done, agreed!" cried our hostess, "and if only three of them are reasonable, then I will concede that you are the most manly, the most sensible of men, and that you deserve to become the happiest of Benedicts; otherwise, you shall declare yourself some time, to be the most pitiable of all henpecked and submissive husbands!"

"Very good! but you know I am a material piece of humanity who loves pudding. Besides the laurel wreath that the victor will deserve, you shall invite me to dine upon my favorite pudding if I win."

"And if you lose?"

"Then I will take upon myself the agreeable duty of providing your bouquet for the first ball of the season. But now, *à nos moutons!*"

"You must allow a debate before the votes are cast."

"Certainly;" and he began to read:

1. "There shall be no other deity upon earth for the wife, save her husband."

"Oho!" cried Finette.

"I beg your pardon," questioned the defense, "what other deity, pray?"

"None!" cried our hostess, "but neither shall the husband be a deity. Your votes, ladies and gentlemen!"

The votes were taken.

The four gentlemen had voted for the law, the five ladies against it. The doctor shook his curly head sadly, and continued:

2. "Be the husband ever so old, ugly, and severe, she shall nevertheless regard him as her lord and master."

"Never!" cried our hostess. "Marriage is a contract between equals."

"But," argued the doctor, "when the compact has been entered into it should be kept."

"So I think," nodded Mistress Clotilde, a quiet, wise little woman.

"I thank you," the doctor remarked quietly. "My pudding will soon be a settled fact instead of a tempting contingency."

His confidence was not disappointed; the article was accepted. Mistress Clotilde had voted with the gentlemen.

"A majority! a majority!" triumphed the doctor.

3. "Who is born a woman shall obey her life-long, as a daughter, her father, and as a wife, her husband."

"The former conceded! the latter, never! The wife shall not require her husband to obey her, but neither shall she obey him."

"When, in any firm legally constituted, a difference arises between the members thereof," began Doctor Paul, our lawyer, very slowly and with great gravity, "which shall not have been provided for in the legal contract between the members of the firm, then shall prevail the voice of him who has contributed the largest share in the common capital, the senior, the representative member; as, therefore, the husband, according to Roman as well as French, Austrian and German law—"

"Agreed," interrupted the voice of Mistress Clotilde, in the middle of the period.

"I am ready to hear your votes, ladies and gentlemen."

The same five votes carried this article also.

4. "No married woman shall, in the slightest degree, to any man, however richly endowed in mind and person, pay any attention whatsoever."

The ladies smiled calmly.

"We say nothing to this, whatever. Even the gentlemen will vote against this sweeping number four."

Their confidence was not without foundation. The article was dropped without a dissenting voice.

5. "A wife shall never allow herself to sit at the table with her lord, but shall consider it an honor to eat what he shall have left." "Too decidedly Indian," added the reader himself.

Number five was lost likewise without dissent.

"Doctor," mischievously suggested our hostess, "I may as well tell you my favorite flowers already—"

6. "When her husband laughs, she shall laugh, and weep when he weeps." "That is the root, the true foundation of every marriage that deserves the name," he added, gravely.

This article was the first that was universally adopted.

"A great, a happy moment!" cried the reader; "this is the third article accepted. I have won the pudding. Now I will continue, for my reputation's sake," and he continued:

7. "Every wife, of whatever station or degree, shall, with her own hand, prepare the favorite dishes of her husband."

"Nota bene—if she can cook," suggested Mr. De V.

But Clotilde shook her head "There lies, in this law, a something that does not savor of the kitchen alone. I shall vote in favor of it without any 'Nota bene.'"

"The article is accepted," confirmed the gentlemen.

8. "To find favor in the eyes of her lord, she shall bathe herself every day, first in pure water, then in perfumed waters; she shall comb and anoint her hair, shall color the edge of her eyelids with antimonium, and shall adorn her forehead with a red mark."

He read it with stoical composure.

We laughed aloud.

"Which means," added he, with equal stoicism, "transposed into the European. The wife shall not, from the day of her marriage, neglect her outward appearance. The antimonium, of course, is out of the question, and as for the red mark, she may not even adorn her cheek with it, not to mention her forehead."

Miss Finette colored slightly, but said nothing. Unanimously was this also voted reasonable—of course, with the silent amendment of transposition from Indian into European.

9. "When her husband hath gone on a journey, she shall fast, sleep upon the ground, and shall in no wise adorn herself!" "I allow her to eat, neither will I oblige her to sleep upon the ground exactly, but so far as the adornment is concerned, I think it is quite reasonable."

The ladies demurred, except the little lady who had before espoused the cause of the gentlemen, and the article was carried, five to four.

10. "When her husband returneth, she shall meet him rejoicing, and shall give him faithful account of deeds, words and thoughts."

"Thoughts are free," cried our hostess.

"There is much otherwise that is free in these modern days," observed the doctor, humming an air from "La belle Helene."

Perhaps because of this musical citation the article was accepted without dissent.

11. "When he shall reprove her, she shall be thankful to him for his good will."

"I will vote for that," cried our hostess, "but under this condition, that you add, 'and when she shall reprove him, he shall thank her politely in like manner,' and this time I hope for unbroken harmony in the cause of the ladies." Her confidence was justified; the article was accepted, but the amendment also.

12. "When he chastises her she shall patiently receive it, shall kiss his hand humbly, and ask his forgiveness for arousing his anger."

"Too decidedly Indian again," he remarked, hesitatingly.

The article was dropped unanimously.

The doctor rose, triumphant, yet dignified.

"I have finished them. The first, fourth, fifth and twelfth articles are rejected; consequently eight are accepted. So the Indians are not such utter heathen after all. I await your judgment, my fair adversary."

Our hostess laughed.

"The most sensible, the most manly of men, and deserves to become the happiest of Benedicts.

"Amen," said the doctor, in self-satisfied, complacent triumph.

The Cranes of Ibycus.

BY FAITH WYNNE.

THE cranes of Ibycus is a proverb well known to the Greek scholar; but to us less favored mortals, not given to the classics, Schiller's poem with the above title was but a beautiful fiction, until a recent event opened our eyes to a full appreciation of its merits, and to our own ignorance of one of those "remarkable incidents which witnessing for God's inscrutable judgments are eagerly grasped by men."

Ibycus was a lyric poet of Rhegium, who flourished 540 B.C., and while journeying to Corinth came to an untimely end at the hands of highwaymen, who believed their sin would never find them out, no living creature being in sight save a flock of cranes, which hovered a moment over the prostrate body and then flew away. Ibycus lifting his dying eyes implored them to avenge his death.

> "By you, ye cranes, that soar so high,
> If not another voice is heard,
> Be borne to heaven my murder cry."

The assassins, some time afterward, sitting in the open theater at Corinth, observed some cranes in the air, and one of them said jeeringly to his companions, "Behold the avengers of Ibycus."

> "Of Ibycus! That name so blest,
> With new-born sorrow fills each breast,
> As waves on waves in ocean rise
> From mouth to mouth it swiftly flies!
> Of Ibycus, whom we lament!
> Who fell beneath the murderous hand!
> What mean those words that from him went?
> What means this crane's advancing band?"

The words of the assassin and the recent disappearance of the famous poet excited suspicion. The men were seized, put to the torture, and, confessing their guilt, were executed, and *The cranes of Ibycus* henceforth became a proverb almost synonymous with our *Murder will out.*

Apropos to this subject, how few of us give due consideration to the real value of proverbs; the indifference, perhaps, arising in a great measure from the obscurity attached to the meaning of a number of them, resulting from the omission of the verb, often noticeable, especially among the ancients, who, perhaps believing *brevity to be the soul of wit,* rendered them as concise as possible; while others may have lost their beautiful significance by falling under the condemnation of the contempt bred of familiarity, having been so constantly dinned into our youthful ears by way of pointing a moral, when, for instance, our ardent expectations have been clouded by an admonishing voice suggesting the *slip between the cup and the lip;* or little, would-be omissions of duty until a more convenient season have been met by the disagreeable warning to *Put not off till to-morrow what can be done to-day!* But looking back over the long "aisles of the past," how many ghastly "might have beens" loom up in the shadowy nooks, which an attention to some wise proverb would have changed into the happy "have beens."

Lord Chesterfield avers "no man of fashion ever uses a proverb!" Oh! wise Lord Chesterfield, puffed up in thine own conceit, there is ample evidence that they have always been held in great esteem by the "true intellectual aristocracy of a nation."

Aristotle is said to have been the first collector of them; Cervantes valued them; Luther's works abound in them; Lord Bacon declares that the "genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs;" our Lord himself on several occasions made use of the sayings then popular with the people.

It is said that Catherine de Medici induced her son Charles IXth. to consent to the massacre of St. Bartholomew by urging upon him the proverb, *Clemency is sometimes cruelty, and cruelty, clemency!*

It is amusing to note the different garb the same proverb adopts in different countries, suggested by something peculiar to the land; for instance, the English speak of *Carrying coals to Newcastle;* the Greeks, *Owls to Athens* —these birds abounding there; the Dutch, *fir-trees to Norway,* etc.

Says an interesting writer: "*Make hay while the sun shines,* is truly English, and must have had its birth only under such variable skies as theirs."

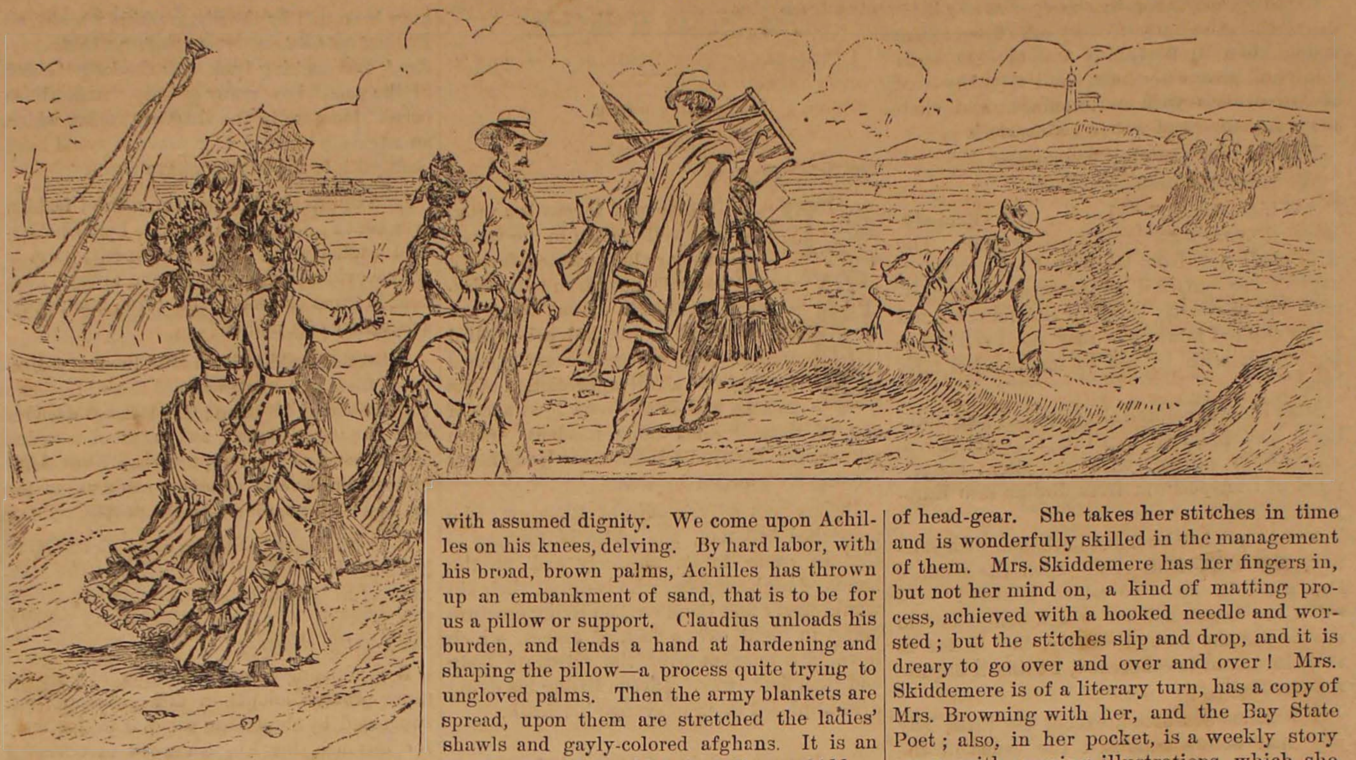
Perhaps the shortest proverb known is the German, "*Toll, toll.*"

The Greek proverbs abound with allusions to the mythology of the country, and to its poetry and history; while the Italian, although containing many that are beautiful and wise, yet are generally pregnant with the sweetness of revenge; for instance the following: *Wait time and place to act thy revenge;* and again, *Revenge is a morsel for God.*

Spanish literature has been found to contain from twenty to thirty thousand adages, and indeed in this province is said to excel any other literature in the world, some of them reaching the "height of evangelical morality," as for instance, *God never wounds with both hands;* and *Peace and patience and death with penitence.*

From the ancient heathen world comes down to us the sublime image of the silent approach of Divine retribution, or Nemesis, as they termed it in the adage—*The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool.* As a proof of the great antiquity of proverbs it may be said that Aristotle, more than two thousand years ago, could speak of them as the "fragments of an elder wisdom, which, on account of their beauty and aptness, had, amid a general wreck and ruin, been preserved."

> "The people's voice the voice of God we call;
> And what are proverbs but the people's voice,
> Coined first and current made by public choice—
> Then sure they must have weight and truth withal."



In Jersey Sand.

BY CHARLES H. WETMORE.

THE ladies used to have their shawls and afghans, and we men our army blankets. It was understood that we were to meet on the beach in the mornings. Seven made our party. Fair woman predominated. We had one object—rest. We had each been a toiler; but when we sought Jersey Sand we assumed the dignity of idlers, we became careless, happy do-nothings. We had once been strangers, but acquaintance ripened rapidly, like summer fruit; we parted friends; how could it be otherwise?

Mr. Achilles, a bachelor, young and good-looking; Mr. Claudius, likewise a bachelor, and likewise young, fond of life and likely to treat it lightly; Skiddemere, a married man, nay, a father; Mrs. Skiddemere, a lady so amiable, lovable and sensible, we mourn her loss, mother of a bouncing boy that crowed in nurse's arms, and accepted life as something worth having. It agreed with him. It was bitter only at night-fall, when crowing gave way to wailing and weeping; three young, unmarried ladies, Miss Maggie, Miss Annie, and Miss Lilly; most delightful company! Having defined ourselves we come back to Jersey Sand. Achilles has been sent ahead to prepare a place. We follow, Claudius ladened with afghans, shawls, army blankets, waterproofs and umbrellas, and a camp chair is swung over his wide back. Skiddemere and spouse fall behind. The young ladies walk abreast, arm in arm, laughing at Claudius, who is acting page with assumed dignity. We come upon Achilles on his knees, delving. By hard labor, with his broad, brown palms, Achilles has thrown up an embankment of sand, that is to be for us a pillow or support. Claudius unloads his burden, and lends a hand at hardening and shaping the pillow—a process quite trying to ungloved palms. Then the army blankets are spread, upon them are stretched the ladies' shawls and gayly-colored afghans. It is an inviting spread, to which the ladies are bidden, with the command that they are to make themselves comfortable, which they proceed to do. Always a lady is apt in her choice of position. It matters not how a lady uses her figure, she uses it gracefully. There is nothing so finished as a natural woman; why will she assume and presume? But we men throw ourselves awkwardly on our sides, in true man-fashion, supported by elbows planted in the sand at acute angles, or we lie in half circles on the sand, not knowing what to do with our legs. There isn't a creation more awkward and ungainly than man! His arms and legs are so unruly and overreaching. Having formed in a group, Claudius, with the consent of the ladies, produces a pipe, the meerschaum bowl of which he fills with flaky tobacco. Under the kindly shelter of Miss Maggie's sun-umbrella, after many vain efforts, fire is coaxed from a damp parlor-match, and a fragrant cloud ascends. From the look of Claudius' face we know he has found peace. Achilles, who doesn't indulge, is a Stoic, without sympathy, and not to be comforted. Skiddemere confines himself to the cigarette, which is a mockery and an aggravation at the sea side. The ladies have sounded the depths of their pockets, and their fingers ply in silk, thread, zephyr, and worsted. Miss Maggie is engaged in lengthening a black silk watch chain, an offering for Claudius, a most skillful piece of workmanship, wrought by the aid of a hollowed cork, set about with pins; it is quite an obsolete kind of industry that belonged to old-fashioned school days. Miss Annie has a supply of thread, and a lithe shuttle that flies noiselessly to and fro; her skill is called "tatting;" it is a light and quite thoughtless kind of occupation, and most pardonable at the sea-side. But there is nothing that to man appears to be more frivolous than to see a lady doing "tatting." Miss Lilly is working upon a "fascinator," a foamy kind of head-gear. She takes her stitches in time and is wonderfully skilled in the management of them. Mrs. Skiddemere has her fingers in, but not her mind on, a kind of matting process, achieved with a hooked needle and worsted; but the stitches slip and drop, and it is dreary to go over and over and over! Mrs. Skiddemere is of a literary turn, has a copy of Mrs. Browning with her, and the Bay State Poet; also, in her pocket, is a weekly story paper, with amazing illustrations, which she means to fall back on if she finds she is not *en rapport* with the late Mrs. Browning. All the ladies have reading with them. Each morning, along with needle and shuttle, they bring down to the beach a favorite author, a recent issue of a monthly, or a standard work whose depth they have sighed for. But the book lies unopened in the lap, the magazine has not its pages cut. When will we summer idlers learn not to bring books with us to the seaside? Even an Appleton Guide grows wearisome when we have found Eden.

It is fair August weather. Wind comes from the south, salt-laden and toning. At either hand, for miles and miles, a sand beach stretches, against which the ocean gnaws in its angry love of destruction. The surf roars hoarsely, and tosses its creamy crests. About us are groups of other do-nothings. The men, particularly, are do-nothings. Laughter and light words fall upon our ears with harmony.

"Can that be Mrs. Dolittle?" cries Miss Lilly, dropping the 'fascinator,' and covering her pretty, brown cheeks with her shapely, brown palms. "What a fright!"

"Don't look at her," say the other ladies, "she is so dumpy-looking this morning."

It is, indeed, Mrs. Dolittle on her way to the sea. How stout, and short, and "chunky,"—that is just the word for her—Mrs. Dolittle is, and what a waist! Off the sand, in stays, and draggling a trail, Mrs. Dolittle is shapely and graceful.

"'I like the study of men and women better than grass and trees,'" says Claudius, quoting Sidney Smith.

"You mean, you like to make fun of people, Mr. Claudius," says Miss Maggie.

"Claudius means that he likes to study men and women—more particularly women—where they are at his mercy, and the mercy of the waves," says Skiddemere.

Claudius is mute; but when Mrs. Dolittle takes the fatal plunge, he exclaims, "Ye gods!" and explains: "I like," says Claudius, "to study men and women better than grass and trees, because they act parts; learn to adjust countenance and manner, like the dress, 'one day for a feast, another for a funeral.' I grant, if I could have woman at my mercy, as Skiddemere suggests, I would be happy, for my study would then yield fruit. But I have never been so fortunate as to know that creation which Shakespeare styles 'a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.'"

"Did you never have a lady-friend?" asks Miss Annie, looking up from her tatting, but the shuttle flies just as deftly unwatched.

"To be sure! I have lady-friends whom I admire. I have sisters; I have a mother."

"And has not a near lady-friend, a sister, has not a mother helped you to define and 'study' woman?" Miss Annie queries.

"I think not," Claudius answers. "I take it, woman is non-definable; no amount of study can master her."

"Why say, 'study?' You mean, you can only stare at her?"

"'Tis a paradox," says Claudius. "I have no other reason, but a woman's reason: 'I like it, because I like.'"

"Then what shall you marry?" asks Skiddemere, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"If I marry," answers Claudius, cautiously, "I shall marry, I suppose, 'a child of our grandmother Eve; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.'"

"Marry one whom you do not know?"

"I grant it," says Claudius. "But 'tis man's luck. He can do no better."

"'Tis false; 'tis basely false, Claudius," says Skiddemere rising and shaking a shower of fine sand into Achilles' eyes and ears; "I stand here to prove my speech."

But a woman's soft voice bids us be calm.

"Do look at that tall man going down to the sea," calls Miss Maggie. "Isn't he noble-looking!"

"A perfect Adonis!" some one says.

"It is restful just to look at such a form as that," says Miss Lilly. "If he is not a bachelor, I know he has just a little bit of a thing for a wife! The world goes by contraries!"

We amuse ourselves watching the school of human porpoises. It is high noon. Flags wave gayly. The tide is at flood.

"Here comes 'Adonis,'" some one calls out. A long, lank creature rises out of the surf, and takes its way up the sand.

"What does he look like now?" asks Miss Maggie. "Certainly he is no longer noble-looking."

"I wonder whether his little bit-of-a-thing of a wife is gazing on him at the present moment?" asks Skiddemere, with a tremor in his voice.

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man," Achilles repeats, kindly, having a fellow-feeling for his plight.

We drift back to our original subject.

"Why is it," asks Claudius, "that in Shakespeare one so rarely finds a passage in praise of woman? I take it, woman was too deep for Shakespeare; he dare not praise her until he knew her."

"Or it may be," says Achilles, "that having married at eighteen a woman eight years older than himself, he found naught to praise."

"Not only did not know woman, but did not 'know' himself, if he married at eighteen," exclaims Miss Maggie.

"Didn't know what love is at eighteen," says Achilles. "Although Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice eight when they met, and a deep impression was made on the spot. But what did Doctor Johnson mean in his remark to Boswell, that 'it is commonly a weak man who marries for love?'"

"He must have meant something very wicked," says Miss Annie.

"He must have been mad!" Mrs. Skiddemere exclaims, excitedly.

"A philosopher or a fool!" adds Skiddemere.

"What does Horace Walpole mean," asks Claudius, "when he writes, 'it is bad enough to marry; but to marry when one loves, ten times worse?'"

"A base, bad man," says Miss Lilly.

"Nay, only one whom you do not understand, Miss Lilly," says Claudius. "But what does any man imply when he says he could have loved a woman, but could not marry her?"

"He implies that the lady declines his attentions, I would think," says Mrs. Skiddemere, smiling back at her husband.

"Why not, also, that he feared he could not love after marriage as he did before?" asks Achilles.

"Then he had never loved. Once loving, man should love more and more," says Miss Annie.

"Of course he should," says Skiddemere.

"Why do so many men say love is an illusion?" asks Miss Maggie.

"Some call it a delusion," says Achilles.

"It is because men make light of a very serious subject, much to their shame and dishonor, Miss Maggie," answers Claudius. "'Love is no more an illusion than hate, or hope, or any one of the passions or sentiments incident to human nature.'"

"What great men have been in love?" asks Achilles.

"Hercules, master," answers Claudius.

"'Most sweet Hercules!' more authority, dear boy, name more; 'and sweet, my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage,'" continues Achilles, still quoting.

"Adam!" Claudius exclaims.

"Do you think Adam was a great man?" queries Miss Lilly.

"Led astray by a woman! most assuredly no," answers Skiddemere.

"It is said of woman, that for her earth contains but one ecstasy—to love; but one happiness—to be loved. Is it so Miss Maggie?"

"Yes; it is so," Miss Maggie makes answer. "Endowed with finer sensibilities than man, love is more of an ecstasy to woman than to man."

There is a pause, then Claudius says: "It has been written, that 'seeing how a woman passes her time, we can readily foresee the kind of man upon whom she will fix her affections!' I give it for what it is worth."

"Rather presuming! only possible, not probable," says Skiddemere. "Are we to judge the unmarried ladies this morning by the work of their fingers?"

No one makes answer. The ladies, excepting Miss Annie, who still bends over her tatting, sit idle, gazing oceanward. Several vessels are in the offing, and Miss Maggie and Miss Lilly have no doubt boarded each a ship at sea, and been wafted in thought to foreign climes. A ship in the offing is always a thing of interest to a woman's mind.

"Have you found perpetual motion, Miss Annie?" asks Claudius.

"I am very fond of my tatting," she makes answer.

"It must be twelve o'clock," Miss Lilly says dreamily, her eyes far out at sea.

"'High noon by the town-pump,'" quotes Achilles.

"How apt we all are with the borrowed this morning," Miss Maggie says.

"'Been at a feast of languages and stolen scraps,'" says Claudius.

"It is two o'clock!" comes from Skiddemere, solemnly. We are one and a half hour late for dinner, when quite heated and worried looking, we file into the dining saloon.

"And where *have* you been?" propounded by a well-fed group in the front sitting-room.

"Why, only down in the sand!" exclaims Miss Lilly in injured tones.

The sea has a tendency to make one lazy, and in Jersey sand the word 'hurry' is forgotten. But we do not always group our afghans and army blankets; nor do we each day discuss and quote Shakespeare, Johnson and Walpole.

One afternoon we have walked in the sand to Shark river, for shells. The ladies carry little pails, and we men have rough sticks to capture seaweeds from out of the surf. We come upon some bruised toilers of the sea at work over a recent haul. Their boat they have dragged out of reach of the yeasty waves, and are weighing their spoil. The ladies commence at once to question.

"What is that horrid, ugly thing? O, O, O! it will bite me," screams Miss Lilly.

"That's only a sea-spider, Miss," says a skipper.

"Do you eat them?"

"No, Miss, we gives them to our wives for ornerments for to put over the mantel-piece," answers the skipper, with a wink at a fellow. "They make werry pooty ornerments."

"Ornaments?" queries Mrs. Skiddemere.

"Yes, Miss, they smell werry sweet sometimes."

"Don't your feet get wet?" asks Miss Lilly.

"Yes, Miss, they do. That is, sometimes," continued the skipper, thoughtfully.

"Don't you get frightened when the wind blows?" one of the ladies asks.

"Well, Miss, not so very much frightened, exactly, perhaps; but we get werry hungry sometimes?"

"Don't your wives worry about you?" asks Miss Maggie.

"Well, no, Miss, not as we knows of, *par-*

ticularly. You see, Miss, them young ones is werry troublesome—more so than we is."

"O, suppose you were to die!" exclaims Miss Maggie.

"We would all go to heaven," says the skipper, solemnly.

One morning we have toiled for a mile or two in the sand to a wrecker's lodge, or station as it is officially termed; a low, red building with great double doors like a barn, on a bluff, and an ocean outlook. The captain of the wrecker's crew, a man with mild, blue eyes, but a storm-beaten face, explains to the ladies. Miss Lilly plies him untiringly with her questions:

"Now, tell us really, have you ever seen a shipwreck? do ships come ashore here? is it ever any rougher than to-day?" Miss Lilly is eager and earnest. The wide reach of white sand, and the dry, high bluff are associated in her mind only with the fair August day and the smile of the sea.

"Rougher!" exclaims the blue-eyed captain, addressing Mrs. Skiddemere, the tallest in the group of ladies. "Many is the time I've seen the waves alashing this bluff like black furies!" The captain of the crew leans against a life-boat, and tells of a wreck: "One night, last winter, wind dead ashore, we had a steamer astaggering right in front here, warming her nose almost against our stove. It was an awful night, Miss"—addressing Mrs. Skiddemere—"I never see waves run higher or more wicked; wind all aflying. The building was most full of ladies, ascreaming, crying, and taking on dreadful. It did seem a pity, Miss, anyhow! We saved about all but the vessel."

"And what became of it?" asks Miss Lilly.

"Split up like kindlin' wood, Miss; was all splinters in no times. But the ladies took on awful!"

"Weren't you ever almost drowned?" Miss Lilly asks eagerly, as if she hoped it might be so.

"Three times, Miss, I was pooty far gone," seeing the pained look on Mrs. Skiddemere's face, after a pause he continued: "But I worried ashore, somehow, each time, and told my wife it was only a make-b'lieve. I make sort of a joke of it, each time, on her account. She was anxious like, Miss. We haven't no young ones, you know."

"I should think it would kill your wives!" exclaims Miss Maggie.

"Well, Miss, we generally fix it up with them, somehow, when we are starting out. We generally say, 'No danger, Betsy or Mag: no danger; just a little excitement, for to make a change!' We say something a little odd, for to cheer them. I recollect when Rocksy was carried out by the tow. Rocksy was my best man, Miss; he was a very bold one; and they had a crib full of young ones! Rocksy was standing right along aside of me; we was about starting out together, and I hear him call—I remember them words distinctly, though it's more than eight years ago—Rocksy called to his wife—she was astanding quite where you are, Miss," still addressing Mrs. Skiddemere—"he calls out: 'No danger, Mag: I am only going aswimmin', the water looks so pleasant!' But he meant it joking, for it was a contrary night, one March, and an awful wind ashore. Rocksy didn't never come back, Miss, for the hot drink Mag had awaiting him. He never come ashore at all, and we never seen him since. His wife took on very painful; and seven young ones! She was very violent the next day, and the authorities took her in charge, and the young ones died, some of them. I always had a liking for him. There was nothing wanting in Rocksy, Miss; he was a very bold one! I always said that of him."

