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## A Christmas Story.

DOROTHY DEAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**A** LOW, brown house, embowered in shade, vines clambering up the porch, old-fashioned flowers in the doorway, a gray cat asleep in the sun, and pretty Dorothy Dean standing by the gate with the milk-strainer in her hand. It was a June morning, and Dorothy, with her soft black eyes, her shining hair, the peach-bloom on her cheeks, and her round white arms bare to the elbow, matched the morning.

"Dorothy," called a sharp voice in a high key from the buttery; "don't idle your time. There's too much to do for you to linger gossiping at the gate."

"Yes, mother. I'm coming," the girl replied. But she was in no haste to go. How could she be, with Harry Morgan standing by, and talking to her in those low tones which mean so much, looking at her with those dark blue eyes, so clear and honest, and, alas for the empty days and the shadowed sunshine of the summer to come, bidding her good-by. A moment more and Enoch Pond's stage would loom in sight around the turn in the road, and Harry would jump in and go riding away.

The words they were uttering were few and commonplace enough. Anybody might have heard them.

"You'll think of me Saturdays when you go up to the church to practice, won't you, Dorothy? You'll have nobody to blow the organ."

"Father'll let Chapin go, I guess, or I'll ask one of the Hart boys."

"But you'll miss me, Dora?"

"Miss you, Harry? I'll miss you everywhere. You know that."

The stage was in sight. Mrs. Dean, a frown on her face, had again appeared at the buttery door.

"Mind, Dorothy, you belong to me," suddenly cried the young man, stooping down from his height of six feet two and kissing her sweet lips. Neither was ashamed of the

salute, though they knew that Mrs. Dean in the doorway could see them, and that the stage was almost there. Had they not been lovers all their lives, and did not the whole village know that they were engaged? And the village knew as well that young Morgan was going to the city to enter his uncle's shipping house, and try to make his fortune, so that he could return and marry Dorothy.

"I'd have a little modesty, Dorothy, if I were you," said her mother. "You might have kissed Harry good-by last night."

"She did, over and over," said Chapin, who was sitting by the window with a book in his hand. "I peeked in at the crack of the door, and I heard lots they said."

"You peeked, did you?" retorted his mother, facing about quickly. "Pretty business! I'll teach you to peek again! There, take that!" and the lad was amazed to find his ears boxed, and his book thrown out under the apple-tree. He marched sullenly off, his mother's discipline awakening a sense of hatred and injury in his heart, as it often did.

"Mother, you are too strict with Chapin," said Dorothy; "he's only twelve years old."

"I guess I know how to train my own children without your advice," answered the mother. "The boy don't have enough to do. Chapin, put away your book and start off to weed that onion bed. Do you hear? No loitering now."

Mrs. Dean was one of the women who look with disfavor on books. Reading she considered a subterfuge of the lazy. That she had two book-loving children was, in her eyes, a special aggravation.

Dorothy moved about, scouring tins, stirring cream, molding the butter at last into hard, firm balls with a dexterity which came of long practice. But she was not happy. Her heart was following Enoch Pond's stage over the hills to Poughkeepsie, and then she embarked on the boat and went to New York in fancy.

Mrs. Dean saw her absent-mindedness, but not to sympathize.

"Mother, what ails you at Harry Morgan?" Dorothy said, after awhile. "You know I'm to be his wife one of these days. Why should he not kiss me?"

"I neither like Harry Morgan nor one of his tribe. A vain, conceited, beggarly set.

What mate is David Morgan's lad, with his airs and his poverty, for your father's daughter?"

"Mother, is Harry to blame that his folks are shiftless? You must own that he is not in the least like them."

"I own nothing of the kind. What is bred in the bone, say I, will come out in the flesh. His wife, indeed! His wife you'll never be till the long grass grows over my grave. Mark my words!"

Dorothy shuddered and sighed. But she was used to her mother, and her nature was essentially a wholesome, glad-hearted one. She was too healthy for morbid fancies, and too satisfied and trustful in her love to cherish any fears that it might come upon evil days, or be blighted by disappointment. Only she felt lonely. Lonely all that busy day, and lonely when night came, and lonely morning and evening for many days.

"You're fretting a bit, my dear," said her father tenderly one afternoon when the September winds were sweeping through the corn, and the aster and golden-rod were courting each other on the highway side.

"Not so much, father. It's strange Harry doesn't write, though."

"He don't? Now that *is* strange, pet. Never mind. I'll go to the store myself to-day."

He walked off down the road, Dorothy watching him. It struck her that his step was less alert than formerly, and that the shoulders were growing more bent than ever. Her dear, patient father! With a sudden realization of all that he was to her, she watched him until he was out of sight. By and by he returned, and in a cheery voice called her. She came to the wood-pile, and, sure enough, he had a letter.

Letters were rare in those days compared to what they are now, for this is a story of thirty years ago. Still, when Dorothy read her epistle, she found that she had missed receiving one letter, and her heart ached as she read her lover's wonder and regret that she had not answered him.

She walked into the kitchen where her mother was busy kneading the bread. There was a flash in her eyes which equaled any that ever burned in her mother's, but she spoke very quietly.

"I'll thank you for the letter I ought to have had a month ago, mother."

"You'll find it in the clock. It's been there safe ever since it came, for any one with eyes to see."

Dorothy did not reply. She carried her precious budget up to her own little white room, her refuge in so many weary hours, and there she read and re-read them many times. And before an hour had passed she had written an answer, half shy, half passionate, but wholly sweet, to Harry Morgan, whom it reached in due course.

That autumn brought the first real trouble of her life to Dorothy. Her father sickened and died. How strange it seemed to be without father! Often and often at sunset she walked down the winding road to the old graveyard, and there, sitting by the lowly mound where her father slept, gathered com-

fort and courage in the sure knowledge that it was well with him. He had loved the Lord, that she knew, and he had gone to dwell in the golden city, where they walk in white who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. An unwonted silence fell on the household. Cross and despotic as poor Mrs. Dean was, she had loved her husband, and her grief was real and deep. But it was not grief which could be comforted. It repelled condolence rather than invited it, and when Dorothy would fain have thrown her arms about the sad woman, and whispered loving words, she was obliged to be still and refrain.

One bright expectation shone before her with the beauty of a star. Christmas was coming! She would see Harry, and as the weeks passed, and the long storms came, shutting the little inland village up, at times for days, from communication with the rest of the world, Dorothy *lived* in the thought of the pleasure they would have when Harry came home. Even her sorrow at her father's death seemed to fade and recede as the December days grew toward the 25th.

Her mother observed and resented this, and on the Saturday before Christmas, when her daughter, who was the organist of the little church, put on her cloak and boots and called Chapin to go with her for her customary practice, she said:

"I thought you looked for young Morgan to be here to-day. You've been all but dancing and singing ever since you got up. I don't see how you can be so giddy, Dorothy, and your poor father lying beneath the snow."

"Father is happy in heaven, mother," answered Dorothy gently; "and I'm sure, if he can see me, he's willing for me to be glad at Christmas. Harry will not be here till Christmas Eve. Come, Chapin, dear, there's to be more music than usual to-morrow."

Away they tramped over the hard, shining snow, Chapin talking merrily. Suddenly they passed into a different mood.

"I do hope, Dora, you and Harry won't get married until I'm a man. I never could stand living alone with mother. She makes a fellow so blue."

"Don't borrow trouble, dear. It will be years before Harry and I can think of marrying, I'm afraid."

"There's a letter for you, Miss Dean," shouted Enoch Pond that night, when the stage came in. "Leastways it's for your darter. I brought it up, for I didn't think you'd get to the store this evenin'!"

"Thanks," called Dorothy, as Chapin ran out for it. But her heart misgave her as she took it away up-stairs.

"My sweet Dora," it ran, "how wretchedly disappointed I am no words can tell; but uncle Jared has gone west on business, and Mr. Stiles is sick—pneumonia—and I cannot get off. I'll run up along toward spring; and here's a ribbon I meant to have brought you. It is white, and you can wear it if you are in mourning. I'm sorry to think of you in that sad, sombre dress, darling. Do not forget me, and just fancy a dozen kisses here for you."

"Your faithful HARRY."

So all the joy was gone from that Christmas for Dorothy. People remarked how ill she played next day, and the Rector very gently asked her if she could not give more time to practice hereafter. Spring came, but again no Harry. Summer, and he would surely return for vacation. He was looked for at home, and his letters were full of hopefulness, when lo! he was sent to India on a vessel as supercargo. The wide world was between them now, and the great seas, for he had not had an hour to spare for Hillsdale and good-byes, and it would be a year or fifteen months before the lovers could meet.

In the meantime Chapin, growing weary of his mother's scolding, started off one night with a little bundle in his arms, and it was weeks before they knew what had become of him. Then he wrote from a great stock farm in Nebraska, where he had found employment. Dorothy and her mother were left alone. She became used to everything, and, like a sensible girl, our heroine did not give up her time to tears and melancholy, but occupied herself with her sewing, her books, and her music, when her housework was over. There was plenty of that, for her mother was feebler than she had been, and was obliged to resign much to the younger pair of hands. Neither did she stay away from the society of the country side. She had friends and admirers enough, for she was a beauty—an heiress in a small way—and better still, was regarded as a very *smart* girl. More than one young farmer of the neighborhood hitched his horse and buggy at the Deans' door Sunday evenings; but, though Mrs. Dean pleaded and remonstrated, and sometimes wept, to none would Dorothy listen except as a friend.

"If you're waiting for that good-for-nothing, my poor child, you'll be an old maid," she said, one day. "I'll never consent for you to take him."

"No, mother? Not if that were my only way to be happy?" pleaded Dorothy, in her loving way.

"You may take him when I'm dead, if you will," the mother answered. "You foolish girl, I dare say he's had half a dozen sweethearts since he left you."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Dorothy, imperatively. It was hard to bear. Long months, with no letter, and no tidings from the dreary sea of Harry and his ship. Other maidens were married and went to their own homes, but Dorothy only stayed alone and waited.

One morning her mother was unable to rise or to speak. She had had a paralytic attack.

If life had been weary before, it was worse now. The monotony of the house was dreadful. Mrs. Dean gradually recovered, but her doom was sealed, and the doctor said she would have seizures again and again till the end—a forlorn prospect for the faithful daughter, who attended her with un murmuring devotion.

Whatever happens, time goes on, and so it came about one rich autumnal day, when the maples were aflame, and the oaks wore a royal mantle, and the last flowers bloomed in the garden, that Harry Morgan came home. Dorothy gazed at him in admiration. He had been handsome, to her eyes, when he went away;

now he was princely. The indescribable air of the city hung over him, and he had gained immensely by the culture which travel and mingling with men impart. Dorothy was very proud of her lover, as he went to church with her on Sunday.

He could stay but a little while, for business was absorbing, and Harry was growing rich. Before he left, he pressed her to name the day when they would be married.

"I will have a home all ready for my dove to fold her wings in," he said.

Dorothy's cheek grew pale. "Harry, we must wait," was all the answer she could make him. "I cannot leave my mother."

"Your Aunt Agnes can take your mother to her house, Dora. If you love me you will come when I need you. Doctor Preston says your mother may linger for years, Dorothy; am I to be sacrificed to an overstrained idea of duty?"

In vain she tried to explain that nobody but herself would have patience for all the little offices which her mother's helplessness rendered necessary. He would not be convinced, and when they separated, it was, on his part, with the air of one who had received just cause for offense.

Three years more went slowly by; correspondence between the lovers had grown infrequent, since, to all Harry's appeals Dorothy had only one answer to make. One night the stage-driver stopped and said:

"Reckon you've heard the news, Dorothy; Harry Morgan's married. Him and her's comin' up to spend next Sunday at his father's."

Pride, that chain-armor women wear to hide aching hearts, made Dorothy queenly, as she stepped into the church-porch, and met her old lover, with a slip of a girl, a fair-haired slender thing, on his arm. There was style about the bride; her dress was fashionable, her movements graceful, but her husband even, with a great pang, acknowledged to his own soul that she could not compare with the superb woman who congratulated them both, without a quaver in her voice, and then, from the organ gallery, led the *Te Deum* as she never had before.

Six months later Mrs. Dean died. Aunt Agnes came to help Dorothy put the old place in order, and then having found a tenant for it the two ladies, to the amazement of the village, set out for a long trip to Nebraska, to see Chapin, who was doing splendidly, to California, and back to New York. They saw the wonders of the continent, and Dorothy feasted her famished soul on the best music she could hear. When at last she came home, it was to live a life of ease, such as she had never dreamed of in old times. A strong woman did the work, and Dorothy, with books and pictures, and a grand piano, lived in the way which was congenial to her. Summers and winters fled, and the long grass waved over her mother's grave. Dorothy's eyes were black and bright, her cheeks were still softly tinted, but her hair was white as snow.

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The stage, no longer driven by Enoch Pond, who was gathered to his fathers, lumbered up to the door one chill night late in November,

1879. A tall gray-haired gentleman alighted, lifting out a small golden-haired mite of a girl. He rapped at the familiar side-porch of Dorothy Dean, and she bade him enter.

"Dorothy," he said, "I've come back. My wife is dead. Of all our children, this one, little Ethel, only is left. I have brought her to you, for if she stays in the city she will die." It all ended in the usual way. They dressed the church in cedar and holly, and a florist from New York sent magnificent Jacqueminot roses and lovely Marshal Neils, when at Christmas, thirty years after their first parting, Harry and Dorothy were married.

And everybody wished them a merry Christmas, and people from far and near came to taste the bride's cake, and look at her silver-gray dress, and pity pale little Ethel, who nestled up to her step-mother as if now she were perfectly happy. The Rector and his wife feared it would not turn out well; and indeed whether the lovers, married so late, will be as happy as they would have been had he remained as strong and patient and steadfast as she did, is a question still to be solved. They are a noble-looking couple, and the husband seems as if he could hardly lavish love enough on the wife who waited for him so long.

## Holly and Mistletoe.

BY K. M. H.



THE Mistletoe and the Holly! Yule-tide and St. Valentine's-day! What a host of old legends and quaint customs do the words recall! Upon the latter day, as well as upon the Christmas festival, the holly was always used as a decoration in olden times.

The use of the mistletoe in the decoration of churches and the practices of St. Valentine's day afford singular instances of that spirit of conciliation on the part of the early fathers of the Christian church which led them to ingraft upon the services of their festival days some of the mythological celebrations of their pagan compatriots.

For ages the mistletoe was held in high repute. The Greeks venerated it for its supposed medical properties; Ovid and Virgil had faith in its magic powers; the Magi gathered it with religious ceremonies, and the Scandinavians dedicated it to their goddess Frigg, the mother of Balder, although it was to her the cause of the greatest woe. Balder the Good had dreams presaging some great harm about to befall him. He told the assembled gods, who all expressed their earnest desire to defend him. His mother, in her distress, exacted an oath from Earth, Air, Fire, and Water that they would not harm Balder. As a test of the value of the oath, the gods stood Balder in the midst of their hall and pelted him with lances, stones, and swords, which fell

harmlessly away from him. But Loke, an evil divinity, was present. Moved with wonder and envy he set himself to discover the secret of Balder's invulnerability. Transforming himself into an old woman, he waited upon Frigg, and telling her how her son bore, unhurt, the assaults of all the deities, he artfully wormed himself into her confidence, and won from her the desired information. For to his inquiry, whether *all* things had promised not to harm Balder, Frigg replied all things save the mistletoe, and that was too feeble to hurt if it would. Loke bade her adieu, and immediately set himself to work to fashion an arrow of mistletoe.

Assuming again his own form he rejoined the assembly of the gods, and found them still at their sport; but looking round he saw one standing aloof, the blind Hoder (god of darkness). Him Loke entreated to join him in doing honor to the son of Frigg, and placing the arrow in his hand guided his arm. The mistletoe flew with fatal accuracy, and piercing Balder through and through, laid him lifeless before the horror-stricken gods.

Now did all nature mourn bitterly for the Sun god, and at the entreaty of his mother messengers of dignity set out for the realms of Hel (goddess of the unseen world) to beg her to restore Balder to the earth. This Hel consented to do, if it should be shown that *all* things mourned for him. Then every created thing wept, even the trees drooping their boughs in token of sorrow. But Loke refused to shed a tear. In their indignation the gods fell upon him as the cause of the world's sorrow, and bound him fast in a cavern, there to remain in chains, and, says Scandinavian mythology, the earthquake is caused by his struggle to break these chains. Till the regeneration, the renewal of the whole earth, must Balder remain absent from the world.

Among the Druids the mistletoe was held in the highest veneration. They had a peculiar reverence for the number three, and the fact of the berries and leaves of the mistletoe growing in triads was sufficient to proclaim it a sacred plant, by which their god Tutanus set his seal upon the oak. The great Druidical solemnities took place at the commencement of the New Year, and at that time the mistletoe was cut with great ceremony. Five days after the new moon the Druids went in stately procession into the forest, and raised an altar of grass beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak, and with a golden instrument removed the sacred plant. The inferior priests stood below with a white cloth into which it was dropped, great care being taken to let none fall upon the ground, as that would be an omen of misfortune to the land. The Druids in their white vestments then descending from the oak, proceeded to sacrifice two white bulls, who had been previously tied to the tree, and the mistletoe, after being dipped in pure water, was distributed among the people, who cherished it as a protection from witchcraft and an antidote to poison.

The peasants of Holstein call the mistletoe the specter branch, because they believe that it renders spirits visible to men, and even causes them to speak at command.

At one time we are told, it was the custom

on Christmas eve to carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral of York, "and proclaim a public and universal liberty to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gate of the city, toward the four quarters of heaven."

The Poet Gay writes thus of the use of the mistletoe in the decoration of churches :

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,  
Are bawled in frequent cries through all the town,  
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,  
Christmas the joyous period of the year:  
Now with bright holly all the temple strew,  
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

When the time-honored custom of kissing under the mistletoe began, is wrapt in obscurity, but it was probably the cause of the banishment of the mistletoe from the decoration of churches, and of its being used only in convivial assemblages. An English poet gives us a pretty stanza on this subject.

"Under the mistletoe, pearly and green,  
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;  
Glowing as though they had never been cold  
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain—  
Leaves of the olive branch twined with it still,  
While breathings of hope fill the loud carol strain.  
Yet why should this holy and festival mirth  
In the reign of the Christmas-tide only be found?  
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,  
And let us kiss under it all the year round."

St. Valentine's day, according to Ben Jonson, shared the holly with Christmas. He says :

"Get some fresh hay there to lay under foot,  
Some holly and ivy to make fine the posts,  
Is't not Saint Valentine's day?"

In Kent it was the custom for the girls to burn a holly boy, on St. Valentine's-day, and for the boys to return the compliment by likewise sacrificing an ivy girl. Very few memorials remain of Saint Valentine. He seems to have been a gentle, benignant bishop, with a tongue marvelously persuasive among his pagan neighbors. He met with a martyr's fate on a 14th of February, probably about 270, being first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. Pope Julius erected a church to his memory, which for a long time gave the name of Porta Valentine to the gate since known as the Porta del Popolo. In vain do we endeavor to discover any affinity between Bishop Valentine and the customs by which his memory has been preserved and honored. That same spirit of conciliation already referred to as characteristic of the early Christian priesthood toward the pagan world was the cause of this singular transformation of a saint's day. The Festival of the Lupercalia, in which the Romans did honor to Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, the dance, and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony, was altered into the Festival of St. Valentine. The ceremony alluded to was one in which the young men drew from a box billets inscribed with the names of maidens, each bachelor devoting himself for twelve months to the lady falling to his lot. This love lottery was retained as a part of the day's observances. In later days an attempt was made by St. Francis de Sales to alter this custom. He endeavored to substitute saintly names for those of earthly maidens; each youthful aspirant being expected to strive during the year to imitate the special excellence of the saint whose name he drew; but this reformation was of short duration, and the young men soon re-

turned with renewed ardor to the primitive custom, to the great satisfaction of their lady friends. We find these customs in high favor in England at a very early date. The Monk of Burg bears witness that year after year men had

"An usance in this region  
To look and serche Cupid's Kalendere,  
And chose their choice by grete affection."

Impatient girls had a custom for St. Valentine's-day. They would write their lovers' names on slips of paper, inclosing them in balls of clay, and place them in the bottom of a vessel filled with water. Whichever name rose to the surface was considered prophetic of the one who should on the morrow appear as their Valentine. Another method of divination was to take five bay-leaves, pin four of them to the corner of the pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If the girl then dreamed of her favored lover she might depend on being his wife before the year was over.