An oppressive silence falls on our little party. There are tears in Miss Maggie's eyes, and Mrs. Skiddemere's face is as white as the Jersey sand that trickles down the bluff. No one feels like speaking.

"I always give Betsy a full hug, Miss, if I have time," the captain explains, breaking the silence, "for there's no telling; and the sea is very treacherous some nights!"

The captain directs us to "Betsy's" door, where we get buttermilk, and a whiff of baking bread. Betsy has a sharp, clear-cut, anxious face, and piercing eyes; she is economical of speech, and has worked herself down to bone.

Strolling hotelward, the advance of our party halts about an object of interest that the rude waves have tired of.

"What a horrible thing!" Miss Maggie exclaims.

"Is it 'deaded,' this horrible thing?" asks Miss Lilly, recoiling like an affrighted child.

"A dead sea-monster," Claudius explains. "How pathetic!"

"A sharking sight," says Skiddemere, with accustomed wit: "A real man-eater! as terrible as any of Barnum's man-eaters!"

"And he doesn't eat women?" asks Miss Lilly, bringing her brown palms together, in a joyful way.

"A man-eater," repeats Skiddemere.

"A dog fish!" exclaims Achilles, coming up and interrupting.

"An out and out man-eater," reiterates Skiddemere, emphasizing with the toe of a boot against the fish.

"A dog-fish," repeats Achilles. This is annoying; the more so, as no one can prove to Achilles that it is not a dog-fish. The words "man-eater" had thrilled us.

One fair day, we are again in a group in the sand. It is a morning in early September. It is still autumn, and the ocean's stretch calmer than we have ever seen it. In the offing, stately ships move on. The army blankets have been spread, and upon them the gayly-colored afghans, and, as usual, we men are spoiling the effect by lying awkwardly in the sand, not knowing what to do with our legs. The ladies are without their needles. Claudius is smoking a segar. Skiddemere confines himself to the cigarette, which is a sure aggravation at the seaside. Achilles the Stoic, the man not to be comforted, breaks the silence—it has been several minutes since any one spoke—by somewhat misquoting De Quincey.

"'My friends, you make very free with your days,'" quotes Achilles, "'pray how many do you expect to have?'"

We turn from the ocean, and look one another in the face. Achilles has his eyes upon Miss Lilly.

"This is my last day," Miss Maggie says, quite sadly.

"And mine!" Miss Annie says, quite sorrowfully.

"And mine, too," says Claudius, catching Miss Maggie's tone.

"I shall leave to-morrow!" exclaims Miss Lilly.

"And I," says Achilles.

"We shall depart on Monday, my dear and I," Skiddemere says.

"Charlie boy, Charlie boy, may I carry you with me?" and Miss Maggie holds out her arms yearningly, to lift the bouncing boy from nurse's arms.

"Never any more Jersey sand!" says Miss Lilly.

"Will not other days come, as bright as those we knew before?" asks Achilles.

"There can never be another day like this," Miss Maggie says.

"O, that there might be no packing! O, that we might go unhampered!" we all exclaim.

"No more walks!" says Miss Lilly.

"No more drum of the ocean on beaten sand for us," says Achilles.

"An end to sunsets that overlay with gold the spars of my stately ships," says Miss Maggie.

"An end to the endless assault of waves that rear and leap, and are hungry for our spoil!" No one expected this from Mrs. Skiddemere.

"An end to the gleams of moonlight on troubled waters. Do you remember, Miss Maggie, one white night when we lay late in the sand, and the dew fell, and I, for protection, drew about me the folds of your dark-blue waterproof, with a cape? Do you mind, you said it was becoming, and I wore it oft after, because you said I might. No more white nights! No more dark-blue waterproofs with capes!" says Claudius with shortened breath.

"No more tatting!" Miss Annie says, at which we men smile knowingly.

"An end to rest—perfect and sweet; and to order that has reigned, more sure than that returned to Warsaw," says Skiddemere.

"And no more man-eaters!" exclaims Miss Lilly.

"No more dog-fish," echoes Achilles. "'All farewells should be sudden when forever,' according to Byron," quotes the Stoic.

"But we may be long with ours, for we shall meet again," Mrs. Skiddemere says.

"Men are made to be eternally shaken about: it is not likely that we shall meet together again," says Claudius.

"But the earth is round! we *shall* meet again," exclaims Miss Lilly.

"Shall we not all meet in heaven?" Miss Annie asks quietly.

"But we want to meet once more in Jersey sand," says Claudius.

And so, lamenting and doubting, we part for the last. We never met again.

Three Links Out of a Life.

BY GRACE BAYLOR.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies growing,
Dancing brooklet ever flowing
On its way.
Ferns and water-lilies smiling,
Warm rays from the sun beguiling,
All the day.
See the tiny maiden sitting,
Where the sunny beams are flitting,
Bright and fair.
Round her baby head they linger,
Soft as touch of fairy finger,
On her hair.
See the pretty baby face,
Dimpled hands so full of grace,
Mischief too.
For she's fashioned out a boat,
Filled with lilies—see it float,
Of her shoe.
See the little white feet dabbling
In the water ever babbling,
As its flows.
See the blue eyes full of laughter,
At the mosses tickling after
Cunning toes.
Voice so sweet, you can but love her,
To the merry birds above her,
Ever calling.
Tangled yellow baby curls,
On her shoulders white as pearls,
Ever falling.
Tender as the dainty daisies,
Full of baby tricks and phases,
Little Fay.
Heaven bless the little starling,
Papa's pet and mama's darling,
"Baby May."

BUTTERCUPS and daisies blooming,
Though the summer days are coming,
Soft and slow.
And the brooklet dancing on,
Sang that same sweet chattering song,
Years ago.
See the pretty maiden sitting,
See her taper fingers flitting,
Here and there.
Look into her soft blue eyes,
Soft and blue as summer skies,
Isn't she fair?
Sitting thus, a youth has found her,
Now his arms are circling round her.
Hear him say,
"Here's the golden band, my darling,
Wear it—for I love you, starling,
Love you, May."
Trusting as the light around her,
Sinless as the flowers that crown her,
Every day.
Heaven grant he may be truthful,
For he's thoughtless, gay, and youthful,
"Happy May."

BUTTERCUPS and daisies dying,
For beneath the sod she's lying,
Died to-day.
Ah! she loved him, though he left her,
Of her love and life bereft her,
Guileless May.
"Ah!" she said, "the daisies love me,
They will blossom sweet above me,
I will die.
Yonder, where he bent above me,
Whispered, 'darling, may I love thee?'
Let me lie."
Buttercups and daisies dying,
And the brooklet sighing, sighing,
All the day.
May he be redeemed, forgiven,
E'en he meet thy soul in Heaven,
"Angel May."

Correspondents' Class.

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

"ARTIST."—1. To paint white flowers in water-colors, some are first shaded with Indian ink, while others are shaded with a neutral composed of cobalt blue, rose madder, and a little Indian yellow. When dry, some of the petals are slightly tinted with a weak shade of yellow ocher, some portions with cobalt blue, others with a greenish neutral; the anthers, if not left white, should be done with a permanent white, added to Indian yellow, and carefully dotted with weak burnt sienna.

2. *The deep crimson Tuscan rose.*—Shade all the petals more or less with Indian ink, until it would pass for a finished drawing in Indian ink; then coat it twice with strong carmine, and finish the deep shades by adding a little Prussian blue to the carmine.

3. *Pink rose.*—This flower is the most difficult of any to paint, as it requires so much delicacy of manipulation to give it its true representation. The most successful method is to paint in the shades with pure cobalt blue, and then coat all over with a pale shade of carmine, with a little vermilion added. This is repeated on some of the petals until the requisite depth is obtained. Some of the outside petals may require a second working over with the cobalt, to give them a thin, transparent, neutral appearance.

4. With those that possess naturally a good eye for color, the most pleasing arrangements of form and color will suggest themselves without the least effort on the part of the designer. For those who are deficient in taste, it would be well to study a few groupings and colorings of the best flower painters. Sometimes a very good effect is obtained by placing the light flowers in the center—such as white, light pink, pale yellows, and have the rich, dark-colored flowers outside—such as dark roses, fleur-de-lis, etc., thereby making color a substitute for light and shade. The most effective groups are painted with a slight predominance of warm coloring. Some artists paint nearly two-thirds of the flower grouping with warm colors.

"SUBSCRIBER."—In landscape and perspective drawing, commence your work by paying attention to light and shade:—1. All the shades of objects in the same piece must fall the same way, that is, farthest from the light. For instance, if the light comes from the right side of the piece, the shades must fall toward the left, and *vice versa*.

2. The part of an object nearest the light must have the faintest shades. This rule is observable in the folds of drapery, where the projecting folds appear light and the inner folds dark.

3. Calm waters have either a faint shade or none at all; but there should be always a line of shade near the banks. Agitated waters should have various shades.

4. In large-extended views, as landscapes, the distant objects are faintly shaded, and the more distant they are the fainter the shades.

5. With reference to the horizon and clouds, the clouds nearest the top of the piece are more strongly shaded than those more remote, the strength of the shade decreasing as the clouds descend toward the horizon, where they become faint and indistinct, because at the greatest distance from the point of view.

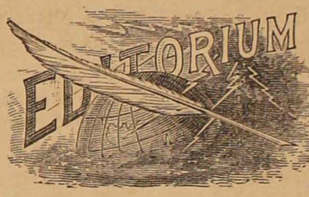
6. Some substances have the property of reflecting the light strongly, as satin, silk, and all polished metals. In these there must be very strong light, and consequently a deep shade. All bright lights must be contrasted with strong shades, and fainter lights with weaker shades. The examination of busts and statues is of great assistance in establishing these principles in the mind; and a critical attention to the effect of light and shade in the world around us, in the open air, or when the sunlight pours through the windows or door, or where the rays of the moon light up the evening landscape, and steal in through the opening curtains—indeed, the opportunities for studying the various phenomena of light and shade are ever present with us. The representation of *a round object* is managed by a careful disposition of the light upon the convex part, and the shade attending it.

QUESTIONS.

COR. CLASS:—Can any one furnish me with the rules for perspective drawing?

1. Where the person should be placed?
2. The horizontal line?
3. The point of sight?
4. Vanishing lines?

"AMATEUR."



American Manufactures.

VERY few persons who have not made a study of the subject understand the enormous advance made in the quality and quantity of American manufactured articles within the past fifteen years, or the extent of the present distress in England, for which this fact is responsible.

The growth and prosperity of this country seemed for a long time to be only another aid to England's power and greatness. America was England's best customer for cloths, manufactured cottons, hosiery, cutlery, and a vast number of other staples in which England had achieved supremacy, and for which the demand in this country increased with increasing wealth and resources. For many years, the money furnished by our gold and silver mines and productive industries was carried to England by millions, to pay for the goods which kept the power-looms of the great manufacturing centers in operation, and made whole communities prosperous.

But, of course, an end had to be made to this wholesale buying and reckless expenditure of capital. The resources of this country were known to be equal to those of any part of the civilized world, and greatly superior in extent. All that was wanted was time and opportunity for development.

A great many mistakes were made, and a great deal of money expended, before the knowledge and experience were gained that now enable America to compete successfully with the greatest manufacturers in the world in some of their most useful specialties, and in fifteen years of time have had the surprising effect of turning the balance of trade in our favor, and making America, once the great buyer in the English market, now its most important seller of the actual necessaries of life.

The agricultural importance of England has always been secondary to its manufacturing interests, and to-day they are of less value than ever, for, though England cannot produce enough to feed its teeming populations, the rapidity and perfection of steam transfer has rendered it possible for food to be transported from the wilds and prairies of the great West to the remotest parts of England, and sold at a less price than the farmer can sell that which has never crossed the boundaries of the township in which it was produced.

The greatest difficulty with which manufacturing in this country had to contend was ignorance. Manufactories were built in neighborhoods destitute of the one grand pre-requisite, that of pure, running water. The effect of moist air and of abundance of soft, pure water in the cleansing and preparation of staples was not understood, and scarcely thought of. The permanence and brilliance of dye was supposed to be a secret possessed by artisans and manufacturers, and to be purchasable, like a pound of logwood or a barrel of madder. The first rich carpets made in this country were in appearance equal to the finest *Moquette*, and possessed the thick velvety pile which yielded to pressure, and delighted the purchaser. But it was soon discovered that the color could be walked off, and disappeared magically under the seductive influence of light and sun. Cassimeres, also, rubbed at the knees when made up into trousers, and soon showed lines and patches of fugitive color where usage renders friction and contact inevitable. This want of fixity in color was the cause of a great many experiments and a vast amount of trouble and labor. But it was at last discovered that it was due more than anything else to the want of thorough and perfect cleansing of the raw wool, so that the dye could penetrate it and make the color an integral part of the substance, instead of a mere surface painting.

We have not yet solved the problem of fine cashmeres and French merinos, nor surmounted all the difficulties presented by serges, farmer's satin, and the varieties of worsted goods, but we are rapidly acquiring such perfection as has been reached in these latter fabrics. We manufacture nearly all our own ribbons, some of our gloves, and much of our hosiery. Our soft silks enter into competition with the best in the world, our camel's-hair cloths are equal to the best imported. Our blankets are unrivaled, and our cottons are clothing the world.

Sea-Weeds.

OUR lady readers will find the illustrated article on sea-weeds both interesting and instructive.

Sketches in Algeria.

AN illustrated sketch of Algeria, by the author of "Elizabeth," etc., will be found equal in brilliancy and interest to Kate Field's "Ten Days in Spain." It will be one of the features of a future number.

Fifteen Years, What!

FIFTEEN years ago (in 1864) Mr. Heaton, an inventor and engineer, wrote a letter to a daily paper in New York, containing a project for transporting ships from the Gulf, across the Isthmus of Panama, into the Atlantic Ocean, and giving statistics, calculations, diagrams, etc. The plan was ridiculed and scoffed at by the press and public generally, and Mr. Heaton was obliged to content himself with waiting until time should vindicate the practicability of his methods.

Fifteen years have done it—the scientific world is just now agitating itself over a project precisely similar, for a railroad crossing the Isthmus for the purpose of transporting ships, which, it is alleged, could take a steamer bodily, lift it out of the Gulf, over the Isthmus, and into the ocean, in the space of ten hours. Captain Eads is the author of this second scheme, the details of which are exactly the same, even to the banking of the fires of the transported steamers. Mr. Heaton has his original letter in his possession, but it is rather hard to lose the credit of his suggestion by being in advance of the popular intelligence.

Common-School Education.

WE have been told by most foreigners who have visited our shores, and we are in the habit of considering our common-school system as about as near perfection, as one so universal in its applicability can be made. We point with pride to our big school-houses and to the shows which the children make on any occasion which involves a school parade, and feel quite certain that these evidences of an enlightened public-school system cannot be matched anywhere else in the world.

That any united and thoroughly formulated system of free education for the masses can be organized over an entire continent, equipped, and sustained, free of expense to the participants in its advantages, is a great and wonderful modern fact, the beneficent character of which must not be overlooked. But when a good thing is done, it is as well that it be done in the best possible way. The cost is no greater, and the results are infinitely more satisfactory.

The faults into which our school methods have run are routine and display. The force of both teachers and children is too much expended in trivial and unnecessary detail, both physical and mental, and the reality of actual acquirement and thoroughly digested knowledge is sacrificed to what has been truly called "picturesque and circus-like exhibitions." The qualifications of teachers are measured not by their truth and power of actually developing in a broad and natural manner the minds of their pupils, but the facility with which they can train them like parrots to repeat a large quantity of words, few of which they understand.

This public parade ought to be stopped at once, and greater attention paid to the general intelligence of teachers, and their ability to make their scholars understand a subject, than merely commit pages of words to memory. Moreover, the number of studies ought to be limited, first, to such as are essential; and, second, to only the number that can be well taught and that the child can be thoroughly grounded in.

Pupils nowadays leave the public schools, after having been through all the grades and figured at exhibitions, who can practically neither read, write, nor cipher. If only these three things are well taught, they furnish a basis for all the rest, and that is as much as should be expected from a free education.

"The Rustic Bridge."

(*See Steel Engraving.*)

THIS charming picture is engraved from a water-color, by Birket Foster, one of the best known of the modern English water-color artists. It gives us, besides the bridge, an upland, a rugged pathway bordered on either side by hedge and trees. The bridge consists only of a few planks and posts thrown across the narrow streamlet. The three or four childish figures give life and animation to what would otherwise be but a pleasant solitude. The materials of the composition are simple enough, but so well put together, so delicately and truthfully wrought out, that the scene becomes all that the highest art can reach, a pure bit of nature. The excellence of the arrangement is especially noticeable in the foreshortening of the pathway, and the size of the sheep in the distance. The face and figure of the girl carrying the baby is also very expressive.

A Shopping Arcade.

NEW YORK is soon to have an Arcade which must become the center of attraction for the shopping community. The square occupied by what was formerly called the Hippodrome, now known as the Madison Square Garden, and which occupies the block between 26th and 27th Streets, Fourth and Madison Avenues, has passed into the hands of a company who will transform it into a permanent bazaar for the purposes of trade, both wholesale and retail. The walls, as they stand, will be retained, and the company simply lease and divide off the space into convenient sections, the tenants erecting their own structures, so that a good deal of variety, subordinated to a general plan, may be expected from their taste and enterprise, and will doubtless add to the attraction. It is expected that every department of business will be represented, including restaurants, so that luncheon need not be postponed, and can be had without going beyond the precincts of the bazaar. The arrangement will be something like the *Palais Royal* in Paris, but the avenues will be divided across as well as lengthwise, and therefore make a sort of little shopping city, instead of an open square, surrounded on several sides by shops.

"The Spirit of Faith."

(*See Steel Engraving.*)

THIS beautiful figure is a copy of an admirable work by Matthew Noble, the eminent sculptor, who executed it as a loving memorial by surviving children to the memory of their parents. In an obscure little church in the village of Simonburn, Northumberland County, England. It was designed as a mural monument, in 1868, to the memory of Lancelot Allgood, and Elizabeth his wife, and represents the Spirit of Faith standing on the rock of Truth, one hand clasping the cross, the other pointing heavenward. The star of Faith shines above the figure, and the cross is entwined with the olive and the passion-flower. The absoluteness of entire and unquestioning faith, inspired by religious devotion, is expressed in every line of the composition, which is one of the most perfect embodiments of an ideal conception ever expressed in sculpture, and most remarkable as a work not executed for fame, but buried for years in an out-of-the-way country church, where few saw, and a still smaller number appreciated. Evidently the subject inspired the artist to his best work.

Afternoon Parties.

One of the most sensible of the new departures in social life which have taken place of late years consists of the afternoon receptions which are so fashionable a substitute for the great evening parties which formerly extended beyond midnight.

It is well known that gentlemen always detested these parties, and avoided them whenever it was possible. Thus, many ladies were prohibited from accepting the invitation of their friends to the annual "crush," and many persons were debarred from reciprocating the civilities they had received, by the modern growth in luxury and the necessity for supplying a gorgeous supper far beyond the capacity of their financial and household resources.

Evening parties are now principally confined to Germans and sociables, given by young people to young people, or small *musicales* and literary reunions, which have a definite purpose, and for which guests are selected with special reference to their interest in these topics.

The regular weekly or fortnightly receptions of an informal character serve to create a number of social centers, each one of which is a *rendez-vous* for harmonious spirits, but the afternoon "At Home" is the only successor and the most popular substitute for the social necessity which compels persons who go much into society to, at least once during the year, bring their friends together, and, by one effort, wipe out many minor social obligations.

No special entertainment is needed for a "regular" afternoon reception beyond the refreshments, which are served from a table set either in the dining-room or an extension parlor. Sometimes these consist of pickled oysters, salad, and small sandwiches, in addition to ices, cake, biscuits, tea, coffee, and the like. But quite often the first of these are omitted and the table supplied only with the lighter viands.

Invitations during the season are always sent a week or more in advance—three weeks is not too much of a margin where people are very fashionable and the society large—but, of course, the more formal the invitations, the more fine and ceremonious the entertainment is expected to be. Ordinarily, the waiter who opens the door directs the guests to the dressing rooms, where they lay aside their wraps. The hostess stands inside the drawing-room door and receives each one as they enter. This is the only formality. The guest is then at liberty to look about for friends, accept the invitation of some gentleman to get an ice, or a cup of tea, and in half an hour make her way back to her carriage, or on foot to her home, in time to superintend the wants of her own family, receive a party to dinner, or prepare for the opera, or spend her evening in mending stockings, as circumstances may determine. The duties even of a woman in society are very multifarious, and some of those who are paraded as the most brilliant leaders are the most efficient in the performance of minute details which belong to home and family life.

"The Truants."

(*See Page Illustration in Oil.*)

Our picture of "The Truants," reproduced from the celebrated painting by the same name, is a very homely and truthful bit of *genre* composition, and will not only revive in the old reminiscences of their youth, but enable the young to realize the difference between their modern high schools, their numerous classes and divisions, and the small, bare room, with its stone or boarded floor, in which the boys and girls of the first part of the present century received their modicum of the three R's.

The ancient school-master, however, was not unfrequently a poor scholar, whose college learning had done but little to advance his material interests, and the stern pedagogue of our picture, small in stature, with his brown velvet knee-breeches, worn at the knee, his skull cap, and thin, just now severe, but not unkindly visage, is the exact embodiment of one whose "little Latin and less Greek" had only served to distinguish him in the eyes of his rustic neighbors.

Goldsmith's lines express the reverential awe which in those days was felt no less for the minister than for the school-master.

> "*Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,*
> *How one small head could carry all he knew.*"

The grouping in the picture is excellently managed, and the pitiful aspect of the little girl who has her finger to her eye is in capital contrast to the quiet, subdued, but sturdier manner of the boy, whose courage only failed as he came into the dreaded presence of the "master." The urchin watching behind the door looks much more mischievous than either, and as if he intended to slide in and escape the consequences of his transgression. The black-board, with its significant figures, and the eager children in the background, evidently glad of the break upon the monotony of their studies, offer a suggestive contrast to the wild flowers dropping from the hands of the truants, and which tell of the fields and the sunshine outside the dull precincts of the school-room. The picture is charming in the faithfulness of its old-time rendering, and will add another representative to the gallery furnished to our subscribers.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Law in New York as it Relates to Family.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

III.—Married Women's Rights.

As was said a former article, the old English common law forms the basis of the codes in nearly every state in the Union, and this law bears with peculiar hardship upon married women. Under its provisions, marriage is to a woman civil death, according to Blackstone's famous aphorism, "A husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband." As has been tersely stated, "The main principle of English law is that a married woman has no property;" and in much of its legislation as with regard to trusteeships, letters of adminstration, etc., the humiliating position of women who have entered "the honorable estate of matrimony," is indicated by the fact, that it is expressly stated that such trusts may not be given "to idiots, criminals, lunatics, and married women."

No wonder that such laws suggested Victor Hugo's bitter assertion that women are "politically minors, and in marriage slaves."

According to common law, "whatever personal property belonged to the wife before marriage, is by marriage absolutely vested in the husband. In chattel interests the sole and absolute property vests in the husband, to be disposed of at his pleasure" (Blackstone's Com., book II., 443); and with regard to real estate the law is equally explicit. "If a woman be seized of an estate of inheritance, and marries, her husband shall be seized of it in her right" (Comyn's Digest, Baron and Feme). Nor does the cruelty of this law stop here, for no married woman can inherit property after marriage; it becomes at once her husband's; neither can she, no matter how hard she may labor, become entitled to any money of her own, as her earnings belong absolutely to her husband. In fact, the common law does not recognize her existence until she commits a crime, when, unless the act be perpetrated in her husband's presence and under his supposed orders, it instantly becomes aware of her actions, and she is punished without mercy.

Such is the law to-day in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and nearly all of the Southern States, Louisiana having adopted long ago the Code Napoleon much more just in its provisions. With this and a few other states excepted, however, the married women of this country are to-day under the provisions of the common law, which not only deprives her of all property, but permits her husband to inflict on his wife "proper personal chastisement," and to become, if he pleases, her jailer and lock her up or even chain her, as was recently (1877) done in England by a man in Spilsby, who was dismissed without punishment, though he had kept his wife chained to the wall for twenty-four hours, as "the courts of law permit a husband to restrain his wife of her liberty" (Blackstone, Com., p. 445).

In our own state of New York, thanks to the exertions of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other eminent women, the cruelties of the old English law have been largely modified, and it is now directly declared in the New York Code, that "Beyond the claim of mutual support, neither husband or wife has any interest whatever in the property of the other" (p. 95).

Article 6th of volume III. of the Revised Statutes of New York is devoted entirely to married women's rights, and by a series of laws they are given nearly all the rights and privileges in regard to property possessed by unmarried women or by men.

Beginning with a section securing to every married woman her own property, without control of her husband, the several following sections secure to her the right to inherit real and personal estate, to make contracts, to sue and be sued, to make a will, to carry on business, to buy and sell, to hold patents for inventions, to insure her husband's life, to own stock and to vote upon it. In fact, by the just provisions of these laws, a wife is, as it were, restored to life, made an intelligent responsible human being, and in this state, to the honor of New York be it said, marriage is not punished as if it were a crime.

In one respect, however, the law still fails of giving to the feminine partner in the matrimonial firm her equal share of the joint earnings of the two. In this state, as in any other state in the Union, the result of the labors of husband and wife in a store, on a farm, in editing a paper, etc., belong absolutely to the husband, and a woman may marry in the bloom and freshness of her youth, and for forty years labor hard in caring for her family, sewing, helping in a store or on a farm, etc., and yet she will not be entitled to one dollar of the wealth that may have been accumulated during this period.

All her life long she has no claim to anything as her own of right, but is always a dependent on her husband, and when she lies dying she may not give away even the articles of furniture bought with the money she has earned, if those earnings were under own roof.

Pure Tin.

THE adulteration of food is a matter in which the whole community is interested, and an act against which a universal indignation is felt, but few persons are wicked enough to prosecute on a large scale adulterations which are positively injurious to health. Many of the substitutes for less expensive material are entirely harmless, or if not that, at least not actively poisonous. But what shall be said of the morality of the systematic adulteration of tin vessels, which hold all kinds of food, with lead, one of the most insidious and destructive poisons that can enter the human system? Yet so common is this practice becoming that it is said to be difficult to find tin entirely pure, while a great deal of inferior manufacture has a *larger* proportion of lead than of the pure metal which it professes to be. These facts have great significance for housekeepers, whose especial attention is called to the fact on account of the danger which exists of their using vessels or cans of doubtful quality. Of late a great reduction has taken place in the price of a certain class of canned vegetables and fruit, and the cheap rates at which they are sold often induce persons to buy them more freely than they would otherwise do. Many have discontinued the purchase of such cans, because they found the contents unhealthy, and attributed it to the quality of the fruit. Perhaps a more serious explanation could be found in the nature of the tin of which the cans are made. It is not an uncommon thing in opening canned tomatoes, or any other acid fruit, to become aware of a metallic odor, which ought to give speedy warning that the contents are unsafe and should not be used. Such odor is too often mistaken for that of the acidulous fermentation of the fruit, when it is wholly due to the presence of lead in the tin, which has long been subjected to the action of the acid juices, and converted into the most violent poison. Fortunately, it is not generally in sufficient quantities to produce symptoms well enough marked to be recognized as the effects of poison, but they are nevertheless often troublesome, and always decidedly injurious, for the smallest amount of the acetate of lead, acting upon the delicate membranes of the stomach and bowels, cannot fail to produce evil results, and when the thing is repeated again and again, to give rise to very grave and dangerous disease.

There are chemical tests which can be applied to detect the presence of even a very small amount of lead, but they are not generally of easy application by unpracticed hands, and it is therefore in some other way that the careful housewife must avoid the evil, while the laxity of state sanitary laws permits its citizens to be exposed to the practices of unprincipled manufacturers. One means of avoiding adulterated tin is by taking pains to buy that which bears the brand of reliable houses, and by paying a fair price. Cheap tins are always somewhat suspicious, for the manufacture requires careful work and good material, and a really good article cannot be produced at a rate much below the market price.

Block tin is preferable to all others, but it is also more expensive. The kind in common use is sheet-iron, covered with a thin sheet of the pure tin, and, if well made, is safe and useful for ordinary purposes, and some of these involve no risk; but for all utensils used for cooking, or for cans in which fruit, vegetables or meat are preserved, it is a matter of essential importance that the tins are of the finest quality. Beware, then, of purchasing carelessly of irresponsible dealers.

Something about Geraniums, etc.

As the cold season approaches, ladies living in the country, and dependent on the burning of wood fires to heat their houses, are always greatly troubled as to the probable fate of their "house-plants."

It is known to many—though I find the knowledge is not universal—that most species of geraniums, pelargoniums, etc., that have any wood on them, are readily kept over winter by pulling them out of the earth by the roots and hanging them up in a dry, airy cellar that will not freeze.