There were sundry different ways of choosing a Valentine, but common custom seemed to have decreed that the first person of the opposite sex met on the morning of St. Valentine's-day was thereby marked out as the year's Valentine. As a faithful Valentine was required to maintain the beauty and virtue of his lady, to escort her to all merry-makings, and to execute all her commands, it was very desirable that the right individuals should meet each other, and, doubtless, there was plenty of watching at early dawn by anxious lovers. A favorite method of choosing a Valentine was by the St. Valentine lottery. The name of a young man and woman were rolled up together and drawn by lot. Then came what was called the relieving of the Valentines, consisting of the young man's claiming his Valentine with a kiss, placing her name on his sleeve or bosom, and giving afterward a ball or treat in her honor.

In some localities in England St. Valentine's-day seems to have been a time for the giving of anonymous presents. As soon as it was dark packages would be carried about the streets in a mysterious manner. A ring at the door bell would be heard, then rapidly retreating steps. Inside all were on the *qui vive*. A rush to the door was made, and the package seized and borne off to be examined. All sorts of presents went flying about in this way, always anonymous, but sure to bear the initials G. M. V. (Good-morrow, Valentine).

These old customs have shared the fate of many another sport and pastime of young England's "merrie days," and even the word Valentine has now lost its significance, and is understood to mean the rhyming letter, usually of compliment or affection, which is the sole surviving relic of old St. Valentine's day. The custom of sending valentines once became nearly obsolete, but it has been revived, and seems now to be fairly established. It is one of those pleasant links with former times which we would not willingly let die, and so, with Charles Lamb, we will wish a hearty good-morrow to all faithful lovers who are not too wise to despise old legends, and to honor, though it be in this singularly incongruous manner, the memory of good Bishop Valentine.

## Muriel's Christmas.



SLOWLY the bell in St. John's tower tolled out the passing hour. A woman standing in the full glare of light that came from the gayly-dressed windows of Darcy & Co., dealers in laces, embroidery, fancy notions, etc., started, and as the last stroke of seven died out upon the air, raising her eyes to where, above the gaslight, the great, gray stone tower with its heavy turrets loomed dim and half defined against a background of lowering gray clouds that were drifting sullenly across the winter sky she exclaimed, "Seven o'clock! I've been out over an hour; poor mother!" and tender tears came into the great dark eyes that but a moment since had been burning with anger when the bell startled her into consciousness of the lapse of time.

The eyes grew angry again as she glanced once more at the window where, in the most tasteful and elaborate embroidery, she recognized the product of her own skillful fingers. How long she had been standing there she knew not, for with flashing eyes and burning cheeks she was conscious of nothing save the insolent manner and hardness of her employer, who, in spite of her entreaty, refused to advance one cent of pay for the completed work she had brought, assuring her that Saturday was their regular pay-day, and that they never departed from their usual custom; even when from the pale lips was forced the truth that her mother lay at home ill and starving, he only smiled blandly and bowed her out at the door. She folded her shawl closer about her slender figure as a gust of wind came scurrying keen and bitter down the street, and fixing her eyes upon the pavement to shut out the brilliancy of this week before Christmas, she walked rapidly onward.

Pausing once before a large grocery store she stood a moment irresolute, then with a determined look entered. Here, as everywhere, was hurry and bustle; busy clerks were weighing and measuring out savory parcels to the crowd that thronged the place; people were chatting together as they waited for their turn at the counter, and no one had eyes or ears for the new-comer save as here and there a clerk glanced at her to see if she were a customer of importance, but, at sight of her faded garments and weary look, turned carelessly to his weighing and measuring again, content to let her wait till others of more prosperous mien should be satisfied. At the farther end of the long room, leaning with one shoulder against the cashier's desk, stood a kindly-looking, gray-haired gentleman talking with a younger man, who was evidently a person of wealth and culture. Their conversation was about finished, and with a pleasant "Good-evening" the younger gentleman turned to come away, catching sight as he passed of Muriel's pale face and dark eyes, with their look of mingled timidity and determination. The expression of her face and her evident poverty and weariness seemed to make an im-

pression upon him, for he turned to look after her as she passed on, and an expression half of pity half of admiration crossed his fine features. But Muriel saw him not. Finding the gray-haired gentleman, who was proprietor of this busy establishment, unengaged, she at once addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wilson, I have come to ask of you a kindness. I should not have troubled you, but your clerks refused to trust me when I applied to them this morning. My mother is just recovering from a long illness and needs nourishing food. Darcy & Co. owe me for work already done more than enough for what I want to-night, but they refuse to pay me before Saturday, their regular pay-day. I never before owed to any man a cent, and but for my mother's illness should not ask trust now." Mr. Wilson, who had studied her face intently as she spoke, said, "It is not our custom to trust any one, and my clerks did exactly right in refusing you; but I am glad you came to me, for though I never saw you before I believe you are true, and will gladly supply your need. If you will give me your address perhaps my wife may be of some comfort and assistance to your mother; she loves to look after the sick and needy."

Thanking him for his kindness she gave him her address, made her purchases, and left the store. A few minutes' rapid walk brought her to the door of a house in one of the narrow side streets of the city; the house was the poorest upon that street, but the locality, though not aristocratic, was respectable. She opened the door and ascended one narrow flight of stairs, and then another, feeling her way along in the darkness. At the head of the second flight a door opened into a low-ceiled room, where a few coals gleaming through the grate sent shadows dancing over the bare floor and walls. Poor and meagerly furnished as the place was, one could tell, even in the semi-darkness, for there was no light save that made by the fire, that the room was scrupulously neat and orderly. A smaller room opened from this one, where, upon a low couch, the sick woman lay, wearily watching through the open door the playing shadows.

"I've been gone a long time, motner dear," said Muriel, laying her packages upon the table and going to the bedside; "but I've brought you something nice for supper. I'll stir up the fire and put the tea to steep right away."

"Tea! pet, have you got tea? That is good, for I am very thirsty; but I can eat nothing to-night, for the pain has come back, and I fear I am getting worse."

"O mother darling! don't say that; I thought you were so much better," said Muriel, as she hastened to mix some medicine to relieve the pain.

She gave the mixture to her mother, and, as it seemed to quiet her immediately, she went about getting supper, thinking the sight of food might tempt her appetite. The meal prepared, she succeeded in getting the sick mother to eat a few mouthfuls, and then, arranging her comfortably for the night, she ate her own supper, and lighting the lamp took her work and sat down near it to finish the delicate sprays of embroidery at which she

earned her living, a living hardly worth the name—a hard, careworn existence, where only anxiety for her mother and dread of that bugbear of a toiling woman, debt, were the sensations of which she was conscious. Sometimes, as she sat there alone at her work, memory would call up visions of a careless, happy childhood, where no thought of toil or privation intruded. But the death of her father, and the startling news of his failure in business speculations, which in his love for his wife and child, he had succeeded but too well in hiding from them, brought the mother—a weak, delicate woman—down upon a bed of sickness from which she had never recovered, and sent the young girl of sixteen years out into the world to be bread-winner for both.

Then came two years of pleasant labor in a young ladies' seminary, where her proficiency with needle and pencil had gained her a position as teacher of needlework and drawing. But ill-fortune attended her there, and unjust suspicion on the part of the principal, and considerable pride upon her own, deprived her of that place, and the struggle for life had ever since been a hard one, finding her now, at twenty, wearing her life out, trying to make both ends meet, in a low attic in the heart of a great city. The great bell of St. John's tolled out the hours as they passed, till twelve, and one, and two had sounded, and still she sat there stitching, stitching, the memories chasing over her face like clouds and sunshine over the snowy fields, the white alternately flushing and paling as thoughts of the evening's encounter occurred to her. At last, when the last glow had died out of the coals in the grate, she rose, put up her work, and looked to see if her mother was asleep. She found her quiet, evidently sleeping, and, breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, she put out the light, and pressing her cold fingers to her throbbing temples, and over the hot weary eyelids, sought her rest.

The great city with the dawn waked to bustle and work; the rumble and roar and rush of business filled all the air with constant din, but still the tired girl in the attic slept on, slept heavily, but not healthfully, such sleep as only the overburdened can sleep, rising from it to greater weariness than they felt upon lying down.

And in the little side chamber silence reigned as death. The sick woman lay as though cut in marble, and as painless, for indeed there was "no more sickness there."

The morning sunlight coming through the uncurtained window crept steadily along the side wall, and, reaching the pallet where Muriel was sleeping, fell broad and full upon her face; the eyelids stirred and she moved uneasily, and awaking, sprang hastily up. Surprised to find it so late, she dressed hurriedly and went immediately, as she was wont, to see if her mother needed anything. The first sight of the rigid figure upon the bed made her heart stand still; she leaned over, touched the cold face with trembling hands, and without word or sign fell fainting at the bedside.

Breakfast was just over at Dr. Burton's, and still the three members that made up his

household lingered in the cheery room where that meal was generally taken; Dr. Guy Burton sat tilted back in his chair, taking, with mock humility, a spirited lecture from his younger sister, Carrie, who stood at his side, her yellow curls tossed back from her sunny face, and her eyes sparkling with mischief, as she laid down the law to him, emphasizing with one dainty digit the points of her discourse upon the rosy members of her other hand.

Dr. Burton, who was evidently very much amused at her tirade, suddenly dropped his chair upon its legitimate number of standing points, and throwing his arm around her, pulled one of the escaped ringlets, asking her when she meant to apply for admission to the bar, as he thought she would make a capital pleader.

Carrie boxed his ears, with "Now, Guy Burton, shame on you to upset my dignity and eloquence in that style. But honestly, brother darling, you know that you really ought not to turn out at midnight just for an old maid who is troubled with nothing on earth but her own imagination. There are times enough when you are really needed, without your rushing out at all hours of the night to see a person who has humbugged you so often as Selina Wilson. If you will do these dreadful things we shall have Dr. Drummond practicing in your place before long, and I won't have any brother to pet and tease," said she, putting her arms coaxingly around his neck.

Dr. Burton kissed her and said laughingly, "You might adopt Drummond; he is younger and better looking than I am. But really this time, pet, something did ail Miss Wilson. I saw her father at his store last evening, and he told me that she was not at all well, having taken cold, and when I was called last night I found her suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia."

Carrie looked sober at this announcement, and the elder sister, Mrs. Cary, who had been listening with an amused countenance to the conversation of the others, now asked if she had better not call at the Wilsons while she was out that morning. Dr. Burton assured them that Mrs. Wilson would be glad to see them, and rising said "he must be about his business, or his patients would be getting well without him."

Mrs. Cary and Carrie concluded upon a shopping expedition and visit to the dressmaker, so all three left the breakfast-room together.

Death had robbed the three of both parents; the mother died when Carrie was but an infant, and the father, Dr. Samuel Burton, had died five years before our story opens, leaving to the three a comfortable fortune, and to Guy, who had followed in his footsteps as a successful physician, a large practice. Annie, the elder daughter, had married one year after her father's death, but losing her husband the same year, she came back to the old home to preside over her brother's household.

The ladies donned their street dresses and were soon ready for their morning's expedition. Dr. Burton put them into the carriage, and then went to his office for an hour's work before going out to his patients.

Carrie, who had a perfect horror of dress-makers, or any one else whose business it

might be to make her stand still for over two seconds, left her sister at Madame Sigund's, and ordered the coachman to drive slowly up and down the street until Mrs. Cary's business at that establishment should be finished.

Lounging back upon the cushioned seat she lazily watched the passers-by, or criticised the plain houses of the neighborhood, wondering how it would seem to live in such an uninteresting street, when a small tin sign, bearing the words, *Muriel Harding, Seamstress*, met her eye and caused her to start up and look back at the house as they passed.

"Muriel Harding—surely it can't be"—and Carrie sat bolt upright and puckered up her brows, trying to catch and make tangible a vague memory that flitted across her brain.

"Dear Miss Muriel, I wonder if it can indeed be she," she said; then, calling the coachman:

"Allen, drive back and stop on the right-hand side, at a little sign having on it Muriel Harding, Seamstress."

Wondering what new freak had taken his mistress the coachman obeyed, and Carrie, springing from the carriage, inquired of a woman who at that moment appeared at the door looking anxiously up and down the street, where she could find Miss Harding.

"My dear young lady, you can't see Miss Harding on business now; her mother died this morning, and I just now found Miss Muriel in a dead faint upon the floor. I'm looking for some one to send for a doctor."

"Allen," called Carrie, "go for Dr. Burton and bring him immediately;" then turning to the woman she asked her to show her to Muriel's room. The woman, who occupied the lower part of the house, said she was making up the beds on the second floor when she heard something fall, and ran up to see what could be the matter. She found Mrs. Harding dead upon the bed, and Muriel lying unconscious upon the floor.

"That was full five minutes ago," said she, "and though I've tried everything I could think of, I can't bring her to."

When Carrie saw Muriel's limp figure and deathlike face she started, and said in a frightened whisper, "Why, she's dead!"

"Oh no, miss," answered the woman; "but if she don't get help soon I am afraid she will be."

Carrie pulled off her gloves, and asking for some fresh water bathed the poor white face, and applied her smelling-salts. In a few seconds there were signs of recovery. Then the dark eyes opened, and with a frightened look at the strange faces about her Muriel attempted to sit up, but was too weak, and fell back upon the bed. Just then Dr. Burton's step was heard upon the stairs. Muriel started, trying to think why these strangers were about; then a sudden rush of memory brought back to her the terrible event of the morning, and she fainted again, and so Dr. Burton found them, Carrie's tears raining down upon the unconscious face, and the woman of the house standing helplessly by.

"Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you have come," said Carrie, as Dr. Burton took charge of the patient.

"Do you know her, Carrie?" asked he,

glancing from the still face to his sister's tear-stained one.

"She was my drawing teacher at Madame Neal's," said Carrie; "the loveliest and best liked of all our teachers. Her mother lies dead in the other room. There has been only these two for many years. Miss Muriel's love for her mother was wonderful, and I am afraid this trouble will kill her. Oh, Guy, let us take her home with us, please."

Dr. Burton looked thoughtful for a second, and then said, "Annie is at Madame Sigund's, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Run up there and tell her to drive home and prepare for our coming, and do you come back and help me here." But a few seconds sufficed to bring the poor girl to consciousness again, and when Carrie returned she found her lying with eyes closed and great tears rolling down the pale cheeks. Though the sight was pitiful, Carrie was glad to see the tears, for she knew they must be the first ones she had shed, and would be a relief to the overburdened heart. Kneeling down, she gently put her arms around her, and kissed the trembling eyelids, saying softly, "Dear Miss Muriel."

Muriel opened her eyes and looked wistfully in her face.

"Don't you know me, dear, don't you remember Carrie Burton?"

"Little Carrie, my pet and comfort once before when I was in trouble?"

"Yes, dearie," said Carrie kissing her again; "little Carrie, come to love and comfort you in this trouble too. Guy is making arrangements for the mother, and then you are going home with us to be nursed and petted until you get well."

But Muriel bursting into sobs said, "There is no one to get well for now, mother was my all."

"Nay, my friend," said Carrie, "God has not taken her from you entirely; she is yours to love and live for still, only removed to another and better place, where there is no room for pain and tears."

Muriel put her arm around Carrie's neck, and Carrie, gently smoothing her hair, let her cry on, knowing it would do her good. Dr. Burton returned to say that he had obtained the necessary help for the sad work to be performed, and to announce the return of the carriage. Carrie wrapped Muriel's shawl about her, and tied her own soft scarf over her head. Muriel attempted to rise, but at the first step would have fallen had not Dr. Burton caught her. Seeing she was too weak to walk he took her in his arms and carried her down stairs, placing her in the carriage, where Carrie heaped the cushions and pillows Mrs. Cary had sent about her, making her as comfortable as possible. With a few last words to the woman of the house concerning the disposal of the corpse, Dr. Burton took his seat beside the coachman and drove slowly home. As he lifted her from the carriage Muriel threw out her hands toward Carrie, and gasping some unintelligible words, fainted for the third time that morning. Dr. Burton carried her rapidly into the house and placed her upon the bed prepared for her, and for three days and nights

they watched anxiously and constantly, to avert if possible the fever that seemed determined to lay hold upon her. Dr. Burton tried his skill to the utmost, and the third night announced to the anxious sisters that he thought with careful nursing they might bring her through without the fever they feared coming upon her. It was the evening of the sixth day since Muriel had been brought helpless to the house, when Carrie burst out of her room, and waylaying her brother in the hall, threw her arms about his neck with,

"Guy, darling, she is just crazy, clean distracted; go use your authority immediately; tell her she is a lunatic to think of such a thing," and Carrie stopped from lack of breath.

"Who is crazy? Think of what thing? I am not sure but you are the one distracted," said Dr. Burton laughing.

"Why, Muriel, to be sure; here she is, hardly able to walk across the floor alone, and she talks of 'getting to work again, and not troubling us with her presence any longer;' then pleadingly, 'Guy, you'll make her stay, won't you?'"

Guy took the excited face in his two hands exclaiming, "What! tears, actually?" then kissing the pouting lips he said, "We'll see, pet," and with that disappeared inside the door. The lights were turned down low to suit the weakness of Muriel's eyes, and her chair had been drawn up to the window, where she and Carrie had been watching the gradual lighting up of the city streets. It was Christmas Eve, and the soft low music of the chimes and church bells came stealing into the room where Muriel stood, looking more like a shadow than anything else in her black dress. She had risen when Carrie rushed out of the room, and stood leaning her face against the window sash; she did not hear Dr. Burton enter, and knew not that he was near until he stood close beside her and was saying:

"Miss Harding, Muriel, Guy Burton asks you to stay; indeed he can't get along without you, for he has loved you ever since one week ago to-night when, not knowing who you were, he saw you in Mr. Wilson's store."

Muriel's face went down into her hands, and Guy, drawing her to him, said softly, "Say you will stay," and she stayed, and in due time became Guy Burton's wife.

## My Way.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

**G**IVE to me the simple trust  
That lifts my path, so lowly,  
Beyond life's plains of heated dust,  
To pastures green and holy.

**W**OULD not choose a kinder lot!  
My feet, that fail and falter,  
Shall rest, and many a heavenly spot  
Shall bear its grateful altar.

## Munich, the Modern Art Capital of Germany.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

**A**FTER six delightful months spent in the charming environs of the lovely lake of Geneva, we took the early morning train for Romanshorn on Lake Constance, *en route* for Munich, where we intended to winter. A short ride on a bright little pleasure steambot, over the waters of Lake Constance, rippling in the sunshine, and between the green shores whose background were the Alps with their crown of eternal snows, terminated as our tiny craft paddled leisurely in between the lighthouse on one side, and the huge stone lion on the other, guarding the port of Lindau. Here we tarried only long enough to pass the customs, and then rattled away to our destination.

Munich, or Monachium, on the banks of the swift-flowing Isar, is a fine illustration of what may be done for a city by a generous fostering policy. Originally a depot for the salt traffic, carried on by the monks of Schäftslarn, the original cultivators of the Bavarian table-land, it grew to be the capital of an electoral duchy, though of no distinction till the time of Ludwig I.

Addicted to art and letters from his early years, the king's taste grew by what it fed upon, until it became second nature with him to devote money, time, and influence to the erection of great institutions for art and learning. The great and still growing importance of Munich as the art metropolis of Southern Germany, is to be attributed to Ludwig I. At his bidding Peter von Cornelius, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, Hess, Carolsfeld, and others painted their magnificent wall pictures; Ludwig von Schwanthaler chiseled his splendid groups and statues; Klenze and Gärtner designed and built their palaces. By his influence the almost forgotten art of painting on glass was again brought to light; lithography, too, discovered by Sennefelder, was developed to such a degree, that in its various sorts it is known in every part of the world. Porcelain painting, wood-engraving, and casting in bronze were revived and improved.

Artists of all countries flocked to Munich or sent their productions there. The first German Art Union was established in Munich, and soon called similar institutions into existence throughout the whole of Germany.

The most important part of the city, and that usually sought first by strangers, is the Königs-Platz. Three buildings which surround the square remove the spectator in a moment from the ground upon which he stands and place him back into the very prime of Grecian antiquity. These buildings—the Propylæa, the Glyptothec, and the Exhibition buildings—were erected by order of King Ludwig, and represent the three different styles of Grecian architecture, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

The Propylæa, is an exact copy of the one on the Acropolis at Athens. It has fine Doric columns on the outside and Ionic within, and

tions, which formerly adorned the walls of the palace of Sardanapalus III.

In the Egyptian room is a statue of the Sun God Ra, cut from black granite, and belonging to the age of the Ramessides, 1500 to 1200 B.C. There are statues, too, of Isis and Osiris, belonging to the year 1000 B.C., busts in lava of Buddha and Brahma, and a statue of Antinous, the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, in costly Rosso-antico. But the most interesting piece of Egyptian workmanship which the Glyptothec possesses is the statue of a sitting priest in white limestone. According to the hieroglyphic inscriptions deciphered by Professor Lauth, this priest was called Bachenchons, and was architect of the Thebais, during the reign of Ramses II., about 1400 B.C.

Another room contains statues and fragments of groups from a Doric temple, discovered in the island of Ægina in 1811.