To keep any house-plant in the cellar over winter successfully, the cellar must be dry (if damp your roots will rot), airy, and, if possible, light. Under these conditions almost any healthy plant may be kept over winter, and in most cases will actually grow, and have even been known to bloom, though I do not think this latter desirable, as it exhausts the vitality of the plant. And right here let me observe that all plants, even those that are in pots or boxes, will keep the better for being suspended in some manner, or raised from the ground (a swing-shelf suspended from the ceiling is good for this purpose), so as to get plenty of air.

Above all things, be sure that your plants are free from vermin ere you store them, or the plants, not having the stimulating influence of sunlight, will soon be destroyed by them; for no difference how low the temperature, the insects will live wherever the plant can. A few thorough drenchings of the stems and leaves with a suds made from whale-oil soap, which may be procured for a few cents at any druggist's, will effectually destroy all kinds of plant lice. This soap has a very unpleasant odor, and is best applied by means of an atomizer, but lacking this a toy sprinkler is the best substitute.

To many who have choice varieties of petunias it may not be known that either the single or double varieties are readily propagated from cuttings, and may be quite as easily kept through the winter as other plants; and few plants are better adapted for showy hanging baskets than the petunia, as it is a constant bloomer, and will bear a great deal of neglect or careless treatment.

Geraniums for winter blooming should be started from the seed early the preceding spring, or from cuttings planted the latter part of August. *Apropos* of cuttings, a new way that seems to meet favor from those who have tried it, is to snap the cutting nearly off, leaving it cling to the parent stem by a small piece of the bark; this will supply it with sufficient nourishment, and at the end of ten or fifteen days a callus will have formed at the point of fracture; it may now be planted in good earth, and will immediately take root if given plenty of light and watered sparingly. Too much water soon causes young geraniums to rot. By far the finest geraniums for any purpose are those started from seed. The experiment, to those who have not already tried it, is an easy one, and very fine new varieties are occasionally obtained in this way. The seeds, sown in shallow boxes in a sunny window early in March, and watered with warm water, will usually sprout inside of from ten days to two weeks, and when two inches high should be picked out into small pots, and these exchanged for still larger ones as the plants increase in size. That geranium seeds have great vitality is proven by the fact that they will sometimes lie dormant for months, through every vicissitude of temperature and neglect, and finally grow. Watering with *warm* water, occasionally adding a few drops of *aqua ammonia*, in the proportion of *five* drops to a quart of water, is said to have a beneficial effect on faded or sickly plants, and small pieces of *gum camphor* pressed into the earth around the roots is said to destroy not only earth-worms of all kinds, but to stimulate the plants to great luxuriance of growth.

Where Does the Day Begin?

As a matter of fact the day begins all round the world, not at the same instant of time, but just as the sun visits successive portions of the earth in his journey from east to west. But the traveler who crosses the Pacific ocean can give another answer to the above question, and that is that on the 180th degree of longitude, one-half of the circumference of the globe—starting from Greenwich east or west—there is an arbitrary change or dropping of a day, and that at this point, if anywhere, the day may be said to begin.

It was with strange feelings that the writer, crossing the Pacific, having gone to bed on Saturday night, leaving everything pertaining to the almanac in a satisfactory condition, awoke on *Monday morning!* Sunday had completely dropped from our calendar—for that week at least.

Every one knows that in traveling round the world from east to west a day is lost, and in order to adjust his reckoning to that of the place he has left, one must drop a day as if he had not lived it, when in reality the time has passed by lengthening every day during the journey. For a long time it was the custom for sailors to effect this change pretty much where they pleased; but it has now become a settled rule among American and English navigators that at the 180th degree a day must be passed over if going west, and one added if going east, in which latter case the traveler enjoys two Sundays or two Thursdays, as the case may be.

It is most likely that this particular degree was decided on from the fact that, except a few scattered islands of Polynesia, there are no large communities with their vast commercial and social transactions to be affected by the change. It will be remembered by all who have read *Around the World in Eighty Days* what an important part in the story this simple event plays.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THAT women have played a noble part in many a stirring drama of the world's history is not to be contradicted. From early times we have records of those who were impelled by an irresistible impulse to cast aside the conventional trammels of custom, in order that a wrong might be redressed, an oppressor hurled aside, or some deed of valor and high enterprise accomplished. It is a brilliant and noble company—not that they were all blameless—but that each did a work which, at the time, there was none else to do. One name there is, however, of whom the worst that could be said was that she was a pronounced enthusiast; one about whose life time and misrepresentation have thrown a cloud of falsehood; one who, though of the lowly of earth, was the means of freeing her country's neck from the heel of the invader.

A little more than a hundred years ago there died in France Henri de Dulys, the last male representative of a noble family which had been founded nearly four centuries before by a woman; and at this day there stands in the Maiden's Square in the old Norman town of Rouen, on the spot where she was so infamously executed, a monument to the memory of this same heroic woman, Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, as she has been called after the town which was the scene of her principal triumph. Let us see if, in the clearer light of to-day, we cannot arrive at more just conclusion as to her career than has been accorded her memory for so many years.

At the close of the fourteenth century the English were in possession of a great portion of France, the result of the conquest begun by Edward III. King Charles VI. of France was then the reigning monarch, and under his rule it seemed as though a new era of prosperity might be in store for the troubled country. The chief obstacle to this, however, was the internal dissensions and feuds of the French nobles, some of whom scrupled not to ally themselves with the English king to further their own ends. Henry V. of England ascended the throne in 1413, and his reign was marked by fresh hostilities in France, the most important event of which was the battle of Agincourt, in which the French were completely routed. Still in the prosecution of the war, he died at Vincennes in 1422, and his conquests and kingdom were left to the hands of a puny infant sixteen months old. Shortly after the French king, Charles VI., followed him to the grave, and his son was crowned as Charles VII. in the city of Poictiers, instead of at Rheims, as was customary with the kings of France. But he was acknowledged as king by his own adherents, nevertheless. The war was still carried on by the English in the person of the Duke of Bedford, regent for the infant Henry VI. Although Charles and his friends made a bold resistance, they were driven from one stronghold to another, and were finally driven from the north, and forced to take refuge in the town of Chinon in the south. One strongly fortified place in the north, however, still held out for the French king, and until this was taken the English could not with safety pursue Charles to his retreat. All the hopes of the French, therefore, were centered in the city of Orleans, and his best generals and all the soldiers he could gather were sent for the defense of its fortifications. At length, the English, under the Earl of Salisbury, appeared before the city ten thousand strong, and prepared to starve the garrison into submission. At the end of six months it appeared as though the defenders must surrender. So close a watch had been kept by the English that no provisions had found their way into the city, and the best soldiers of the garrison had been killed in the sorties that had been made from time to time. Charles was plunged in despair, and was seriously meditating flight to some of the neighboring kingdoms, when an event occurred which was destined to turn the scales in his favor. He was informed that an extraordinary person was desirous of seeing him, who would take no denial, but was at a neighboring village waiting his permission to appear before him.

In the little hamlet called Domremy, on the banks of the river Meuse, was born, about 1410, Jeanne d'Arc, or as she is called in English, Joan of Arc. Her father's name was Jacques d'Arc, and she was one of many children. Owing to the poverty of the family, Joan was early sent to service in the village tavern, and was very hardy and robust, so that on her devolved the duty of taking the horses of the travelers who stopped at the inn, and in this way she became familiar with their management, and was accustomed to ride the animals without saddle or bridle. This simple fact in her early life was afterward one of the causes of her condemnation ; for it was argued that only by the aid of witchcraft could a woman have ridden into battle as well as Joan did.

She was of a solitary, morose nature during her childhood, and her hours of rest from work were spent, not in the company of those of her own age, but in solitary rambles in the surrounding country, and in constant attendance at church, where she was very fond of decorating with wild flowers the statues of the saints with which it was adorned. When about fifteen years of age she began to claim to have seen visions, and to have had conversations with the Virgin and the angels. There is no doubt whatever that, to the end of her life, she believed in this herself—perhaps her solitary life had led this simple, uneducated child to dream of things which would have had no existence in a more cultured mind. But the age was a superstitious one, and she found many willing ears among the credulous village folk. The country for miles round was intensely loyal to the unhappy King Charles, and it is not surprising that her dreams, colored perhaps by these surroundings, took the shape that she was to deliver Orleans, and conduct Charles to Rheims, where he should be crowned as all the monarchs of France had been before him. She stated that one of her dreams had charged her to apply to the governor of the near town of Vaucouleurs, who, she said, would furnish her with means to reach the court at Chinon ; and to this end she endeavored to get an uncle to accompany her thither, and on his refusing, went by herself and succeeded in obtaining an interview with the governor, to whom she announced her mission. At first he derided her tale, but her importunity at length caused him to give a reluctant promise to aid her, and a gentleman in his service offered to conduct her safely to Chinon, if the governor would bear the expense. The journey was irksome in the extreme, but at length she arrived at the town of Fierbois and requested permission of the king to appear before him, announcing herself as one commissioned by heaven to drive the English from France, and to conduct him to Rheims, there to be crowned and anointed.

On February 15, 1428, Joan of Arc was granted an audience of the king at Chinon.* In order to test the truth of her assertions as to her inspiration, the maid was shown into a room filled with the gentlemen of the court, from among whom she singled out the king, although he was dressed as plainly as any of the others ; and as a further proof of her sincerity divulged a secret known only to himself. However true this may be, certain it is, that she succeeded in convincing King Charles and his party that there was something in her mission. She was put to the test by many of the clergy, but bore her examination without flinching, and on several different occasions adhered to her first story. In the end the clergy decided that she really had received her mission from on high, and the king was advised to employ her.

Every honor was now paid her ; a banner and a suit of armor were furnished her ; and mounted on a snow-white horse, and attended by a numerous body guard, she placed herself at the head of the king's troops.

She desired that search be made behind the altar in the cathedral at Domremy, where would be found a sword with certain marks on it, which she described. Her enemies, of whom there were already not a few, jealous of her rapid rise to power and influence, declared that she had herself placed the sword where it was found ; and this is very likely.

Of course, all these doings had reached the ears of the English besieging Orleans, and when she sent a letter demanding that they depart from the soil of France, they only laughed and said she must be either witch or devil.

Her first exploit was to send relief in the shape of provisions to the besieged, and under her leadership the French soldiers succeeded in accomplishing what they had often before essayed in vain, and Joan entered the city and carried hope to the hearts of its defenders. In a sortie which she led she was severely wounded, and in the first flush of pain gave way to tears ; but hastily repressing her weakness she caused her wounds to be dressed, and placing herself once more at the head of the troops, gained a victory. Thus heroically led, who could help showing valor? and thus the French gained one advantage after another ; and in inverse proportion as the French gained courage the English lost it. The soldiers refused to fight against a witch, as they called her, and in less than three months the Earl of Suffolk was forced to raise the siege. He was closely pursued by the French, who performed prodigies of valor. They looked on the Maid as the messenger of God, and obeyed her in the slightest matters ; and it is worthy of note that she never forgot her sex. True, she had assumed a man's dress, for which she was condemned by many, but it is hard to say how she could have done otherwise, seeing that the dress of a woman was totally unfitted to the task in which she was engaged. She never struck a blow save in self-defense, and by her endeavors the camp became very different morally from what had been known up to that time. She indulged in no luxuries, either of dress or at the table, and was strict in the observance of her religious duties. After victories at Jergeau, and Troyes, and Chalons, she entered Rhiems in triumph, and shortly after the first part of her mission was fulfilled, and Charles was crowned with great pomp and rejoicing. She then urged the king to lose no time in making an attack on Paris, and in September, 1429, the assault was made with great fury, but the defenders had the best of the fight. During the action the Maid was again wounded, and lay on the field of battle unnoticed for some hours. She was so grieved at what she deemed unkind neglect that shortly after she visited the Church of St. Denis, hung up her arms there, and declared her intention of using them no more. The king endeavored to dissuade her, and with success ; and as a mark of honor raised herself and all her family to the rank of nobility, as has been already referred to.

In the spring of 1430 hostilities were resumed, and again the French were victorious in several hardly-won battles. But on May 20, 1430, in an action before the town of Compiègne, the Maid was taken prisoner by the English and sent prisoner to Rouen. While in confinement every effort was made to get her to confess to witchcraft, but without avail. But the English were resolved on her death, and in this they were aided by the Bishop of Beauvais, who caused her to sign a paper, which she was unable to read, containing a list of crimes which she had never committed, and among other things binding her to resume the dress of her sex. One night, however, he caused her clothes to be taken from her while she slept, and put her warlike dress in their place, and of course when she awoke she was forced to dress herself in them, no doubt with many a sigh for the bygone days. This seeming relapse was quickly taken advantage of by the infamous bishop, and she was delivered to the English, who lost no time in making preparations for her execution. On the morning of May 31, 1431, she was led to the stake in front of the market place at Rouen, and perished heroically. Almost her last words were to the effect that within seven years the English would lose a far more important place than Orleans ; and she was right, for in 1436 Paris passed into the hands of King Charles, and before twenty years the English had lost all their possessions in France save Calais. So died the heroic Maid of Orleans, and her ashes were, by the order of the same infamous Bishop of Beauvais, thrown into the river Seine.

In the limits of a short article it is not possible to glance at more than the leading points in her career, yet it is hoped that some false impressions may have been corrected, and justice done to the memory of a heroic woman.

What Women Are Doing.

The Seventh Congress of Women will be held at Madison, this October 8th, 9th, and 10th.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president of three important organizations—The Boston Woman's Club, The Boston School of Technology, and the Town and Country Club of Newport, Rhode Island.

One of the New Features of the *National Citizen* will be a series of letters from Sara Andrews Spencer, of Washington, descriptive of the political situation of the "equal rights" question.

Anna Dickinson's recent work, the "Ragged Register," published by the *Harpers*, has had a large sale, and is a very clever and amusing collection of personal reminiscences, interesting anecdotes, and incidental "opinions."

"**Two of Us**" is by Miss Calista Harvey, well known as a teacher of wood-carving, and more recently as a journalist. It is the embodiment of the personal experiences of the author and her sister.

The Rev. Ada C. Bowles, of the First Universalist Church, in San Francisco, married a pair the other day, and was the first woman to do so on the Pacific coast.

Miss Helen Chalmers, a daughter of the great Dr. Chalmers, spends her life in endeavoring to conquer the demon of intemperance, in the lowest haunts of the city of Edinburgh. "In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved and bringing them to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God.

Paulina Kuntz, an Alsacian girl, aged 18, has been sentenced at Fribourg to three months' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully of the Grand Duke of Baden at the sight of his photograph. The three months spent in prison awaiting trial count, however, as the fulfillment of the sentence.

Miss Genevieve Ward has taken the Lyceum Theatre for a term, commencing August 2, and, during the absence of Mr. Henry Irving and the regular company, produced a new play entitled "Zara," from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, in which she sustains a dual part.

Miss Belle M. Patterson, grand-daughter of ex-President Andrew Johnson, is preparing for the lecture field, for which she has decided qualifications, both natural and acquired.

Woman Carver and Gilder.—Mrs. Hunt, High Street, Camden Town, carries on the business of frame-maker and gilder. She works chiefly for the trade, but is open also to private orders. This is a work eminently suited to women.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe says, it has often grieved her to see that inferior work is accepted by kind and generous men on the ground that it is "very good for a woman." Women ought to be very indignant with bad work done by a woman.

A Lady's Yacht.—The English steam yacht Violet, belonging to London, and having on board her owner, Miss A. E. Fazakerley, with three lady companions, arrived at Stockholm June 28. After a short stay there, the yacht left for St. Petersburg, and returning thence to Gothenburg by the canal, set out on her homeward voyage *via* Christiana and Bergen, having been absent about three months.

The Princess Louise and her Husband.—The Marquis of Lorne's work, "Travels in the Dominion," is to be published in London early in the winter. It is being illustrated by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, with whom the Misses Montalba have been sojourning in Ottawa, in order that the mutual art studies of those ladies and her Royal Highness might be renewed.

Miss Ellen Hayes, lady principal of Adrian College, Mich., has accepted the position of teacher of mathematics at Wellesley College. Miss Hayes is a graduate of Oberlin College, where she distinguished herself in mathematics.

Queen Victoria has sent to the ex-Empress Eugenie a frame made of violets in amethysts for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in its talons a three-colored streamer on which is written in golden letters the motto, "Not lost, but gone before."

Lady Burdett-Coutts intends visiting Constantinople in her new steam yacht, the Walrus. The Walrus is a large new steam vessel built for the passenger trade, but at present fitted up as a private yacht, manned with a picked crew, and supplied with officers by the Cunard company.

Frances Hoggan, M. D., has published a tract on "Swimming, and its Relation to the Health of Women." Its object is to make women more eager to practice this healthful form of exercise, which is in many respects calculated to be more beneficial to them than even to men, as their occupations being usually monotonous and sedentary, the gentle and regular exercise of all the muscles in swimming is even more necessary.

The Empress of Austria likes a solitary hunting expedition. With her favorite rifle in hand, she goes deep into the wooded mountains and solitary valleys which stretch round the imperial domain in every direction. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, she will often make excursions of two or three days' duration, staying at night at some distant cot, where the only fare besides the the game she brings with her is goat cheese and milk, with black bread.

The Westminster Industrial Exhibition.—The *Labor News* says: "This should be called a working men and women's exhibition, seeing that there are something like 160 female exhibitors, exclusive of those under 18 and at school." There are fifteen exhibitors of worked carpet-covers, but six of these are men; twenty-five men also have exhibited pictures in wool, and ten women; twenty-two men exhibit needlework, and thirty-two women; two men exhibit crochet and knitting, and twenty-two women; fifteen women, in addition, send plain needlework; fifteen flowers in wool-work; four bead-work, four lace, etc. Many arts, however, are not represented at all, and others very inadequately.

Mrs. Asa B. Hutchinson, one of the famous family of singers, has invested liberally in Colorado mining property. On their way to Leadville Mrs. Hutchinson purchased an undeveloped mine in Georgetown, and placed a number of men sinking the shaft, timbering up, etc. Recently she received a dispatch from her agent, a prominent Georgetown citizen, who states that a bed of mineral many feet thick has been struck, that in richness far surpasses anything ever before discovered in Colorado. The information, coming from the source it does, is perfectly reliable, and there is no reason to doubt that the popular singer's wife is the wealthiest lady in the West.

Miss Minnie F. Austin, for many years teacher in Chicago and San Francisco high schools, also principal of Clarke Institute in San Francisco, from failing health turned her attention to an outdoor life. She now owns a fruit farm of eighty acres in Fresno, Cal., and last spring set in the ground, by the aid of one man, over six hundred fruit trees. Miss A. conducts her farm with as much system as she did her school. She has twenty-eight acres of the best raisin grapes, from which the yield will be between thirty and fifty tons of fruit; about 300 apricot trees, 100 nectarines, 400 figs, 400 prunes, and all ordinary fruit trees. She has this year nearly two tons of peaches alone, which she has dried for market.

Miss North's Sketches.—The sketches in oil made by Miss North during her tour in India and the Archipelago, five hundred in number, are on view in London. These designs, by a lady who is an accomplished and adventurous traveler, are almost as instructive to the scientific as pleasing to the artistic spectator. They are all drawn "on the spot," and are faithful, if rapid, reproductions of strange and beautiful scenes visited by few, of vast palaces, ancient ruins, and homes of decayed or living religions. History, archæology, topography, are all served by this collection, while the botanist and the lover of color finds himself in wildernesses of huge and splendid tropical flowers.

A Singular Case.—A curious case came some days ago before a French provincial law court. A lady, the owner of a property in the neighborhood of Moulins, in the Department of Allier, whose son had hitherto been in the habit of receiving her rents, was obliged, owing to his absence, to receive them herself. She happened, however, to be a blind and deaf mute. A tenant, who was not aware of this beforehand, refused her acknowledgment of receipt, and declined to pay except in the presence of a legal witness, lest the lady should turn out to be incapable in the eyes of the law. A police officer was secured, but he was afraid to act as witness, lest he should be called to account. Application was therefore made to the law, and after some disputing, on appeal to a higher court, it has been decided that the lady is perfectly capable of transacting her business herself. She was in her youth a distinguished pupil of the Paris Deaf and Dumb School, and is described as remarkably clever and well educated, and as being, notwithstanding her age and physical infirmities, in full possession of all her mental faculties.

A Chequered Life.—Few women can boast of or deplore a life like that of the Countess Solange de Kramer, which is just now again the talk of Paris. Left when a year old in a drawer of a foundling hospital at Brest, France, with the simple name Solange pinned to her clothing, she was soon transferred to an orphan asylum. As a child she was beautiful, but weak in body and mind, and subject to frequent fits. Her modesty and beauty attracted many as she sold flowers in the street, but when twelve years old she sickened, died and was buried in an open casket, and it being winter, but a thin layer of sand was thrown over her body. At night she awoke, and crawled, bewildered, out of her grave, and wandered, she knew not whither. Passing a fortification near by, she did not understand a sentinel's "*qui vive*," and he fired, felling her to the ground. In the guard-house her beauty so impressed a young lieutenant, Kramer by name, that when she had recovered he sent her to a Paris educational institution. Returning to Paris after many years of war, Kramer found his protege a full-grown, beautiful, accomplished woman, of great *esprit*, no trace of youthful ails remaining, and they were married. An investigation showed that the foundling was the daughter of General Bernadotte, now King Charles XIV., of Sweden, and Captain Kramer and his wife were duly acknowledged and ennobled at Stockholm. Their son is now an attache of the Swedish legation at Paris.

Oxford Halls and Examinations.—Oxford has been slower than Cambridge in recognizing the claims of women to partake in sound and advanced instruction; but the lapse of time has produced at Oxford not only the senior and junior examinations, to which girls as well as boys are admitted, but also that Oxford takes part in the examinations which are called those of the "joint board," and

Oxford has now an examination for women over eighteen years of age. The women's examination at Oxford has a very different programme from that set at Cambridge. It is one which includes more subjects, and is in some respects higher in standard than that of Cambridge.

To meet the wants of young women who may wish to study at Oxford, and to follow the course laid down for the benefit of women by the authorities of that University, an association has been founded for promoting the higher education of women in Oxford. This association has arranged courses of lectures which will specially prepare women to pass the various sections of the women's examination. The attraction of these lectures will probably bring many young women to reside in Oxford, just as the similar attraction of lectures open to women has drawn many to Cambridge. To meet the wants of such young women, two halls have been founded—one, the Ladies' Hall, under the presidency of Miss Wordsworth as principal; the other, the Somerville Hall, the principal of which is Miss Shaw-Lefevre. The Ladies' Hall is intended distinctly for members of the Church of England; Somerville Hall is open to students of any denomination. In both halls the students will be under the care and superintendence of the principal—much as they would be in their own homes.

The foundation of these halls for women at Oxford is an extension of the movement for women's education, which will meet a want of a kind somewhat different from any to which Girton College, Newnham Hall, and University College, London, respond. Both Girton and Newnham prepare their students for the regular degree examinations, while Newnham also has a number of students who intend to take the Cambridge Higher Local Examination; and University College, London, prepares for the degrees of the London University.

To the women to whom the letters of a recognized degree are of practical importance to be written after their names, London offers entirely unrivaled attractions; for the L.A. of St. Andrews must "pale its ineffectual fires" before a full degree of the London University. Girton offers, in addition to the course of a Cambridge student's regular studies, the advantage of a college life and of the interests arising therefrom; and in a minor degree, and with somewhat different objects, Newnham follows in her wake. The new halls at Oxford offer a kind of collegiate life of which many parents will approve, and at the same time provide for instruction in a wide range of advanced subjects.

An Agricultural School for Girls in Normandy.—In a recent pamphlet by Madame Ciminio Folliero, a well-known authoress, and the editress of the *Cornelia*, a periodical devoted to the interests of Florentine women, an account is given of an agricultural school for girls, which we give in a condensed form. The *Atelier Refuge* of Danètal near *Rouen*, was established about thirty years ago as a reformatory for young girls coming out of prison, by M. Podoin, formerly chaplain to the jail at Rouen, and Mdlle. Marie Earnestine, official visitor of the prison of Bicètre.

One day, some thirty years ago, two little girls were discharged from the prison of Bicètre, their sentence having expired. They had no home to go to, and begged with tears to be allowed to remain in the prison. Of course it was impossible to grant their request, but the heart of Mdlle. Earnestine was touched at the pitiful sight of these children, and knowing well the dangers that awaited them in the streets of Rouen, determined to take charge of them. But how was she to do this? She had only seventeen cents in money. She took the little girls in her room, and wrote about them to M. Podoin. His reply was, "Look out for a room, buy a loaf and a candle, and some straw for a bed; to-morrow God will provide." Thus a beginning was made. Year by year they received fresh inmates. Aid came from many benevolent people. A house with land adjoining and some goats were their first possession. M. Podoin and Mdlle. Earnestine studied agriculture, and were soon able to instruct their pupils.

The establishment now contains three hundred and six girls, from six to eighteen years of age. It consists of a large house, beautiful church, a school-room, an infirmary, and a garden-house, in the grounds, which are above four hundred acres in extent. This land, their main support, is cultivated entirely by young girls. They work hard, and all look healthy and happy. In the fields they dig, sow, reap, plant, mow, and prune. They guide the plow, and cart home the hay and corn. Indoors they spin, cook, wash, iron, make their own clothes, besides cheese, cider, and all country productions. In eleven days they constructed a good road a mile and a quarter long, connecting the house with the garden-house. Their specialty is the care and management of cattle. They have one hundred cows, above a thousand head of poultry, some oxen, and twenty-three horses.

Notwithstanding their rough labor, the girls are neat, orderly and obedient. Their working costume consists of a short dress of coarse material, thick stockings, strong shoes, and broad-leafed straw hats, for protection against the sun. On Sundays and holidays, they wear a uniform of blue with black or white capes, and white headgear. The excellence of their productions has been attested by several medals of the French Agricultural Society. Besides out-door employment, two hours a day are given to the school-room, where they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing and geography. The telegraph and telephone also are worked by the girls. The younger and more innocent are kept apart from those older in years and crime, their class-rooms and dormitories being quite separate.

When the girls have reached the age of eighteen, and their training is completed, Darnètal girls find ready situations as stewards, gardeners, dairy women, and farm managers. They are in great demand in Normandy, on account of their skill and practical ability. Each girl on leaving is provided with a small outfit, and the money she has earned herself in over hours, and should she be ill or in trouble, the "Mother's House" is ever open to her.

A Noted Authoress.—Perched on a hill which commands a fine view of the city, and about six miles from London, is Hampstead, one of those pretty suburban villages, which are so numerous about the great metropolis. Just on the brow of the hill stands a plain brick house, its walls overgrown with ivy, vines over the door, and flowers in the windows. That is the home of Mrs. Charles, the author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family," "Against the Stream," etc. She is a slightly made woman, of modest, almost timid manners, and is an unmistakable Englishwoman, notwithstanding her thoroughly German look. So faithful to nature in all its details of domestic life was her first story, that every one except those in the secret believed it to be a translation of some German book written just after the Reformation. But Mrs. Charles had made herself familiar with German history and literature before beginning to write.

Her chief object in writing is, as she herself says, to do good. She looks at life not with the cold eye of a philosopher, but with the heart of a woman full of sympathy for the poor and obscure, and of pity for the ignorance and misery which crushes so many of her sisters to the earth.

The interior of her home possesses that strange charm which is so thoroughly English, and which, I think, must come from the complete adaptation of all its details to one's individual position, without any attempt to imitate that which is superior, or a neglect of anything which can really add to one's comfort.

Mr. Charles is a merchant of London, who sympathizes in the tastes of his wife, and furnishes her ample means for their gratification. Unfortunately, they have no children, though on this account she has more leisure to write and study.

Hampstead has long been a favorite suburb of London, and the residence of many distinguished people. Chatham lived there, and Johanna Baillie, and on a stone by the roadside may now be read the name of John Keats, who loved to sit upon it to muse in the summer twilights. Sara Coleridge spent the first few years of her married life there, and now lies at rest by her father's side just across the valley in Highgate churchyard.

Close by, too, is the modest frame house where Dinah Maria Mulock lived for many years, and wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman," supporting by her diligent pen her father and younger brother, whom she educated only to see die. Married now to the man she loves and honors, let us hope Providence is giving her "pressed down measures" of happiness in return for the solitary hours she knew in her early years!

The Literary and Artistic Mania.—Every Parisienne now aiming at social distinction affects a literary or artistic mania. The Comtesse de Paris collects rare books; Princesse Czartoryska is reviving the needlework in which Matilda of Flanders illustrated the Norman conquest; the Duchesse de Chartres paints birds; Blanche de Nemours works in a studio; the young married and unmarried ladies of the De Broglie family prepare materials for a future history of their time; a prominent Republican, Aspasia, is about to start a review; M. Caro's lectures at the College of France are attended by the most charming flowers of French aristocracy and plutocracy. In the mansions of the Rothschilds, and in those spacious houses, *entre cour et jardin*, of the Faubourg Saint Germain, young ladies study for diplomas. Preparation for Hôtel de Ville examinations is even made in the conventual establishments in which the wealthy girlhood of Paris is educated. Some days ago I had occasion to inquire at a convent on what terms they took out-door and in-door pupils. The superior, a fluent South-of-France woman, was very communicative. She showed me a long list of boarders, of high family and brilliant prospects, who were studying to qualify as governesses.

What a Young Girl Accomplished.—The safe arrival of the ship "Templar," at San Francisco, after a direful voyage, was due to the brave conduct and unfaltering devotion of Miss Armstrong, daughter of the captain. When off the Rio de la Plata the mate was relieved for insubordination. About the same time Captain Armstrong was obliged to take to his bed again, leaving the ship in command of the second officer. The second officer was a good seaman, but not a navigator, and Miss Armstrong offered to navigate the ship if he would take the observations. This was done—the second mate, taking the sun, hurried below with his sextant, and Miss Armstrong, weak and debilitated as she was, worked up the latitude and longitude, doubled Cape Horn, and finally brought the ship in safety to the Farallones. Captain Armstrong acknowledges that if it had not been for his daughter's indomitable will and perseverance the "Templar" would never have reached the Golden Gate.

A New Authoress.—Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," looks about twenty, but is said to be twenty-three. She lives in Rome, dresses in excellent taste, is very pretty, and has a profusion of blond hair. Everybody speaks of her as "George," after her *nom de plume*, "George Fleming."

YOUNG AMERICA

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XI.

"Ah! now I see my life was shorn,
That, like the forest brook
When leaves are shed, my darkling soul
Up in heaven's face might look."

GATTY was living in a Boston hotel, and wrote constantly to Penelope, urging her to give up "business." Her husband was both rich and liberal, and Penelope and Lily might both live with her and "see something of the world." Lily did not care much for seeing the world, but she was disgusted with literature, since her novel had been returned by the last publisher, who had retained it long enough to make her hopeful; and as the *Weekly Thunderbolt* paid her but a pittance, she decided that it was no worse to be dependent upon one sister than another, and went to Gatty for at least a visit.

Penelope could not be persuaded to entertain the idea of giving up her business for a moment. To be sure it would be more endurable to be dependent upon Gatty than upon Aunt John; but having once tasted the sweets of independence she did not wish to resign them. Moreover, there was nobody who could fill her place in Miss Prissy's opinion, and for her to desert it would be to give that poor old lady over to doubts and fears and anxieties which would almost inevitably shorten her life.

She had put her hand to the plow, and turning back seemed impossible. She saw herself, in the coming years, a quaint, little, shriveled-up old maid, like Miss Prissy, standing behind the same counter, dealing out worsteds and ribbons and candy to another generation of Academy girls; and going to Boston with a very old-fashioned bonnet on, and an "Indispensable" like Miss Prissy's. And she surveyed the picture bravely and repressed a sigh.

The autumn was a dreary one at Hollow Nest Farm on account of Lily's absence, and not much brighter at the Squire's, though Rose was still there, and the preparations for Ju's wedding were going on; for the financial panic, which was spreading all over the country, had found its way to Shaftesbury. The mills were running on half time, the pay was reduced, and the Squire, ordinarily the most jolly and genial of men, was looking anxious and dispirited. Kitty and Rose made frequent visits to city friends "to keep up their spirits," and from them Penelope heard a great deal of Gatty, and also of Gale Bearse. After one of these trips Rose came into the store alone one morning—a very unusual occurrence.

She had an anxious expression, very unlike her usual languor, and her cheeks were pale.

"Penny, I am in a great deal of trouble, and you are the only person in the world who can help me!" she exclaimed. "And I know you will; not because you like me; I don't think you do; but because you are so good and kind, and because you are so fond of Stephen."

It was very simply and sweetly said, but at the last clause Miss Rose shot a sharp glance out of her blue eyes which caused the blood to mount to Penelope's forehead. She felt it to be as much of a challenge as if Rose had said, "I know your secret, refuse to help me if you dare."

"I have had such a horribly hard time, Penny. That miserly old uncle of mine says I have been extravagant—when I have had only the bare necessaries of life—refuses to give me a sixpence, and says if another bill of mine is sent to him he will disown me entirely. And he would: he would be glad to have an excuse to do it. Now you see I had to run up some little bills to keep myself decently dressed, and I thought I could pay them after I was married—the Squire is a very rich man, of course, and Stephen, being an only son, will have plenty of money. But those horrid storekeepers are pressing for their money, threatening to go to my uncle, and even to the Squire. I had to tell them that I was going to marry his son to make them let me have the things—fancy how disagreeable! It would ruin me utterly to have the bills sent to either of them. I *must* get the money some way; and you will lend it to me, won't you, Penny? I can't ask Stephen's sisters, because the Squire would have to know; they couldn't lend me so much out of their allowances."

"How much do you owe?" asked Penelope.

"It is a little more than three hundred dollars in all; I don't know exactly how much, but I think a *very* little more than three hundred."

"Three hundred dollars!" gasped Penelope. "Why, I haven't it in the world! I have two hundred in the bank, and about twenty in my purse; that is all I have."

"Can't you get enough somewhere to make up the difference?" asked Miss Rose, coolly. "They say that Miss Prissy is as rich as Crœsus, and then there's your sister Gatty. I should think you might get it of one of them, and just as soon as I am married I will pay you."

Penelope had an almost morbid horror of borrowing; and now that she had persisted in taking care of herself in spite of Gatty's entreaties, she would not have asked her for a cent for herself upon any consideration.

To give up her little bank account would be a sacrifice, especially as the crops had turned out poorly, and trade was beginning to fall off in consequence of hard times; but to borrow of Gatty besides!

She was half inclined to turn away from Rose's anxious face. But "be kind to my sweet Rose Geranium," sounded in her ears, and she said unhesitatingly:

"I will get it for you."

"You are the best girl in the world, and I am ever so much obliged to you. And while you are about it, Penelope, you may as well get three hundred and fifty dollars; those people always manage to make a bill out so much larger than one expects."

"Haven't you seen the bills?" asked blunt Penelope.

Rose colored.

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't know exactly what they amounted to?" she asked, a little angrily.

"I didn't remember. I beg your pardon," said Penelope, meekly. "I will get you three hundred and fifty dollars."

"And don't let anybody know that it is for me. Don't speak of it to a living soul, will you?"

Penelope gave the desired promise, and Rose took her departure looking as gay and blooming as ever.

Penelope subdued her pride and wrote to Gatty, asking her to lend her a hundred and fifty dollars, and when it came withdrew her precious little hoard from the bank; and was thus enabled to hand the desired sum over to Rose. That young lady took it very calmly, but remarked that she had always told Steph what a lovely girl she was, and a thousand times more attractive than she (Rose), which remark was not as gratifying as might have been expected, and wholly failed to console Penelope for wearing her old cloak and hat, as she was obliged to do.

Rose immediately took a trip to Boston to pay her debts, as she informed Penelope, and came back with an amazingly stylish new suit and a gorgeous French hat, which was the wonder of all Shaftesbury, and Gale Bearse as an escort. That young gentleman spent several days at the Squire's, and called upon Penelope, but was so embarrassed and ill at ease that she was glad when he took his leave.

Penelope went up to the Squire's one day shortly after his visit, and found nobody but Kitty at home; the others having gone on a sleighing party, and Kitty was in a very disturbed state of mind.

"O, Pennyroyal, you are just the person I always want to see when I am in the 'doleful dumps,' and that is to-day, if it ever was. I begin to believe this world is a vale of tears, as Mr. Judkins says—poor fellow, he'll realize it more deeply than he does now before long, I fancy, for, Penny, he is going to marry Aunt Ju. Papa is furious, and declares that he has an eye to Aunt Ju's money, and she ought to have sense enough to know it. She is nearly forty-five, and he is twenty-eight—think of it!—and she has always proclaimed that matrimony was degradation. She says, now, that she is going to marry him because he sympathizes so deeply with her in her work, and will be such an aid to her in the great cause of elevating woman! There's one good thing about him, he has put a stop to her performances in the mills' church. They are going to Europe at once, 'to examine the progress of the Great Cause in other countries.' This marriage is one of my afflictions, Pennyroyal; but it isn't the greatest by any means, because one is always expecting and prepared for some crazy freak from Aunt Ju. Papa is going to fail, Penny. He has just been telling me so. A large firm in New York with which he is involved, and with which his only chance of 'pulling through' lay, has failed; and his last hope is gone. His great desire is to keep Steph in ignorance of it; you know Steph is his idol. He thinks he shall be able to get up again in a little while, and Steph never need know the worst. I think he is foolish. I know Steph would so much rather come home and go to work. But papa is so set! We are to leave the house and give up everything, and yet Steph is not to know. All the money there is is to be sent to him. Papa has told nobody but me; what the girls will say I don't know. The worst is for poor Ju, for, Pennyroyal, papa says that Mr. Mapleson has been making inquiries everywhere about the condition of his affairs, and papa thinks he will desert Ju when he hears of his failure. Papa says he is poor and ambitious, and never cared for Ju; but only for the money he expected to get with her. But then papa never liked him, and just now he is looking at everything through very blue spectacles. And besides all this, Penny, I don't like the way Rose is going on with Gale Bearse. She is a flirt, I always knew, and she may not mean to be untrue to Stephen; but Gale Bearse is rich, you know, and she thinks a great deal of that. O, Pennyroyal, it does look as if nearly all our friends were going to prove fair-weather friends!"

And Kitty ended her list of afflictions with a burst of tears.

Penelope offered all the consolation in her power, conscious all the while that the unhappiness that was threatening Stephen weighed much more heavily on her than the woes of the other members of the family.

"It is horrid to be poor, Penny, and it is of no use to say that it isn't. And it is a great deal worse when people have been brought up, as we have, as if poverty could not possibly come near them. What can any one of us do to support ourselves? And papa has no thought of us—he feels terribly that he has wasted Stephen's inheritance. We are going to live in the Crooked House, Penny, and keep one servant, and let almost all the furniture and horses and carriages go."

And Kitty sobbed again.

"The Crooked House is pleasant," suggested Penelope, searching about for even the smallest crumb of comfort.

The Crooked House was a large, old-fashioned house, near the mills, which had once been the homestead of a family named Crooks. The children, who had used its deserted orchard as a playground, christened it "The Crooked House," and as it had been built by piecemeal, and was a very eccentric collection of wings and gables, the name was not inappropriate.

"The spice apples are nice, and do you remember the old, gnarled, greengage plum-tree?" said Kitty, from her childish recollection. "And there's a nice hall for dancing—but, O dear! we shall never dance any more now! We shall have to work. Sarah can teach music and drawing, but what can Ju and I do? I might possibly teach a dancing-school, and Ju—well, Ju might open a Matrimonial Agency. Yes, I know it is mean to say such a thing of my sister—you suggest something else. We might mount the lecture platform, except that Aunt Ju has not found it profitable, only so far as fame goes. Penny, do let me make silly jokes, or I shall die. And papa said that he told me because I was the most sensible of his daughters."

Before a week had passed the Squire's financial failure was known to all Shaftesbury, and nothing else was talked of in the town. Their house was given up to the creditors, and the family moved quietly into the Crooked House. They took things very quietly, altogether, nobody bewailing very loudly except Miss Judith, who could not stay to witness the downfall of the family prosperity, but was married to Mr. Judkins on the day before they moved, and left immediately for Europe.

The Squire's prediction was verified with regard to Ju's lover. He was in New York when the news reached him, from whence he at once sent Ju a lengthy epistle, in which he said, that, after a long struggle with himself, he had decided that it was wrong to ask her to wait until he had acquired sufficient means to enable him to marry. He therefore released her from her engagement, with his best wishes for her happiness, feeling that for himself there was no longer any chance of happiness.

Ju did not repine for her lost lover; "it was not as if he were the only one upon whom her affections had been set," as Kitty remarked. The family misfortunes seemed to develop latent strength of character in her. Miss Judith offered to provide her with funds to pursue the study of medicine, and she accepted the proposal at once. She had always fancied herself an invalid, and had acquired a great deal of knowledge by the diligent study of medical books. It had always been declared in her family that nothing but sentimentality had kept Ju from being a doctor, and now that she seemed to have had enough of sentimentality, and the family fortunes were at so low an ebb that idleness was no longer possible to her, she entered with great zeal upon the career which savored so much of woman's rights ideas as to appal Sarah and Kitty.

Sarah found three or four music scholars, and patiently made over the old clothes of the whole family. Kitty attended to the housekeeping—they having been obliged to dismiss their housekeeper—and directed the efforts of the one small maid-of-all-work, the only servant that their income allowed them. And after a while Kitty, feeling sorely the want of the liberal supply of spending money to which she had been accustomed, and fired by a spirit of independence, the result, she declared, of the leaven which Penelope had set to working, opened an afternoon dancing-school for children in the long-disused dancing-hall of the Crooked House, which proved a great success.

Rose went with them to the Crooked House. She was loud in her lamentations, and evidently considered herself very badly treated; but anything, she announced, was better than going back to her uncle. One day, when the Squire's family had been for about a month in their new home, she walked to the village alone to see Penelope. As Rose was much averse to walking, and the Crooked House so near the Farm that there was a continual running to and fro both day and evening, Penelope was somewhat surprised to see her. But one glance at her face assured her that money troubles had brought her again.

"Penelope, it is too bad to trouble you again, but you don't know what I am suffering for the want of a little—such a very little money. Another bill has been sent me, which must be paid, and I am actually suffering for a new hat! If you could lend me a little more it would help me so much, and if you knew what a good turn I am going to do you I know you wouldn't hesitate."

"I really have no more money than I need from day to day," said Penelope, having a vision of patient Joel waiting for his wages, and Mis' Bumpus going to the minister's donation party without the new black alpaca upon which she had set her heart. "I don't think you, with your city ideas, realize how little money comparatively is made in a little country store like this."

Rose colored angrily.

"Well, if I had had any idea that you were so stingy as that I shouldn't have asked you. The girls are always talking about your kindness and generosity, but if this is a specimen of it!—Now I am going to heap coals of fire on your head by being very generous to you. I am going to give Stephen Ilsley back to you!"

"I don't understand you," said Penelope, trying her best to be calm and dignified, but unable to repress the wave of color that rushed over her face.

"Fiddlesticks! yes, you do understand me," said Miss Rose, elegantly. "It is plain enough for anybody to see that you adore Stephen, and he might have taken a fancy to you in time, if I had not come in the way. Now I am going to take myself out of the way, and if you play your cards well you may get him."

Penelope's impulse at this cruel and coarse insult was to walk out of the store and leave Rose alone. But one half moment's reflection told her that Rose did not mean to be as insulting as her words sounded. With all her air of high-bred dignity she was thoroughly coarse. Penelope had learned before this time that delicacy is not an essential property of womanhood, as is generally supposed; and she knew that it would be utterly impossible for Rose to understand the agony of shame that she was making her suffer.

Moreover, Stephen's last words haunted and held her back—"Be a good friend to Rose." Yes, she would for his sake, whatever she might suffer.

"I think you ought to thank me instead of looking angry," exclaimed Rose, in an aggrieved tone; "and pity me, too. Gale Bearse is not half so nice as Stephen; and I really liked Stephen, too. If he had half of Gale Bearse's money you shouldn't have him!"

"O, Rose, you don't—you can't mean that you are going to desert Stephen for Gale Bearse!" cried Penelope.

"Of course I mean it. You don't suppose I am going to marry a man who hasn't a penny? I think Stephen will make his way in the world and be a rich man sometime, perhaps; he has more brains in his little finger than there are in Gale Bearse's head. But that imbecile old man persists in keeping him idling away his time in Europe, ignorant of the poverty that has come upon them, and sending him the money which ought to go to make the family comfortable. If Iwere willing to marry him when he comes home, what would become of me in the meantime? I can't go back to my uncle, and I can't live in such a horribly poverty-stricken way as they do at the Squire's. Fancy being expected to sweep and dust one's own room, and be on terms of equality with a dancing-mistress! It is strange how utterly wanting in pride and delicacy some people are; now *I* would starve before I would teach dancing. So, you see I am really forced by circumstances to marry Gale Bearse, though I am really sorry for poor Stephen."

"O, Rose, you will break his heart! Don't do it. You don't realize how much he loves you," cried Penelope.

She had not been able to rejoice with Stephen's joy in his engagement to Rose, but her heart was full of grief now at the thought of his coming sorrow.

"Loves me? Why, of course he does. And so does Gale Bearse. But I don't see that that has much to do with it," said Rose, indifferently. "Didn't you ever hear the Old Mother Goose rhyme—

"'Will the love that you're so rich in
Build a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love
Turn the spit, spit, spit?'

Now I never mean to turn the 'spit, spit, spit' myself I can assure you. I have seen enough of that at the Crooked House."

"But you *promised* to marry Stephen," said Penelope.

"I promised to marry him rich, I never promised to marry him poor. But of all the queer girls that ever I saw, you are the queerest. Why are you not delighted? Or are you only pretending that you are not?"

"You have no right to say such a thing as that to me—not the slightest right," said Penelope, drawing herself up with a dignity which Miss Rose herself could not have rivaled. "I am Stephen's friend, and I am sorry for anything which will cause him pain."

"That is devotion which I don't pretend to understand," said Rose. "But I didn't mean to make you angry. If I had known that you wanted me to pretend that I was as blind as a bat, I would have. Now, Penelope, I know you haven't the heart to be as stingy as you are trying to be. You will lend me a hundred dollars, and I won't ask you for any more. I am going to be married in two months, and my uncle can't refuse to give me a little something when he knows it. I have written him to-day, but I must go to Boston to pay this bill, and get me a hat before I can hear from him."

Penelope groaned in spirit at the thought of begging of Gatty again; but she thought of Stephen's request and promised, and Rose went away happy.

The prospective bridegroom came up to Shaftesbury the next day, and called at the store on his way to the Crooked House. He was not so embarrassed as on their last interview, but evidently had something on his mind to which he wished to give utterance. Penelope forestalled him by speaking of his engagement, taking a mischievous pleasure in congratulating him.

"I didn't suppose you had heard of it," he said, "being a little awkward about Stephen Ilsley and all that; though I don't know that a fellow has any right to think himself injured because a girl doesn't care about him, after he has almost forced her into engaging herself to him—fairly worried her life out, as Stephen did. But I rather wanted to be the first to tell you, because I know you must think I am such a weak, fickle fellow. I wanted to explain. You see, Penelope, she is not like you——"

"Not in the least," said Penelope, laughing.

"That's it—laugh at me. I never could get you to be serious with me for five minutes. There are a great many respects in which she differs from you—she loves me! And, after all, that is a great deal to a fellow. No fellow likes to be treated as if he were of no account at all, or made fun of. Then she isn't smart, like you; if you had married me, you would have been very likely to be the head of the firm. I am not such a fool but that I know that. But Rose is a gentle, affectionate kind of a girl, who will do whatever I want her to. Gorgeously handsome, too, isn't she? She went to the theater with me, and you ought to have seen all the fellows stare! Now I am not trying to pretend that I wouldn't rather have you, because, you know——"

"I know that you will have a very handsome and brilliant wife, and I wish you all the happiness imaginable," said Penelope; and after further remarking with satisfaction upon the gentle, "clinging-vine" nature of his betrothed, the young man went his way, leaving Penelope to meditate upon the extreme guilelessness of his nature.

Her heart was very sore at the thought of Stephen's sorrow; but there was a crumb of comfort in the reflection that his sorrow might, after all, be less than it would have been, in time, with Rose as his wife. Rose's suggestion, that happiness might come to her by means of Stephen's disappointment, did not strike her as a possibility. Stephen thought of her as a sister, and always would; she had deluded herself, and paid the price of her folly by suffering, and it was all over.

Rose bade farewell to Shaftesbury and returned to her uncle very soon after this, and her wedding cards were received by her Shaftesbury friends about a month afterward. The Squire's daughters did not go to the wedding, feeling too deeply aggrieved at her treatment of Stephen, though Kitty declared it to be her belief that he had had a happy escape. It was not until six months after her marriage that Rose sent to Penelope the money she had borrowed of her; it was accompanied by a note saying that Gale had "growled so over the little bills he had had to pay for her, that she had not been able to send this before." After he heard of Rose's faithlessness it was long before his family heard anything from Stephen. He had been accustomed to write occasionally to Penelope, but his letters to her ceased also. When at last he did write, it was to his father, merely giving him some information with regard to the operations of cotton-mills which he had been visiting—information which was not of much value to the poor Squire, as dull times still continued, and the mills were almost idle. It was touching to see the old man growing more bent and careworn each day, exhausting all his energies and denying himself even the comforts of life, for the sake of providing his son with the abundant means to which he had been accustomed, and keeping him in ignorance of his poverty. The girls were anxious that Stephen should be told the true state of affairs, feeling sure that he would blame them for not telling him when he came to know, as he must know inevitably; for the Squire's hope of regaining his former wealth before his return was evidently a vain one. But when Stephen wrote that he had decided to remain abroad two years, instead of one, the Squire rejoiced at having more time to restore his fallen fortunes, and took still greater precautions to prevent Stephen from discovering the deception which was being practiced upon him.

It could not be said that the family at the Crooked House were unhappy, in spite of their changed fortunes. Kitty, indeed, avowed that she had never had "better fun" than teaching dancing, and Sarah declared that nobody could know the real pleasure of spending money who had not earned it. And when summer came round again, and the Crooked House orchard and garden were in all their glory, as well as the Farm, and Ju and Gatty and Lily were all at home again, there was almost as much merrymaking as of old.

Lily had decided that housekeeping was her forte, rather than literary pursuits, after all, having been influenced to this decision by a young editor who was devotedly in love with her.

"I was such a goose ever to think I was a genius! If I had aimed at what I could be sure to reach, as you did, how much happier I should have been," she said, over and over again, to Penelope.

But Penelope would never be convinced. She was sure that Lily would yet be heard from as an authoress.

September was to see another wedding at the Farm, and Mis' Bumpus was alternately elated with the thought of the fine affair which it was to be, and dejected with the prospect of losing Lily—wearing her apron every other day.

Gatty was as restless and eager for excitement as ever, and could not endure what she called the "utter stagnation" of Shaftesbury, but rushed off to a gay watering-place, carrying her reluctant husband, who was very fond of quiet and seclusion, in her train.

"Gatty has everything in the world that she wants," said Lily, "and yet she is not at all happy. But, after all, I think she is happier than she would have been if she had married John Sylvester. She *could* not have lived a quiet life, and she would have made him perfectly wretched. I wonder if he realizes how much better off he is."

"Indeed he doesn't," said Penelope. "He will be a forlorn old bachelor, mourning for her to the end of his days."

"Some people are so," said Lily; "but I think when they fall in love with the wrong ones they ought to try to get over it."

Something in Lily's tone told Penelope that she meant her as well as John Sylvester, when she said people "ought to try to get over it;" everybody seemed to suspect her, and that, to her sturdy pride, was a very bitter thing.

"Ought to try to get over it." Why she might as well try to get over breathing, she thought. And then she wondered, knowing what changes Time brings, if, in all the coming years, she should ever "get over it;" if she should ever come to think of it as a folly of her youth, which did not pain or grieve her.

Ju was at home for the summer, but wholly absorbed in her medical studies, spending her days in hunting up medicinal roots and herbs, and discoursing learnedly upon them. She enlisted all the small boys in the neighborhood in the search for rare herbs, and the Crooked House was besieged continually by a small army, bringing specimens of everything that grew within five miles of Shaftesbury. Everybody who was sick in the neighborhood Ju visited, for the purpose of gaining information. Her whole mind was given up to her chosen pursuit, and she had, as Kitty said, "no time to fall in love."

In August Miss Prissy died, passing peacefully away, with all she loved in the world beside her—Penelope, the parrot, and Rebecca.

Miss Prissy was reputed to be very wealthy, and it was generally supposed that she would leave all or most of her property to Penelope. Still Miss Prissy was eccentric, and there was no knowing what strange freak she might have performed in the making of her will. All Shaftesbury was on tiptoe with curiosity.

And there was no less curiosity when it transpired that her will had been placed in her lawyer's hands, with strict injunctions not to open it until Stephen Ilsley came home. In the mean time, Penelope was to carry on the business, having the same share of the profits as before, the remainder to go to the estate.

What was Stephen Ilsley to Miss Prissy? cried everybody. Had she made him her executor, and why, since young men were her especial abhorrence? Shaftesbury imaginations were on fire. Theories startling enough to form the plot of a dime novel were advanced. The mildest of them was that Miss Prissy had been secretly married, and Stephen was her son or grandson, adopted by the Squire. Another was that Miss Prissy had been the victim of lifelong unrequited affection for the Squire, which she had testified only by leaving her property to his son; though why, in that case, she should not have left it to the Squire himself, who was sorely in need of it, was not explained. Miss Trimmins, the dressmaker, had always noticed that Stephen bore not the slightest resemblance to either the Squire or his deceased wife, and had always suspected that he was left on the Squire's doorstep on a dark night, and now it was evident who had left him there. The Squire would not have Stephen informed of Miss Prissy's directions lest it should induce him to return sooner than he intended. He did not believe that Miss Prissy had left anything to Stephen; at most some insane fancy (the Squire had never given Miss Prissy credit for perfect sanity) had made her wish him to act as executor of her will, and there was no occasion for haste.

So time went on, and the gossip and speculations died away, and Stephen did not come home.

(*To be continued.*)

The Little Maiden.

A NEW FAIRY TALE.

BY ELIZA PERONNEAU MATHEWES.

My little child, 'tis a cloudy day,
So I'll tell you a pretty story,
But it shall not be of ladies gay,
Nor of kings and queens in their glory,
Nor of cannibal giants who dine alway
On human viands gory;
But I'll tell you about a little maid
Who had two darling lovers,
She let them kiss her, and wasn't afraid,
Tho' they were daring rovers.
They kissed her once, they kissed her twice,
They kissed her over and over,
Till the print of the kisses upon her cheek
Her parents did discover.
They kissed her once, they kissed her again,
But they kissed her once too often;
Those parents stern were angry then,
And naught their hearts could soften.
They shut her up in a tower grim—
Was ever a tower higher?
And they thought, as they gazed at the depth below,
"No lover can now come nigh her."

But the tower had a window large,
Which they never thought of barring,
For they said, "No rover can climb so high,
Be he ever so bold and daring."
Now the lovers swore they would find the maid,
And lo! in that grim old prison,
One swiftly leaps through the window high
As soon as the sun has risen!
He kisses the little maid's lips and eyes,
And her dress with kisses he covers;
The rose on her bosom withers and dies
At the kiss of this hottest of lovers.
He kisses her hair again and again,
Till he turns the fair locks golden,—
I know not if lovers behave so now,
But they did in the good time olden.
And now he travels all round the room,
On the window-sill he lingers,
Then presses a good-by kiss on her cheek,
And one on her rosy fingers.
And as she weeps to see him go,
He tells her to cease her sorrow,
And swears, as sure as the sun's in the sky,
That he'll kiss her again to-morrow.
Then the other rover came whistling in;
He rumpled her golden tresses;
His manner so bold that she trembled at first,
Just a little, at his caresses.
So said he, "I will go off and work awhile,"
And he flew right away to the ocean,
Where he found a lazy ship asleep,
And he set her sails in motion.
He saw a mill that had only ground
A peck of corn that morning,
So he sent its white arms round and round
Without a word of warning;
Then he sent some fleecy clouds aloft,
Just for the sky's adorning.
When he was tired of working hard,
And his breath came soft and quiet,
He flew right back to the little maid,
No longer making riot.
But only whisperings soft and sweet
Did this bold rover utter,
He stooped down and kissed her little feet,
Scarce making a ribbon flutter.
And so to the tower came every day
Each true and faithful lover,
And the print of their kisses again on her cheek
Her parents did discover.
Then they said, "It is useless to lock her up,
"We've tried in vain to save her."
So they flung the tower-door open wide,
And freedom sweet they gave her.
But see, the clouds are almost gone,
God the blue sky uncovers;
My little maid, the tale is done—
Now run and meet your lovers.

Jacky Meadowlark's Adventure.

BY HARRY ALLAN.

"WELL, so long, mother," said little Jacky Meadowlark, one day, as he briskly flirted a speck of dust from his glossy brown coat; "so long—I'm off."

"*So long!*" cried Mother Meadowlark, "so long! Why, what does the chick mean?"

"Pshaw! Good-by, then," answered Jacky; "you can understand that. I'm going to leave these bushes, and am going out into the world."

He looked very bright and bold, standing there before the family mirror—a clear pool of water—trimming his feathers and admiring his beauty. But the sight did not seem to please his mother, pretty as it was.

"Why, your wings are scarcely fledged yet, Jacky," she cried; "two weeks hence will be early for you to leave us; and, surely—but there comes your father; let us see what he has to say."

"Oh, he'll say I'm too young, of course," grumbled Jacky; "so I'll just go now, before he reaches us. Ta, ta;" and with a jerk of his head, a plump little body went whirring across the meadow, never stopping to look behind at the pink and green sweet-brier bush which had been his home, and from which four little brothers and sisters were lustily shouting "Good-by!"

"Well, I'm off at last," said Jacky, as he sat down to rest in the shade of a clump of red clover. "Now, I mean to find some pleasant place, and to settle down by myself, to do just as I please."