The statues are about eighteen in number, and are of white marble, a little under life size, but so perfect in outline and so toned down by time, that one would not be surprised to see them move. They date about 480 B.C., and were purchased for \$30,000, though the British Museum had made an offer of \$40,000 for them, which, however, was not known when King Ludwig secured them.

In a room near by is the Barbarini Faun, representing a creature resembling a man, crowned with a wreath of grapes and vine leaves, in a drunken sleep. It is larger than life, and nothing could be more



ALL-SAINTS' DAY, MUNICH—THE FLOWER MARKET.

on the tympana are bas-reliefs by Schwanthaler, representing scenes in modern Greek history.

The Glyptothec, intended for the reception of antique works of art, was commenced while Ludwig was still crown prince. It is a square, one-storied building, placed upon three colossal steps, and has niches on the exterior instead of windows, in which stand eighteen marble statues of mythical and historical persons who were promoters, either directly or indirectly, of plastic art. There are fourteen rooms in the building, containing ancient sculptures, classified according to epochs.

Above the entrance to the Assyrian cabinet, which is guarded by two lions, may be seen the imitation of the Tree of Life, with the two geniuses, so frequently found among the symbolical representations of Assyrian antiquity. The room itself contains only seven low-reliefs in alabaster, covered with wedge inscrip-

perfect. It was one of the many statues by Praxiteles, crowning the marble frieze of Hadrian's Mausoleum at Rome, now the rude brick structure (because stripped of its casings and pillars of marble), known as Castle St. Angelo. It was found in the moat surrounding the tomb, where it had been hurled in one of the many internecine struggles in that city.

Opposite the Glyptothec is a building of Corinthian architecture, originally intended for art exhibitions, but now occupied by the Royal Antiquarium. There is a fine group of statuary in the pediment, celebrating the rise of art in Bavaria. In the center, before a throne, stands a Bavaria distributing garlands. On the right approaches a sculptor, followed by an assistant bearing the bust of King Ludwig, after whom comes a die-engraver. On the left, the architect, the historical, the genre, and the glass

painter approach, the porcelain painter kneeling with a vase in his hand.

From here it is but a few minutes' walk to the Old Pinacothec, a large building having thirty-two halls and cabinets, containing fifteen hundred paintings, nine thousand free-hand drawings by old masters, thirty thousand copper-plate engravings, besides china, mosaics, enamels, and eighteen hundred Etruscan vases.

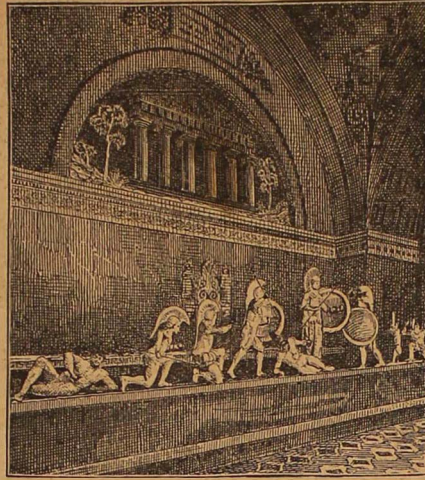
One room contains only pictures by Rubens, most of which are painted on white wood, primed with white chalk. On this polished white surface Rubens painted with carefully prepared and generally thin colors, making a continual use of the underlying ground for effects of light and shade.

Another room is devoted to the early German school, another to French and Spanish pictures, among the latter of which are Murillo's fine, famous, genre-paintings of beggar-boys. Nine rooms are appropriated to Italian masters, and twenty to Dutch and Flemish art.

The new Pinacothec is only a stone's throw from the old, and is a plain, oblong building. The outer walls are covered with frescoes, designed by Kaulbach, representing the revival of German art. This building is appropriated entirely to modern pictures, and serves to show the direction art took in the first half of this century.

In 1851 King Maximilian II., son of Ludwig I., called by his people the "Unvergessliche" (The Ever-to-be-remembered) conceived the idea of having a book published with the title of Memorials of Art of the Bavarian Dynasty. The experts whom he chose to collect facts for him, found such an abundance of materials to illustrate the work, that the king determined to gather together the treasures scattered through the different royal residences and form them into one collection to be called the Bavarian National Museum. For the accommodation of these treasures an extensive building was erected on Maximilian Strasse, having engraven on the façade, *Meinem Volk zu Ehr und Vorbil.* (An honor and example to my people).

There are fifty rooms, almost all of which are frescoed with subjects from history, the figures larger than life. The evident object of the founder was to afford a clear and thorough comprehension of art in all its



THE AEGINA MARBLES IN THE GLYPTOTHEC.

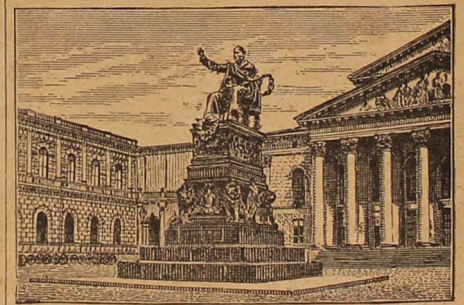
phases, and to encourage and foster art-industry and historical research in every direction. One begins sight-seeing with Roman antiquities found in Germany, and goes on with fragments from old convents and royal palaces, with stained antique glass from the church dome of Ratisbon, wood carvings, paintings remarkable for their age rather than their beauty, curious old bedsteads, rock crystal vessels of enormous value, oak staircases, quaint clocks, one of which represents a skeleton riding on the back of a lion, on whose head he strikes the hours with a thigh-bone held in his right hand, which makes the lion roar the requisite number of times; altar shrines and choir stalls, armor and tapestries. One entire room is filled with ivory carvings, some of them of exquisite beauty and wonderfully delicate workmanship. In that room also are four paintings, beautifully executed on spiders' webs. The gossamer material is placed between sheets of glass, which are framed and hung in one of the windows.

On Ludwig Strasse are many of the principal buildings of the city, chief among which are the University and Royal Library. The Library was established in 1550, by Duke Albrecht V. The successors of Albrecht used every means to increase the library, and when an account was taken in 1618, there were 17,046 books, 275 Greek, and 723 Latin autographs. During the eighteenth century the Elector Maximilian Joseph increased the library by the books possessed by the dissolved order of the Jesuits, but its most important addition was during the reign of King Max Joseph, in 1803, by the incorporation of most of the library of Manheim, and of many suppressed colleges and convents, some of which contributed rare and valuable autographs.

The library building, constructed by order of Ludwig I., is an honor to letters, and is, I believe, the largest building in the world. I know nothing of the kind more imposing and grand in its beauty than the entrance to this princely establishment. A number of stately steps lead up to the entrance, adorned by statues of Aristotle, Thucydides, Hippocrates, and Homer, represented sitting. From the vestibule rises a broad and lofty staircase of marble, with colossal statues of the founder,

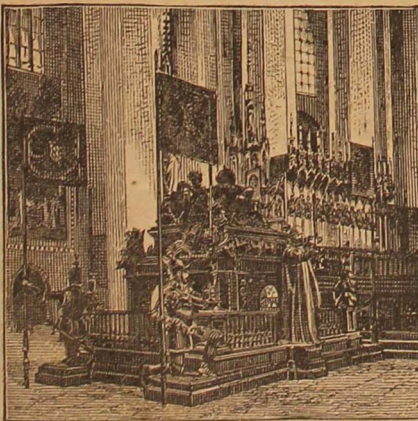
Albrecht V., and the builder, Ludwig I. The books thus nobly housed, in seventy-six rooms, are well worthy of their grand palace. It is, I believe, the second, if not the first, library in the world, containing over eight hundred thousand volumes, besides manuscripts, papyri, old illuminations and ornaments, curious and jeweled bindings, and waxed tablets. But one of the most valuable parts is the collection of autographs, numbering over twenty-five thousand. The Munich collection is only surpassed by the collection in the Vatican at Rome, containing twenty-six thousand; the British Museum, thirty thousand; and the public library in Paris, which contains eighty thousand autographs.

But of what use would the eight hundred thousand volumes be to the general public, were they shut up in glass cases and only to be handled by special permit? The authorities of the library, however, are too far-seeing in their policy, and too thoughtful of the public good to place any but the most necessary restrictions upon that which was intended by its founder to benefit all classes. No visitor to Munich need ever sigh for reading matter, since this wealth of literature is free to all persons of any nationality who apply with proper introduction, and this is not difficult to obtain. Books, to the number of three, and by this I mean *works*, not volumes, can be taken at one time, and carried wherever the reader desires, provided only that they are returned in good order at the appointed time. Moreover, should a student wish any book in any language, and it is not in the collection, he is politely requested to make his need known in writing to the proper authorities, and the book, if to be had at all, is forthcoming with as little delay as possible.



MONUMENT TO MAX JOSEF.

A very attractive sight is the royal palace, which forms an almost regular square, consisting of a number of buildings belonging to different periods and styles of architecture, and is especially divided into the Old and New Palace and the Festsaalbau. Most of the rooms are elaborately frescoed, and in the old palace are many interesting objects. In one of the bed-chambers there is a bedstead whose curtains and cover cost \$160,000, and forty persons devoted seven years to its embroidery. It is done with gold thread on white satin, and the flowers stand almost as free from the cloth as roses from a bush. There is also a small room finished with arches and lined with mirrors, and furnished with vases and elegant ornaments, which, with the architecture and



TOMB OF THE KAISER MAXIMILIAN.



furniture are reflected in the mirrors and thus repeated almost infinitely, giving the little room the appearance of a fairy palace of vast extent, filled with shapes and hues of beauty.

But the Festsaalbau, built by Ludwig I., and used for special festivities, as its name indicates, is worthy of bearing away the palm from all the palaces the writer has ever had the good fortune to see, in beauty, simplicity, and richness. The Thronesaal is a magnificent room, one hundred and seventy-two feet in length, and seventy-seven in breadth, and is supported by twenty Corinthian pillars of lustrous stucco. Between the pillars are twelve colossal bronze statues gilded in fire, representing celebrated members of the house of Wittelsbach. The room is painted in white and gold, the throne and baldacchino being purple and gold.

In this palace is the Hall of Beauties, a room hung with thirty-six portraits of beautiful women, painted for and by the request of King Ludwig. The king was guided in his selection only by the fact of beauty, so the pictured semblance of the noble duchess and the handsome wife of a baker may be seen side by side. During Ludwig's lifetime a portrait of Lola Montez was to be seen in this assemblage of beauties, but Maximilian caused its removal immediately after his father's death. And here it is but fair to say, although the citizens of Munich have not yet wearied of gossiping about their dearly loved master and his favorite, that intimate as were the old king and the pretty woman of many titles and names, yet they both solemnly averred that mutual and well founded admiration of sterling qualities, and the proper endearments of the highest order of Platonic attachment was all that passed between the royal admirer and the Countess of Landsfeldt.



THE POULTRY MARKET, MUNICH.

Allerheiligen Court Chapel is also a work of Ludwig I., and was paid for out of his own private purse. Eight monolith pillars of polished red marble, and four piers, support the lofts reserved for the royal family and court. The decorations are superb, and a striking effect is given to the paintings by the light coming in through the invisible windows. The upper walls are frescoed upon gold ground, and the lower walls are slabbed with marbles. The music is magnificent, especially

upon high festivals when the members of the royal opera assist.

The garden, in connection with the palace, is surrounded by an open arcade of two thousand feet in length, its corridors arched and frescoed with historical paintings of striking events in Bavarian history, and landscapes of Greece and Italy. The exterior walls of these arcades are the broad, transparent rear of the gayest and richest shops and cafés in Munich.

In the Odeon Platz, opposite, is a fine monument to King Ludwig. It represents him on horseback, in coronation robes, holding in his uplifted right hand the scepter, which as regards the advancement of art became in his hand a magic wand. Two pages walk on either side of the king, carrying tablets upon which are inscribed the king's motto, "Gerecht und beharrlich" (Just and persevering). On the high pedestal the sculptor has placed before the four blunted corners allegorical figures which represent Religion, Poetry, Art, and Industry.

Leading out of this square is Ludwig Strasse, at the end of which is the Siegsthor, or Gate of Victory. It is built in imitation of Roman triumphal arches, and is a noble recognition of the valor of the Bavarian army in the wars of 1813-1815. It is surmounted by a magnificent group in bronze, Bavaria in her war chariot, drawn by four lions.

But the monument which is the pride and joy of every Bavarian heart is the colossal statue in bronze of Bavaria, which stands in the Theresian meadow, just in front of the Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Fame). "A perfect woman nobly planned," she stands holding a sheathed sword in her drooping right hand, the hilt and hand resting on the head of the Bavarian lion at her feet. Her left hand, raised above her head, holds a laurel wreath. She wears a helmet, from beneath which



THE AU MARKET, MUNICH.

her hair falls upon her shoulders in wavy ringlets, while graceful draperies envelop her to her sandals. The statue is sixty-four feet high above the pedestal, which is large and lofty. The body is hollow, and ascent can be made to the head by winding steps, where there are two sofas which will seat comfortably ten persons.

There is scarcely another city in Germany which has so many and such richly ornamented churches. The Cathedral or Frauenkirche is very unpretending outside. But all the greater is the impression made by the interior, three hundred and sixteen feet long, and one hundred and twenty-three broad. The most important monument is above the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian of Bavaria (1347) in the nave of the church. It is a large, heavy building in the Renaissance style, sixteen and a half feet long, and thirteen feet high. This was erected in 1662, and the original gravestone of the emperor, representing him seated on his throne, is upon the lower part, and is made of red marble. Above the tomb is an imperial crown and a figurative representation of Wisdom and Valor. On the corners of the projecting socket, lined with wire-work, kneel four armed knights, life-size, holding standards upon which the arms and names of the imperial ancestors of the dead monarch are inscribed. By the sides of the monument are colossal statues in bronze of Dukes Albert V. and William V.

St. Ludwig's church is chiefly noted for the Last Judgment, by Cornelius, who spent four whole years upon it. It is on the altar wall, and is said to be the largest painting in the world.

St. Boniface Basilica was built and paid for by Ludwig I., and is splendidly ornamented within. The walls are covered with pictures in the old Christian style of art, on a background of gold. Within a plain marble sarcophagus, at the entrance of the church, repose the remains of Ludwig and his Protestant wife; for, strange to say, notwithstanding the state religion of Bavaria is Roman Catholic, and the kings members of the state church, yet the queens have always been Protestants.

In St. Michael's church is a striking monument to Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Josephine, Empress of the French. It represents the hero, without the attributes of power, at the gates of a tomb, his left hand pressed to his heart, and holding in his right a laurel garland with the inscription, "Honneur et fidélité." At one side Clio writes his deeds of valor on the pages of history; on the other are representations of the Angel of Death and the Genius of Immortality.

We were fortunate enough to be in Munich at the convening of the Parliament, which is always preceded by a solemn high mass at St. Michael's, which is the court church. The aisles of the church were lined with the royal guardsmen in uniforms of gold and white, heads covered with brass helmets, surmounted by the Bavarian lion, and armed with long-handled blades. When the royal cortège appeared at the portal, the bishops and clergy advanced to the door carrying a richly ornamented canopy. Two pretty pages of twelve

or fourteen, clad in blue satin with white facings, and looking as if they had just stepped from one of Watteau's pictures, entered first. The King advanced under the canopy, followed by his bodyguard and the clergy, to seats near the altar; then mass was sung, and so the ceremony ended.

We had reached Munich just a few days before All-Saints' Day, and so had opportunity to enjoy the peculiar observances of that festival. For a week the public square had been filled with booths for the sale of wreaths and crosses, and a brisk trade was kept up, the very poorest laborer spending a few hard-earned kreutzers in remembrance of some one loved and lost. The cemeteries in Munich are the finest in Germany, if not in Europe. There are few trees, but the entire inclosure is like a conservatory. In front of every grave is a small vase of water and a brush, which every devout soul uses in passing, uttering, meanwhile, an Ave or Pater. Open arcades surround the graveyards, in which are many costly tombs, and some exquisite sculptures. Between the two cemeteries is a long building with large windows, and seeing many persons coming and going, I too looked in. A strange sight met my gaze. In a long room upon raised biers reposed the dead. Tiny babes in white caps and long dresses lay upon beds of flowers; officers in uniform, with caps on their breasts and swords by their sides; men in citizens' dress; young girls and middle-aged women in usual attire, or occasionally in shrouds. Every one who dies in the city must be taken the same day to the dead-house, and there lie for three days before burial is allowed. A ring, to which a cord is attached, is put upon the right thumb, which upon the slightest motion will ring a bell in a room near by, where a watchman is stationed day and night. Rarely has a case of awakening occurred, though one actually happened during our stay in the city. A café-keeper, after a night spent in drinking "Success to the cholera," which was then causing much dread in Munich, was seized with the disease he was defying. Supposed to be dead, he was conveyed to the dead-house; but during the night the apparently dead man arose, well frightened at the company in which he found himself. A few days after, all beer-drinking Munich was hastening to spend their kreutzers with the dead come to life.

On All-Saints' Day the public are admitted to the royal vaults to view the coffins containing the dust of the deceased monarchs and their families. A tall guardsman stood silent and motionless at the door of each vault while we looked upon the last resting-places of chivalry, and learning, and beauty (the defects it is best not to remember in the dead), by the aid of dim lamps burning American oil!

With the attractions Munich has to offer, and all free as light, is it wonderful strangers throng the city, especially those who have a love for art or literature? The people of Munich are simple, kindly, and honest. The shopkeepers are obliging and courteous, and no matter how trifling your purchase, your payment is always received with "Ich danke schön (I thank you beautifully).

For many years the sanitary condition of

Munich was in bad odor, but latterly matters of this kind have been much improved. The climate is raw in winter, and is subject to chill winds at certain seasons because of its altitude and its nearness to the Alps, yet the air is healthy and invigorating to persons generally, as is shown by the healthy appearance of the population. Living is cheap, and it is easy to make friends among the natives, provided one respects their peculiarities and habits, for the Bavarians are hospitality personified. Therefore I can but advise any one who craves a winter's study in foreign lands to remember Munich, for I say now, and ever, that I am fond of Bavaria and the Bavarians, and pray that peace and plenty, happiness and prosperity may ever remain with them all!

## The Weaver of the Snow.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

**B**ROWN sparrows with surprise  
Look out from the safe-sheltering eaves,  
To see the flakes that fall from frowning skies,  
White blossoms on the trees.

**F**ROM looms unseen in air,  
I see soft lines of swift-descending snow.  
The whistling wind is the deft weaver there,  
Whose work drapes all below.

**H**E white way tempts the feet  
Of Charity divine to walk her round,  
To the sick couches, where the graces meet,  
And pity binds the wound.

**C**URTAINS of airy lace,  
Woven designs of rich embroidery,  
About the windows of the cot we trace,  
And star-gemmed drapery.

**H**IS work of hands unseen,  
Adorns the dwellings of the rich and poor,  
Harps, crowns, and shields, and wreaths of stain-  
less sheen  
Are strewn at every door.

**H**OW help in time of need  
Comes like a benediction after prayer,  
It asks not for a form of words or creed,  
It is an angel there;

**D**ISPENSING loaves of bread,  
And garments that will keep the cold at bay,  
And balm of love, to heal the hearts that bled,  
And fire, to keep the wolves away.

**S**EAMLESS mantle falls,  
Hiding unsightly things from human eyes,  
From the dim clouds, that line heaven's azure walls,  
White everywhere it lies.

**I**T wraps the frozen ground,  
Where sleep innumerable fruits and seeds,  
And in the spring the blossoms will be found  
Like blessings sprung from deeds.

## A New Christmas Carol.

## IN TWO SCENES.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

## CHARACTERS

MR. HORRID HARDTIMES.  
 MRS. PLEASANT HARDTIMES.  
 CHEERYHEART HARDTIMES.  
 MERRYTONGUE HARDTIMES.

## SCENE I.

*Christmas Eve in the Hardtimes household. The family seated around a table, all looking very sad and gloomy.*

MR. HARDTIMES [*speaking impatiently*].  
 Absurd! you're silly children all,  
 I thought you [*to Mrs. H.*] were more rational;  
 To prate of Christmas trees and cheer,  
 I told you we'd have none this year:  
 The times are hard, and money's tight,  
 So let me hear no more to-night.

MRS. HARDTIMES [*pleasantly*]. But, husband,  
 really it seems strange  
 To have no kindly interchange  
 Of little presents Christmas-tide—

MR. H. [*interrupting*]. Pshaw! what's the custom, pray, beside  
 A foolish Roman practice bold  
 To curry favor with their gold  
 In costly gifts on the new year?  
 I trust you are less wily here!  
 [*Looks severely at his daughters.*]

CHEERYHEART. Why, papa! Christians took  
 the right  
 To celebrate the Babe's birthnight,  
 Who for us in a manger lay  
 Upon the first glad Christmas Day.

MR. H. Of course that fact I well remember,  
 But how know we 'twas in December?  
 Because the Saxons burned their yules  
 This time of year shall we be fools  
 And copy them, by burning trees?  
 Times are too hard for such follies!  
 I tell you 'tis a heathen rite,  
 So talk no more such talk to-night.

MERRYTONGUE. Well, how shall we then  
 keep the day?  
 I wish you'd tell us, papa, pray,  
 For very dull to sit 'twill be,  
 And others see laugh merrily  
 At what they in their stockings find—

MR. H. [*interrupting*]. Tush, tush! such  
 speech shows childish minds.  
 What shall we do? why, stay at home—

CHEERYHEART. Our church, as well as those  
 of Rome,  
 Trims gay with greens on Christmas Day,  
 In wreaths, and garlands, festooned gay—

MR. H. [*quickly*]. A custom from the Druids  
 caught,  
 They mistleto and holly brought  
 To strew their altars; and the Greeks  
 As well, their temples decked. It speaks—

MERRYTONGUE. It seems to speak, these cus-  
 toms all,  
 Of natures kind and prodigal;  
 These gifts to friends, adorning shrines  
 With flowers, and greens, and trailing vines,

So sacredly commemorate  
 The gods whose feast they celebrate.  
 [*Some Christmas horns heard outside.*]  
 MR. H. [*stopping up his ears*]. What din and  
 turmoil on the street,  
 A pandemonium complete!  
 What there can in those shrill horns be  
 Of pleasure, I indeed can't see!

MERRYTONGUE. Why, papa, they but loudly  
 say,  
 "Let all rejoice on Christmas Day!"  
 Oh, what if "times" are dull and drear,  
 Let Christmas joys and Christmas cheer  
 Make bright and glad each human heart,  
 Some pleasant warmth to all impart!  
 These pagan rites but do instill  
 Into our souls but "peace, good-will;"  
 And if it be unknown what day  
 The magi came, we ought always  
 To keep some time, some sacred hour  
 His birth to honor—our Saviour!

[MR. HARDTIMES shakes his head impatiently.]

MRS. H. [*rising*]. Come, girls, to bed and pleasant  
 dreams.  
 [*Aside to her daughters.*] I own it scarce like  
 Christmas seems.  
 I miss our little laughs and jokes  
 O'er gifts. [*Clock strikes aloud.*] The clock  
 strikes twelve slow strokes—  
 'Tis Christmas morn [*earnestly*]. Let's hope  
 and pray  
 These cruel "times" will pass away  
 And bright ones come. Good-night, my  
 dear. [*Kisses daughters.*]

CHEERYHEART. Good-night, mamma, we'll  
 linger here  
 A little longer; maybe we  
 Old merry Kriss Kringel will see.  
 We'll ask him to send heartier cheer  
 Unto our home for the new year.  
 Good-night, papa; maybe you're right,  
 But I like still the pagan rite!

[*Exeunt MR. and MRS. HARDTIMES.*]

MERRYTONGUE. Well! as for me, I will not  
 stand  
 This strange, unkind, and cold command!  
 Not give each other gifts, indeed!  
 That isn't in my Christian creed!

CHEERYHEART. Nor mine; we'll ignorant  
 heathens be,  
 Dear sister; we will have a tree,  
 If it but be a sprig, I ween  
 'Twill serve to make our Christmas green!

MERRYTONGUE. Yes, for each one in the morn  
 Some little gift it shall adorn;  
 Come, now, we'll have to work right well  
 To bring about this magic spell. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Christmas morning. A small tree is set upon the table, with some tiny packages beside it.*

[*Enter MR. and MRS. HARDTIMES. MRS. HARDTIMES has a package in her hand which she tries to conceal. They both start upon discovering the Christmas tree.*]

MR. H. Why, what is this, my dear? I see  
 Before me, here, a Christmas tree!

MRS. H. [*smiling gladly*]. Perhaps, who  
 knows? that after all  
 Kriss Kringel last eve made a call.  
 [*Enter CHEERYHEART and MERRYTONGUE. They also each have a small paper parcel.*]

MERRYHEART. Good-morning! Merry Christmas, ma.  
 The same to you, my dear papa.  
 [*Unfastens paper, and discloses button-hole bouquet, which she fastens in his coat.*]  
 This is my offering. Do not start.  
 Not from my pocket, but my heart;  
 Where every gift, if given pure,  
 Should truly come, or rich or poor.

MERRYTONGUE [*opening her package, and taking therefrom a pretty breakfast cap, which she puts on her mother's head*].  
 This, mamma dear, I made last night,  
 Though it is not a nightcap quite!  
 And if the stitches are too long,  
 They're sewed quite tight, and fast and strong,  
 And each one here is full of love  
 And merry wishes—

MRS. H. And to prove  
 That I, too, thought of you last eve,  
 Look in this napkin [*opens package*], and perceive  
 What I, too, sat up late to make,  
 To "keep" this Christmas for your sake.  
 [*Opens package, and shows a Christmas cake.*]

MERRYTONGUE and CHEERYHEART embrace their mother, and both exclaim:  
 Oh mamma, dear, how good and kind!

MR. H. [*looking from one to the other, and feeling inside his pockets with great haste.*]  
 [*Aside.* I really—hum!—wish I could find  
 Some trifling thing to give.] My dears,  
 [*Addressing all.*] I'm really sorry. I have fears  
 You think me wanting in true love;  
 But now, indeed, to me you prove  
 That it is best these "heathen rites"—

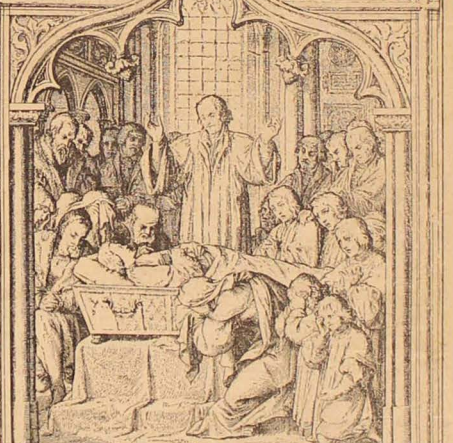
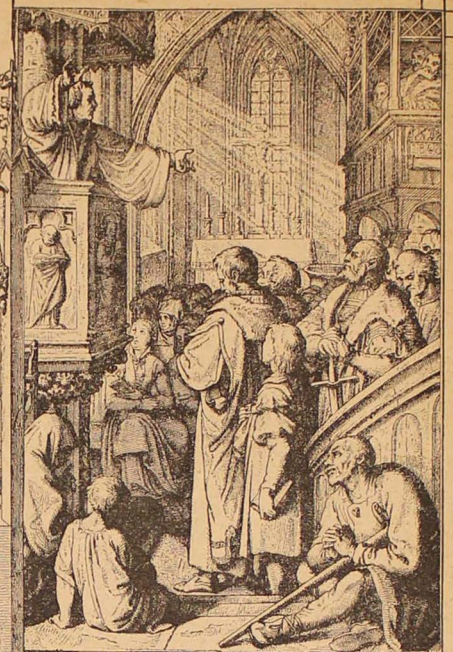
MERRYTONGUE [*clapping her hands joyfully*].  
 Oh papa! Then, on Christmas nights  
 Hereafter we may merrily  
 Give gifts, and have our pretty tree!

[MR. HARDTIMES nods his head "yes," and both daughters embrace him. MRS. HARDTIMES pats him affectionately.]

CHEERYHEART. Let the tidings gladly ring;  
 Sister, join with me and sing  
 Our new Christmas carol true,  
 Which we mean for you and you [*pointing to audience*].

[*They join hands, and sing DISTINCTLY.*]  
 Though it be a Roman rite,  
 Be a heathen Christmas night,  
 And unto each, loved and dear,  
 Offer presents and good cheer.  
 If our rude forefathers old,  
 In the winter's dreary cold  
 Burnt the yule right merrily,  
 Why should we not burn the tree?  
 Ah, deep down in every heart  
 There is, surely, a sweet part  
 Which holds sacred rites like these  
 Romanesque or Germaneye!  
 Let the blessed Christmas time  
 Send its joyous, merry chime  
 Into every home and land.  
 Let the word be a command:  
 "Peace on earth, to man good-will,"  
 Let each one the law fulfill.  
 Then the blessed Christ-child's day  
 Shall be holy kept away!

CURTAIN.



- 1. Administering the Holy Communion in Two Kinds to the Laity.
- 2. Marriage of Martin Luther.
- 3. Death of Luther's Daughter, Gretchen.
- 4. Nailing the Theses to the Church Door.
- 5. Portrait—Luther (from the Picture by Holbein).
- 6. Martin Luther's Home at Christmas.
- 7. Luther Preaching.
- 8. Luther's Funeral.
- 9. Luther Reading the Monastic Bible.

## The Story of Martin Luther.

BY L. P. L.



ABOUT the close of the fifteenth century there lived near Eisenach, in Saxony, a frugal and honest couple, John and Margaret Luther by name. The family to which the name of Luther appertained was a large and respected one among the peasantry of Saxony, though this branch was extremely poor, and their distinction consisted in the superior sense, piety, and worth of the young couple. John was rigidly just and truthful, and an example of household severity; Margaret was a model to her sex in piety and thrifty economy. They had two sons already, when Margaret gave birth, unexpectedly, to a third son on St. Martin's Eve, November 10th, 1483, in an inn in Eisleben, where she had gone to attend a fair, and who was baptized the following day by the name of Martin, in honor of the saint.

Shortly after Martin's birth the family removed to Mansfeld, renowned for its mines. Here they became more prosperous, John becoming owner of two small furnaces, and in time a member of the Town Council.

John loved learning, and assembled in his cottage, as often as he could, such learned men as would honor him with a visit, and he resolved that his little Martin, who early evinced superior abilities, should be brought up a scholar. With this end in view he used to carry him on his shoulders, when too young to walk alone, to a school in Mansfeld, where Luther learned the Creed, the Ten Commandments, Our Father, and to sing hymns.

Martin's father was very severe, as was his mother also, who once whipped him for some act of dishonesty about a nut until the blood came. At school the discipline was still more severe, for Luther records having been well whipped fifteen times in one morning.

When fourteen, Martin was sent to the choral school of Magdeburg, conducted by Franciscan monks, and as his parents were still poor, he was forced to eke out his living by the plan, common with German boys, of singing at house-doors and begging for scraps of bread and meat as a recompense. When Luther had become great, if not rich, his door was never shut against poor boys who sang for charity, and he urged others to practice the same liberality. "Never despise poor boys who sing at your door and ask bread for the love of God. How often have I been one of such a group!"

After a year at Magdeburg, Luther was sent to Eisenach to school, but the straits of poverty were severely felt even there, where he had many relations. But one day, when very cold and hungry, Ursula Cotta, the wife of a burgher of consideration, struck with the sweetness of his voice, and observing he was the same boy who sang so beautifully in church, and behaved so decorously, opened

her door and calling him in gave him a hearty meal. Her husband, being much pleased with the boy's countenance and conversation, assented to her proposal that he should become an inmate of their dwelling. "There is nothing kinder than a good woman's heart," Luther said in after years, referring to this period of his life. "Happy he whose fortune it is to obtain it."

His studies in school embraced Latin, rhetoric, and verse-making; his amusements consisted in flute-playing, the good Ursula having made him a present of one. His taste for poetry developed as early as his taste for music, and, even in boyhood, he was remarkable for his fluency of language both in speaking and writing, and for his skill in verse-making.

In his eighteenth year he commenced his career at the University of Erfurth, his father working early and late, and living still more sparingly to afford him this advantage. There he read Cicero, Virgil, and Livy, and studied and acquired the science of dialectics. But his simple nature revolted from idle quibblings and useless subtleties, and he inclined rather to acquire acquaintance with things than to expend time and labor on the study of words.

Accident first directed his mind into that channel of reading and thought in which he was fated to reflect the light of God to men. He was one day opening one volume after another in the University library, when he lighted upon a book which riveted his whole attention. It was the Latin Vulgate of the whole Bible. He turned over page after page, and was arrested by the history of Hannah and Samuel, and he warmed over the description of the mother dedicating the child of many prayers to the Lord. Again and again he returned to the library and spent his spare moments poring over his new-found treasure.

In 1505 he was made Doctor of Philosophy, and began to lecture on the physics and ethics of Aristotle, while preparing to study jurisprudence, as his father had long desired. But not long after this, while returning to Erfurth from Mansfeld, where he had been visiting, a violent thunder-storm overclouded the sky, and his most intimate friend was killed at his side by lightning. Luther in terror vowed if his life were spared to consecrate it to God by taking the monk's hood. Yet he resolved to have one more evening of mirth with his intimate associates before parting with the world forever. So he made a feast, but breathed no word of his resolve, while music and wit made the moments fly. As soon as his friends had left the room, he chose a Virgil and a Plautus from among his books, and with these in his hand sought the Convent of St. Augustine. The fraternity were equally surprised and delighted at his request to be enrolled among them, for he was considered one of the brightest ornaments of the University. The next day he sent his gown and ring back to the University, and informed his parents and friends by letter of the step he had taken. Members of the University thronged to the convent gate to dissuade him from so foolish a course, but were refused entrance. His father was overcome with rage and disappointment, for he had hoped to see Martin rise high in the legal profession and become a per-

son of note and opulence, and for this end what sacrifices had he not made during long years!

The drudgery to which Luther was subjected in his new home was such as would have disgusted any mind less earnest than his. While a novice he had to open and shut gates, sweep the chapel, and clean the rooms. He found most of the brothers lazy, stupid, ignorant, and fond of good cheer. It was their maxim that holy words would make the Devil fly, even if not understood by those who used them. So all their devotion consisted in mumbling over, at stated times, the *horæ canonicæ*. The most of them conceived a dislike to Luther because of his learning, so that if he asked for time to study, he was told the interests of the convent were served, not by study, but by bringing home fish, flour, eggs, and money, and soon as his indoor tasks were ended, the cry was, in their doggerel, "*Saccum per nackum!*" (Go through the streets with your sack and bring us something to eat.) The University at length interfered in behalf of one of its members, and it was arranged by the prior that Luther should be allowed time for study.

He flew to his studies with the avidity of one long deprived of his favorite pursuits. He read Saint Augustine, but that only made him more desirous to read the Bible. Yet much that he there read seemed inexplicable to him, for he could not comprehend how the terrible God could converse with man, "as one shoemaker with another," to quote his own words.

His conduct puzzled the monks, for before entering the convent he had been social and even jovial. Afterward he became silent and abstracted. He confessed frequently, not the usual sins of monks, but spiritual conflicts, especially what he called the "root of the question, How shall man be just before God?" His confessor knew nothing of such trials, he had never heard of them before, and Luther grew still more despondent. Whole days and nights he spent in the intensity of prayer, yet gaining no comfort.

It was at this time that John Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the order in Germany, went on a visit to the convent at Erfurth. His eye rested with curiosity on such a brow as Luther's amongst the commonplace faces of the brotherhood, and he asked the history of the young monk from the prior, and what he heard from him in the confessional added to the interest he had inspired. Luther's idea of repentance was, that it was made up of mortification of the flesh used to propitiate the divine favor. Staupitz explained that it was the heart which God wished contrite and broken, and not the body, giving him a Bible for his own to study.

Luther's health finally sank under the pressure of his mental conflicts, and he became seriously ill. An old monk who visited him, after listening to the doubts which perplexed his heart, replied by citing that article of the Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," not of Peter's, or David's, but of "my own sin;" adding that "by such faith are we justified." These words poured the balm of comfort on Luther's troubled spirit. As peace

returned his illness abated, and he regained strength.

In the spring of 1505 he was to be ordained priest, and glad of an opportunity for full reconciliation with his father, he wrote a dutiful letter, imploring his presence, and requesting him to fix the day. John Luther complied with the request, and named the second of May, Dominica Cantate (fourth Sunday after Easter). The father came, attended by several friends, and after the ceremony was invited to a repast in the refectory. Naturally enough, the conversation turned upon the events of the day, and all agreed in lauding the self-sacrifice of Luther in renouncing his worldly prospects to shut himself up in a monastery, that he might serve God and secure his own salvation. This was more than John could stand. "You men of learning," he exclaimed, "have you never read God's command, Honor thy father and thy mother?" These words made a deep impression on Martin's mind, and their truth afforded him one powerful argument for his subsequent work of exterminating monasticism in Germany.

Luther had been three years in the convent at Erfurth when he was appointed professor of physics and dialectics in the University of Wittenberg, instituted by Frederic the Wise. The following year he was made bachelor of theology and lecturer on the Holy Scriptures. Passing from his cell to the professor's chair, with a Bible in his hand, he poured out his own deep convictions, the truth of which he had learned by long and trying process, to a crowd of eager students. Staupitz, through whose instrumentality he had received the appointment, now requested him to essay his powers in the pulpit. Luther resisted at first, but his vow of obedience prevailed. The old Augustine church was a tottering edifice of wood, propped up on every side with stays. The pulpit was a rude structure of unpolished planks, three feet high above the floor. Here Luther first preached the "good news" in language plain and simple as the rustic edifice, but with a power, zeal, and clearness which won the heart, it being evident his words had their birthplace, not on the lips, but in his soul.

In 1510 or 1511 several of the Augustine convents were at variance with their Vicar-General on some point of order, and they chose Martin Luther to go to Rome to represent their case to the head of the order. He was allowed a certain sum of money and a brother monk as a traveling companion. After crossing the Alps, Luther and his friend found themselves in the midst of luxury such as they had never dreamed of. Stopping at a convent of the Benedictines, they were amazed at the gay dresses and delicious food of the recluses, the tables being loaded with delicate viands even on Wednesdays and Fridays. Luther at length gently reminded the monks they were violating the pope's order by eating meat on fast-days. But this reproof nearly cost him his life, and it was only by favor of the gate-keeper he was allowed to effect a clandestine retreat from the dangerous spot and reach Rome in safety.

When he came within sight of the long-looked-for towers, falling prostrate on the earth

and raising his hands to heaven he exclaimed, "God save thee, O Rome! seat of the Holy One—yea, thrice holy by the blood of the sainted martyrs shed within thy walls." He entered by the Porta del Popolo and remained about a fortnight, during which time he ran from church to church, and from tomb to tomb, listening to many idle legends, and believing implicitly all that was told him. He climbed the Scala Sancta (Pilate's Staircase) on his knees, but in the midst of this effort a voice in the depths of his heart seemed to rebuke him, saying, "The just shall live by faith." He sat at table with many priests, and heard some boast how they deluded the silly people by changing the words of consecration in the mass to "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain." When he said mass he was reproved for his slowness, for a Roman priest could say it seven times while he said it once.

On the eighteenth he was made Doctor of Theology with the customary formalities, swearing "never to teach strange doctrines condemned by the church and offensive to pious ears, but all his life long to study the Holy Scriptures, and to maintain the Christian faith by disputations and writings."

There is no doubt that, by the beginning of the year 1517, when the "Morning Star of the Reformation arose," he had formed the idea of becoming a Reformer, for his mind was engrossed with the duty of reviving the ancient doctrines of the church, of the Scriptures, and the Fathers, in place of the school of Aristotle theology which had paralyzed faith and heart piety. But as yet his reverence for the Roman church was deep and untouched, and he only wished to recall to that section of it whom Aristotle and the schoolmen had deluded, what was in truth the real doctrine of the Catholic church as taught by the fathers and founded on the Bible.

At this era purgatory, the mass, and plenary indulgence were the three doctrines by which, especially, the Roman pontiffs filled their coffers. The origin of the last was as follows: In early times penance was exacted for spiritual or moral delinquencies with great vigor, not by way of expiation, but in proof of sincere contrition. But, by degrees, the real object of penance was lost sight of, and it came to be looked upon in the light of an atonement. To battle in Palestine for the Holy Sepulchre, or to visit Rome during a jubilee year, was accepted in lieu of penance. Later the opportunity of buying pardon, instead of doing penance, at the Pope's discretion, was offered, and finally this indulgence was declared to avail for sins past, present or to come.

Leo, X. was not insensible to such a means of revenue. Erecting the splendid church of St. Peter, with a taste for all the elegances of life, he found even the mines of wealth discovered in the credulity of the people inadequate to satisfy his needs. It was a custom to let out the indulgence traffic, in some countries, to contractors, and they, being usually of high degree, employed sub-agents. In Germany the Archbishop of Mentz selected for his subordinate one John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, who was possessed of great inventive genius in lying, and of extreme impu-

dence. In 1517, Tetzel established his indulgence market a few miles from Wittenberg. He was forbidden to enter Saxony by the Elector Frederic, yet many of the inhabitants flocked to Tetzel's pardon counter and returned home with plenary indulgence.