A fat beetle which came by, singing to itself, was pounced upon and eaten before it knew what was the matter. This, with a few wild raspberries, made little Jack rather drowsy, so he settled down in the heart of a white thorn bush and took a nap.

"Hullo! you sir," suddenly cried a gruff voice in his ear, "what's your name?"

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" shrieked Jacky, floundering out of the bush in a great fright. "Where's my mother?"

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed the owner of the gruff voice; "rather a funny name, that. But don't be frightened—I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I thought, perhaps, you was lost. My name is Thompson Crow—I'm a parson."

"Oh—ah! I must have been dreaming," returned Jacky, rather stiffly; but the flutter in his heart found its way into his voice, and rather interfered with the dignity he wished to assume. "I am subject to fearful dreams, which do not leave me until I am thoroughly awake. I am not lost, I assure you. Good-day."

Here he found his wings, and flew over the meadow rather hurriedly, fearful that his interruptant would follow him and ask for more information. But Thompson Crow did nothing of the kind; he sat where Jacky left him, chuckling to himself at the little Meadowlark's fright.

"Why, bless my heart," said he to himself, "I would not hurt the chick for the world. But I wonder what he is doing all alone? Bad times are these, when a young one leaves home before his tail-feathers are fully grown. But it's none of my business, of course."

Meanwhile Jacky had used his wings to such purpose that when he settled down for a rest not a trace of white thorn, or red clover, or Thompson Crow was in sight. Instead of these, all about him was a thick forest, with some few moss-grown logs, and a wild flower or two on the ground. Night was approaching, and as the shadows of the trees lengthened along the ground a little Meadowlark began wishing most heartily for a warm nest, and a soft mother bosom to cuddle up to.

A tree-toad came down from its perch on the lower limb of an elm-tree to stare at him; a squirrel, frisking by, brushed him with its bushy tail. The fire-flies and glow-worms began lighting their lamps, and the hoot of an owl came from the thickest and most gloomy part of the woods. Now Jacky had never before heard an owl crying, and the voice of this one put him into a dreadful fright, and as the noise rapidly came nearer, down he flew to a decayed log, and tried to hide himself in one of its crevices. Like the foolish ostrich, the first thing he did was to bury his head, thinking that if his enemy was invisible to him, of course he was out of its sight. But, alas! this was not the case.

A sharp beak seized him just under the wings, and dragging him from his hole, flew with him through the night.

"Oh! please don't hurt me," shrieked Jacky, as soon as he found his voice, "I wasn't doing nothing."

But the owl flew on silently. Only the flapping of his wings was heard.

"Oh! I wish I had never left home," sobbed Jacky to himself when he found that it was useless to cry to his captor. "My father wasn't afraid of anything. He wouldn't let nothing catch me this way."

But the owl said never a word, and as Jacky's fright grew more intense every minute, his cries began to grow incoherent, and soon nothing could be heard but a jumble of chirps.

However, this state of things could not last forever; and the owl, growing tired, sat down on the broad limb of a tree to rest. He laid Jacky down rather carelessly, and the first thing he knew, the little fellow had fluttered off, and was flying away in the darkness.

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," growled the owl, as he caught and carried him back; "I have a little business with you, which must be attended to before you leave me."

The business could not be transacted at that present post, it would seem, for the owl picked Jacky up and was off again.

Presently the woods grew thinner; an open, treeless space appeared next, and the scent of a sweet-brier bush filled all the air. Strange as it may seem, the chirping of birds was heard through the darkness; and as the two went on the chirpings grew louder and more distinct, until at length Jacky recognized in them the voices of his parents.

"He has found him! He has found him!" Jacky heard his mother cry as they drew near, and in another moment he was cuddled up in the old, warm, safe, home nest.

Policeman Owl did himself a wonderful service when he found Jacky Meadowlark. For the whole Meadowlark family, Jacky included, considered themselves his debtors from that night. Did one of them find a fat mouse's hiding-place, he hurried straightway to Mr. Owl's housekeeper and told her all about it; and it fared illy indeed if that same mouse was not shortly served up as a dinner for the good night-watchman.

Written Numbers.

THE origin of written symbols to express numerical quantities was for many years the subject of the most laborious research. There seems to be little doubt, however, that they were invented by the Brahmins many ages prior to the Christian era. But the date of their introduction into Europe has baffled all investigation. For many years—indeed, till within the last century—it was supposed they were introduced into Spain by the conquering Arabs; but the fallacy of this theory is apparent when we reflect that the Arabs themselves had no knowledge of what we call Arabic figures prior to A. D. 813, while they were familiar to European nations many years earlier. These so-called Arabic figures should be properly called Hindu or Indian, for the Arabians borrowed them, as well as the decimal system of notation, from that people. As regards their introduction into Europe, it is now considered as beyond a doubt that the new system was brought to Italy from the East by some of the many merchants who, by their extended voyages, did so much to enlarge the Western world's knowledge of distant countries in the East. But these Arabic figures were something totally different from what we now use.

The Greeks were the first to adopt a system of notation in Europe. They at first employed the letters of the entire alphabet to express the first twenty-four numbers—that being the number of letters in the Greek alphabet. As may be readily supposed, this scheme was found to be extremely cumbrous, so they adopted the happy expedient of dividing their alphabet into three portions, using the first to symbolize the nine digits, the second the nine tens, the third the nine hundreds, and to this end they added three additional symbols to the original twenty-four, in order to make the requisite number. So by this means numbers as high as 1,000 could be expressed; and by adding a small perpendicular stroke under any symbol its value was increased a thousand-fold, or by subscribing the letter M the value of any symbol was increased ten thousand-fold. This improvement enabled them to express all numbers up to 9,990,000, a range which was amply sufficient for all ordinary purposes. But at best this was but a cumbrous system, and it was doubtless the want of something more concise and more easily read which led to the invention of the Roman notation or numerals.

It has been supposed that the Romans used M to express one thousand because it was the initial letter of the Latin word for that quantity—*mille;* and C to denote one hundred for the same reason—it being the initial letter of the Latin word *centum.* Also, D being formed by dividing the old-fashioned M in the middle, was appointed to designate five hundred—one-half of a thousand; and that L being one-half of C, was used to denote fifty—one-half of one hundred. But the more probable account seems to be as follows:

As the child in its first lessons in arithmetic does at this day, so did the Romans: they put down a perpendicular stroke, **I**, for one, and this they doubled, trebled, and quadrupled to express the first four numbers; but any larger number than four strokes was confusing to the eye, and necessitated the numbering of them separately, so they simplified the matter by joining two simple strokes together thus, **V**, to express the next number, 5; to this acute angle **V**, they added the simple strokes to the number of four, thus, **VI, VII, VIII, VIIII**; and as more of the units could not be added without confusion, they doubled the acute angle, thus, **X**, to form the next symbol, two fives, or 10. After doubling, trebling, and quadrupling the doubled acute angle, thus, **XX, XXX, XXXX**, they then, for the same reason as at first induced them to invent the **V** and the **X**, joined two single strokes in another form, **L**, and called it 50; and to denote 100 they added another stroke to the **L**, making a sign thus, **⊏**. After having used this last four times, they turned it round and put a simple stroke before it, thus, **I⊐**, which they called five hundred; and to express one thousand they repeated the double right angle, thus **⊏I⊐**. The reader will now be able to see very readily how easily these simple lines became altered into the shape in which we are familiar with them; for in writing it was common to round the corners of all the right angles, so that **⊏** soon became C, **I⊐** D, and **⊏I⊐** M. And thus these seven letters, M, D, C, L, X, V, I, became numerals. If it is remembered that in many continental cities **CIↃ** is still used for one thousand, and **IↃ** for five hundred, instead of M and D, it will be admitted that the theory is become fact.

Although the Arabic numerals were introduced into Italy in the beginning of the thirteenth century, they did not come into general use until the invention of printing; and even then accounts were kept in Roman numerals until the beginning of the seventeenth century, both in England and on the continent of Europe.

During the Middle Ages, however, there was in use a curious combination of the Roman and Arabic systems. This was called the Gobar system, after, it is believed, a monk of that name, who introduced it. It consisted of writing or printing the dates or numbers thus, XXX2 for 32, X4 for 14, etc., but was never in use to any great extent.

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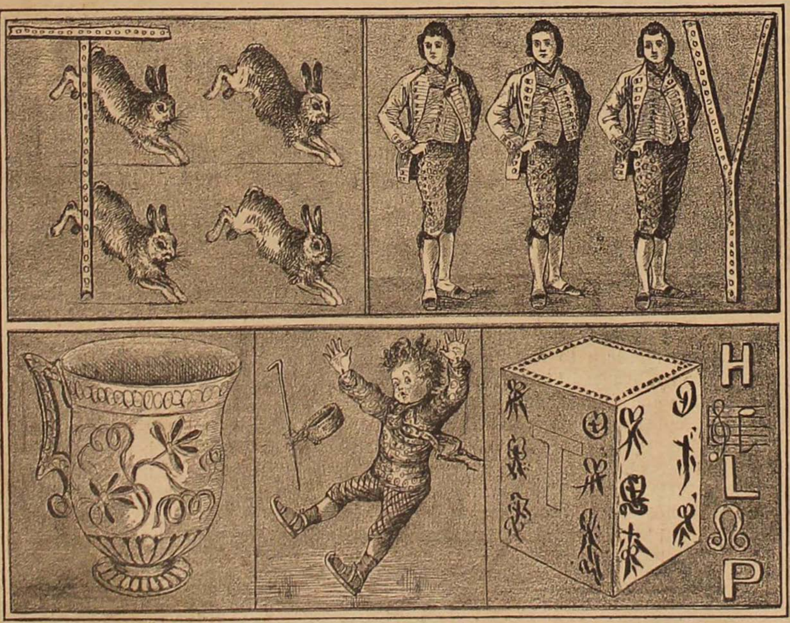
A New Use for Grasshoppers.

A LITTLE girl in California has discovered a novel and interesting plaything. It consists of a team of four grasshoppers, harnessed by means of threads passed around their bodies, under their wings. Their drawing power is considerable, and they work with as little kicking as the average mule. At last accounts several of these grasshopper teams were being caught and harnessed up by the little folks of her neighborhood.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS—ANSWER IN OUR NEXT.

Why?

WHY do we invert the divisor in division of fractions?

The rule is easy: "Invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication of fractions."

The reason why is not so easy.

Take an example: Divide $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{2}{3}$, or find how often $\frac{2}{3}$ is contained in $\frac{3}{4}$. By analysis, in one there are $\frac{3}{3}$, and $\frac{1}{3}$ is contained in $\frac{3}{3}$ three times; and $\frac{2}{3}$, which is twice as much as $\frac{1}{3}$, one-half as many times, or $\frac{3}{2}$ times. Since $\frac{2}{3}$ is contained in 1 $\frac{3}{2}$ times, in $\frac{3}{4}$ it is contained $\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{3}{2}$ times, or $\frac{9}{8}$ times, equal to $1\frac{1}{8}$.

If we reduce the given fractions $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ to a common denominator, and then divide the numerator of the dividend by the numerator of the divisor, the result will be the same. Reduce $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ to a common denominator. 12 is the common denominator of $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$. $\frac{3}{4}=\frac{9}{12}$, and $\frac{2}{3}=\frac{8}{12}$. $\frac{8}{12}$ is contained in $\frac{9}{12}$ $\frac{9}{8}$ times, equal to $1\frac{1}{8}$.

Again, if we simply invert the divisor as the rule directs, we have $\frac{3}{4}\div\frac{2}{3}=\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{3}{2}=\frac{9}{8}$, or $1\frac{1}{8}$.

We find the result the same, whether we analyze the question, whether we find the common denominator, or whether we simply invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication. Still we have given no reason.

Division is the converse of multiplication. $4\times5=20$. 4 in 20 5 times. Now multiplying any quantity by 1 does not alter the value. $1\times6=6$, $1\times9=9$. When the multiplier is less than 1, the product is less than the multiplicand. Multiply 8 by $\frac{1}{2}$, the product is 4. Now in multiplying by $\frac{1}{2}$, what have we done? Simply divided by 2. 2 in 8, 4 times.

Suppose we wish to divide by $\frac{1}{2}$, or to find how often $\frac{1}{2}$ is contained in 8. Is it not plain that there are $\frac{16}{2}$ in 8, and that $\frac{1}{2}$ is contained in $\frac{16}{2}$ 16 times. What have we done? We have multiplied 8 by 2. So, in multiplying by a fraction, we *really* divide, and in dividing by a fraction, we *really* multiply.

If the numerator of the fraction is greater than 1, the principle remains the same. Multiply 24 by $\frac{3}{4}$. $\frac{1}{4}$ of $24=6$, and $\frac{3}{4}=3\times6$, or 18. We divide first and then multiply.

Divide 24 by $\frac{3}{4}$. $\frac{1}{4}$ is contained in 24 96 times, and $\frac{3}{4}$ is contained $\frac{1}{3}$ of 96 times, or 32 times. We multiply first and then divide. To shorten the work we could cancel: $24\div\frac{3}{4}=\frac{\overset{8}{\cancel{24}}}{1}\times\frac{4}{\cancel{3}}=32$.

From what has been said, several reasons may be deduced for inverting the divisor. 1st. Because dividing by a quantity is the same as multiplying by its reciprocal.

2d. Because inverting the divisor is the same as reducing to a common denominator, and then dividing the numerator of the dividend by the numerator of the divisor.

3d. Because division is the converse of multiplication: as in multiplying by a fraction we really divide, so in dividing by a fraction we really multiply.

4th. Because we learn by analysis and study that inverting the divisor shortens the work and brings the correct result. So we might say, simply for convenience.

5th. Because in dividing by any quantity we really invert it. Reciprocal comes from *reciprocus*, a turning back the same way. The reciprocal of a quantity is the unit 1 divided by that quantity. Thus the reciprocal of 7 is $\frac{1}{7}$, of $\frac{2}{3}$ is $\frac{3}{2}$, of a is $\frac{1}{a}$, of 12 is $\frac{1}{12}$, and so on.

In algebra we have $x\times\frac{1}{y}=\frac{x}{y}$, therefore $\frac{x}{y}=x\times\frac{1}{y}$, $\frac{1}{y}$ being the reciprocal of y.

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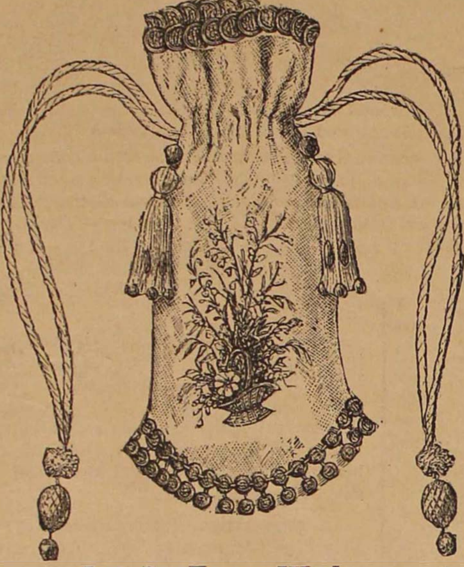
SOLUTION TO ILLUSTRATED REBUS IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE.—A fool and his money are soon parted.

"Designs for Berlin Work."

(*See Colored Plate.*)

WE furnish two other designs in the present number for Berlin work, especially for beginners. They are well adapted for cushions, chair-backs, and stand-covers, and very easily copied by the youngest aspirants to success in fancy-work.



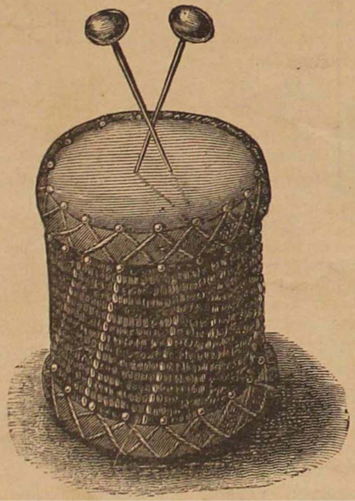
Bag for Fancy Work.

MADE of maroon or black velvet, and embroidered in several shades of color, and tiny pearl beads to form the flowers.

The bottom of the bag is finished with large pearl beads, strung to form a fringe.

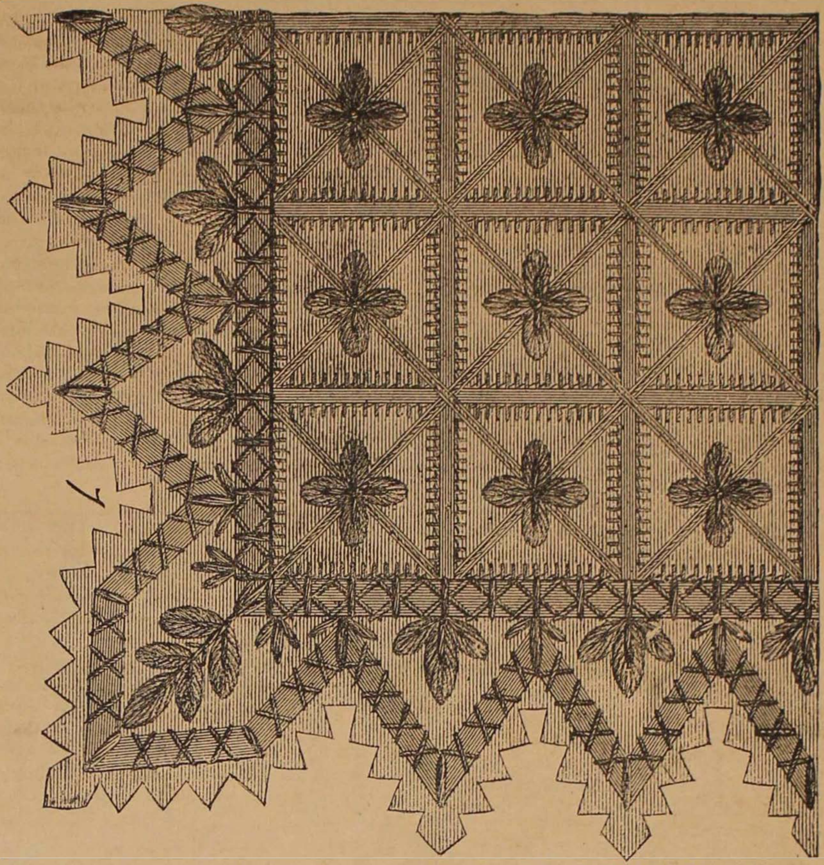
At the top pearl buttons, laid one over the other.

Silk cord and chenille tassels. The pendants on the cords are made of worsted and pearl beads strung over it.



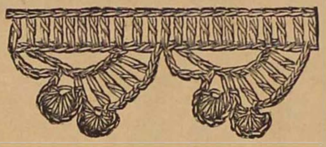
Drum Pin-Cushion.

THIS pin-cushion is in the shape of a drum, with two pins, with ornamental heads, for sticks. A straight piece of stuff, 1½ inch high, and 4¼ inches wide, is required, and two rounds, measuring 1¼ inch. It is stuffed with bran and emery powder. The top and bottom are covered with a piece of white silk; the edge is ornamented with a little band of velvet, on the cross, with stitches of gold-colored silk. Black and white pins are placed in close rows and lines all over the sides of the drum.



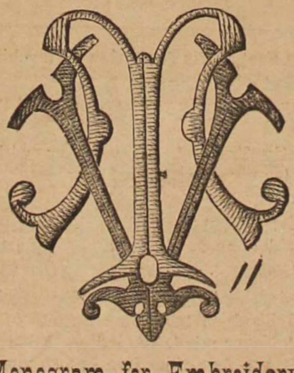
Corner of Table Spread.

TAKE a plain gray linen table-spread, cross it with black velvet or dress braid, and buttonhole-stitch the edges of braid on to the linen. Then from the corners of each square work long threads of worsted in several colors, and in the center of the squares embroider a flower. The border of the cloth is finished with a vandyke of black cloth, with a wider velvet set on and cat-stitched across; then the flowers or leaves worked in, to correspond with the center.



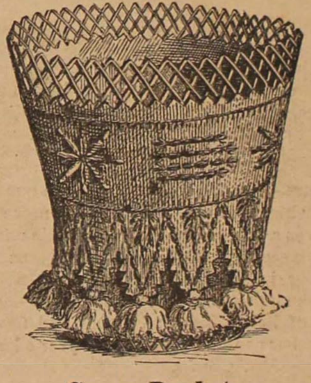
Crochet Edging.

1ST ROW: * Close 20 chain into a circle, 5 chain, 1 double in 4th chain stitch, 1 vandyke as follows: —9 chain, going back from the 8th to the 1st stitch, take up 1 out of every stitch, and draw them all up together, 1 double in next chain but 1 of the circle, 1 vandyke as above, 4 times alternately 1 long treble in next stitch, 2 chain, then 1 long treble in next stitch; repeat from *. 2d row: 7 treble in free chain of circle, 1 treble in next chain to circle, 2 treble in vertical part of next long treble, 1 treble where the long treble was crocheted; repeat from *.



Monogram for Embroidery.

"M. V."



Scrap Basket.

USE an ordinary round scrap basket. Cut a strip of one finger and a half wide, and fit it to the basket one finger from the top, then cut as many points as desired; lay them together, and have them pinked.

Buttonhole-stitch the long strip on each edge, and on the top edge lay a narrow strip, pinked on the edge, with the buttonhole finish. Make a fancy pattern of chain-stitch through the center of band and on the points, finishing each point with a full tassel made of worsted.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Anytus and Melitus may kill me, indeed, but hurt me they cannot.—*Plato.*

The greatest Achievement.—No triumph is so great as that of the soul over the body. It is inspired by the highest motive.

The Tongue.—Many a sweetly formed mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

Better Halves.—There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow and crimson half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

Gratitude.—When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.

Obstacles.—If obstacles lie in your path, overleap them, and never forget that a grain of boldness in everything is an important requisite of prudence.

Make the Best of Everything.—We have never seen a man bewailing his ill-fortune without something of contempt for his weakness. No individual or nation ever rose to eminence, in any department, which gave itself up to this childish behavior.

Happiness.—No man can be thoroughly manly nor carry the blossom, bloom, and fruit, unless he has in a large measure what belongs to a good body and a well regulated mind. I do not believe that asceticism ever made a good man.

If you're not happy it is somebody's fault —most likely yours.—*Beecher.*

The Discipline of Life.—Let man regard this world merely as a preparatory stage to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his misfortunes, sufferings, and miseries as intended to prepare him for a better world of undying glory and happiness; and let him persevere in a course of virtue and usefulness as a stepping-stone to future happiness.

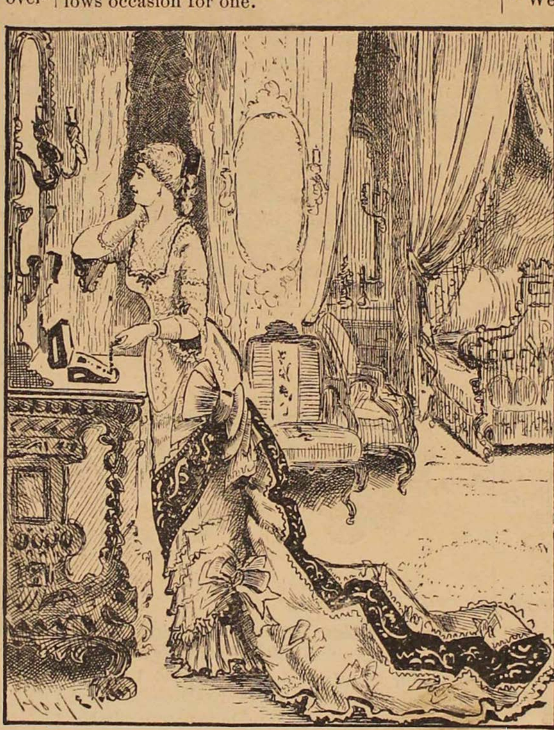
"Angels Unawares."—It is among the saddest of our irrevocable losses when we find out for the first time that some of the holy ones of God have been beside us, for us to consult, learn of, speak to, listen to, only when they have gone from us to be with the goodly company, who are indeed not far from us, but are just beyond speaking distance, out of reach, for the time, of voice and sight.—*Mrs. Charles.*

Nature.—Nature, our mother, is a queen. She has her kingdom to care for, and if now and then she gives a kiss or a smile to our little miseries, it is all we can expect of her. She has seen so many breaking hearts healed, she knows nothing of death and parting; she only knows death as a phase of life. The dead leaves and flowers are dear to her as the cradle of next year's leaves and flowers.—*Mrs. Charles.*

To Young Bachelors.—A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion a man can possibly have by his side while performing the journey of life. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-distilled devotedness. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter. She will not change, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy, and even then her love lingers as if loath to depart, like evening twilight at the windows of the west.

To Young Girls.—No woman can afford to grow up in ignorance of household management. The comfort of some home in the future is endangered whenever instruction is withheld which would enable a woman to plan wisely all arrangements necessary for the well-ordering of the spot which is to be her home, whether that home be one of wealth or the reverse—and the reverse may come even after prospective wealth makes such knowledge seem unnecessary.

Hypocrisy and Tact.—Many people are so ignorant of all the proprieties of life that they have no other idea of tact than as a species of hypocrisy, and never fail, on opportunity, to characterize it as such. But to the mind capable of the least discrimination the two are as wide apart as are the poles. For hypocrisy is the dumb-show of lying, but the tact is rather a method employed to avoid lying. Hypocrisy says, "There is no pit here," and skips gayly across; but tact, saying nothing at all about the pit, cries, "Ah, how pleasant it is in the other direction! Let us go that way." Hypocrisy never hesitates at a lie; tact never allows occasion for one.



THE YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY.—THOSE DEVOTED TO DRESS, GERMANS, AND PLEASURE GENERALLY.

SPICE-BOX

At the Foot of His Profession.—The chiropodist.

Not Bad.—Dancing has been introduced into the army. Probably you have heard of its squad-drills.

Perfectly True.—A cotemporary with much truth solemnly avers that walking matches are not made in heaven.

Just So!—About the guiltiest-looking people in this world are a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Ungrateful.—An old bachelor accidentally dropped his false teeth into a grate of burning coals. "Never mind, uncle," said his nephew, "it isn't the first time I've known you to grate your teeth."

A Very Long Way.—The sex does not know that the fact that George Washington's wife never asked where he had been when he came home late at night goes a great way to account for his extreme truthfulness.

Arise ye Goths!—Instructor: "What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Student: "He says a brute is an imperfect man." Instructor: "And what is man?" Lady student: "Man is a perfect brute."

Where They Go.—"Can you tell me where the wicked boys go who fish on Sunday?" asked a sober-looking gentleman of a little chap who had worms and rod. "Yes; some of 'em goes to the river, and them as is very wicked goes to the lake. I'll show you the best place at the lake."

Doubtful Compliment.—President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and who then asked, "What do you think of it? How will it take?"—The president reflected a little while, and then answered, "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

A Misprint.—A young compositor, having to set up an article on the "Root of All Evil," made it "Boot of All Evil." The editor explained in his next issue that the compositor was courting a girl whose father was of an irate disposition, wore heavy Number Twelves, and was "fond of slinging the missile toe."

An Explanation.—"Mother, what is an angel?"—"An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies."—"But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?"—"Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she is going to fly immediately."

He Did Not Pass.—The following is told of a young gentleman who tried to graduate recently. On the examination in Physics, he was asked: "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?"—"Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause —"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

Deceived.—Professor: "You will repeat the lesson on the battle of Bunker Hill. Student (after a long and painful silence): "Please, sir, I can't." Professor (with a frown): "Why not?" Student (timidly): "Because I have been deceived." Professor (astonished): "In what way?" Student (humbly): "I have always been told that history repeats itself, and so I didn't trouble to study the lesson."

Very Considerate.—Tommy came home from school and handed to his father the teacher's report on his progress during the month. "That is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you've a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it."—"I told the teacher you wouldn't be," was the reply, "but he wouldn't alter it."

Keeping His Word.—A bachelor dropped in the other evening to see a married friend whose wife was away from home on a prolonged visit. He found him smoking desperately at a cigar nearly a foot long.—"Why," gasped he, breathlessly, "where on earth did you get such a preposterous cigar as that, Charley?"—"Had it built by contract," was the response. "You see," continued the smoker, explanatorily, "I promised my wife before she went away—bless her heart!—that I wouldn't smoke more than six cigars a day. Promises to a wife are sacred, you know, and I mean to keep mine if I have to get cigars as long as a lamp-post."

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE IN STYLE FURNISHING

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.*

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,

MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,

And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Description of Colored Steel Plate.

FIG. 1.—Reception toilet made of prune-colored satin, combined with old-gold color. The design of the dress is the "Beatrice" princess, and the front view is shown on Fig. 2. The old-gold satin is used in the same manner as the *damassé* is on Fig. 2. Frills of Mechlin lace at the throat and in the sleeves. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The front view of the same design that is used on Fig. 1. In this toilet, pale gray *gros grain* is combined with Pompadour silk, a cream white ground with the floral design in natural colors. Reception bonnet made of white satin, trimmed with *point d'esprit* lace, and small pink flowers. For price of pattern, see previous description.