When Luther first heard of Tetzel's proceedings he said, "God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum." But it was in the confessional that Luther's sincere religious principles were brought into actual collision with the dogmas of Tetzel. Several persons demanded absolution with the frank avowal that they had no intention of leaving off sin, since it would be an unnecessary act of self-denial, showing their indulgence paper in explanation of this statement. Luther assured them of the absurdity of this notion, and refused absolution unless they were seriously bent upon amendment, following this up by a sermon in the parish church. To this Tetzel replied with furious denunciations.

On All Saints' Eve, October 31st, when the precious relics, inclosed in cases of gold and gems, which Frederic had collected at great pains and cost, were exposed to public gaze, and multitudes of pilgrims were thronging the cathedral, Luther appeared in the crowd and nailed on the door ninety-five theses on the doctrine of indulgences, which he offered to maintain in the University against any opponent.

These theses were copied and sent to one place and another, translations even appearing in Holland and Spain; so that in one day, as it were, an unknown monk had become a European celebrity, and palace and cottage rang with his name. The prophecy of John Huss was recalled, that though they might kill the goose (Huss), after one hundred years a swan would succeed to whose notes they would listen. The one hundred years had just ended!

In August, 1518, Luther received a citation to appear in Rome, within sixty days, to answer to the charge of heresy. This was an anxious time to Luther, for a letter had been sent to the Elector in which it was hinted that Frederic's fidelity to the Holy See had fallen under suspicion, and that to reinstate himself in the esteem of the church, it was trusted that he would cease to protect his rebellious friar. Luther's personal safety, to human eyes, turned on Frederic's decision; but there was every reason to believe that the support required would not fail in this hour of extremity. The danger did not repress Luther's zeal for truth. After much talk it was finally agreed that he should appear at Augsburg before the Pope's legate, which he did after having a safe conduct granted him, and, after several hot interviews, he refusing to recant, was ordered to leave. Being warned that the cardinal had power to throw him into prison, he escaped from the city secretly, and returned to Wittenberg.

But though he had escaped immediate peril, his condition could not be regarded under any other light than as most precarious. By 1520, Luther had so far advanced in doctrines as to reject four out of the seven sacraments—baptism, penance, and the Lord's Supper. Purgatory he called "A dream of the popes, who

knew less on those points than the least of the believers." The fifteenth of June in this year the famous Bull of Excommunication, consigning all Luther's writings to the flames was signed. Beside this, another letter was addressed to the Elector Frederic urging him to rigorous proceedings against his heretic monk. To this Frederic replied there were so many learned men in Germany, and so many students of the Bible, even among the laity, that the mere authoritative decree of the church, without scriptural proof, would only occasion bitter offense and give rise to horrible tumults. This was plain language to use to the Vatican; but as Luther's danger increased, warm demonstrations in his favor were evoked from all quarters. Indeed the bull, instead of extinguishing the Reformation forever, gave it new life and decided its success.

In 1521 the Diet was called at Worms, over which Charles V. was to preside, and Luther was summoned to appear, a safe conduct being secured him. Just before reaching Worms a message was sent to urge him not to proceed from fear for his safety. "Say to your master that I will enter Worms though as many devils set at me as there are tiles on the housetop." Upon seeing the walls of Worms in the distance he rose in the carriage and sung his paraphrase of the Forty-sixth psalm, "Ein feste Berg ist Unser Gott."

"A tower of strength is God,  
A shield on every side,  
A sure defense the Almighty rod,  
Let whate'er will betide."

When it was known that he had arrived several of his friends and courtiers of the princes in attendance on the Diet formed an escort around his wagon as he rode through the city. Nor was rest allowed him that night; princes, counts, knights, nobles, priests, and laymen crowded the Elector's rooms till a late hour to see one whose daring and reputation contrasted so forcibly with his humble origin and poverty. He was summoned to appear the next day before his Imperial Majesty to listen to the charges against him. When the herald appeared to conduct him to the Diet, it was almost impossible to force a way through the streets, so dense was the crowd. At the door of the room Luther was met by George Freundsberg, whose name with the Germans in that age was the symbol of gallantry. "My good monk," said the famous soldier, "you are going a path such as I and our captains in our hardest fights have never trod. But if you are sure of your cause, go on in God's name. He will not leave you."

The hall contained beside the Emperor more than two hundred personages of the highest rank in Germany and Spain; and in the midst stood this man in a monk's garb, worn with study and ill health, there arraigned because he had dared to remind his fellow-men of the supreme authority of God's word. The charge being formally made, Luther was ordered to return the following day and answer by word of mouth. For an hour the next afternoon he spoke in German, but the Emperor not understanding perfectly, he was requested to repeat in Latin, which he did. At the conclusion the Chancellor said, "All we wish is a simple and direct answer, Will

you retract or will you not?" To which Luther replied, "I cannot retract anything. Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Finding it impossible to shake Luther's determination he was ordered to return whence he came, and neither to preach nor write anything on the way. That day the Elector and his councilors concerted a plan for the safety of Luther to which he gave a reluctant acquiescence. He had traveled a part of the way home, when as his wagon passed a narrow defile near the castle of Altenstein, two masked and armed horsemen with attendants rushed out, seized Luther, threw a knight's mantle over him, put him on a horse, and then rode away, leaving the frightened wagoner to help himself as best he could. Back and forth the little band rode to baffle pursuit, until at nearly eleven o'clock at night they reached the foot of a precipitous hill. On its summit, frowning over the forests at its base, stood the venerable castle of the Wartburg, sacred to St. Elizabeth, and once the seat of the Land-graves of Thuringia. Here Luther was made to represent a prisoner captured in the day's enterprise, and was conducted to a chamber, already prepared for him, with all the respect shown to a distinguished guest. He was provided with the dress of a knight, requested to allow his hair and beard to grow, and was introduced to the household as Yonker George.

There was much in this change of circumstances to vex and irritate him, yet something also to refresh him. His duties, his friends, his preaching, the open honesty and hardihood of his life resigned! The sacrifice was not a light one. His almost superhuman energy in controversial and theological writings in his ten months' exile did not prevent him keeping a steady eye on the course of events. In him the man of study and man of action were united. During the latter part of his stay in the old fortress his time was engrossed with the work of translating the whole of the Greek New Testament, which has shed such glory around his own name, and the tower and the room in which it was achieved. His lute, which had beguiled many a wearisome hour, was laid aside; his rides were discontinued; the New Testament was in his hand or before his eyes constantly; and in three months the Greek original had been converted into noble German.

In 1552 he returned to his beloved Wittenberg, where he was received with enthusiasm. There he laid down certain principles of reform, the abolition of the mass, and of every usage plainly forbidden by Scripture, but wherever the verdict of Holy Writ was less evident, to permit the retention of its disuse as each individual conscience might dictate.

While the German version of the New Testament was passing through the press, he began the more arduous task of translating the whole of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. As this labor advanced he said, "If any man thinks himself learned, let him attempt to translate the Bible, and he will find out his mistake." No source of information, however humble, was neglected in the endeavor to give as perfect a version as possible, one Hebrew word often occupying a laborious

consideration of three or four weeks. His rule was always to choose the shortest and most familiar words and phrases, since it was to be the poor man's Bible. And it is a high praise that by the purity of his German Bible he fixed the standard of his own language, and became the father of German literature as well as father of Protestant churches.

On Trinity Sunday, 1525, Luther was married to Catherine von Bora, once a nun, and the Augustine convent became the residence of the pair, the cloisters which a few years before had sheltered in ease a flourishing society of monks, echoing ere long to the voices of a large family of happy children. His private life flowed in an even tenor, and his garden became a great source of amusement. From his ample mansion the refugee was never excluded, nor the claims of charity ever forgotten. Amid those domestic cares and joys Luther's nature expanded with all its genuine German kindness. A year after his marriage he wrote: "I have received from my excellent and dearest wife a dear little John Luther by God's wonderful goodness." Five years after, being absent from home, he wrote the following letter to encourage the child in learning: "I hear with delight that you learn well and love to pray. Go on so, my little son, and when I return home I will bring you a pretty fairing. I know a beautiful garden where many children go in, and wear golden jackets, and gather beautiful apples and pears and cherries, and have beautiful ponies with golden bits and silver saddles. I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, Whose children are these? He said, They are children who love to pray and learn well and are good. So I said, Dear man, I have a son called Johnny Luther; may he not come into this garden and eat such beautiful apples and pears, and ride such pretty ponies, and play with these children? Then he said, If he loves to pray and learn and is good, he shall have pipes, drums, and every kind of stringed instruments, and dance and shoot with the cross-bow. Therefore, dear little Johnny, learn good and pray cheerfully, and you shall come into the garden.—Your dear father, MARTIN LUTHER."

In 1542, his dearly-loved daughter Magdalene died, an affliction which grieved him sorely. He tells in a letter how a little while before her death he said, "My little daughter, are you quite willing to remain here with your father, or go yonder to your Father in heaven?" To which she answered, "As God wills, dear father."

Years passed away of mingled sorrow and joy, of work and fightings for the truth, and Luther had grown to be an old man. For years he had suffered from some chronic affection, and in February, 1546, when on a visit to Eisleben he was severely attacked with his old trouble. The Count and Countess of Mansfeld remained by his side, and all that skill and medicine could suggest were done for him to no purpose. He died on the 17th of February, 1546.

An express was immediately sent to the Elector of Saxony with the mournful intelligence, and a request that he might be permitted to rest at Eisleben, the place of his birth and death. The evening of the same

day the Elector returned word requiring the body to be deposited in the Church of All Saints in Wittenberg. The body was placed in a leaden coffin, and followed by the Counts of Mansfeld with their wives, the Prince of Anhalt, citizens and matrons. It was conveyed with great pomp and lamentation to the city gates. So the procession moved forward to the sound of funeral hymns and tolling of bells, from one town to another, till it reached Wittenberg, where it was met by thousands. The spot chosen for burial was on the right side of the pulpit, and when the coffin was carried into the church and placed before the chancel, the services were begun with funeral chants, followed by a sermon by Bugenhagen and an oration by Melancthon, at the close of which the coffin was lowered into the grave by the Chancellor of the University.

Provision was made by the Elector of Saxony for the Reformer's widow, so that she remained in comfortable independence until her death in 1552. The four children who were left married well, but only one acquired much reputation—Paul, the youngest son, who became an eminent physician. From him and his sister Margaret, who married a personage of high authority in Prussia—George von Cunheim—there are numerous descendants at the present day of the Greatest of the Reformers.

## My Sister Bell.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### CONCLUSION.

ON my arrival at home I found, as Bell had said, that everything was very miserable. Poor Dr. Rossitur lay smitten with paralysis, quite powerless to move, and entirely delirious, in our old school-room, which had been hastily converted into a bedroom for his use. Father would not listen to our step-mother's entreaties to have him removed. He had fallen suddenly one evening, while talking to Bell, so I was told, and there he had been ever since.

Bell told me all, in a low, frightened voice, that night of my arrival, when we were alone together.

"Dr. Rossitur had been plaguing me, Bess," she said, "for ever so long, to marry him and be done with it. He was almost wild with jealousy, because he thought I was going to like somebody else, and I would not say I would marry him. I told him there was no hurry. He said I was killing him, Bessie"—here Bell's voice grew lower, and her face grew white—"but you know all men say so, and I thought nothing of it, and I only laughed at him and kept on flirting and dancing. O Bess! do you hear him?"

Bell's eyes grew wild with terror, for, through the darkness, a cry came ringing loudly as of a man in mortal agony.

"He says I did it!" moaned Bell, with her

face hidden in her hands. After a moment she went on: "That dreadful night that he was taken ill, he had come early to see me before I went out, for I was going to a ball. I had a beautiful bouquet, and that made him jealous, for I did not carry his in my hand, but left it upstairs. He began by talking wildly, and then he said he knew I did not love him, and I was very cool about it all, and hardly noticed what he said. Then he grew quite wild, and said he had lost every cent he owned in the world. This made me pay attention to him I can tell you, and he said he had gone security for a friend who was ruined, and that he was ruined too. Then he asked me if I loved him well enough to bear poverty with him, and I told him no, for you know, Bessie, I never could bear the idea of being poor! I did not say anything violent or unkind I am sure, but I said, of course, that ended the matter—and then! O Bessie! I never shall forget his face! He threw his arms up over his head, and fell as if he had been shot! He has never had his mind for one single moment since, and when I go near him he calls out that I have come to kill him, that I have killed him!"

Bell cried and shuddered and clung to me. But in all her fright and horror I did not see in her a moment's perception of her own share in this tragedy. She evidently did not think that she had anything to answer for, I thought of my love for Clinton, and how the bare thought of inflicting pain on him wrung my heart! How gladly would I have borne poverty or any ill with him. Bell was right when she said she did not know how to love. She had never loved Dr. Rossitur! But her nerves were shaken by the shock they had received, and she cried constantly, and shuddered with horror whenever she heard his voice.

It was necessary that either she or I should stay by our dear old friend, for only the presence of one or other of us quieted his wild delirium. He thought I was Bell, evidently, and my touch had power to soothe him even at his worst moments.

But Bell resigned the post of nurse to me, she could no longer endure the misery of the sick-room, and so the duty of caring for Dr. Rossitur devolved on me.

The physicians had said he would recover his reason in a few days, and would probably live, but never again be able to walk. A merciful God spared him this fate. Still he lingered, week after week, losing his strength slowly, but sometimes in wild delirium, and then in weak, low tones he would call for Bell, plead his love for her, beg her to be kind to him, and call her by all the old familiar, caressing names of childhood. Then again he would cry out that she had killed him, and rave about his money. At these times I could quiet him, and I rarely left him. How could I do so? Was he not my oldest, dearest friend? How often in childhood had he watched by my bedside and soothed and cheered the weary hours of sickness and languor. What a constant true friend he had always been to us. And now he was dying! Harry was away at sea, and Bell would not come to him.

"Will he die?" she asked me every day, and when I said he would, she drew in her breath hard and clasped her hands, but never shed a tear.

"Come to him, Bell," I begged one day. "Come, for the end is near."

She looked up eagerly, "How near?" "I cannot tell, but come to him, he loves you so dearly." Bell shuddered—"Hate me if you must, Bessie," she said drearily, "but I want him to die!"

Bell had her wish; he died with his dear hand holding mine, breathing out his life in loving words, and mistaking me for Bell to the end, happy and peaceful at last, thinking that she loved him.

Then I fell sick. My work was done and my strength was gone, and the day that saw my first and dearest friend carried to his grave, saw me laid low with nervous exhaustion. Body and mind had been overstrained, and I needed rest for both. I lay in a kind of stupor for days, caring nothing for what went on around me—no, one thing I cared for, and that was the lovely ferns and flowers that betokened Clinton's daily visit, and his loving care for me. This gave me a sense of peace even when I was weakest, and helped me to gain strength. But it came very, very slowly, and the physicians ordered me away for change of air.

This was bad news, and I tried to persuade them that I should recover more quickly at home; but they would not be convinced, and it was arranged that I was to go to the South for the winter with my step-mother.

The day before I was to sail, Bell sat by me chatting and laughing gayly. "I'll send you all the news," she said, "and I'll keep Clinton bright and happy for you, and by and by when I begin to go out again—" then she stopped suddenly. "How soon will it be proper to go out again to parties, Bess, or to receive friends here?"

I turned languidly to look at her, and only repeated the word "*proper*" in a tone of wonder.

"Oh, I know what you mean," cried Bell hastily, reddening from brow to chin; "but you know, Bessie, Dr. Rossitur was no relation, and nobody knew of my engagement."

The tears sprang to my eyes. "Don't cry, Bessie!" said Bell. "I am a heartless block of marble I believe. I hate myself! But I cannot help it! Oh, Bessie, I am so glad to feel free! and if I have no heart, is it my fault that I cannot feel?"

I looked at my beautiful sister. How beautiful she was! Nobody ever was as lovely, of that I am quite sure. The mourning dress she wore only served to heighten her beauty. Her golden hair curling all around her white brow looked like a halo in the sunlight, her clear brown eyes full of life and joy, her sweet dimpled mouth and chin, her beautiful rounded graceful figure, her little dainty hands, the exquisite pose of her head; oh! all these and many more beauties made it a joy forever to look at and remember Bell.

"How beautiful you are!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I know I am. But Bess," she cried with a sudden impulse,



throwing herself beside me, and kissing me fondly. "I often think I'd like to change places with you. Everybody loves you, and you love everybody. I love nobody. What is it that you have that is better than beauty—what is it?"

I smiled at her earnest face, she was so seldom in earnest about anything, and now she was so unconscious that she was announcing the fact of my own plainness, that I could not help laughing.

"I wonder what Clinton saw in you to make him love you," she continued.

"Certainly not my beauty, Bell."

"No, of course not!" she responded thoughtfully, and again I laughed out of a full but happy heart. It mattered little to me why he loved me so truly, it was quite enough for me that he did. But now and again I thought of Bell's words, and wondered greatly whether it *could* be true that she loved no one, that she had no heart? Indeed I wondered greatly that she could laugh so lightly, when her oldest friend and true lover lay dead. I wondered that she never reproached herself with her past indifference and coldness. But she did not. Her voice was as gay, and her dancing step as free as though she had never drawn near to sorrow.

My stepmother and I spent a dreary winter together at the South, and as I grew no better it was quite a failure after all! My poor stepmother appreciated my patience she said, and I appreciated hers, but we were not very merry. Clinton's letters and Bell's were all we had to cheer us, and these came constantly. But great was my joy when spring came, and I received permission to go home. Poor mother, who had been quoting the Psalms all winter, with frequent allusions to sparrows alone on housetops, pelicans in the wilderness, and owls in the desert, took on a more joyous strain, and began to say something about the time of the singing of birds. Feeble as I was, I felt new vigor as soon as my face was turned homewards, and I was on my way to Clinton. Oh! the rest and peace and joy I felt when he carried me in his strong arms from the carriage to the house, and tenderly laid me on the lounge in the library, at my own dear old home.

"Now I shall get well and strong," I said hopefully.

"God grant it, my darling," was his rejoinder as he kissed me tenderly again and again.

Bell was more radiant than ever in her soft white dress and violet ribbons. I looked like a ghost beside her, in my heavy black dress and with my thin white face. But I was at home again, and all would go well now. Clinton was by me, and I needed no more.

I must rest, my stepmother said, and insisted on my being left alone to sleep. With

many loving words, Clinton made me comfortable, and assuring me that he would return as soon as I waked, he left me.

I fell into a delicious sleep, and must have slept for hours. I thought I was wandering again by the brookside at grandmamma's, beside which Clinton had first told me of his love. I was blaming him for calling himself fickle, and he was telling me that I was the loveliest woman in the world in his eyes. Little by little the chatter of the brook seemed to turn into Bell's voice, not gay and light as usual, but sad, low, and tender. I awoke more fully.

The library was quite dark where I lay, but the little room beyond was lighted, and I saw Clinton and Bell. They were sitting near each other, Bell on the sofa, and Clinton on a low ottoman at her feet. It was her voice that I had heard in my dream. I raised myself on

Clinton groaned.

"I will not ask it," sobbed Bell, "it would be selfish, would it not, Clinton?"

He looked up at her as a dying man might look at the face he loved best of all.

"We need not tell each other what might be," he said huskily. "We both know what Bessie's love means—devotion, self-sacrifice, to the end. No, Bell, not even for *your* love would I let her know how my fickle nature has betrayed me! She is the truest woman I have ever known, and we will be true to her."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Bell, "she shall never know, and I'll contrive to bear it and live on as usual; but, Clinton, just tell me once more that you *do* love me the most, say it once more, for the last time, just once more tell me that you love me!"

"God pity me, I do love you," groaned Clinton.

"First! best! *most!*" cried Bell eagerly. Never had she looked so beautiful as now when her face was lit by love, and she waited for his answer with an eager, expectant, loving look.

"First, best, *most*, of all on earth, to my own humiliation and despair," said my lover.

I heard no more; I became unconscious.

For weeks I hovered between life and death. The physicians said I had come home too soon. I wanted to die, and I did not struggle for my life. I only wanted to die and get out of the way, since there was nothing left to live for. I could not live without love, and this world was a poor place to find it, I told myself bitterly. Had not everything in life been a sham? Had I ever seen truth in anybody, or had love ever endured? No, I did not want to live—at least in this world—perhaps another might be better for me, at any rate I should be out of *their* way.

So I thought as I lay apparently unconscious of what went on around me.

I saw Clinton's grief-stricken face bent over me with a shudder. I felt Bell's hot tears rain on me with apathy. I listened to the voices around me with indifference. Only let me die, that was all my prayer. But I was young, and life was strong within me; my work was not done, my lessons were not learned, and God was good and merciful. So I lived.

I think I need not tell the rest. I am old now and very happy. Yes, I am very, very happy! I have met with more love than usually falls to the lot of one human being, for wherever I go friendly faces look at me, friendly hands hold mine. I never realized the dream of my youth, but there are better joys than those we grasp at with eager hands, there is a higher life than the one we blindly crave, there is a peace that passes all understanding, a joy with which the stranger intermeddles not, a rest that remains.



I RAISED MYSELF ON MY ELBOW AND CALLED, BUT THEY DID NOT HEAR ME. I CALLED AGAIN, BUT CLINTON WAS SPEAKING, AND HIS VOICE DROWNED MINE.

my elbow and called, but they did not hear me. I called again, but Clinton was speaking, and his voice drowned mine.

"Yes," he said, "it is for the last time," and as he spoke I saw him raise Bell's soft, dimpled hand to his lips, and kiss it passionately.

Bell began to speak in a low voice choked with sobs.

"I have often told her I had no heart," she said, "and she has looked at me with her soft eyes as an angel might, and I have known that she was praying for me. And *now* that I know I have a heart, that I know I love for the first time, because I suffer this bitter pain, I cannot go to her for comfort. Would she be glad to know I could love? I believe so, Clinton, yes, I know that Bessie would give you up to me, if she knew that you loved me most."

And this joy, and peace, and rest are mine.

Long ago I ceased to suffer, and so I have had time to help others. If I had not known the pain of morbid fear and spiritual blindness, I could not have understood and helped—as I hope I have helped—my poor Harry, who came to me when he had nearly made shipwreck of life and faith.

If I had not known the misery caused by human weakness, I never could have pointed to the source of strength. If I had not suffered through reliance on human love only, I could not have found my highest love, nor felt the pity I now feel for those who suffer as I did once.

No! and if my eyes had not been opened to see clearly, and my heart taught through pain to read another's, I never could have guided little Bell's wayward feet to paths of peace, as I think I have guided her, God bless her!

For after Clinton and Bell had been married many years they sent me a precious gift from their far-off home—little Bell, their youngest child, the very counterpart of little Bell of old. "Take her, Bessie," my sister wrote. "Take her and teach her to be like you. I dare not bring her up. She has a conscience, which is what I never had, and a heart which I never had till I broke yours. Clinton wanted to call her Bessie, but I was jealous and would not. Maybe I am growing better, Bess, I'm sure I do not know. There never was any goodness in me, never anything but selfishness. I took your blue doll from you when you were a baby. I took your lover, and with him your youth, your health, your happiness. I have always taken, I have never given. Now I give you the best thing I have, take little Bell, and make her like yourself, the dearest, sweetest woman in the world. If she looks like me you will think of me with love, for I know, Bessie, that your forgiveness was sincere, and that you love me still in spite of all my badness."

Love her still! ah! nothing could change my love for Bell! It is many years since I parted from her, it may be many more before we meet, but my love for her is as true, as warm, as deep and strong as it ever was. Little Bell is the joy of my life, but I do not need her winning ways to remind me of the Bell of long ago.

I never forgot her, I never shall forget her, nor cease to love her. Wayward, willful, reckless, no matter what she was, no matter what she is, with all the might and strength of my heart I love my sister Bell.

THE END.

## How to Sell a Horse.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.



**H**IRST, you must own a horse. Thus far we were all right—we owned him; a good steady old fellow; not handsome, but one of those animals that children and women always insist on being fond of, perhaps because they are *not* good-looking, and *not* quick, and *not* appreciated by the male members of the family.

Owning the horse, then, and being fond of him, it grieved our hearts to find that Paterfamilias had his eye on "a perfect beauty" that he could get at a bargain if only he could sell Rory.

"I'd sell him for twenty dollars, if I could get rid of him."

"For shame!" we exclaimed, "Rory is worth fifty dollars. Why, he is so good-natured and in such good condition (you needn't smile, as if I didn't know what 'condition' was!), and he trots along so well, and —"

"Has such an appetite!" added Pater rather sarcastically. "Well, since you feel so sure of Rory's value, I will give you two weeks to sell him in—let's see what you can do."

We felt as if the new century for women had at last dawned. But let me tell you who "we" are. Kate is my cousin, who stays with us more than half the time; if she cares to run home, she has a pleasant home to run to, and while she stays she makes our home all the pleasanter.

I am—I wish Kate were writing this, for I am sure she would tell you of my energy and other good points. But I cannot praise myself, and merely explain that I am Pater's better half—I insist on that—mamma to his three children, and, he says, a most impulsive young woman.

As nearly a week passed and we had done nothing toward our sale, I left Kate to cuddle the babies one evening, and ran over to a neighbor's where I talked "horse" to such good purpose that I heard of a gentleman at Tapscot (about eight miles away) who wanted a horse. I came home in great spirits, and told Pater we wanted Rory at one o'clock precisely the next afternoon, as I had heard of some one who would buy him.

"What kind of an animal does he want?"

"Oh, I don't know what kind! A horse is a horse, and I'm quite sure Rory will suit. At any rate it will be a pleasant drive, so be sure the wagon is ready."

"See here, my dear, I don't mind your selling the buggy too, if you get any kind of an offer."

Evidently Pater even was beginning to appreciate us! The next afternoon, as I gathered up the reins, I leaned out and said, "Now I can sell Rory this afternoon."

"You may," said Pater provokingly; "the *can* is a different question. Mind, from twenty dollars up; but I advise you not to mention your lowest figure first."

I scorned to answer, gave Rory his head (that sounds delightfully jockeyish), and we started at a brisk pace. It was a lovely day; cool, yet with a lingering taste of summer in the air; the leaves still fresh and green, except in very shaded corners where one or two trees had turned, as if, amid all the comparative beauty they would show us the superlative degree. Rory, dear old fellow, seemed to know we were off for an outing, and trotted briskly, little dreaming our errand.

We agreed, after Pater's sarcastic answer, to sell the horse before we returned. It would never do to be defeated.

What pleasure compares with a quiet drive through shady woods and past pretty villages, with a congenial friend by your side. There

are just one or two rules to be followed, and then such a drive is unalloyed bliss. If you have troubles, shake them off before you step into the wagon, there is no room for them there. Talk of your favorite authors, your dearest friends (if you don't pick them to pieces), keep your eyes open for the slightest hint of beauty in the landscape, and make the most of it. Choose what house you would like to own (this gives you a feeling of wealth without its responsibilities), and never worry about getting home. Following these rules you will enjoy a ride, no matter what the object in view; a friend of mine even assures me they apply to a country funeral, but most of us would not be able to forget the object in that case.

To return to our ride in particular. We found the gentleman who wanted a horse, introduced ourselves, and—I confess this with shame, but I felt so sure he was a good, upright man, that, after offering the horse to him for fifty dollars, I acknowledged that my husband was willing to sell him for twenty; "but I knew he would see how much the horse was worth."

Kate nudged me as I waxed confidential; but I liked the man, saw he liked me, and *hoped* he would like my horse. He didn't! He wouldn't even make me an offer! But a man who had sauntered up to us and listened to my last words of regret that we could not conclude a sale, said, "he knew a man, he drove a milk wagon. That horse 'ud just suit him, ef we didn't ask too high."

My new friend asked the name of the man, and said he had not a doubt if we only asked forty dollars we might strike a bargain. It was hard to come down ten dollars, but we had driven eight or ten miles, and we couldn't bear to give it up. Where did the man live? After a little consultation between our new friends we received these directions. I write them out, so that if any one wants to sell a horse to a man that drives a milk wagon, he (or she!) will know the way.

"Go right ahead till you cross three cross-roads, then turn to your left; then go along till you cross two roads, and turn to your right, and then ask any one for Komans." The stranger added that we'd pass "quite some" bridges; we didn't think to ask on which road, but, as time was pressing, and we were not driving homeward, started off.

Katy directly began to scold me for telling the gentleman my lowest price, and I was so eager in defending myself that we might have crossed four or five cross-roads and not noticed them. Here was perplexity! Should we turn back and look for a cross-road so as to keep count? We decided to guess at it and count two more. We did so, and stopped at the second.

Now, what was that the man had said? "Cross three cross-roads and *then* turn"—when? at the third cross-road or at the next turning after? Why hadn't he been more explicit?

"Well, it was pleasant-looking along that road, we'd better try it."

So we turned, but after driving ten minutes or so, found that the road turned short off, in fact finished with a cross-road. Certainly we

must have made a mistake; we must go back—turn back, and that aggravating Kate is so afraid of my turning a wagon that she always jumps out. I got the wagon round—what matter if it did crank pretty badly?—and in ten minutes we were once more on the broad road that we hoped led to a man that “druv a milk wagon.” Soon we came to another cross-road, turned to the right and went along.

Suddenly we remembered the bridges—had we passed any? Kate thought she remembered a little muddy place a ways back, and as everything but the deepest rivers had dried to mud that summer, we thought we might have crossed a bridge. Still, he had said, “quite some”—how many did that mean? I had known it to mean two fish when a party of Jersey folk had been fishing; but again I had known it to mean fifty—for instance, when our neighbors came to get “quite some” melons from our patch. We had any number then from two to fifty to choose from, and not a bridge in sight! Time, five o'clock in the afternoon; distance from home, “quite some” miles we felt sure.

Ah! there come the bridges! Sure enough, “quite some” just expressed it. Five, stringing one after another, the ground beneath them bare enough now, but no doubt in early spring they were very useful. We had kept a sharp lookout for cross-roads, and turning to the right, inquired for Komans of a woman who stood as if waiting to answer any stray questions.

“Komans? He drives a milk wagon. Goin' to sell milk to him? I want to know! Now KOMANS—”

“Can't you tell us where he lives?”

“Sure, sure; you needn't be so short; just drive along, his house is at the head of the road. If you're goin' to sell milk—”

But we heard no more; driving along and turning into Komans's barnyard, I had meekly proposed that Kate should do the bargaining this time, and was delighted at the arrangement when I saw the number of men and boys hanging around. It looked like election day. Kate asked for Komans, and he came. Did he want a horse?

“Wa'al, it wuz accordin' to what kind 'ev a hoss it wuz. It warn't that hoss she wanted to sell, wuz it?”

Kate deprecatingly remarked that it was. I wondered at her—I should have said, “Oh, certainly not,” but Kate stuck to her horse.

By this time the crowd of men and boys had gathered round, and questions came fast.

“What d'ye ask for him?”

“Reckin he don't run away often, hey?”

“Forty dollars! Jehu!”

We felt rather warm as to our faces, but Kate made a last effort:

“Will you make any offer for the horse?”

“No,” was the answer; “I want a strong, young horse. That air gets leg-weary.”

Poor Rory; I suppose he was leg-weary! He had traveled eighteen or twenty miles, and was still a long distance from home. We bade the crowd good-day and started off. I proposed ticketing the horse for sale, but as we

had no ticket that fell flat. It was growing rather dusky, we had to stop at every guide-post to see which way to turn—how deceitful guide-posts are! three successive posts said six and a half miles to Milton.

It grew so dark that we could not keep to our last rule about never worrying as to getting home. People smiled at two ladies asking how far it was to Milton at that time of day—or evening. At last we suddenly felt our wagon settle down; at first we thought a wheel was coming off, but it was not quite so bad. In the twilight we managed to find out the trouble. A nut had worked off one of the spring screws, and the box of the wagon had jumped off the spring. As we pulled and hoisted, a laborer came along. He kindly fixed the spring so that it would hold till we got home—if we drove slowly! We thanked him for his help and told him how far we had come.

“Why, ye *hev* been a ways—what did you go fur? To sell the horse? Don't say! Why, I'm a lookin' for a horse. What d'ye ask for him?”

My dear reader, I was very tired, and so was Rory! I was determined to sell the beast, for I knew the Pater would be jubilant over my failure. So I told the fellow he could have the horse for twenty dollars. He beat me down to fifteen, and at last I agreed to bring him the horse for fourteen dollars, on his solemn promise that he would never tell what he had paid for him.

Kate seemed too astonished or too weary to say a word till the bargain was completed and I had received full directions where to bring the horse the next day. Then she broke out: “Fourteen dollars! Hope, are you mad? What will your husband say?”

“Now, Kate, the Pater is to know nothing of this. I have a little money I've been saving up, which I'll add to the fourteen dollars, and he'll think I sold the beast for twenty-five dollars. I'd rather lose the money than let him know I failed.”

We reached home about eight o'clock. How good the blaze of the log fire felt after the chilly night air!

“Sell your horse? How much?” asked Pater.

“Oh, I came down to twenty-five dollars—I don't know the man's name.”

“But how can I take the horse to him if you don't know his name?”

“I'll take Rory myself to-morrow,” I answered, as unconcernedly as I could, with Kate tittering in the closet.

“You'll take the horse? Are you going to lead him yourself? Little woman, you're playing some trick, but you might as well own up, for I shall deliver the horse myself. Come, I don't believe you sold him at all.”

“Yes, I have.”

“Well?”

Well, the end of it was—as it always is with me—I had to own up what a fool I'd been. I'm afraid I'll never hear the last of my bargain. If any one speaks of selling, Pater says:

“Better ask Hope. She'll tell you how to sell a horse.”

## Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### UNFLEDGED GENIUS.



HERE is a vast amount of genius of a very peculiar kind in this country—genius believed in by its possessor and hosts of friends, but which is always seeking aid for its development, and only exists by continual boasting and pushing on the part of good-natured but mistaken friends.

Unfortunately, these friends are either so ignorant, or so hampered, that the truth cannot come from them.

They may believe what they say, because whatever is a little out of their way seems to them wonderful, and having had little experience, and even less real knowledge of special and particularly technical subjects, they are incompetent to even form an opinion upon the requirements for success in given directions, much less express one authoritatively. Moreover *success* in such a case is another name for genius, which is something quite different in its ordinary manifestations and permanent development from the dim, hazy, mythical fire, which many very good men and women consider it.

“George Eliot,” the highest representative of the genius of the women of this age, is often quoted as saying that genius is industry, and another well known writer has said that it is “seeing that a thing should be done, and being able to do it.” But unfledged genius differs materially from such genius as is described by these definitions. Its capacity is not for work, but for knowing and doing everything without work. It does not see anything until it has been done by some one else, and then it is quite sure it could do as well, or better, if it could only be put in the place, and furnished with the instrumentalities. Most unfortunately, through the good nature and ignorance before mentioned, it does get put in places where it does not belong, and is furnished with instrumentalities which it is unable in the very nature of things to properly use.

Genius needs a great deal more than taste, aptitude, desire, or ambition, for its growth and continued life. It needs a body to start with—a strong, vigorous, sound, well developed, and healthful body. It needs next a mind capable of taking the measure of its own capacity, and lastly, a will strengthened by the consciousness of worthy purpose to persistent endeavor.

All this, added to a sufficiently strong natural bent, and cultivated intellectual faculty, becomes genius in time, and it is ignorance alone that looks upon such genius as having sprung like Jove full-grown from its place of birth.

One of our great sources of pride in our country consists in its opportunities for advancement. But these opportunities involve reciprocal obligations. It is dishonesty to seek for them, or take advantage of them, unless we can put them to good use, for we stand in

somebody's way, who deserves what we have got, and could meet its requirements better.

In every department of active life, particularly of late years, we find the ground swarming with incompetency, and good undertakings paralyzed by the presence and pressure of unprepared, inadequate, unfledged, but aspiring, self-admiring, self-elected "genius."

Of course even genius must have a beginning, and must have a chance to have a beginning, but it is not genius if it wants to begin at the top, and in the wrong place. The beginning of genius is simply the divine instinct of *being*. Like the seed in the earth, it is bound to push its way out. Our unfledged genius wishes to show itself at once as a blooming flower, forgetting that if growth comes at all after that, it must be growth downward, that the flower unsustained by root soon finds its level in the obscurity it despised.

If the divine spark were latent, however, in the unfledged activity, there would not be so much to complain of, for it would still make itself felt, and furnish some sort of excuse for the vanity, which comes to the front; but, in the majority of instances, there is no divine spark there at all. There is a certain cleverness, or what is called "smartness," a readiness which passes for intelligence, but lacks comprehension, and a desire for the results of work, which is believed to be genuine love for the work itself.

The great disadvantage attending such mistakes, such want of judgment, such ignorance of requirements, is not only that aspiring young persons get put into the wrong places, but that they fail to fill the right ones.

Looking over the entire ground, it is easy to count on the fingers of one hand those women who have in any direction become so representative of great acquisition and natural faculty as to be entitled to distinctive recognition, or so original in the path they have carved out, as to claim the highest honor, that of genius.

Large numbers start on the way, but the majority fall by the wayside; some, because strength of body fails them, others, for lack of the industry, the perseverance, the absolute devotion which success in any art or occupation demands as its price.

It was remarked before, that success in this connection meant genius. It means, at least, growth and permanence. That is not success which consists of a flourish of trumpets over a future possibility, which is obtained through the good nature, the willingness to encourage, the mistaken kindness of friends, and which, like the little flicker of a candle, is blown out by the first adverse wind.

We hear so much of the triumphs of genius, but nothing of what those triumphs cost. We exaggerate so greatly the first puny little efforts, and the impression they make, that not only the subjects themselves are misled, but thousands who come after them. We are thus eternally rearing enormous crops of incompetents, and suffering from the absence and failure of these very persons to fill their proper places.

Out of the hundreds of thousands of young women who aspire to the stage, musical or dramatic, out of as many more who wish to

be painters or sculptors, what proportion are ever heard from as doing great original work, which the world could not spare, and which leaves it enriched by their contributions? It may be said that a rank and file are needed in the professions as well as elsewhere, and that there are those who can do good work, without being great workers. This is quite true, but it emphasizes the point I wish to make, that thorough preparation, and complete understanding of the technique of the business of a profession whatever it may be, is all that renders mediocrity respectable.

To start out, therefore, on the basis of genius which one does not possess, with not even the sure foundation which is needed to support the pretensions of mediocrity, is to make it certain that, having gone up a rocket, we shall come down a stick, and find our ammunition expended, and no permanent footing gained.

Women need to be much more careful of accuracy in measuring their intellectual strength than men; for they have not so much brute force to bring to its aid in impressing the multitude. The organization of the woman is also more vibrant, more responsive, more sensitive, more easily affected by malign influences than that of the man, and her mistakes not only cause more individual suffering, with less power of reaction, but exhibit what are considered peculiarly feminine weaknesses in a misleading, exaggerated, and ridiculous degree.

Women generally live more truly, more in harmony with natural law, than men, and are capable, under right and natural circumstances, of as much endurance, and as good work and service, conditions on both sides being equal. But the true and honest workers, whether in the kitchen or the office, in the laboratory or the workshop, are misrepresented by the army of pretenders, who do not know what work really is, who do not want to know, but would willingly usurp the crown which should be the reward of faithful achievement.

It is pitiable to see real genius struggling with hard circumstances, with a frail body like that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with a narrowed life like that of Charlotte Brontë; but in spite of the crushing circumstances, in spite of poverty, which like arid soil has weakened and warped some of the noblest representatives of genius in literature and historic art, their light has always been such as to show the divine origin of the spark which enkindled it, and make us regret that it could not burn longer, and with a larger and more steadfast flame.

One would never think of Maria Mitchell as having failed to be a good housekeeper, in order to become a bad astronomer. One would never wish that George Eliot had had a large family, that she might not have found time to write her novels, and we thank Heaven that Rosa Bonheur lives for art, only because she has proved herself worthy of her mistress.

But how many girls there are who are "dying" to be readers, and actresses and painters, and writers, and sculptors, and doctors, and lawyers, and who have even rushed in to the inner temple of their deity, who ought to be doing their homes and neighborhoods good service

as house decorators, as real-estate agents, as sellers of needles and thread and tapes and ribbons, as good milliners, and neat, tasteful dress-makers, as helpers of hard-worked mothers, or assistants to pressed and broken-down fathers, as performers, in short, of the duty which lay next their hands, the followers of an avocation to which their tastes and talents were suited, instead of the hangers-on and gleaners in fields, where they never can be respectable or recognized workers.

There is no direction in which strong, good work is not needed, but when the call is made for workers it is answered by swarms of weak, incompetent aspirants, whose only claim is their own desire for public applause, and the pecuniary reward which accompanies it, or the ill-judged praise of friends.

A good deed is said to be infinite in possibilities of wide-spread influence. It is started on its mission with little thought, but no mortal mind can tell where it will be likely to terminate its work. But if this is true of the good that is done, it is just as true of the evil, whether that evil is intentional or not. It is the burden of the mistakes that weighs down the world, and makes it a vast whispering gallery of sighs and moans, of groans and complaints, instead of a beautiful and cheerful home, where season succeeds season, and each period brings its own sources of sweetness and happiness.

Those who make mistakes are seldom the ones to patiently bear them. Their vanity either refuses to accept the mistake as their own or their indolence endeavors to shift the burden upon the shoulders of other people. Life is very short, and does not give us the opportunity of repairing important mistakes, and it is of the greatest importance that we should not start with one, as this not only controls to a great extent our own lives, but affects largely, whether we think it or no, the lives of others.

The test of a thing, and of its right to existence, is the completeness of its own individuality, and the perfection with which it fills its place.