Review of Fashions.

THE display of fabrics for the fall season furnishes abundant evidence of the great advance which has been made in this country in manufactures, and also of the stimulus which American enterprise has given to foreign competition. The new styles are not only excellent in quality and finish, but show taste in design, and a depth and purity of color which seem to surpass previous efforts.

Dark shades predominate of course; but there is an almost infinite variety in their gradations, and the narrow stripes and clouded mixtures in the soft woolen textures are exactly suited to serviceable street and house wear.

Very dark solid colors are, however, undoubtedly the best choice for street wear, and some of the best authorities restrict the design to the simple material, well cut, closely draped, and enriched only with stitching and buttons. But while these styles have the advantage of neatness, and what may be called an elegant simplicity, there is no room for the display of fancy, or that difference which exists, and has an equal right to gratification. Plain suits of cloth of heavy mixture of flannel or waterproof had their uses, and are most suitable for traveling, riding, and country wear. But the more complex life of a city demands more elaborate dressing, and for fall suits to be worn in town, the fine dark woolen cloths, cashmeres, and camel's-hair fabrics are combined with narrow-striped velvet, alternating with a line of brocade so narrow as scarcely to do more than furnish a suggestion of the blended color, which is contrasted with that of the body part of the fabric.

These velvets are used in small quantity, and simply take the place of the hand embroidery, which, when well executed, is by far the most distinguished method of ornamenting a woolen dress or costume. Less expensive than the striped velvets are the velveteens or corduroy, which is also fashionably used for the trimming of ladies' and the making of children's costumes. The objection to corduroy last year was one of color, shades could not be found to match the fine dark cloth shades of woolen materials. But this objection no longer exists. Colors this season match the cloths and worsteds, and the fabric itself is greatly improved in finish.

It is of the greatest importance to the comfort of our people that American manufacturers have conquered all the difficulties which presented themselves in the effort to produce high class woolen fabrics. Competition in this respect is now absolutely at an end. Our cloths, suitings, flannels, blankets, including the choicest camel's-hair and diagonal styles, are fully equal to the best made abroad, while home production gives them to us at one-half the former cost.

This fact means warmth and health and comfort to hundreds of thousands of women who live on the lands covering the east and the great north-west, and require all the protection that clothing can give from the inclemency of long and hard winters. We beg of them for their own sakes to demand from their merchant dealers the pure wool goods, which are now to be obtained in unlimited quantities and at reasonable rates; fineness is of not so much importance as thoroughness in the preparation and genuineness in the manufacture.

It has been so much the habit to take flimsy mixtures to the towns and villages which are remote from mercantile centers, and attach to them high-sounding names, which deceived the unwary. Of course, now, the temptation to this no longer exists. American goods of purer quality have superseded the flimsy "poplins" and cotton and wool delaines which afforded such a mere pretext for the reality of what was needed.

In the making of woolen suits the most important recent change has been in the substitution of the trimmed skirt for the overskirt. This renders the dress much more compact, less burdensome, and more susceptible of complete and harmonious design. An outside jacket accompanying a trimmed skirt and basque is a finished dress, simple, yet serviceable, and so perfectly protective that it seems hard to improve upon it. The principal changes are, in fact, made in costumes for in-door wear, and they are not so much decided changes as experiments in adapting picturesque ideas to modern commonplace life. Almost every lady of any pretensions has a "picture" dress in her wardrobe, and some a dozen. A picture dress is one copied from a figure in a painting, or from the famous styles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which are associated with well-known beauties, or artists, or epochs. One lady will have a "Marie Antoinette" dress, another a "Josephine," a third will appear as the Duchess of Gainsborough, a fourth in the costume of the *Directoire*, while still others will try to reproduce a fancy picture of "Meditation," or get themselves up in as close resemblance as possible to the fair figures in the modern school of art in water-colors.

All this can hardly be quoted as fashion to be copied, but it shows how much of latitude in dress is permissible, if it is confined within the limits of art and what is known as esthetic taste.

Models for the Month.

OUR models for the month include a new design for a demi-train, the "Stéphanie," and a princess dress, the "Beatrice," for a stylish dinner costume. The "Stéphanie" demi-train is cut in the new and desirable form, so as to throw the fullness back without strings, although the drapery undoubtedly holds its position the better for bands of elastic fastened underneath the skirt. The mounting consists of a burnous drapery at the back, and side scarfs tied over with loose sashes, which form *paniers.* Twelve yards of material are required to make this skirt, and if it is combined with the "Sybilla" basque, sixteen yards of a fabric twenty-four inches wide will complete the entire dress. The "Sybilla" basque is very novel and very pretty. It is simply trimmed with the shirred material draped over the front in a style well known to our grandmothers, and also forming shirred cuffs. A sword knot is pendant from the belt, and the basque forms a four-leafed clover, which is held at the center by clustered loops of ribbon forming a round bow.

The "Antonina" overskirt has the short rounded *tablier* which forms side *paniers,* and is separated from the tongues or leaves which compose the rest of the skirt by bands or trimming, which may consist of embroidery or a brocaded fabric. This overskirt would be very suitable with the "Sibylla" basque, and, as it requires less than five yards of material, would considerably reduce the quantity needed to complete the "Stéphanie" demi-train, particularly if the material for the lower skirt was trimmed upon a lining.

As a guide to those who wish to utilize a moderate dress-pattern, it may be remarked that a dress recently completed after these designs contained something less than thirteen yards of material, thirty-four inches wide, the silk of the underskirt being shirred upon the lining front, and finished with several narrow gathered flounces upon the back.

The "Beatrice" princess dress is of very elaborate design, and may be arranged in three different materials. The body part of the dress should be of handsome *faille* in a solid color, the mounting of brocaded silk in a cashmere pattern. The *paniers* and scarf drapery may be of satin of the same color as the silk, and the fringe either of the color of the satin or containing the blended colors of the brocade.

A variation from this style could be made by substituting black figured silk for the plain *faille,* and using black satin for the *panier* trimming. The *plastron,* deep vest, and border might be of satin or figured brocade in color. The design particularly adapts it to a tall commanding figure, and a short lady should not attempt it.

The "Elvina" jacket is a simple suit design for two materials—plain and figured. The broad kilt plaits let in at the sides adapt it to a kilted woolen dress for useful walking or school wear. The galloon may be omitted from the kilt plaiting, if desired, and the finish restricted to the vest and buttons, with stitching for the collar and cuffs.

The "Loretta" mantelet is a beautiful design for a fall mantle in heavy silk, fine cashmere, or *Sicilienne.* Like all other garments of this description, the effect is greatly enhanced by rich trimming of lace, fine jet, and fringe. Those who do not like jet, however, may substitute for the *passementerie,* which forms the heading to the fronts, and the long *plaque* at the back, a thick ruching and double cascade of lace, terminating at the back in loops of ribbon to match the front. The ruching at the neck, below which a row of fringe outlines a collar, terminates in a pretty *jabot.*

Buttonless Gloves.

A NEW glove, the "Foster" patent, recently introduced, furnishes very neat and ornamental substitutes for the buttons that are always coming off, and that mar the effect of a kid glove by the gaps which they leave, their extreme unreliability, and common appearance. The fastening in the new glove is effected by minute gilt hooks, with round tops riveted in, and placed at short intervals on both sides of the wrist. A fine silk cord, with gilt cap attached to the end, winds in and out of these hooks, holding them close, yet without the strain or waste which is necessary in buttoning the ordinary glove over. It is impossible for the fastenings to stir, and they are very pretty and ornamental, moulding the arm as perfectly as if it were introduced into another skin. The quality of the glove, so far as we have been able to judge, is almost perfect. The kid is fine, soft, flexible, and wears admirably. The price begins at $1.50 for six "buttons" or hooks, three upon each side, which makes a glove no longer than the ordinary two-buttoned glove, and increases at the rate of twenty-five cents for each two buttons (one upon each side) added. For evening and dressy wear they are a boon.

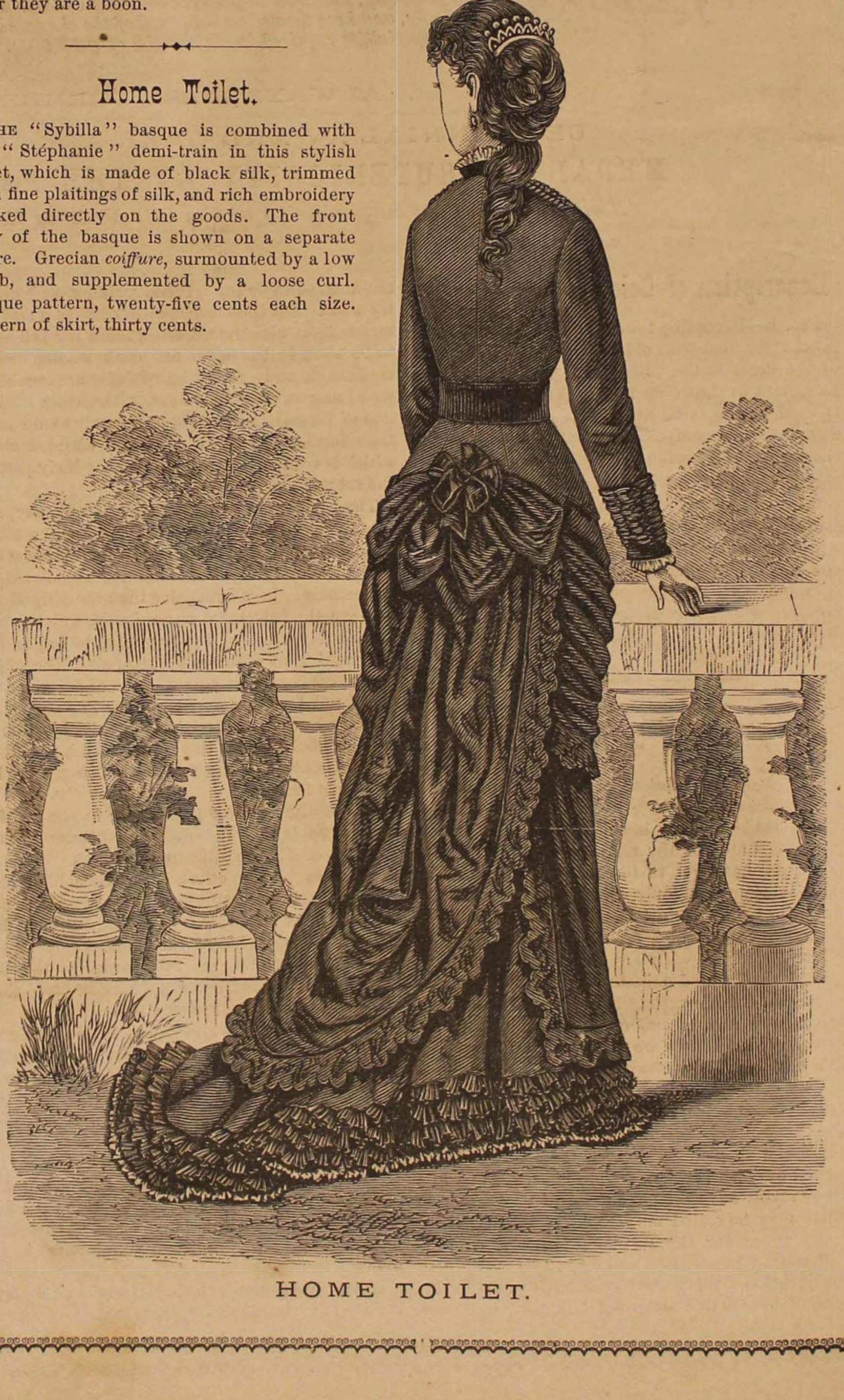
Home Toilet.

THE "Sybilla" basque is combined with the "Stéphanie" demi-train in this stylish toilet, which is made of black silk, trimmed with fine plaitings of silk, and rich embroidery worked directly on the goods. The front view of the basque is shown on a separate figure. Grecian *coiffure,* surmounted by a low comb, and supplemented by a loose curl. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents.

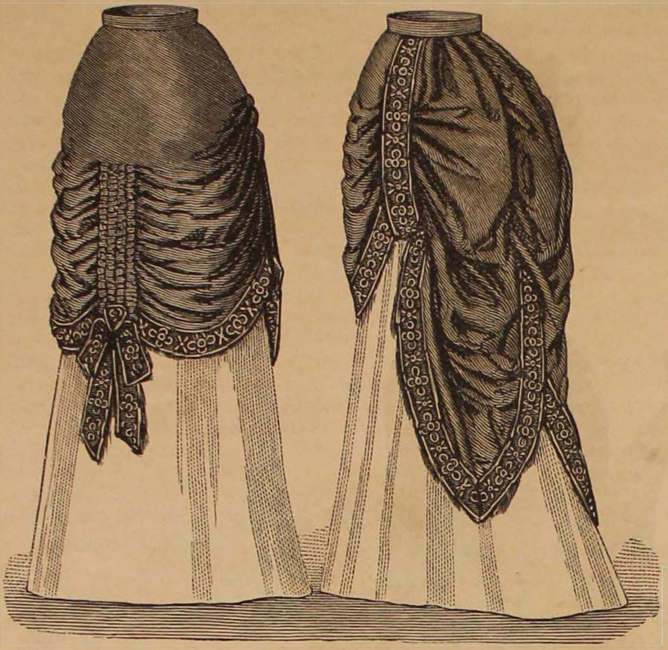
Dress Fans.

THE fan has become a very important adjunct of the dress, and must as nearly as possible correspond with it. The most unique fans are undoubtedly those which are painted, or otherwise ornamented in special designs upon satin, silk, crape, or feathers. The sticks are opaline pearl, and some are beautifully carved, inlaid, or ornamented with incrustations of gold. Black satin fans are ornamented with designs in gold leaf, and also with an application of gold thread embroidery.

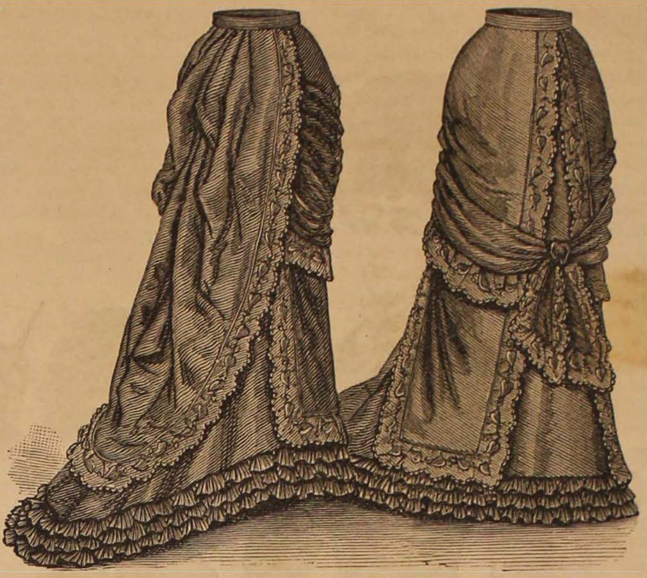
The feather fans are much admired; but the small, smooth, pheasant feathers are preferred for the leaves in dark brown and gold colors, combined with olive wood or ebony sticks. Brocade fans are chosen in small figures, and the reverse side is always satin or gros grain, and may be painted with the monogram of the owner.



HOME TOILET.



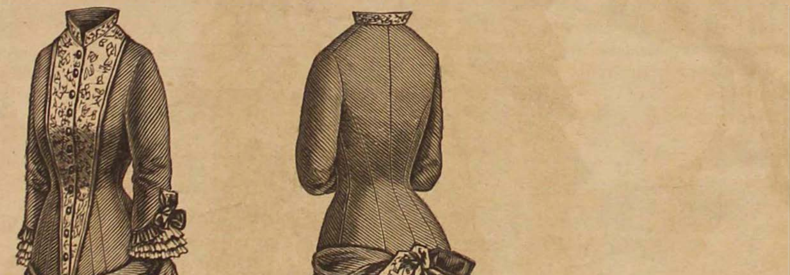
ANTONINA OVERSKIRT.



STÉPHANIE DEMI-TRAIN.

Antonina Overskirt.—Decidedly stylish in effect, but extremely simple in arrangement, this overskirt has a short, shirred apron, extending back of the hips, where it joins the very *bouffant* back breadths that fall in two deep points. Bands of material, or trimming, cover the gathered seams at the sides, imparting the appearance of an overskirt made in one piece and looped at the sides through the bands. The design is appropriate for all classes of dress materials, especially for those that drape gracefully, and, on account of its extreme simplicity, is a most desirable one for washable fabrics. It can be trimmed with bands of contrasting goods, or embroidery, as illustrated, or with any other kind of trimming, simple or elaborate, to suit individual taste and the material selected. This design is shown on Figs. 1 and 3 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Stéphanie Demi-Train.—A stylish demi-train skirt, of an especially desirable shape, the second side gores being cut so as to throw the fullness toward the back. It has moderately *bouffant* drapery at the back, and the front is ornamented with square tabs, which are slightly draped near the top, forming modified *paniers*, and reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt, being confined about half-way down by loosely tied sashes. The design is appropriate for a variety of dress goods, particularly those which drape gracefully, and can be ornamented either with ruffles of the material, or of contrasting goods, fine plaitings, lace, or fringe. The style of trimming, however, must be decided by individual taste, and the material the skirt is made in. This design is shown in combination with the "Sybilla" basque, on the figure illustrating the house dress. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



BEATRICE PRINCESS DRESS.

Beatrice Princess Dress.—Especially graceful and elegant, this dress is in princess style, the front forming a plain polonaise, having separate *paniers* on the sides, trimmed with a deep pointed *plastron*, and arranged to simulate a Louis XV. vest, slightly cut away, and reaching nearly to the bottom of a plain skirt. The back is strictly in princess style, has all the necessary fullness imparted by means of plaits let in the back seam, and forms a long train between *panier* draperies that are finished at the top with a bow and ends. The sleeve is three-quarters in length. The dress is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is suitable for all handsome dress fabrics, and is especially desirable for a combination of goods. The trimming should correspond with the material used. This design is illustrated on the colored steel plate. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

◆

A Million Readers.

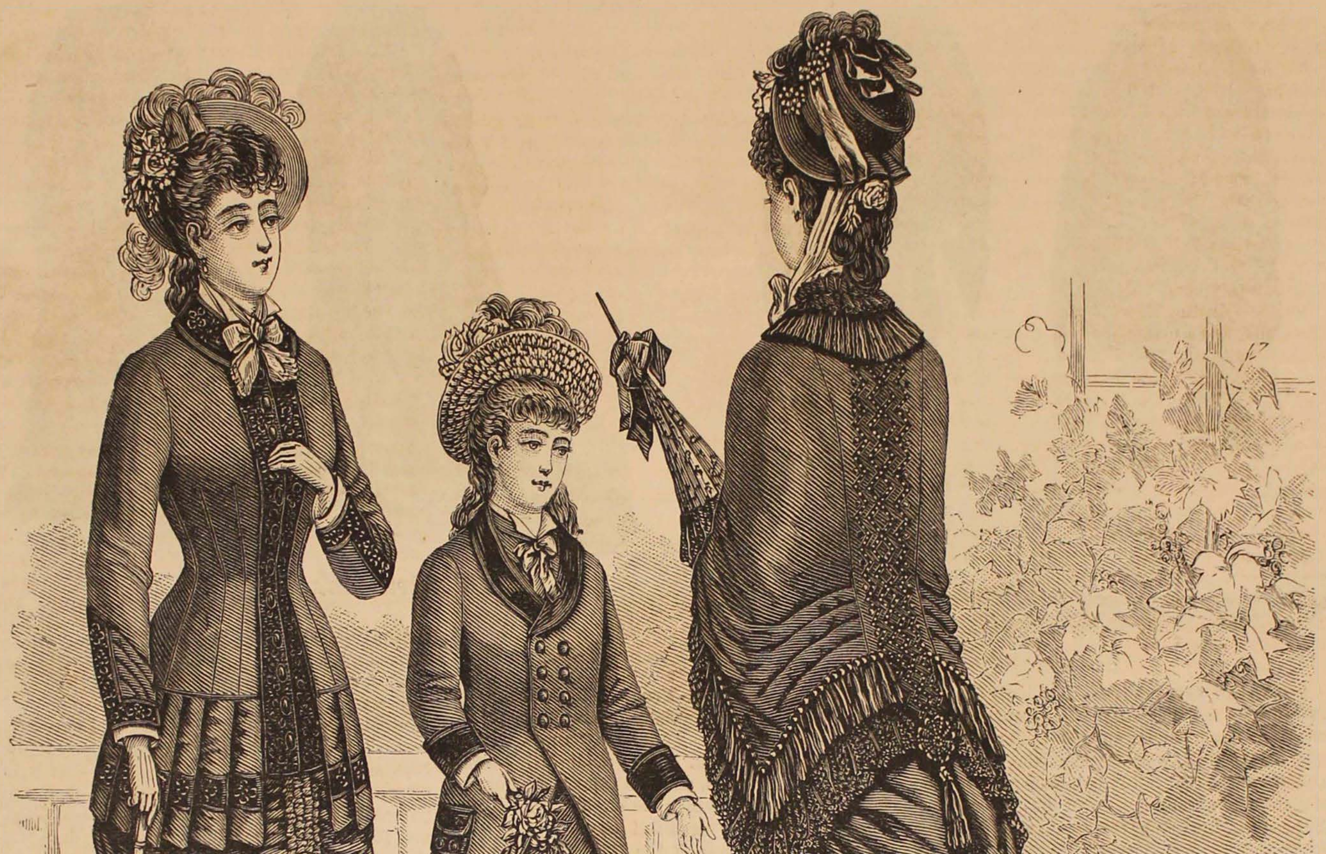
The aggregate circulation of our "Monthly Magazine," "Illustrated Journal," "Portfolio of Fashions," and "What to Wear," now falls little short of one million, an unexampled list in this or any other country.

◆

Our "Portfolio of Fashions."

The singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with the almost fabulous list of 120,000, and this may increase to 150,000, at its present rate of advancement, before the edition is mailed. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our "Portfolio" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The "Portfolio," with all the new designs in costume for the fall and winter of 1879–80, is now ready, and prompt application should be made to insure delivery. Price fifteen cents, post-free.

Address, W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.



WALKING COSTUMES AND VISITING TOILET.

FIG. 1.—Walking costume made in wine-colored imperial serge, trimmed with bands of velvet of the same color, embroidered with gold-color, and edged with pipings of gold-colored silk. The skirt is walking length, the lower half of it trimmed with broad kilt-plaits, separated into clusters of three by perpendicular bands of velvet. The "Antonina" overskirt has a short apron, shirred down the middle, and forms two deep points at the back (see Fig. 3). The "Elvina" jacket is tight-fitting, has a velvet vest, and the length at the sides contributed by a deep kilt-plaiting that extends to the back pieces, which are cut the full length. Gray felt hat, the brim faced with wine-colored satin, and caught back at the right side by a bow of satin ribbon of the same color and a cluster of yellow roses; and the outside trimmed with wine-colored satin, and tips of the same color. Both the jacket and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern of jacket, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Street costume for a miss. The dress is of dark blue cashmere, the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce arranged in triple box-plaits; and the "Harfra" overskirt, which has a short, draped apron, and is *bouffant* at the back, has *revers* both

back and front, made of *pékin*, with blue velvet and old-gold colored satin stripes. The "Dora" jacket is made of dark blue cloth, with *revers*, cuffs, and pockets of blue velvet, and is fastened with gilt buttons. Sailor-shaped hat of white felt, the brim faced with old-gold satin, and the outside trimmed with blue velvet and blue tips. The jacket and overskirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Pattern of jacket in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty cents each. Overskirt pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Pattern of gored skirt in sizes for from four to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Fig. 3.—Visiting toilet, arranged with a dress of black silk, and a mantelet of black *sicilienne*. The dress is made with a demi-train, trimmed with very fine plaitings of black silk, disposed in sections, one in the middle of the back, and one at each side, leaving the apron plain, and a plain panel at each side. The apron and panels are finished at all the edges by a heavy silk cording. The "Antonina" overskirt is the same design as shown on Fig. 1, and is trimmed with an embroidered band of silk, put on the edge, like a ruffle, but without fullness. The "Loretta" mantelet forms deep points in front, and is plaited at the back to give a modified panier effect. It is trimmed with thread lace, handsome fringe, and jet *passementerie*. Bonnet of ruby satin, trimmed with tips of the same color, ruby and buttercup colored satin ribbon, and yellow lace trimmings. Pattern of mantelet in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents each size.

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Fashionable Millinery.

(*See Illustrations, page* 566.)

No. 1.—A handsome hat in Breton style for a miss. It is of very light gray felt, and has the brim turned up in front, with a facing of ruby-colored velvet, and a band of the same goods around the crown. Two light gray plumes, coming from behind the turned-up brim, pass on each side, while a tip of the same color falls gracefully, giving the effect of a clasp in front.

No. 2.—A stylish design in black English straw, suitable either for a lady or miss. The crown is high, and slightly narrowed toward the top, and the brim faced with black velvet, is rolled over all around, excepting on the left side, where it is decidedly turned up. This side is ornamented with *coques* of black velvet, from the midst of which emerge three handsome black plumes, falling in different directions, and a bright colored breast; while the other is arranged with richly plaited velvet.

No. 3.—*Directoire* bonnet made of black satin, trimmed with *Jacqueminot* and *Maréchal Niel* roses, the brim faced with yellow satin, and the strings of red satin ribbon.

No. 4.—Walking hat of pearl-gray felt, the brim rolled on one side and faced with gray satin, shirred and piped with pale pink, and the outside trimmed with loops of gray satin piped with pink and gray feathers.

No. 5.—Devonshire hat made entirely of black velvet, and trimmed profusely with ostrich plumes.

No. 6.—Empire *capote* of dark blue uncut velvet, trimmed with satin and silk of the same shade, and feathers to match.

No. 7.—A round hat of steel-gray felt, suitable for a miss. The brim, lined with myrtle green velvet, is slightly rolled over back and front, and caught up very high on the left side by means of a strap and bow of *faille* in a lighter shade of green. The left side is ornamented with two uncurled gray feathers, coming from behind the turned-up brim.

No. 8.—A fine white felt hat in the *petit duc* shape, suitable for a little girl. The brim, lined with pink satin is caught up very high in front, and held in place by an enormous bow of pink serge silk, piped with white serge. A scarf of the same goods is fully draped around the crown.

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Handkerchiefs with a white center have a deep hem with polka dots of blue, black, red, pink, or brown; on others the middle is white, the hem colored, and the polka dots white.

New Hosiery.

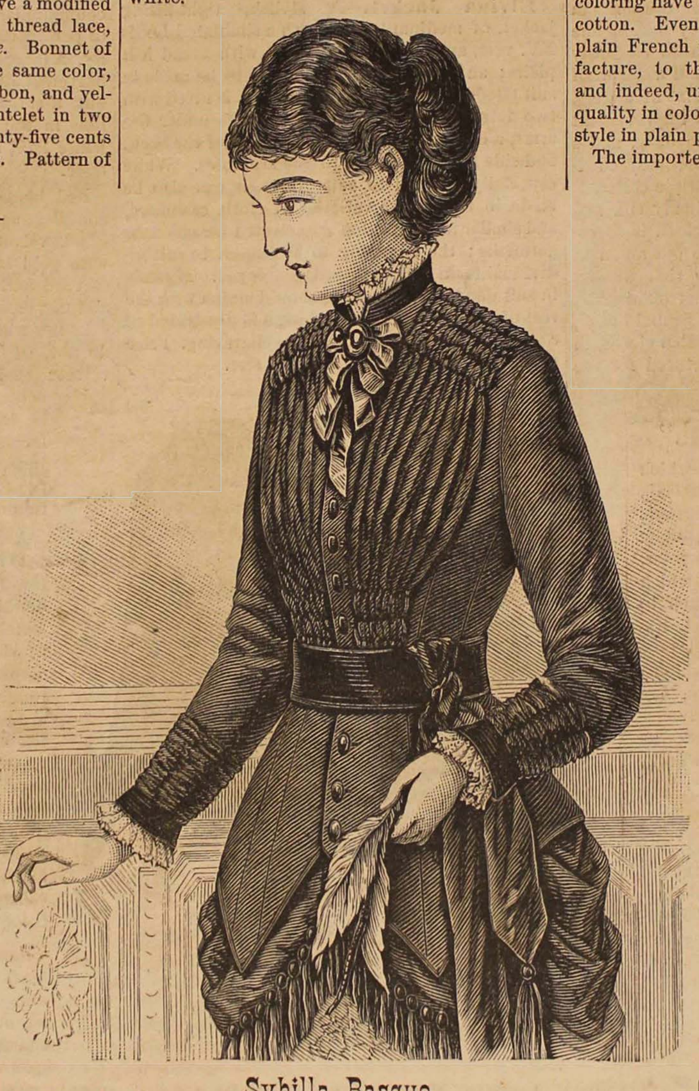
The selection of hosiery is now as difficult and almost as important as that of the dress itself. Some ladies consider it more so, as the hose have to be obtained not only with reference to the dress, but in accordance with taste, and it is not an easy matter to find styles that fulfill all the requisite conditions. The luxury in these matters is now very great—perhaps the cost is not much more than when ladies wore their thread and "sea-island" cotton hose so fine that it could be drawn through a ring—but the rich embroidery, the delicate combinations of color, and the fine manipulation of these elements in silk by skilled workmen, and in designs equal to those of lace, and almost of jewels, certainly of anything we know in filigree work, conveys an impression of luxury superior to any that we can arrive at through the union of simpler materials.

The prejudice which at first existed in the minds of many ladies against colored hose of cotton and wool seems to have entirely disappeared. Simple shades and colors in silk have always been more or less in use; but it is only during the past very few years that colors and coloring have been brought to such perfection in cotton. Even yet there are ladies who prefer the plain French thread, such as the "G C" manufacture, to the prettiest of the fancy patterns, and indeed, unless one can afford an undoubted quality in colors, it is best to adhere to a standard style in plain productions.

The imported silk hose show beautiful leaf and fine vertebraical patterns, which are combinations of open-work with delicate embroidery. Some of these are in ivory tints, others are in peach-blossom upon ivory or pale blue. There are all black, all claret, all pale flesh color, or gold, and the most exquisite combinations of two or more of these colors. There are black diamonds with white eyes upon white or rather milk-tinted silk, and brown upon ivory, and white upon brown, with the dots in them, which we have called "eyes," looking like seed-pearls.

There are all the solid colors in lovely fine-ribbed patterns, both plain and open-worked; and how exquisite these stockings are to wear with a velvet costume of the same shade, claret, bronze, or darkest blue.

Spun silk in these rich colors is very nice wear for winter; or, better still, for those who like exercise in winter, or have to do much walking, is the real lamb's-wool. Cotton is not healthful wear for winter, and it should not be selected for children, or used by ladies themselves, unless it is fleece-lined. But there is nothing so really beneficial to the feet as lamb's-wool, and we recommend it strongly for everyday wear both for ladies and children. A great advance has been made in American hosiery, and the new merino manufactures in dark colors are very handsome. The foundation is in dark cloth shades, enlivened by a clustered band of Scotch check or stripe below the knee. The ribbed styles in solid colors are also very desirable—for boys particularly.



Sybilla Basque.

A design especially becoming to slender figures, the shirred pieces on the front adding to the apparent size. It is also well adapted to be worn with moderately *bouffant* draperies. The back view is shown in combination with a demi-train on the full-length figure illustrating the "Home Toilet." Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Jackets and Out-Door Wraps.

THE new fall jackets that have made their appearance are very simple and sensible. They are made of warm American cloth, in small, dark, clouded patterns, and in well-cut double-breasted designs, which fit neatly to the figure, without confining it too closely. They have practical pockets, cuffs, and collars; in short, they are admirably adapted to their purpose, and are very reasonable in price.

The jacket is so essential to morning and informal street wear by a very large class of young ladies and women that it cannot be dispensed with, whatever fashion may prescribe as an alternative or supplementary garment. It never can be made dressy, but that is one of the points in its favor; its unobtrusiveness and usefulness adapt it to its purpose. It is understood now that for such a garment all superfluous trimming is to be dispensed with, and that the "tailor" make and "tailor" finish is most suitable. Rich trimmings, fringes, lace ruching, jetted *passementeries*, and the like, are reserved for the dolman mantelets of rich cashmere, or heavy silk, or fine camel's-hair lined with silk, which so elegantly complete a handsome toilet. The fall waterproof wraps are all made in different forms of ulsters, and are very stylish indeed, a great improvement on the old styles. The colors are dark, and a pointed hood, sometimes flat, sometimes cowl-shaped, has taken the place of the triple collar.

The round cloaks will be principally silk and *sicilienne*, and fur lined. A round cloak is so essential as a wrap for those who go out much in the evening, or wish to cover up rich dresses without injury, that if the silk is not obtainable, wool in small, dark plaids, and with flannel lining, must take the place; or the new woolen cloths, in fancy patterns, which are manufactured for the purpose.

Our "Illustrated Journal."

THE unprecedented circulation which this publication has achieved (400,000), within a very brief space of time, warrants us in assuming for it a high place in public estimation. Its high, yet varied character, and the extraordinarily low price at which it is distributed, have doubtless much to do with the singular success which has been obtained. The quarterly issue is now ready, and contains the newest fashions, and choice literary matter. Price, five cents post free, or fifteen cents yearly.

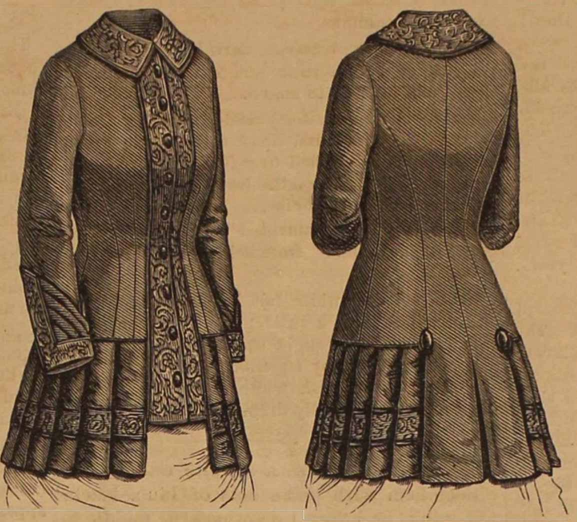
Address the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

"What to Wear"

Is too well known to need more than the announcement of its appearance for the fall and winter of 1879-80. Its practical character has already secured for it 60,000 circulation, and it has only to be seen for every lady to place herself on the list of its subscribers. What it tells is just what every woman wants to know in regard to her own wardrobe. Price fifteen cents, post free.

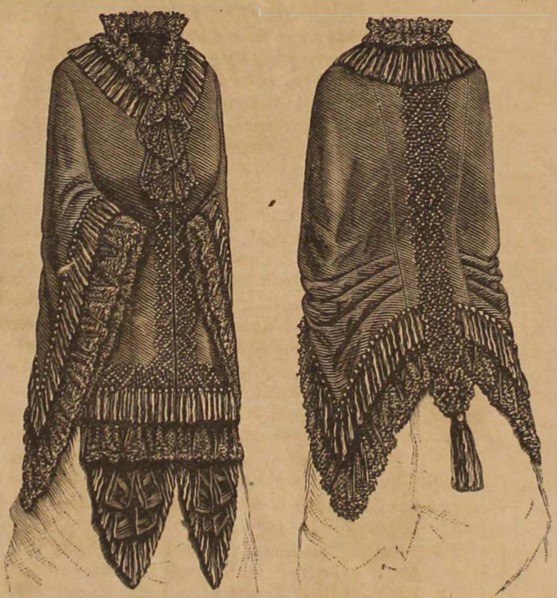
Send name or order at once to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York.

REVERSIBLE satin, and *gros-grain* ribbon, one and a half inches wide, striped longitudinally in three or four different colors, is used for the neck and hair by both ladies and children.



ELVINA JACKET.

Elvina Jacket.—A stylish, tight-fitting jacket, of medium length, with a simulated Louis XV. vest, and the sides filled in with broad kilt plaits; an especially desirable style to be made in suit goods to complete a costume. It is fitted with two darts in each front, has side gores under the arms, a curved seam down the middle of the back, and side forms rounded to the armholes. While especially adapted to suit goods, it can also be made in the lighter varieties of cloth, cashmere, and similar materials that are selected for out-door garments; the trimming to be chosen to suit individual taste and the goods employed. If made in suit goods, the trimming should match with the rest of the costume. This design is illustrated *en costume* on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



LORETTA MANTELET.

Loretta Mantelet.—A particularly stylish mantelet, reaching only a little below the waist in the middle of the back, but describing deep points on each side, and having long, pointed tabs in front, trimmed to impart the effect of being square, with pointed pieces beneath. It has short back pieces, fitted by a seam down the middle, slightly curved to the figure; the fronts are cut in circle shape, and joined to the back pieces with plaits near the bottom, giving a *panier* effect; and have peculiarly shaped gores inserted in the front edges, greatly improving the fit, and giving the requisite spring over the arms. A long *plaque* on the back adds to the stylish appearance of the garment, but can be omitted, if desired. The design is appropriate for *sicilienne*, cashmere, silk, and some varieties of suit goods. It can be trimmed with lace, fringe, *passementerie*, and bows of ribbon, as illustrated, or any other style of garniture may be selected if preferred. The back view of this design is shown on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

New Fall Bonnets.

THERE is a decided reaction in favor of small bonnets, but they are of the quaint and picturesque order, and neither flat nor commonplace. This smaller size has the advantage of permitting distinction in color without vulgarity. A large red hat is so conspicuous as to attract universal attention; it is worse than a red dress; but a small red bonnet is not much more than a rose in the hair, and when softened with fine white lace, is subdued enough for even a quiet taste.

Red bonnets, however, are likely to be more conspicuous by their absence than their presence. Black velvet is very popular this season, black with gold in the trimming, either in the shape of cord and black and gold feathers, or satin and marabout feathers tipped with gold.

Ladies who can afford to match their costumes do not, of course, confine themselves to black velvet; their suits of wine-color or bronze are accompanied by bonnet to match, and, in fact, nothing can be conceived more incongruous than a black bonnet in conjunction with the fine dark shades in costume, the beauty of which is the preservation of perfect harmony.

A quaint little oddity in bonnets consists of a velvet crown laid smooth over the foundation, and surrounded by a double row of lace, through the center of which is placed a wreath of bronzed leaves, to which berries are attached, or tiny gold corns. The acorns are pendant and have rough or bronzed cups. Another style has a narrow brim, slightly rolled, and is trimmed with folds of satin matching the velvet, and a full plume of feathers of the same shade; or instead of the plume, three feather flowers, very large, and forming a group, which is placed at the left, and so as to give an additional appearance of height. These are particularly pretty in canary color, in conjunction with canary-colored satin upon black

Some very pretty and stylish bonnets of black velvet and black satin have a trimming principally black, but brightened by a group of two or more loops of rich brocaded ribbon in gold and high-colors upon white. These loops are placed nearly upright toward the left of the brim, and form an aigrette, which gives an immense amount of style by a very simple method.

For fall afternoon entertainments, some bonnets were made recently, of which the following are specimens: A toque of hair-striped velvet, ornamented with broad band of cream and brown feathers, a gold ornament on the side-holding a long cream-colored feather which drooped low over the ear.

Another toque was of ruby satin, with narrow shirred brim, and ruching of old lace. The dress it was worn with was white wool, striped with satin over silk, and above it a coat of ruby satin with simulated vest of old lace laid flat. Poke bonnets have appeared, and are considered extremely elegant. Some small ones of dark satin are ornamented with shaded roses without foliage. The interior has no trimming. Bonnets of very pale gold-colored satin are a novelty this season, with old lace and pale yellow roses for trimming. For between seasons the English walking hats are as much worn as ever, and the favorite models are perhaps the simplest, the material being velvet felt, and the trimming a broad band of the woolen brocade, which is combined with the plain wool of the dress and a wing. This style also answers well for dark straws.

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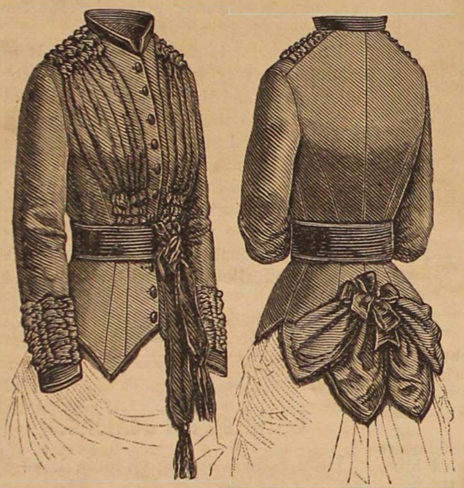
SUCCESSFUL canvassers should begin now and secure a good list of names for the coming year for the best magazine in the world—"Demorest's."



SYBILLA BASQUE.

Sybilla Basque.—Novel in design, and exceedingly becoming to slender figures, this basque is tight-fitting, the fronts having the usual number of darts in each side, and ornamented with wide pieces of the material joined in the shoulder seams, and shirred both top and bottom, giving the effect of full fronts. There are side gores under the arms, and the back is fitted with a seam down the middle, and side forms rounded to the armholes. The skirt portion is of medium length, forming two points in front, and arranged in a moderately *bouffant* manner at the back. The design is appropriate for a great variety of materials, and is particularly desirable for those that fall in graceful folds. No trimming is required beyond a bow at the back, and the belt which is ornamented in a favorite style with a sash, made of a piece of the material, or of silk, one yard and a half long and six inches wide, doubled, and finished at each end with a tassel; this is slipped under the belt and fastened in a carelessly tied knot. This stylish design is illustrated elsewhere in connection with the "Stephanie" demi-train. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

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Remember,

EVERY subscriber to "Demorest's Monthly" should be able to obtain one more name and add to their own, and thus obtain an additional premium for their trouble from our valuable list.

Evening Dresses.

NEW evening dresses, very charming in style, consist of satin-striped barége, or grenadine, or embroidered muslin over silk of the color. The first are all white, or all blue, or all pink, or all canary color, and they have very wide satin sashes, which are arranged in wide loops and long conventional ends at the back, the sashes being the same color as the slip. The short costumes which are now universally worn for walking and traveling purposes have shortened the trains worn by young ladies, and the square trains have disappeared almost altogether, or are only seen upon very ceremonious occasions. The favorite train is round, and of a moderate length, and is formed by the serpentine folds of the drapery, which are arranged with more or less of grace, according to the ability of the *modiste*.

The most popular evening dresses are all black or all white, the bodices round and open, the sleeves cut to come just over the elbow, and terminate in finely plaited ruffles of lace or muslin. Instead of the high necks, close to the throat, squares of *tulle* are laid in folds, or a pretty fichu covers the neck and descends to the waist. The quite high bodice is restricted more to day wear and home dinner-dressing, the neck finished with a straight scarf of lace or *tulle*, which is laid full around the throat, fastened with a pin, and descends to the waist, where it is held by a bow of ribbon or bunch of flowers. Of course there is an additional ruffle of lace placed inside of the neckband. A pale shade of peach-blossom pink has been revived for evening wear, and is particularly elegant covered with gauze and trimmed with satin of the same shade in *cascades* of ribbon bows and wide satin sashes. It is impossible that this should become common, as it is very hard to get, and is only obtainable at all in small quantities, but for this reason it is all the more desirable.

The plaited laces as trimmings are only in the beginning of their popularity. The prettiest dresses seen during the past summer at the watering-place hops and fine private entertainments were the soft gaseline and fine white barége, ornamented with plaited Breton lace in masses, and white satin ribbon. This fashion is so inexpressibly soft, graceful, and becoming that it is sure to re-create itself, and affords an opportunity for unlimited luxury and the most varied arrangement. Wherever narrow plaitings of the material are introduced, they are supplemented by delicate plaitings of lace. A great deal of lace is used to outline the neck, both interiorly and exteriorly, the black being put upon black, the white upon white. White is also used upon tints, but black only upon black.

Satin has won the first place as a combination with velvet or brocade. It took a long time to establish its claims, but at last they have been acknowledged, and satin now occupies the place that *gros grain* held for so long.

It is possible this season to wear a perfectly plain dress in a very rich fabric, such as damasked silk or satin. A dress devoid of looping, or overskirt, and with a basque bodice at the back, which blends in with the sash and train to give the *moyen âge* effect to the bodice, while the front forms a double surplice cut straight across, and finished with a wide belt and buckle; or the bodice may be pointed in front and shirred; the fullness dividing off into light gathers upon the shoulders, which may be cut low or high.

The "Surplice" is a revival of a very old and very pretty fashion, and reappears extensively in soft and thin materials; low surplice bodices are often made double, but the high bodices are only crossed from the side, as in the double-breasted designs. Piping, bindings, and the like, which are sometimes permitted for the purpose of strengthening street dresses, are discontinued entirely from evening dresses—the putting together is as little obvious as possible.

Lace sleeves are as much worn as ever, although a quaint short sleeve, formed by a deep puff, in which is a very little fullness, and which terminates in a band and ruffle of lace, has been introduced.

A *guimpe* of fine muslin is a necessary addition to the round, open, sleeveless bodice, and long untrimmed skirt. It is round at the neck, not very high, and is finished with a double ruffle plaited very finely. The sleeves occupy the place of dress-sleeves, and are finished with deeper ruffles to match.

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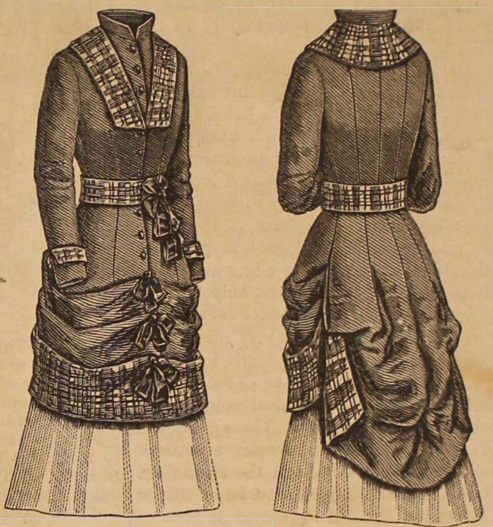
AN imitation of Maderia work is reproduced in pale blue tints on white cambric, and is used exclusively on children's garments.



ISOLA POLONAISE.

Isola Polonaise.—A simple, tight-fitting polonaise, in princess style, with two darts on each side of the front, one in the usual place, and the other under the arm; and side forms in the back extending to the shoulders. Plaits let in the back and side form seams impart additional fullness to the back, which is draped by a "burnous" plait on each side and a simple looping in the middle, and has *revers* at the side. A broad band on the front, *revers*, cuffs, and collar of contrasting goods relieve the simplicity of the design, which can be made in all the varieties of dress fabrics, and trimmed according to taste. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

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YOU can renew your subscription for 1880 now, and get for a premium all the three publications. Mme. Demorest's "What to Wear," Mme. Demorest's "Illustrated Portfolio," and the Demorest's "Illustrated Journal," all four publications, one year, postage paid, for $3.00.

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AMONG the new Spanish lace *coiffures*, the Andalouse, Directoire, Victoria, Reversible, and Maintenon, are the most graceful. Either style may be utilized has a shoulder scarf.

New Fall and Winter Materials.

ALL the ordinary materials now in use are of home manufacture, and in quality, fixity of color, beauty and variety of shade, and combination, excepting in the very highest class of fabrics, will compare favorably with any goods imported.

The styles this season are particularly attractive, and there is a peculiar clearness of texture which comes from thorough preparation and skill as applied to the production. The novelty in suiting materials is *momie* cloth in solid colors and dark cloth shades. It is forty-six inches wide, so that it cuts to excellent advantage, and may be made up plain, with the tailor's finish of stitching and buttons only, or combined with *momie* cloth of the same shade, in which lines of silk thread, each in two colors, form narrow, clustered stripes, which are very neat, but at the same time vivid in their effect. This striped material is used for vests, cuffs, collars, the inner edge of lappels, and for whatever the figured or combination fabric may require in the way of mounting.

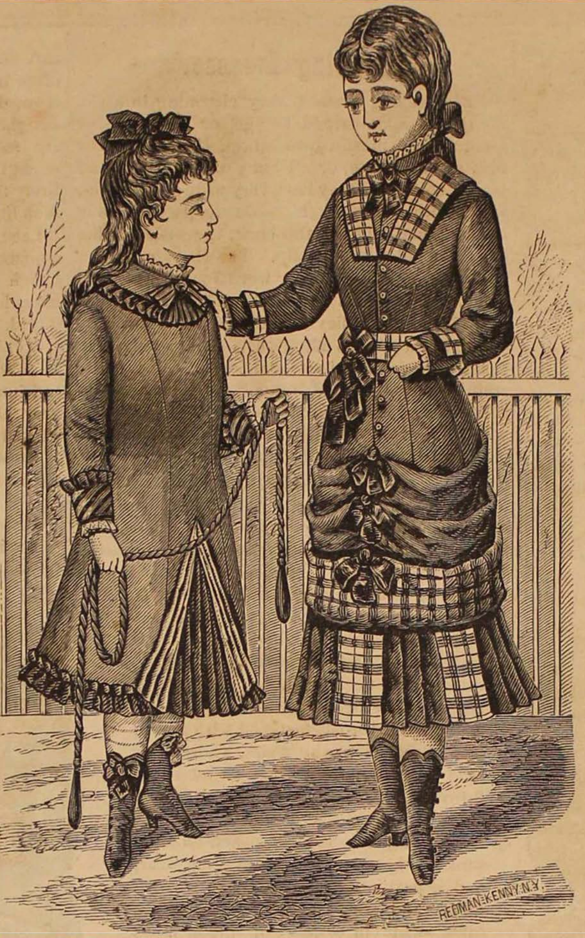
Camel's-hair cloths reappear, with a thicker, warmer body, and fine hairy surface ; the long, silky black hairs, and the short, almost invisible white ones, giving a decidedly foreign appearance to the finish. These cloths are much more stylishly completed as suits without a contrasting fabric. The form of the dress should be made as elegant as possible, the stitching as fine ; the edges may show lining of silk or satin, but only buttons should complete the exterior *ensemble*.

Bourettes reappear in very small, neat patterns. The knotted cords form part of the solid body, and the silken threads introduced in the brightest colors show only the minutest dots. These goods are very suitable for overdresses over dark silk or velvet skirts, and the mounting, bows, and the like, should be of silk or velvet like the skirt.

The basket-cloths are made plain, in dark cloth shades, and also with tiny checks in color. They are very substantial, forty-six inches wide, and only one dollar per yard. They are excellent materials from which to make warm serviceable suits.

The imported materials in solid colors are ribbed like old-fashioned dimity, or show raised cords, which are sometimes interwoven with silken threads of the same color. The fashionable shades are dark bronze, *Bordeaux*, sage, green, *gendarme* blue, and the *saphir* blue. The new *canaque*, or rusty copper color, can hardly be counted in, as few ladies would dare attempt wearing it.

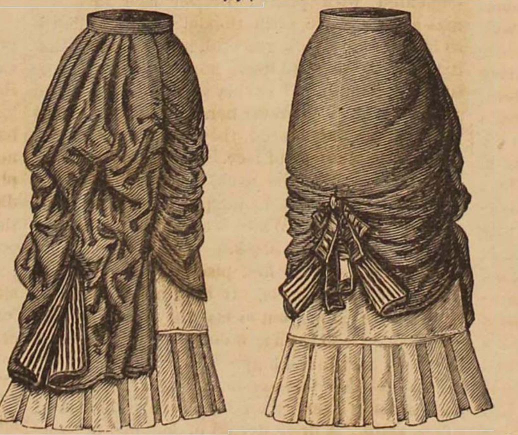
The combinations are in silk, or silk and wool, in rich cashmere or Indian colors and designs. The cashmere patterns are so soon exhausted that but little variety is afforded, so the manufacturers have resorted to the blending of cashmere colors in dainty leaf and floral patterns, which form narrow, striped designs.


REDMAN-KENNY N.Y.

HOUSE DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The "Rita" dress, made in Marie-Louise cashmere and silk, with *revers* of *pékin* satin, the stripes alternately white and blue. This stylish little dress is in princess shape, the back describing a square basque falling over a full skirt. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 2.—The "Isola" polonaise is combined with a plaited skirt to form this costume. It is made of a very dark shade of blue, trimmed with Scotch plaid in bright colors. The back of the polonaise is very gracefully looped, and has *revers* of plaid at the sides. Polonaise pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



Harfra Overskirt.—A particularly graceful overskirt, novel in design and very easily arranged. The apron is open from the bottom, and ornamented with two *revers* surmounted by a cluster of plaits held in place by a bow. The back breadth, much longer at the sides than the apron, is regularly draped, and has two *revers* similar to those in front. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and if the *revers* and bow are made of a contrasting material from the rest of the garment, no other trimming is required. This overskirt is shown in combination with the "Dora" jacket on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in size for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

The *côteline*, which has been fashionable all summer abroad in *écru*, *saphir*, and pale blue, appears in fine woolen textures, and makes up into charming suits for house dresses with the combination of Louis XV. brocade. This *côteline* is ribbed very much like the dimity of fifty years ago, which was rather wider than the modern corded cotton known by that name.

An entirely new, imported material, very fine and soft, is known as the "invisible" check. It is a *Roubaix* manufacture, and the check, which is effected by a peculiar blending of the warp and the woof, only shows when the light falls upon it in a certain way. In the shadow it is simply a fine, dark, soft material.

Plaid goods show a fine twilled surface in dark shades, checked with twilled lines of high contrast. No large checks are seen. Where the foundation check is large, it is intersected until the effect becomes small.

There are some light woolen cloths, the designs upon which are very bold and striking. They are intended for cloaks or overdresses, and the designs are suggestive of an application of some kinds of sea-weed or cabalistic Egyptian characters, and are especially intended for circular wraps with long, pointed hoods, for carriage and opera wear.

The general tendency, however, is to popularize very good dark styles for street wear, and though there is a direct opposition to these in the high glaring contrast of red and yellow, and the use of strong color in considerable masses, yet this is confined to a very small minority, while the majority are to be congratulated upon the possibility of obtaining at very reasonable rates materials that combine excellent taste with warmth and service.

Children's Fashions.

HIGH fashion among children is very brilliant and very picturesque. The large hats, the long hose in solid colors, the Oxford shoes with quaint heels, the large square collars, and the use of much red and china blue in color, renders the stylish costumes of the little ones quite as pretty as anything ever seen in a picture.

General effects are rendered all the more distinctive by their oppositeness. In the street, the costume of a girl of ten or twelve years of age will be composed entirely of a solid dark color, such as garnet, Bordeaux, navy blue, or wood-brown, with cream-colored hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers matching the dark shade of the suit. At a little dance, or children's party, the same child will show a mass of clear muslin and lace, mixed with pale pink or blue silk, in a style as elaborate as that of her grown sister.

Flannel dresses for children, for home wear, show the widest extremes in regard to color. Cream-colored flannel is turned up with red, and has a red sash, with ends fastened at the side of the waist, and a deep, square collar of red turned back from the neck. Suits of navy-blue flannel are faced with Scotch plaid in dark green and blue check, or they have *revers* and sash of striped blue and yellow flannel, which also serves for collar and cuffs.

Some of the prettiest imported coats are Louis XV. in style, of white-ribbed cloth, faced with white satin striped with gold color, and finished with engraved gilt buttons.

Simulated vests are as commonly used for girls as for grown women, and the finishing at the throat is usually a ruffle and *jabot* of lace, made *en cascade* in the same way, only smaller.

The most stylish little ulsters are made for girls of dark Scotch tweed cloth, with capes or pointed hoods, as desired, and are used specially for school cloaks.

A new design for a polonaise, the "Isola," is illustrated in the present number, which gives us a pretty combination of plain and plaid material; the latter forms a stylish and becoming collar, belt, facing for the cuffs, and front of the skirt, and *revers* at the back. The skirt to be worn with this overdress should be of the dark, plain material, and trimmed with a deep kilt plaiting in front, and two flounces at the back, all headed with a band of the plaid.

A costume consisting of overskirt and basque, suitable for a plain material, trimmed with a stripe, will be found in the "Harfra" and "Amina." Both of them require but very little material. The cost, therefore, is very trifling for even excellent all-wool materials, and it is not worth while to purchase inferior.

The "Rita" dress may be used for girls from six to ten years, and, instead of being trimmed with Scotch plaid, should be made of Scotch cloth, and trimmed with a plain material. It is very simple in style; but the insertion of the kilt plaiting, and the little jacket form at the back, gives style, and breaks up the severity of a plain Gabrielle cut.

All-wool materials of American manufacture are now usually made forty-six inches wide, and these cut to much better advantage than the narrow widths.

A pretty out-door jacket will be found in the "Dora." The round cut at the neck is novel, and affords space for the dress finish at the throat. The fronts are double-breasted, and slightly cut away, giving it a very jaunty appearance. The side-pockets are useful as well as ornamental, and the plaits at the back give fullness and ease to the skirt. One yard and five-eighths of cloth, forty-six or forty-eight inches wide, will make this jacket of a size for ten years of age, and half a yard of velvet or corduroy will face it.

American hosiery has advanced so greatly in the quality and style that very little is now imported. The new designs are principally in dark, solid colors, with clustered stripes or Scotch checks forming bands upon the legs. When the costume is all of one color, the stockings should match it, particularly for a child, as so much of them are visible. The imported Leicester hose, for children, are all in a few dark, solid colors, are ribbed, and woven double at the knee. This is a great advantage, and a feature which our American manufacturers will probably soon adopt.