To meet either of these conditions, it must have truth and honesty as its basis of operations. Vanity and selfish desire can never form the foundation of permanently good work, and are not only unreliable as evidences of genius, but so inconsistent with it, as to afford the best possible proof of its absence from the soil in which these qualities have been cultivated.

## La Francaise.

BY M. A. LORILLARD.



ONE clear-skied day in June, long buried now beneath the rose-leaves of many later Junes, I found myself deeply ensnared in the face and fortunes of a young French girl of rank. She had been at the place a week, and was at that time seated upon the rear piazza of an American hotel.

Being a woman, and not young, I had made

the most of my privileges, following her with my eyes and with my feet, and, indeed, upon some occasions of great provocation I had even fallen into that most execrable of crimes—eavesdropping.

She spoke her own language with a clear precision, and slowness of pronunciation so unlike any French I had ever heard before, that I found myself easily able to understand her, and rejoice in the simplicity of her thoughts. She was accompanied by her father, and more servants than are usually in attendance upon two people, and bore, as I afterward learned, the name of La Chasse.

On the afternoon of which I speak she was seated directly in front of me, giving me a longer and better opportunity than I had had before of watching her from behind the musical programme I held in my hand. She was wholly French, from the piquant face to the pearl-gray sweep of her brocaded dress, and the crimson rose that trembled at her throat. Her eyes were large, and shone with a profound solemnity under her arched brows, and when she was silent her mouth quivered with a sensitive fitfulness. Her complexion was a colorless olive, unrelieved by any flicker of red, and over her forehead her hair fell in a dark, low-hanging cloud. She was leaning forward slightly, her lashes curling upward, her observation apparently occupied with something at her left, in front, and which I afterward discovered to be a young man, in a threadbare coat, with folded arms, who was standing in a door-way near.

I was myself struck by the appearance of this same young man, and I have since thought that he never exhibited himself to better advantage. He was standing erect, his head neither averted nor downcast. Indeed, I imagined that his somewhat shabby clothes did not look with favor upon its being held so high, and turning to the world so proud and calm a gaze. His hair was dark, and extended the length of but one short wave, and although his eyes were of that large, soft gray which denotes truth and gentleness of character, they were also forbidding. His face was very thin—the cheeks were even hollow, and his lip and chin were smooth. His mouth was haughty and distinctly curled, and I did not then discover—what I was afterward charmed with—the gleam of perfect teeth. I remember I wondered if he ever smiled, he looked so thoughtful and severe. He wore no watch, nor ring upon his finger, but his linen was faultless, and his cuffs, slipped up slightly, displayed strong, well-turned wrists.

La Française was regarding him closely, but he did not change a muscle nor alter his position in the least. Indeed I fancied he was wholly ignorant of her proximity, so preoccupied was his expression, when I saw his eyes drop suddenly upon her with a flash of surprise and consciousness. I say a flash, because I could not liken it to anything else, so bright and unexpected did it come. It set my own old cheeks in such a blaze that I could not but wonder what effect it had upon the girl herself, for she turned her face instantly away, though with no sign of embarrassment.

Thinking of him now, I believe that I was never impressed by the correctness of his features, but rather by his intense personality—his utter isolation from the ranks of other men. He seemed, unconsciously, to pose himself on all occasions so strikingly in contrast with the objects about him, that, like the details of Meissonnier's pictures, he stood alone. I will say here, for lack of better opportunity, that his name was John Somerville, and that he was the poorly-paid Secretary of the French Minister. (La Française herself told me, two months later, that he had a widowed mother and two crippled protégés in London, and that he could not often afford a tailor's bill.)

It was past the dinner-hour, and the servants were bringing the chairs from the dining hall, a movement always indicative that it is time to begin the well-bred squabble for supremacy in establishing one's self comfortably for the afternoon concert. While the waiters were pocketing their fees, ladies and gentlemen were gnawing their programmes, or strolling about in search of acquaintances; and the musicians were coming out from dinner one by one. There was a setting of chairs, a flutter of fans, and a spirited hum of conversation all around which diverted my attention.

When I chanced to glance again at the Secretary he was staring straight ahead of him, and his uplifted arm, planted firmly against a side of the door-way, displayed a tiny rent in his sleeve. I remember noting this circumstance with a persistent lump in my throat, for a Cuban in a white flannel suit was pointing a thumb over his shoulder in the direction, at which his companion, a New York girl, tittered musically.

I saw a certain crimson anger dye his face and then retreat. La Française had seen it too, and the color did not leave her face, but continued to come and go, as she removed her wide, plumed hat, and applied her needle to a bit of flannel. Presently she turned her fine eyes to her father:

"Regardez ce jeune homme, monsieur—à la porte—le connaissez-vous?"

"Mais oui, a mie—le Secrétaire de Monsieur Le Mal. Il est Anglais."

"Comme il est grand et beau—si pensif aussi!"

"Il est pauvre."

"Cela ne fait rien," she said emphatically.

"Il est bon, assurément. Voulez-vous me faire le connaitre, monsieur?"

I saw the old aristocrat frown.

"Non, non, ma Valencie—ce n'est bien—ce n'est bien."

"Pourquoi, monsieur?"

"O, ce n'est bien—attendez—la musique!"

"Mai, monsieur"—but the boom of the drums overwhelmed her, or at least La Chasse did not seem to hear, and she looked greatly disappointed.

The Secretary had yielded so much of his ground to importunate people that he now maintained something of the attitude of a Flying Mercury, poising himself on one foot; but his face had lost none of its gravity, and he was beating an unconscious tattoo upon the back of a stout party in front of him,

keeping time to a waltz. Once I saw him looking at La Française, with a steady but cold regard, as her own eyes were bent upon her work. When the programme was finished, at half-past five, the chairs were pushed back and vacated. In the surge of the crowd I saw that a chatelaine of La Française had caught in somebody's dress, and that the Secretary was silently disengaging it.

But I also saw her smile, and heard her say, "Merci, monsieur!" as she kissed her hand with a little outward wave, and took her father's arm.

Horses were curvetting up and down the street in front, and the grooms were lashing their gold-handled whips impatiently. The young people threw themselves into their saddles and dashed away, but the carriage folks lined the piazzas and pavement. I was pleased to find that my own modest phaeton stood directly in the rear of La Chasse's landau, and I had ample time to study the *fleur-de-lis* buttons of his footman before we started. At last we were extricated and sorted out, and began to roll toward the Boulevard.

There was much insanity of caprice in that kaleidoscopic scene, and the Secretary smiled grimly from his seat in the Minister's dog-cart which moved beside me. He did not set off the showy vehicle to advantage, unless it were by contrast, for one worn sleeve was resting against the crimson velvet of the cushions.

"A brilliant scene, monsieur," he was saying, as if from force of necessity and in English.

"Yes, truly—a glimpse of Paris," was the reply.

"But it seems unnatural to these people. They laugh too extravagantly and dress too magnificently for every-day fare."

"Yes, truly," said the Minister. "It is but an effervescence that will pass off soon."

"These Americans are slow-blooded"—the tone of his voice, languid and indifferent, assured me that he had said the same things dozens of times before, and knew it—"but when they do get roused they carry the thing too far. This is a farce—a masquerade—very different from the natural bubbling gaiety of the Parisians, monsieur—"

"V'la, La Chasse!" interrupted the Minister, which was his privilege when his Secretary was speaking.

They moved on a range with the landau, and I saw that a good-natured introduction was tendered Somerville. He bowed with a chilling ceremony, and sat erect as before, taking no part in the brief conversation that followed. There even seemed a deeper severity on his stern face; but the eyes of La Française were overflowing with pleasure, and again she kissed her hand as the dog-cart fell back a trifle and the landau moved ahead.

I saw his nether lip droop slightly.

I saw these two young people daily after that, often at the springs; but they seemed to know each other no better. To be sure, the Secretary frequently took her glass from the dipper-boy to hand it to her himself. But La Chasse was always with her, and she never said more than "Merci, monsieur!"

Yet I thought if those eyes had been di-

rected to me I should have said they were speaking volubly.

In the little shady park which our hotel overlooked, I sat upon the ground one day, with my sewing in my lap. There was a willow in front of me, and, although it nearly obscured it, I could see that it sheltered a rustic bench. The air was hot, and in old-woman fashion I fell to nodding drowsily. Once or twice I awoke, and was conscious that La Française had seated herself on the little bench with a book in her hand. I rubbed my eyes and sat up stiffly, wondering why she was alone and who would come for her, as I had never seen her unaccompanied by her maid before.

She had not been there long when the Secretary passed by, hesitated, flushed a little, came back, and sat down beside her. A look of glad surprise played over her face, as she said simply, "You are very kind, monsieur," as if he had been a courtier.

He took up her hat, which had been lying there, and held it in his hand, for there was no longer room for it.

"This is a quiet place, ma'm'selle, but you do not seem interested in your book," he said at last.

She turned the title-page of an English grammar toward him with a smile. "Mais non, monsieur—very dull, very stupide—besides I was vatching. I think perhaps you will come by." She said it with such a charming candor that I longed to seize her in my arms, and I doubt if the Secretary felt differently disposed. I saw the muscles of his face relax, and that he was looking at her intently. But having already sacrificed my self-respect, I determined not to fly at what portended to be a romantic crisis. There were not many people coming down that path, and a fawn stood near them, timidly turning its eyes upon them. The birds were singing, but there was no other sound than the rustling trees.

I believe that the young man never knew how it was himself, but soon he was telling her of his home and his mother and his crippled boys. There was something vividly dramatic in his gestures and impassioned voice; yet he seemed conscious of the outburst of feeling, so pent-up in his daily life, that it was leaping out beyond his control, and that he was no longer "Secretary to the French Minister"—a sort of official appendage—but a creature possessed of sympathies and remembrance, whose thin cheeks were taking a deeper crimson, and whose eyes flashed with a greater brilliancy. He was telling her of the youngest of his protégés, and this is what he said:

"It was a bitter night, ma'm'selle—God grant that you may not know the misery of such a one! I never felt such an atmosphere before or since, the keenness of the air was so terrible. I had a long walk before me, but my face and limbs began to ache and tingle painfully before half of it was accomplished. The watchmen looked benumbed with the cold; but they were beating their breasts and going on their rounds as usual. I had walked an hour when I heard a clock strike twelve, and I felt as if I were perishing, but struggled on. A tall building threw its shadow across the

street, and I was hurrying forward, eager to get into the light again, although it gave no warmth, when I heard a voice, weak, plaintive, but penetrating, as a despairing cry always is—'O God! it's Pete a-callin'—it's me. Hark! don't ye hear sumptin'?'—it's Pete a-callin'. I'm awful cold—the hump ain't no better—it's wuss. I can't stan' it much longer. Ain't ye got no room fur me? They say it's warm up theer—an' it's cold here—awful cold. God—awful cold! My teeth sticks fast, an' my eyes—but I'm a-comin', all alone—there ain't nobody to take me. Happen ye'll hear if I get closer."

"For an instant I felt almost inclined to let the little fellow go into the warmth of which he spoke—for where would he find so light and warm a place on earth, ma'm'selle?"

"It was but a moment; and I groped about in the direction from which the voice had come, stumbling at last upon a little heap—a heap so motionless that my heart stood still, until again I heard the feeble utterance:

"'Hev ye come arter me, God?—I thought ye would!'"

"I was bending over him, and I had forgotten the whistling wind, for a pair of slender arms were clinging to my neck like a vise.

"'It is not God,' I said, 'but I am His messenger. Will you come?' He made no answer, and I think he would soon have fallen into his last sleep. He was a tiny thing, and it seemed to me, at first, that my greatcoat pocket would have held him. But I laid him on my breast, and buttoned my coat around him closely, the weird face peering out; and the rest of the way seemed short, for I could feel the irregular beating of his heart against my own.

"We found the thread of his life nearly spun—my mother and I—and though he suffers much from his spine he seems quite happy now. It is a year since I saw him, but my mother's letters are full of quaint, sweet messages from him. I wish you might know him, ma'm'selle!"

He stopped abruptly, and wiped his lips with a nervous excitement. I looked at La Française. The color was surging through her cheeks, and her eyes were fixed upon him. She told me afterward that she had never heard a person speak like that before, that she had never been thrown with people who had such things to talk about. It was the Sisters that she had seen, and gentle women going about among the poor, and nursing some sorrow of their own meanwhile. But here was a man, so young, so strong, so talented (she did not say so poor himself) who found the time and will for silent deeds of mercy. His lip had opened before her like an unfolding flower.

He went away a moment later; but I knew that the heel of this Achilles was pierced.

I was ill for a week, and did not see either of them again until I came into the dining-room for the first time, and heard on my way through the halls that the French Minister was giving a private dinner up-stairs. But as his Secretary appeared at the *table d'hôte* as usual, I concluded that he had begged leave of absence.

Upon the evening of that day, from my seat

on the piazza outside, I overheard the following conversation. (I had chanced to look through one of the windows a moment before, and saw that La Française was standing, in evening dress, in one of the smaller *salons*. Her father was with her, and although her face, with its crown of somber hair, was downcast, I could see that she was far from miserable. But La Chasse took her hand tenderly.)

"Pas triste, Valencie?"

"Ah, non, monsieur! Au contraire."

He led her to a chair with much gallantry, and commenced an account of the dinner, the guests, the speeches, the toasts; how her own name had been proposed—"Fleur de France"—and how the toast had been eagerly responded to by the noble young Michelet. Was she not pleased?

"Mais, oui, m'sieur."

Then he inquired playfully the sender of the creamy rose which she held in her hand, and which, from time to time, was being carried to a portion of her face that could not possibly be aware of its fragrance.

"M'sieur le Secrétaire, papa," she answered, with perfect candor.

Where had she seen M'sieur le Secrétaire?

At dinner.

Had he sat near her?

Directly opposite.

His impertinence should be rewarded!

But he was already seated when she went in.

Ah! then she had been the indiscreet?

Perhaps. Would he excuse her? she was tired, not inclined to talk. And would he call for her at ten? She would like to attend the ball across the way.

She should not see le Secrétaire!

"Oui, m'sieur," and as her silken skirts began their slow retreat, I fancied she repeated the words.

The remaining circumstances of this little romance I gathered from the parties themselves, years later, when its tragedy lay behind them.

I believe that Valencie, owing to a sudden indisposition in La Chasse, was transferred to the protection of a certain American ambassador, effervescing like a bottle of champagne from which the cork would soon fly. La Chasse had snatched him hurriedly, as the first acquaintance he ran across, only explaining brokenly—"My daughter—ze bal—I am ill, slightly, m'sieur, will you have the kindness?" Valencie, sitting anxiously in a vestibule, was dangling her watch on its chatelaine, and rose immediately. She had not gone half the length of the piazza with her companion, however, before she cried aloud, "Papa!" But La Chasse was gone.

She was in an agony of shame and indignation, as the fumes of liquor poured into her nostrils, and the idiocy and freedom of the man terrified her. Breathlessly she half dragged him up the short flight of steps that led to the ball-room. M'sieur le Secrétaire would be there, and he would assist her.

"Wha's the hurry, ma'm'selle?" simpered the ambassador, peering into her face offen-

sively. "Wha's the hurry? Devil of a chance of our getting in ahead! Take it cooler—not so fast—stairs too tall—wasser ma'r with stairs? Fell down once—ever fall down stairs? Feels funny."

There, indeed, was Somerville, standing in the doorway, and looking down as if in search of something. His severe face lighted up wonderfully when he saw her, but his expression changed instantly to one of horror and surprise.

"O m'sieur!" she cried, as she seized his quickly proffered hand. "The meezerable man ez eentoxicated—horrible! M'sieur, mon père was ill, suddenly; he knew not what he did, he asked thees man, who is ambassador, to bring me to ze bal. You vill, m'sieur, deesmees him?"

Her eyes were full of a trusting entreaty, and now that it was in his power to favor her, he loved her more deeply than ever in his poverty-bound helplessness he had done before.

"Call a servant, if you please, ma'm'selle," he said; "your authority is greater than mine."

She raised her pretty hand, "Garçon!"

"Waiter," corrected Somerville, smiling.

"Ah, yes, merci, I forget always, *Vaite!*"

There were four around her in a moment.

"Take this person to his rooms, until he is in a proper condition to attend a lady," commanded Somerville, holding Valencie's left hand in his, as security for his right to speak.

The ambassador surrendered himself under delusion. "Called to my rooms, ma'm'selle," he explained; "but I leave you in honorable care always—hic—like to see a man in full dress, hey? Don't you?"

Somerville colored and bit his lip. But Valencie, magnificent in her snowy dress of velvet and brocade, held fast upon his arm, and swept the length of the room with him, back and forth.

Soon people began to wonder who was the distinguished-looking young man to whom La Française gave her attention so undividedly, and who was so eccentric as to wear a sack coat and no gloves. But no one could catch his eye, for he, too, was engrossed.

The waves of a waltz began to lash about their feet, and would not be sent back.

"*L'invitation à la Danse,*" said Valencie, musingly. He had never dared to ask this privilege before. Should he humble himself by seeking a refusal to-night? Yet surely this pampered creature would not have made herself so conspicuously his friend, if she were ashamed to whirl out into the center of the room with him for a few moments. His pallid face reddened at the thought. And yet—and yet what impoverished heart had not tasted of happiness *once?*

"*L'invitation à la Danse,*" whispered Valencie softly, this time raising her laughing eyes to his.

*Allons!* Who cares? He stamped upon all whispering admonitions, and instantly his arm, tremulous though strong, encircled her waist.

"You like the *danse?*" she asked, as they swayed about through the long room.

"I like this dance."

"The valse, you mean?"

"I mean *this* waltz."

"Ah, m'sieur, then you like to dance with me?"

"Yes," he said, coldly.

They did not speak again until, when it was time to go, La Française stopped abruptly at the top of the stairs.

"It is gone!" she said.

"What is gone, ma'm'selle?"

"The rose—your gift—I cannot lose it—ve viil go back."

"You wish it, you really wish it? Why? Because it was my gift? *Speak to me, ma'm'selle!*"

"Oui, m'sieur," she answered, almost inaudibly.

He bent his troubled face to hers: "For God's sake do not coquette with me! What do you mean?"

"I—I—m'sieur, have pity! I mean I could not live without—"

"Me?" he asked fiercely. "Say no, Française, but say it quickly!"

"But I must say yes. O m'sieur, zat you should drive a young girl to say so bold tings!" and she covered her face with her hands.

He wrung a kiss from her lips, and darted off wild with happiness, his heart singing such a jubilate as never rolled through cathedral aisles. He had found the rose, and was coming back, when suddenly his heart stood still.

"*Jean!*"

La Française had stood at the top of the stairs, her eyes following him in his search, her long dress hanging over two or three steps behind her. A heedless servant dashed by, trod on it, dragged her back, plunged recklessly forward; a wild, half-conscious frenzy seized her as she felt herself falling, as if from the highest pinnacle of life, into a pandemonium of darkness.

Somerville heard her call. He struggled to get to her, but his feet were paralyzed with dread. It seemed to him leagues from the music-stand, near which he had picked up the lifeless blossom, to the place where he had left her. A crowd had gathered, but he forced himself through it, his energies returning at the sight.

She lay upon the landing, her rich dress crumpled round her, her hands outstretched, her lips still shaping the just-uttered "*Jean!*"

It was Somerville's arms that raised her, roughly repelling all assistance, and laid her on a low bed. There were three physicians there, one of whom (my own brother) Somerville button-holed, promptly asking, with an unshaken voice, the result of the calamity. They thought him a favored valet, and answered with frankness. There will be a weakness, possibly a shortening of the limb. She will recover, but she may never walk with ease.

"Ah!" said Somerville, and knelt beside her.

"Three cripples now, instead of two, Jean," she said faintly. But he laid his radiant face against her cheek, and she was always "*Valencie, ma Reine,*" to him.

## The First Use of Anthracite.

An account of the objections which have beset new inventions and discoveries, whether of a timid, selfish, or comical nature, would be most interesting reading. Perhaps the introduction of anthracite coal would afford as many instances of what may, without undue severity, be called foolish doubt, as that of any other discovery, the steam-engine, perhaps, alone excepted.

The first discovery which led to any practical result was entirely by accident, by a hunter, in 1791, who, the story runs, built his camp-fire just over an out-cropping vein of coal in the Lehigh Valley. This led to the formation of a company, to work the vein, and in course of time they sent six barges, each containing one hundred tons of the coal, down the Lehigh river. Only two of the barges reached Philadelphia, however, and this the city authorities purchased to drive a steam-engine at the water-works. The attempt was a failure, probably because it was only broken up into large lumps, and the "black stones," as they were derisively called, were used to pave a portion of the city-streets!