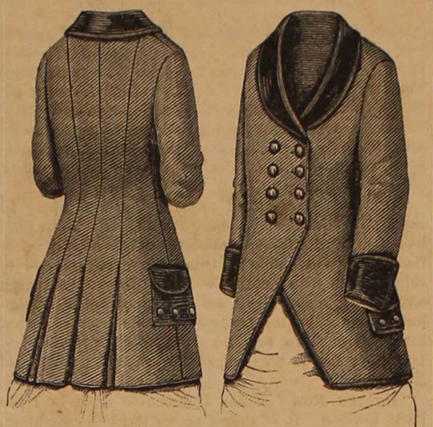
The knitted underwear for children is now made in combination forms, like that of older persons, and is both warmer and more convenient.

* * *

BLACK net veiling is sparsely sprinkled with very small, finely-cut jets, or has a design wrought in with the beads—a leaf, a dot, or a flower.

* * *

Crêpe lisse veilings have small, black dots of steam scattered over the surface. Jackdaw lace is used for fancy veils, and has a tiny white dot on a black surface. Magpie lace is the reverse, and has small, black chenille dots, or jet beads on a white ground.



DORA JACKET.

Dora Jacket.—Simple, yet decidedly stylish, this jacket is half-fitting, cut with loose, double-breasted fronts, open at the neck, and cut away at the bottom, and side forms in the back extending in the shoulder seams. Plaits let in the back and side-form seams give additional fullness to the back, and conduce to a graceful, easy fit; and these, with the large collar, cuffs, and pockets, furnish all the trimming required, relieve the severe simplicity of this design, and impart to it a *distingué* effect. While especially adapted to cloth, it can be appropriately made in any of the materials used for out-door garments, or, if desired, of goods to match the rest of the costume. A contrasting material can be used very effectively for trimming, or, if made in cloth, the "tailor" finish, rows of machine stitching near the edges, will be very suitable. The front view of this jacket is illustrated on Fig. 2 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

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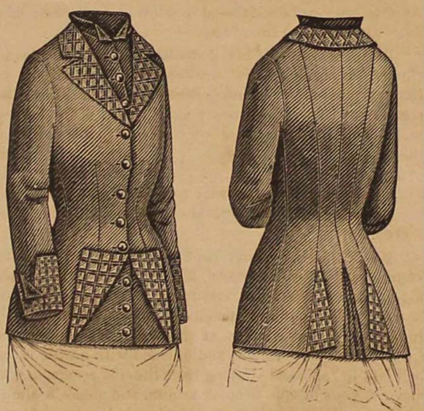

AMINA BASQUE.

Amina Basque.—*Distingué* in appearance, the "Amina" is in cuirass shape, the severity of the design relieved by plaits let in the middle seam of the back, and by broad *revers* of a contrasting material, those on the front arranged to simulate a Louis XV. vest. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back extending to the shoulders. The design is appropriate for all kinds of suit goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials and colors. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

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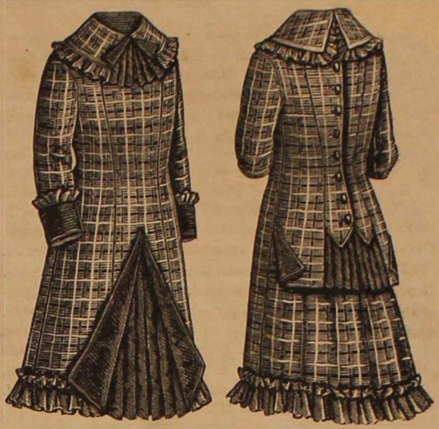
THE newest ties and *jabots* are being made up of Breton *point d'esprit* lace, which also appears in millinery as a finish to silk strings.



RITA DRESS.

Rita Dress.—This stylish little dress is in princess style, partially fitted by means of side forms extending to the shoulders, both back and front. The front opens with *revers* about half-way down, showing a deep plaiting; and the back is in the shape of a square basque, falling over a full skirt. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods. Any style of trimming can be used which corresponds to the material employed. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LADIES' CLUB

"AGNES H."—We do not reply by letter to questions addressed to this department. The bridegroom may present the bride with her bouquet, or it may be the gift of some member of her own family. She would carry it in her hand, of course. Woolen crochet shawls as wraps are not by any means a fashionable novelty. They are cheap and useful, and so always more or less worn.

"SUBSCRIBER."—We do not know of anything that will remove moles from the skin.

"MAUD."—We have not heard of the cosmetic you mention for a long time, and it has ceased to be advertised. It has probably been superseded by some other application.

"VIRGINIAN."—We should advise a pure navy-blue suiting of the "A. T. Stewart" manufacture. It is all wool double width, and a cross between cloth and flannel; almost as light in texture as the latter, but a little closer and thicker. It would look well trimmed with corduroy of the same shade, and instead of navy blue you might get a dark iron gray, in which this combination of materials looks exceedingly well. For patterns you could not do better than take the "Isabel" costume, omitting the fringe, and using a bias fold of the corduroy instead. The dark shade of maroon, which you consider most becoming to you, would be very handsome in rich silk, with striped and figured velvet for the combination. The "Deosia" princess dress is a very good design for your maroon, with a slight reduction of the train. The vest, the sash, the cuffs, the bows, and the *revers* at the bottom of the *tablier*, might be made of the velvet. All the rest is silk, and the ruffle which outlines the front of the bodice and paniers is made more effective by an interior ruffle of white lace or *crêpe lisse*. The ruffling should be narrow, and knife-plaited very finely. You can part your hair on the side and wave it across very effectively, and with perfect propriety.

"L. T. S." asks "the proper name of the little scarlet beans with black eyes that are used for ornamenting shell-boxes. I have heard them called 'crab's-eyes' and 'Indian berries,' but would like to know the botanical name for them. I have planted three at different times, but was unfortunate enough to have them die; once by being frozen. I have one growing now, and am trying my best to give it proper treatment. It is a beautiful little vine. I am anxious to know what it is. We have searched through the dictionary and encyclopedia, but have found nothing that agrees in description to my plant and the beans."

"Constant Reader."—A rowing dress should be made of a dark blue all-wool fabric, with kilted skirt and blouse yoke waist. The yoke should have a deep square collar, and the belt should be wide and buckled well into the figure. There should be no compression about the arms or shoulders, and of course the skirt must not be tied back, as the limbs must be free. The hat should shade the face without obstructing the sight.

Guizot's "History of France" is acknowledged to be the best; but Italy has been too much broken up for its record to be very clear, and there is no one complete work up to the present time which has been translated. In Germany, also, the works have been very voluminous. Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" covers, perhaps, the most important period, and is easily obtainable. There is no condensed history that we could recommend to you. "Peter Parley's Universal History" is the one used in schools to give a general idea to beginners, and is comprehensive, though, of course, very general. Machiavel is pronounced *Măck'-ĭ-a-vĕl.*

"School Girl."—The death of the Prince of Orange causes great anxiety in Holland regarding the succession to the throne. King William III. is 63 years old, and the only other living members of the Dutch branch of the Orange-Nassau family are the king's uncle, Prince Frederick, brother-in-law of the German Emperor, who has no sons, and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, a sickly young man of 28, unmarried, and obliged to live in the south of France on account of his weak health. Should the king have no child by his young wife, the younger line of the House of Nassau will in all probability become extinct, and the crown of the Netherlands will pass, after the death of the present king, to the elder line, that of the Grand Duke Adolphus of Nassau, who was deprived of his throne in 1866. This family also is not a numerous one. Duke Adolphus, who is 63 years old, has only one son, who has been for more than twelve years morganatically married to the Countess Natalie von Merenberg, a daughter of the Russian poet Pushkin. The possibility of the extinction of a house which has been so intimately connected with the history of the Netherlands during the past 300 years, and which has essentially contributed to the establishment of the independence of the country, had not before been contemplated, and the Dutch look forward with alarm to the prospect of the throne passing to the Dukes of Nassau. Since the war of 1870–1, when the Dutch warmly sympathized with France, there has prevailed among them a fear of Germany, which is continually manifesting itself, and the accession of a Duke of Nassau to the throne of the Netherlands would be viewed with dislike, not only because he is a German, but because it is thought that his accession might give Germany a pretext for realizing those designs of conquest which she is supposed to have long entertained with regard to Holland.

"Geographer."—The island of Saghalien, to which a large number of persons suspected of being connected with the Nihilist conspiracy are to be deported from Odessa, lies off the mouth of the Amoor, and extends for some 600 miles along the east coast of Manchooria, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Tartary. The island was first occupied by Russia in 1853, in pursuance of the policy she has steadily followed for two centuries of bringing the Russian seaboard on the Pacific down to a temperate climate. In 1875 Japan gave up her share of the island to Russia. Owing to the existence of coal on it, and also through its position as a natural outwork covering the estuary of the Amoor, Saghalien is in some respects a valuable possession, but it can hardly be esteemed a desirable place of residence. Situated in from latitude 45 degrees to 54 degrees north, its climate appears to be much colder than that of most other places in the same parallel; and the island, it is stated, is entirely covered all the year round by fogs of extraordinary density. Attempts have been made to colonize the island, but without success.

"Curiosity."—The coin and bullion in the Bank of England in the last week of June, 1879, reached $175,717,500, the largest amount ever massed there. At the same time the Bank of France held nearly $450,000,000, and the Bank of Germany, $140,000,000. Nothing is more significant of want of confidence and stagnation.

"Progress."—The first railroad in Palestine has been contracted for between Jaffa and Jerusalem, 40 miles.

"Julia."—Dissenters from the Greek Church, hitherto unrecognized by the State in Russia, are now to have entire liberty of worship. This affects 12,000,000 Russian subjects.

"Student."—Professor Bencke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases by two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

"Olivia."—You would probably have to apply to many publishers before finding a purchaser. Those publishers who print foreign translated novels usually select their own, and employ a translator or engage one to supply them with English versions of favorite foreign authors while the works are still in course of foreign publication. But the best way to find out exactly what can be done is to write to the publishers themselves, Loring, or Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and Carleton, of New York.

"Rotten Row" is the fashionable drive in Hyde Park, London. It is simply an enclosed thoroughfare, straight, conventional, and commonplace, with seats outside of it, running its whole length, where lookers-on may watch the gay cavalcade at their leisure. Its interest centers in the number of notable people to be seen there on a fine afternoon, rather than in the beauty of the place itself.

"Honor Bright."—The error was so very obvious that the author felt more than chagrined at the substitution of the name of Byron for that of Scott—a mistake which was also overlooked in the reading of the proof. Your shade of steel-gray is not exactly fashionable, but it could be made wearable by a trimming of dark maroon velvet, or a satin striped in maroon, and a darker shade of the gray. If the young lady could obtain admittance to the Cooper Institute the cost for the year of nine months need not be over five hundred dollars, boarding included; but she would have to apply in May in order to obtain a vacancy for the following October, and then possibly fail of doing so the first year, for the pressure is very great. Of course her expenses *might* be brought much under the sum mentioned, but it would be by personal sacrifice and effort. The Ladies' Art Association furnishes excellent opportunities for pupils from the very beginning; and for advanced pupils there is now no school equal in its advantages for special training to that of the Art Students' League, whose head-quarters are at Fifth Avenue, corner of 16th Street. The Ladies' Art Association may be addressed through its Secretary, Miss Alice Dunlevy, 896 Broadway.

"Bridesmaid."—It is not the business of the bride to supply the bridesmaids' dresses, but only suggest to them of what material and general design they should be composed. The bridegroom presents each of the bridesmaids with a bouquet, and sometimes with a souvenir in the shape of a fan, a bangle ring, or bracelet, not of an expensive kind, but real, of course. The bridesmaids often club together in order to present the bride and groom with some remembrance worthy of being preserved.

"Mrs. J. A. E."—Your best way would be to make your dark silk a demi-train, trimming the skirt rather high upon the front and arranging a coat basque, with bows of satin matching the silk in color, so that it shall form part of the drapery at the back. The bodice in front should be straight, and finished with a wide satin belt laid in folds and starting from the side seams, or you may cut your basque deep all around and make a simulated vest of satin, which would come below the basque and be cut square across. You will need no trimming for your dress but this little combination of satin and handsome buttons of engraved gold or dark inlaid shell.

"Admirer."—Bend the teeth of the tortoise-shell comb into position and tie them firmly with twine. Let them remain confined in this way at least one week, when the thread can be removed, and they will probably retain their normal condition.

You can get rid of the ants which infest your house only by the thorough use of the following means: Dissolve alum in boiling water, making the solution very strong. Pour it boiling hot down every crack and crevice of room, closet, wardrobe, and hall, both in and out of doors. Have the shelves of your closets scrubbed with it, and use it, at least once a week for months to come, in the places where their ravages are the most apparent. The alum is not only utterly destructive to the ants, but it preserves woodwork most effectually, and wards off the attacks of other insects. In addition to the alum scatter cayenne pepper under the papers which line your shelves in closets, store-rooms, and the like, and you will soon find yourself entirely rid of a disagreeable pest.

"Valley."—Your black walking suit would be more stylish if made up without any trimming whatever except buttons. The skirt should be trimmed with kilting and straight folds across the front, the back draped either in regular puffs or in regular serpentine folds. The basque should be coat-shaped, and the bodice cut straight across the front, and finished with a wide belt starting from the side seam. The fichu should be mantle-shaped, and made either of cashmere or *Sicilienne*, lined with plain black foulard. The trimming, two narrow rows of French lace covered with a crimped fringe, a cascade of the lace down the back, if desired. Your idea in regard to your wine-colored silk is very good. The combination of old gold and wine-colored brocaded velvet is striking and distinguished.

"Maggie."—Your outfit for boarding-school should comprise two woolen dresses for school wear, one for traveling—which may also be used for an every-day walking dress—a church dress, a flannel wrapper, and a black or dark silk for Sunday at home and extra occasions. The best material for your school dresses is an all-wool 42d plaid, in small check. Your walking suit should be of the all-wool suiting cloth in navy blue, brown, or gray. Your church suit of cashmere trimmed with velvet of the same shade, or with corduroy. Your silk dress may be black, prune, or navy blue, and will require no trimming but plaiting of the same, and interior ruffles of Valenciennes or Breton lace. Your traveling and walking suit should be made very simple, walking length, with trimmed skirt and basque, and accompanied by jacket to match, finished with stitching, and horn or shell buttons. This will be sufficient for all but the coldest weather, when it may be supplemented by an extra cloth jacket or round cloak of Scotch plaid lined with flannel. Take as few ornaments to school as possible, but have good warm underwear, lamb's-wool stockings, or stockings fleece-lined, and sensible walking-boots. A waterproof is, of course, indispensable, and the ulster will be found its most convenient form.

"Admirer."—You should apply to the pastor of the church of which you were formerly a member in Cincinnati, or if he is no longer the pastor, to the board of trustees, asking for an authorized certificate of membership and declaration of standing and good-fellowship in the church. If the gentleman is known to her friends, and his character and standing are unexceptionable, he may be invited to call, by either a young lady or widow, after a proper introduction; but in the case of a young lady it is more usual to wait until the gentleman asks permission on his own account. A widow is allowed to take the initiative. It is not necessary or in accordance with etiquette to invite a gentleman into the house upon returning from the theater. The lateness of the hour and the fact that the rest of the family have usually retired, afford an obvious reason.

"Inquirer" is informed that the song *Soft, soft music is stealing*, may be found in the "Song Cabinet," published in New York by Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., and in Chicago by S. C. Griggs & Co. The words are by Mrs. Dana.

"Who was Mrs. Grote?" Inquires a Country Lass.—Mrs. Harriet Grote, widow of the historian of Greece, was born July 1, 1792. She was one of the most remarkable women of her time. So well skilled in music was she, that she was able to accompany voices and play from an orchestral score without the aid of a piano-forte accompaniment. Her conversational powers were great; she was a clear and vigorous writer; she was well versed in the history of her own language, and in speaking would make a point of selecting words of Anglo-Saxon origin in preference to Latin or French. In literature, Mrs. Grote was an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and the *Spectator*. Her "Memoirs of Ary Scheffer" attained a second edition within a year, and her "Life of George Grote" met a yet greater success, owing to the more general interest felt in the subject. She also edited her husband's minor works. In earlier days, especially during the agitation for passing the Reform Bill, Mrs. Grote was called "The Queen of the Radicals," because so many prominent Liberal politicians mingled with the authors and artists at her evening receptions. She died December 29, 1878, and was buried at Shore Church, Surrey, England.

"Dee J."—The outfit you sketch would be abundant and in exceedingly good taste; your bronze suit could not be better combined than with the silk and wool mixture, a sample of which you send. Why not use *gendarme* blue for your visiting and dinner dress, and trim it with velvet of the same shade, and white lace? Brocaded silk in a cashmere pattern would be more in accordance with the latest styles, but it is too old for a *young* lady. The *Bordeaux*, *saphir*, and bronze shades will be the most fashionably worn this winter. The new color is the "Zulu," a dull copper color, but it is excessively trying; in fact, very unbecoming to almost every one. Your mull will make up very prettily with lace over pink and blue silk. Have at least one made with wide silk belt and round surplice waist. The cream bunting with garnet velvet, and the two colors in satin ribbon for trimming will be very pretty, but do not add a collar of velvet to the velvet vest. The white satin will cut over very nicely for a short ball dress, and be really more distinguished than a long trail. Cut off the basque in front, if it has one, and make a wide belt of the satin, starting from the side seams. Trim it high across the front, and drape the back softly and irregularly. Your handwriting is not yet as characteristic as it will be, but it denotes refinement and the promise of a woman possessed of a discriminating judgment, and a fine, evenly-balanced character.

LITERATURE

Farm and Fireside.—This popular journal of agriculture has deservedly attained an enormous circulation. It is an eight-page paper, is published twice a month, and is only fifty cents per year. In addition to this, the enterprising proprietors advertise an elegant pocket-book as a premium, which they send free to every subscriber, and which certainly looks worth all the money. Gentlemen who do not want so handsome a pocket-book will be suited with an excellent knife, by sending two or more subscribers to the publishers at Springfield, Ohio.

A Christmas Story from Miss L. M. Alcott.—We have the pleasure of announcing a Christmas story from the brilliant pen of Miss Louise M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. The story will be written expressly for this MAGAZINE, and with all the force and earnestness that underlies the sparkling wit and strong characterization of the author. It may be counted upon as a treat.

Martin Luther.—We shall shortly give our readers a striking illustrated sketch of Martin Luther, with pictures of his home and domestic life, and a copy of a valuable portrait by Holbein, now in the collection at Windsor.

"**A Winter in Algeria**" will be found interesting, by the author of "Elizabeth," "Strangers Yet," etc.

Ladies will find the illustrated article on sea-weeds specially interesting and valuable.

A Serial Story by the Author of "Little Women."—With the January number we shall begin a serial story by Miss L. M. Alcott, entitled "Victoria; a Woman's Statue," in which the heroine works out her own salvation in spite of many obstacles, and makes her life a finer statue than any that comes from her studio. The first chapter is of "Clay," the second, "Plaster," the third, "Marble." It is one of Miss Alcott's finest and most dramatic efforts.

"**Summer Savory,**" issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., is one of Benj. F. Taylor's pleasant books of travel, and is dedicated to his "life-long friend," Mr. S. C. Griggs of Chicago. Mr. Taylor has picked up the material for the present volume in rambles about Utah, Colorado, and the golden West generally, and of course the book smells of the mountains and the fresh ozone. It is a pity that it is marred by a somewhat forced style of expression, which occasionally makes the reading as hard as one imagines the writing must have been.

"**The Breton Mills.**"—The author of this work has had the advantage of the attractive style in which G. P. Putnam's Sons always issue their publications, but it lacks every element of a good story. The author is overweighted in the first place by his hero, who carries about with him that awful burden, a mission; and he makes an unlikely plot the vehicle of some rather forcible harangues on the rights of labor and capital. The better way would have been to have lectured them, and not deceived any one into supposing "Breton Mills" a story.

"**Plant Sweet Flowers on My Grave.**"—This is the title of an excellent new song and chorus, by Eddie Fox, of minstrel fame. The melody is beautiful, and the words plaintive and touching. It is published by F. W. Helmich, Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

In the Mountains.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

THIS pretty summer resort occupies an exceptional position among the watering-places of America. It is situated in a shallow basin of the hills of Otsego Co., New York, the summits of which overlook the Mohawk Valley and a vast extent of beautiful and fertile country on the eastern side of which are the Adirondacks, and in the midst of which are six lovely lakes, some of them of great extent, as Lake Otsego, and all set in a striking and picturesque framework of hill, and wood, and dale, with a cultivated garden-like country beyond.

One of the distinctive growths of the region consists of hops, and it was these which raised the farmers to a degree of almost unexampled prosperity. Of late years hops have not been so good or so sure a crop, and dairy products are cultivated with more assiduity and to a greater extent than formerly. Still, the hop-poles form a picturesque feature in the landscape, and though they rarely yield the maximum of a thousand pounds to the acre, which was formerly not uncommon, yet still they are a profitable crop, and "hop-picking" in the early autumn gives a tinge of romance to the monotony of the working-hoes of the region.

Richfield is a village of one main street, with a hill at the end of it, like the one described by Miss Milford in "Our Village." It has also, however, some very pretty side streets, many pretty residences, and leading away in almost every direction, farms of fifty to a hundred acres, with dwellings and grounds marked by vastly more taste than is usually found in an agricultural community.

The fame of Richfield was acquired through its sulphur springs, which are the most powerful of any found in this country. It is half a century since the discovery of the principal one, and it does not seem to have varied in strength or general characteristics since that time, although it has been constantly drawn from during the summer season by thousands of persons, bottled from, and used for bath purposes. Other springs have been discovered, some of which are utilized, but none are equal in strength to the first; and one of the curious facts in regard to it is, that in a very cold region, where the winters are long, the temperature never varies more than half a degree the whole year round. The waters contain other elements besides sulphur, principally magnesia and potassium, and are useful in sciatica and liver diseases as well as the acuter forms of rheumatism, and are excellent, combined with the mountain air, for hay-fever, and malarial difficulties.

Doubtless much more benefit would be derived if a more accurate knowledge and more systematic attention to the use of the waters as remedial agents was generally obtained. The recklessness with which the average visitor to any of the great mineral springs of this country will drink the waters in varying quantities, and at any part of the day or evening, on the top or before the heartiest meals, without the advice of a physician, and without the least knowledge of how the system is likely to be affected by the introduction of so much saline or sulphurous matter in a liquid form, is strange, to say the least of it. The taking of the baths is a matter of quite as much moment, and the "happy accident" by which apparently miraculous cures of chronic cases are sometimes effected, might just as well be the rule if the conditions were equally observed.

The great resources of Richfield Springs are the beautiful drives in every direction, and the lake. The latter is four and a half miles long by a mile and a half broad, and is a great resort for rowing and fishing; while the grounds at the "Lake House," and also at "Walnut Grove," half a mile below, though not improved as much as they might be, are still provided with abundance of beautiful shade trees, and the means of spending many pleasant hours.

The ride to Cooperstown is through the valley, and along the shore of Lake Otsego for the last eight miles, the river road forming one long avenue of noble trees. Another road takes its way over the hills, and this is usually employed for the return drive, as the views after leaving Otsego are so much finer by the hill than by the valley road.

The most comprehensive view of the entire valley of the Mohawk, of the surrounding hills which hold it as in a basin, of the distant Adirondacks, and the six lovely lakes—including Otsego, Schuyler, the Twin Lakes, Allan's Lake or Pond (a beautiful sheet of water fed by an unfailing spring, which supplies Richfield through its recently completed water-works with water of the very purest quality), and one other, whose name is not now remembered, but which shine like jewels in the setting of the cultivated landscape—is from the Waiontha observatory, erected on the summit of "Waiontha" mountain, the highest point in the vicinity, said to be 2,700 feet above tidewater mark.

There is another fine view from "Cruger's," a spacious old mansion between Richfield and Cooperstown, but it is less comprehensive. There are some very romantic drives but little known to visitors, and numerous villages scattered here and there, which form, more or less, points of attraction, though there are no large cities near Richfield, and the country is principally divided up into small, well-cultivated farms.

The class of persons who visit Richfield are the solid and well-to-do residents of New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, but principally the two named, for whom Saratoga is too fashionable, and who prefer the air inland as a holiday change, to that of the seaside which they get in New York all the year round. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is frequented entirely by invalids; the persons who go year after year rarely take the waters; they go for the air and the beauty of the place, its attractive mixture of gayety with home-like comfort, and its freedom from all extravagance of dress and dissipation. Of drinking there is scarcely any, of drunkenness none, and the strict laws regarding the killing of all animals or poultry within the precincts, and the care in regard to drainage, preserves a remarkable degree of sanitary purity in the place and its surroundings.

The chief hotels are the "Spring" House, the "American," the "Tuller," the "Cananderago" House, and the "Davenport." The Spring House is the most fashionable, the Tuller the most comfortable and home-like. Mrs. Jewell, the wife of the present proprietor, is the daughter of Mr. Tuller, the original proprietor, and the house preserves not only the kindly atmosphere of its original ownership, but bears the impress of the constant supervision of an intelligent woman's tasteful and careful hands.

There is a great deal of very nice young society at Richfield Springs, and an "Equestrian" Club, lawn tennis, garden parties, and other recreations flourish there. The band is divided between the two principal hotels, and well patronized hops take place on every alternate night at each of them. The regular season ends early in September, but it is very pleasant in the autumn, and many extend their stay, or go specially during September to escape hay-fever.

The short dress is almost universally worn, and thin dresses are but little required. Short dresses of thin wool, flannel, camel's-hair, and the like are most useful, and are made very pretty and picturesque, with broad belt, and straight side bands of woolen brocade, kilt-plaited fronts, and draped backs. In the evening the young ladies wear dotted muslin over white, or colored silk with broad satin sashes, or creamy gaseline or fine white bunting trimmed with ivory satin in sashes and cascades of satin bows. Deep garnet silks are sometimes seen with rich lace fichus, and handsome black silks with amber, or iris-hued bead fringe and passementerie. Everybody carries round knitted woolen shawls, and warmth in dress is essentially requisite on account of the cool evenings and mornings which distinguish even the warmest weather.

Like most of the mountain resorts, Richfield Springs is distinguished by the superior quality of its service, the attendance being mainly drawn from the farming population in the vicinity. The girls are neat, quick, willing; can turn their hands to anything, and are ready to do so in an emergency. The most of them live at home during the winter, and gain the money for their clothing, and often for family needs, during the few months of service in summer, and hop-picking in the fall.

As an evidence of the individuality which develops itself may be cited the case of a colored boy, the son of a laundress, who twelve years ago assisted his mother in carrying the clothes from and to the different hotels. From being an errand boy about the Tuller House, he was promoted to assist the cook in the kitchen in cases of emergency, and soon so far surpassed that functionary, that he took her place. During this whole time he was a passionate lover of music, and cultivated it at every opportunity. His increased earnings enabled him to take lessons in technique, and he was soon an accomplished musician. He has been chief cook at the Tuller House now for eleven years, and has a detached room, away from the kitchen offices, which is very prettily furnished with Brussels carpet, chintz lambrequins over embroidered muslin curtains, pictures, a handsome piano, and Eastlake chairs. Here he spends all his leisure, and after cooking all day, not unfrequently entertains visitors with a brilliant rendering of some of the best compositions, or well-known ballads with original variations. His fingering is very rapid, and his execution correct to a nicety. He is very good-looking for a really black negro, and extremely gentlemanly in his manners. In the fall and winter he teaches music in Little Falls, N. Y., where he was born, and where he is known as Mr. George Morris.

"Centennial Folding" Bedstead.

This happy thought which obtained the prize at the Philadelphia Exposition, is winning golden opinions from those who have experimented with them. They are the invention of DeGraaf & Taylor, the well-kown furniture manufacturers of New York, and consist of a bedstead, very handsome, and complete in every respect, which turns up with mattresses, pillows, and linen all made for sleeping, and folds by simply raising into the recess of the deep head-board, the ornamental top forming, when down, the foot upon which the bed-part rests. Folded up, it occupies less than the place of an upright wardrobe, which it seems to be, only it is not quite so deep; open, it is an elegant bedstead, with a spring, and nothing to distinguish it from ordinary bedsteads of good style and workmanship.

The increase in the demand, and the greater facility with which they are produced, has enabled the proprietors, Messrs. DeGraaf & Taylor, to reduce the original price, and the Centennial Folding Bed can now be obtained from forty-five to one hundred dollars, in ash, walnut, ebony and gilt, or mahogany.

Fashion is reviving the older and more elaborate styles of furniture; the square Queen Anne styles are going out and the more ornamented Louis XIV. styles coming in. The fall designs are very richly upholstered in raw silk, with plush finish, and display some very fine panel and mirror effects.

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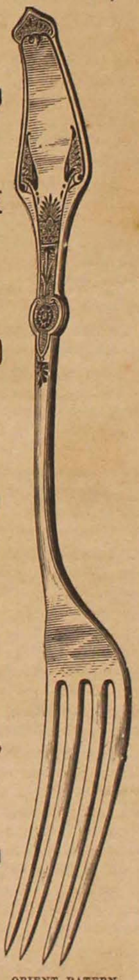

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