In the year 1800 one William Morris, who, it would appear, was interested in some mining property, took a load of the new coal to Philadelphia, but could not succeed in selling any of his "stone fuel." In 1812 two loads of coal reached Philadelphia, which were bought by the proprietors of a wire mill, who were anxious to make use of the new combustible. The firemen spent a whole morning trying to start the furnaces, and finally gave it up in disgust, and went home to dinner. What was their surprise and dismay to find, on returning, that the "stuff" had commenced to burn in their absence, and that the furnace doors were at a white heat, and the furnace itself in danger of being melted.

The man who sold the last two loads also disposed of five other loads to parties in the same city, who failed to make it burn, and in revenge for being swindled, as they thought, brought an action against him for selling them rocks for coal!

Since this date the trade in anthracite has grown steadily, and it now ranks one of the first in the United States. Some idea of the contempt in which it was at first held, however, may be gained from the fact that the immense coal tract of the Lehigh Company was originally leased for twenty years at the paltry annual rent of an ear of corn!

## Romola.

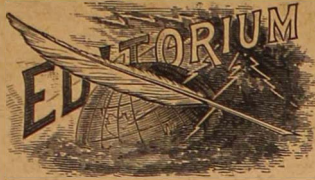
BY FRANK DE YEAUX CARPENTER.

LET us forget the wrongs that men have done,  
And disbelieve how wicked they may be.  
Let us forget the world's bad history,  
Which tells us tales of thrones by murder won;  
The lives of Nero and Napoleon  
Let us reject as horrid myths, which we  
Will read no more, for blessed is he who  
Forgets the truth, if things so bad are true.

LET us believe the pleasant myth instead,  
Accept the men and woman of romance,  
And cherish as our best inheritance  
Sweet Romola, of whom the people said  
"She is Madonna, risen from the dead."  
Believing these, so shall our souls advance  
In emulation of them, and we may  
Become at last as good and pure as they.







## Christmas Toys.

YEARS ago when the inhabitants of many inland German towns and villages were maintained by the handiwork of the whole family, as it was exhibited in wooden carriages and toys, the application of machinery to their manufacture was considered most disastrous, and sure to result in the ruin of whole communities. This, of course, was not the case. The principle as developed by the introduction of the sewing machine, viz., that of increased demand in proportion to the cheapness and excellence of the supply, was found to hold good in toys, as well as sewing; and the number now sent us from France, as well as Germany and Switzerland, is almost fabulous, while we are also making no inconsiderable advance in toy manufacture in this country.

Here, however, the toys made are mainly of a mechanical and expensive character. We make some wooden and metal furniture, it is true, tin kitchens and dolls' houses, but we go principally into the building of boats, the construction of games, the making of locomotives, the creation of elegant brown-stone dolls' houses, and the invention of new, light, and stylish dolls' carriages. Whatever its mistress has the doll must have—its barouche, its landau, or its phaeton—and the style in which they are finished, at least the most expensive of them, would do credit to Brewster.

The cheaper toys all come from abroad, principally from Germany, and though they are now turned out in such immense quantities, and with a smoothness unknown before machinery was introduced, we cannot help sometimes regretting the grotesque animals, the quaint and irregular hand-carved figures, which formerly delighted the little ones, and which had an individuality quite absent from the stock turned out by the dozens like cheap modern furniture.

France has always been the source from which we have derived the chief toys for girls, namely, the doll. But the doll of to-day is a work of art, almost equal to its counterpart in nature, and greatly superior in its pretensions. The French doll, *par excellence*, is not a thing to play with. It is a fine creation to exhibit, and though all little girls desire one, yet we doubt if they take as much comfort out of its possession, as they do out of the rag-baby, which they can drag by the heels or one arm, and about which they are never scolded.

There is a time and an age when toys seem particularly appropriate. It is at Christmas and during the years of childhood. Nothing that is useful or sensible can ever give half the pleasure to a child's mind, that these miniature forms of natural objects impart: for they can be made to understand them, and through them the things which they represent. Thus, they not only give pleasure, but they serve a purpose, and even if their life is short, are infinitely less costly to us than many of those pleasures which only give us pain in after years.

## "Merry Christmas."

(See Chromo Card.)

THIS pretty child carries our Merry Christmas greetings to every subscriber, and our wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to all.

## Christmas.

WITH the good wishes of this joyful season, we offer our friends a feast for Christmas, which though rich will not be found indigestible.

We have endeavored to bring all the elements together for a Christmas banquet—the oysters, the delicate soup, the fish, the joints, the poultry, the *entrées* the vegetables, the relishes, the bread, the fruits, and the plum-pudding. Or perhaps our Christmas number may be better likened to the pudding itself, which we hope will be found well made and full of plums.

We cannot control events, but unless sadness, of a more than common sort, intrudes into the household, Christmas should be made memorable, by all the associations which tend to give color and brightness to the most beautiful festival of the year.

"Keep its memory green" with holly, with the Christmas tree, with the dainties which fitly crown the Christmas board! Buy toys for the little ones, and gifts for everybody.

If the value is not great, and your good intention unrecognized, that is no concern of yours; you will have done your work all the same, and it will not be lost; some time it will be appreciated and crowned by blessing, whether you know it or not.

Loving-kindness, thankfulness, are the best gifts after all, and rich gifts become poor, unless accompanied by these evidences of sincerity and true fellowship. There are gifts which sting like the bite of an adder, because the giver is not equal to the gift, and generosity becomes too much for him or her, as the case may be. Such gifts are not worth having. They cost too much in the pain and humiliation of obligation. Such persons are out of harmony with the divine spirit of love, which is the foundation and inspiration of the merry Christmas time, and furnishes the perpetual fountain from which its perennial freshness flows.

Life is very short, and to most of us very circumscribed, and the Christmas holiday gives us year by year the most universal awakening from its monotony, both in the actual experience and the retrospect. Doubtless it loses some of its charms at the period of middle age, when we are usually beset by cares and anxieties, and when Christmas brings to us, instead of simple joy, pecuniary responsibilities and additional burdens upon time and strength. Still, judgment and foresight provide for the first, and the last are labors of love which actually lighten others, instead of being felt as additional troubles.

For the children's sake, for the home's sake, for the sake of the cheering influence in your neighborhood, let the yule fires burn, and the guests be bidden. Let the kitchen be alive with the preparations for days or weeks beforehand, for the very odor of spice and lemons, and the plum cake and mince pie are part of the general atmosphere of rejoicing and good cheer, of which as few as possible should be defrauded.

A cold, unloving hearth and home at Christmas is a sad state of affairs, and let us be careful that we are not responsible for it. Some very good people are so irritable over any interruption upon the ordinary routine of life, that, without any intention, and while furnishing the means, or doing their best to put them to use, they embitter all the sweetness with ill-temper and fault-finding. Oh! friends, whatever of life is reserved for us, let us render it as wholesome and healthful, as honest and true, as kindly and gentle as life should be, not only at Christmas, but throughout the year.

## Christmas Mishaps.

(See Engraving.)

CHRISTMAS is no defense against mishaps; on the contrary, its hurry, its bustle, its multifarious demands, its excess of business over other portions of the year, are very apt to create difficulty and trouble, and the only way to avoid them is to "take time by the forelock," and "make haste slowly." But even this does not always prevent mishaps. The disaster to the tree in the picture is one that perhaps might have been avoided by putting it in place before attaching the gifts to it. Gifts and tree together were one too many for the colored man, and so down it came.

But the trouble is only momentary, the tree will soon be righted, the ornaments and presents replaced, and everything will be bright as it was before. Pity that all the troubles in this world could not be as easily repaired as this specimen of Christmas mishaps.

## An Artist's Opinion of "Consolation."

THE following very truthful description of Mr. Reinhart's picture of "Consolation" is from the pen of an artist friend of the artist, whose technical opinion was thus unqualifiedly given:

"In describing the conception and treatment of Mr. Reinhart's charming picture of 'Consolation,' the motive may be simply stated to be the turning point from that desolate and despairing grief to consolation and hope.

"In order that the subject might be freed from all disagreeable features, the artist has so skillfully managed his composition, that the beautiful vision seen by the mother constitutes the picture, shedding over the canvas ineffable light and beauty. The form of the mourner, dimly visible, is only introduced as an accessory figure, necessary, however, to the clear interpretation of the story.

"A mother, sorrowing over her child who has just passed away, throws herself, weeping, on the bed lately occupied by her little one. Falling asleep, a glorious vision is given to her, by which life and immortality are brought to light, and which fills her heart with the music of hope, and turns the shadows into sunlight. All radiant with celestial light, she beholds, hovering over her, a bright array of angels, who seem to be bestowing on her their divine benisons. Nestling with loving confidence on the bosom of the principal figure of the angelic host, she discovers the beatific form of her child, blest of the blest! The angel who lovingly bears the child looks down upon the mother with benign sympathy, and points upward, as if to show her the source of hope and consolation.

"The prevailing ideas embodied in this beautiful painting are those of life and light and the triumph of hope. The exquisite delicacy of feeling displayed throughout the whole composition cannot be exceeded, whilst the originality and skill everywhere visible in this beautiful painting are marked and striking. The correctness of the drawing, the beauty and expressiveness of the faces, and the harmony and richness of the coloring combine to make this a most attractive work of art."

## Miss Alcott's Story.

WE regret to state that Miss Alcott's Christmas story failed to come to time, and that the following note was received from her instead of the hoped-for MSS.

"It will be impossible for me to write the Christmas story, so many delays have occurred in the serial; but if leisure serves, in November I will finish the longer tale."  
L. M. ALCOTT.

## The Fair of the American Institute.

THE American Institute Fair, in New York, has very much changed its character of late years, and instead of being, as formerly, and as it is now, in country towns, a collection of products, is really an exhibition of novelties and inventions. Changes are not always improvements, but whatever there is that is new or strange is sure to make its appearance at the American Institute Fair, and if it has lost somewhat of its local interest, it has gained a wider significance.

It is not the place, here, to go into the merits of new and complicated machinery, but we may mention, as peculiarly significant of the rage for writing, that there are, at least, a half a dozen pens and presses by which many impressions of one copy can be taken in a miraculously short space of time. The Edison Electric Pen and Duplicating Press proposes to take eight thousand copies from a single stencil, at the rate of four hundred per hour, the copy being perfectly made from the original, and without the possibility of blunders such as are often made by professional copyists.

There are also wonderful electric appliances for the restoration of shattered nerves; a still more remarkable Ozone Generator, by which the life-giving principle can be diffused and appropriated without going to Colorado to get it, and possesses the additional advantage of being available for the purification of the dwelling, as well as the reviving of the vital forces.

In the way of more purely domestic appliances, there is the new Rhyston Mangle which works with great simplicity, and takes up only a little more room than a sewing machine; many changes and improvements in gas stoves; quantities of magical beds and bedsteads, which turn in a moment into other, sometimes several other, articles of furniture; and what we were glad to see, an invention for poor washerwomen, most useful for those who have to hang their clothes out of a window, in the great cities. Instead of stretching out, at the risk of their necks, and with great and hurtful straining of the entire body, a bar and a pulley brings the clothes-line within easy reach of the hand; and seems really to be so great a saving of time and strength and comfort, that benevolent persons could hardly do a better thing than see that every poor wash-woman has one.

A curious little appliance is a pillow-sham holder which raises and lowers these now indispensable adjuncts, thus saving the trouble of putting on, and taking off, night and morning.

A fine display was made by Hecker, whose flour products are conceded to be among the best in the market, and also by the great house of H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., which has now the enviable distinction of being absolutely reliable.

The picture gallery shows the immense improvement which has been made in photography during the past ten years. A well-finished photograph is now a work of art, quite worthy of ranking with what are considered higher specimens of artistic skill.

## A New Title Page.

WITH the January number we shall offer for the approval of our subscribers a new and artistic title page, one of the most beautiful specimens of the printer's art ever presented in a magazine. In design and coloring it is pronounced by competent authorities to be perfect.

## West Point from the River.

(See Steel Engraving.)

OUR steel engraving for the present month consists of a view of West Point, the seat of the Military Academy of the United States, from the Hudson River, on the left bank of which it is situated.

It is a spot not surpassed in beauty by any in the country, and its position on the only line of water communication with Canada, and the protection afforded by the bold bluffs which front it, gave it immense importance during the Revolutionary War, and doubtless suggested the idea of its appropriation for its present purpose. The school has only been in existence about eighty years (it was organized in 1794), and has attained its present growth and efficiency rather in spite of governmental effort, than with its aid; for there is always a foolish and noisy element in a republic to make war on what is called military power, and though the mere handful of men graduated from West Point furnished the military science and skill which conquered peace after four years of civil war, yet the moment they are not wanted for active service there are those who would abolish the education and discipline altogether.

Apart from its military character, the West Point Academy has a special value in the thorough education it gives, and the spirit of subordination to duty which is its central principle of action. No boy can go through the years of drill and teaching at West Point, and come out a dishonorable person. He *must* also know his profession. A sham could not stand the training.

It is a pity we had not a dozen technical schools throughout the United States based on the organization and thoroughness of West Point.

From the merely picturesque point of view, it is a spot of unsurpassed beauty, with a sufficiently level area for parades and the practice of military tactics, and inclosed in a sort of fastness by hills rising on the west, east, and northeast, from five to fifteen hundred feet in height. The ruins of Fort Putnam (a Revolutionary relic) and the monument to Kosciusko are interesting features; nor must it be forgotten that it was the theater of Benedict Arnold's treason, and the place from which he fled, he having been put in command only six weeks previous to his flight. It is fifty miles above New York, and above and below are some fine hotels and summer residences, besides a little settlement which is a dependence of the military station, and those who are attracted to its vicinity.

## Writing "Christmas" on the Snow.

(See Picture in Oil.)

DEAR little thing, don't you feel your heart warm to her at once? It is a cold day, or the snow would not lay hard and white upon the ground. But she has been kept warm trudging along the frozen ground, by thoughts of the Merry Christmas close at hand, and now she wants to see how the word which has so much sweet meaning for her, and nearly all the world, will look, written upon the snow.

Bless her pure heart, may nothing occur to mar her bright anticipations. May she grow up into gentle maidenhood, and if it is so willed, into happy wife and motherhood. May all her hopes and enjoyments of many Christmases be realized and repeated in her girl's and boy's, and their record be as stainless as that which is now being made in the unspotted snow.

## My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I'm really beginning to be very proud of myself," says Jennie emphasizing her statement by a self-satisfied nod of her stylish little head.

"I think I am expressing the wishes of all the members of the Housekeeping Class in asking why," say I with exaggerated politeness.

"Because our house looks cleaner than I ever saw it look before," is the answer.

"That is nice," I say appreciatingly, "very nice. Have you been cleaning house?"

"No, that's the best of it; we skipped our regular fall cleaning, for actually we didn't need to celebrate that frightful annual orgy of the goddess Ate, as papa calls it."

"You are getting too classic for the rest of us," says Sophie Mapes; "but do tell us how you avoided house-cleaning?"

"Simply by being too clean to clean up. There's no use in gilding refined gold you know, and rubbing and scrubbing things that are already shiningly neat is like that. The best of it all is that mamma says it is all my management."

"I am sure I congratulate you on being such a good housekeeper," say I with real pleasure.

"And I am sure I owe my success to you," replies Jennie, "for no one ever talked to me about housekeeping till you did. You have given us such lots of good advice that it would be hard if none of us profited by it."

"Your father must be pleased," I remark.

"I should think he was," says Jennie; "you know housekeeping for girls is an old hobby of his."

"What is your method?" I ask; "you are so successful that the rest of us would like to know your plan."

"I scamper through the house every morning, and see if things are going on all right, windows open in the bed-rooms, beds left to air, and all those things. Then, after I have put the parlors to rights, I take another look to see if the chambermaid has done the right thing by the halls and stairs, and finished up the bed-rooms in good style. Fortunately for me, mamma took a new up-stairs girl after I began to govern, and I trained her to suit myself. Our old girl would never have taken an order from me, I know, for even mamma hardly dared to complain when things were neglected,—Ann was so very tart in her disposition. Now the present incumbent thinks I'm somebody grand, and minds me as meekly as an innocent young lamb. She goes into the linen closet once a week with me and helps me count all the bed and table linen, just as you suggested long ago, and helps me look over the clean clothes and put them away, and I've taught her to mend up everything that is out of order, stockings and all, which is certainly much nicer than doing it myself."

"I see you are not wanting in executive ability, Jennie," say I laughing, "and after all it's a very good thing to be able to direct other people how to work."

"Yes, indeed," is Jennie's answer, given with earnestness, it's a splendid thing to know how to make other people do things, and I see now how perfectly helpless any one is who doesn't know how a thing should be done, and so of course cannot show any one else how to do it. There is just one thing certain, and that is that I am going to master the whole business before I stop. I intend to buy a whole shelf full of receipt books, and shut myself up in a room with a gas stove and experiment. I am studying chemistry now as a basis,

and I shall plunge into culinary mysteries after I am sufficiently steeped in the preliminary sciences."

We all laugh, but I see with pleasure that Jennie is really interested and in earnest, and I can imagine how useful she has become to her mother, who is confessedly very unpractical. Her father I know, from a few words I had with him lately, is very proud of his gay little daughter's industry and energy.

"You will have to invite Aunt Betsey to come down and see your housekeeping," say I jokingly.

"No, no, no, keep that blessed old lady in her immaculate home till I have conquered some kitchen difficulties."

"Do not be alarmed. Aunt Betsey was never known to visit anybody. But what are your difficulties?"

"Nearly everything connected with the kitchen. In the first place, the great copper boiler is disgraceful, and the cook says nothing can be done with it. It's as black as coal, and all streaks."

"Something can be done with it," I say; "there is a cleansing preparation sold for the purpose, but you can make a very good one by putting an ounce of oxalic acid in a pint of rain water, and corking it up tightly. It does not dissolve perfectly, so it will be necessary to shake the bottle every time the fluid is used. It is also very important that the bottle should be labeled 'poison' and kept where there is no danger of mistaking it for anything else. Rub the boiler with the fluid, polish with a dry flannel. Mix powdered rottenstone with oil of turpentine, and rub on with chamois leather; leave it on the boiler for quarter of an hour, and then wipe it off with a soft cloth. The process will have to be repeated once a week, but after the first time it will not be laborious."

"I should think the same application would be good for the faucets," says Lucy Little.

"So it is, for those which are not silver-plated; a little whitening is necessary in that case."

"I wonder," says Sophie Mapes, very soberly, "if Jennie would be so energetic about housekeeping, if instead of ordering servants to do the work she had it all to do herself. She would see a great difference."

"Of course I should see an awful difference," says Jennie. "I am well aware of that, and I should have to be all the more energetic. I don't pretend to think that it would be nice to be without servants, but there are some drawbacks to having them. Now about this boiler, I actually dare not insist upon the cook's attacking it after all she has said, and if I attempt it myself, in my utter ignorance of the way to go to work, she will sneer at me and make me so nervous that I shall daub the stuff all over myself and the floor, and she will take the opportunity to mutter over the work I am making and get awfully sulky. Very likely, too, she will take measures to make it explode while I am at work, if well regulated private family boilers can burst, and I shall perish miserably a martyr to malice and cleanliness."

We all laugh, as we generally do, at Jennie's amusing chatter, but Sophie looks as if she was not altogether convinced of the disadvantage a cook might be in. Miss Kittie who has been listening hitherto with rather languid interest, now arouses to some indignation and remarks:

"What an unladylike thing it would be for you to do, Jennie. I am surprised that you should talk, even in joke, of such dreadful things as cleaning boilers."

"I cannot see anything unladylike about it," say I, "and if I were in Jennie's place I should feel like doing the same thing, if for no other reason than to make the shiftless servant ashamed of herself. Probably if she sees her young lady laboring to remedy the result of her own want of neatness, she will take the right measure to keep such a thing."

"Never mind," says Jennie cheerfully, "when I learn how to cook I can send away cooks whenever they don't suit me. Mamma says I may, because I can teach new ones, and then farewell to our present state of bondage to experts."

"I think," say I, "that if you ever do have the opportunity of training a new girl, it will be greatly to her advantage and yours, if you will make out a list of the most prominent daily duties. Of course she is not to suppose that she is not to be called upon to do anything beyond the list, but it is simply to be a reminder. Then by having a duplicate list you will remember to see that certain things are done at the appropriate time and in the proper manner."

"How is Jennie to know what duties to put on the list?" asks one of the class.

"A little experience will teach her," I say.

"I can tell her one thing," says Lucy Little, "and that is, see that the range is kept blacked and the hearth swept. I found that out by my own experience."

"Yes," I say, "that may head the list. A dusty dirty hearth, besides looking very untidy, is to be condemned because the dust and ashes that lie upon it may get into the food that is cooked on the range. But the hearth must be swept before the cooking begins, for if a dust is raised it is sure to lodge upon the stove or whatever is upon it. It is also necessary, for the same reason, to avoid sweeping the kitchen floor when uncovered eatables are in the room. Before work begins in the morning, all these things should be attended to, and later in the day, when the principal cooking is over, the floor can be swept again, and on certain days of the week it will need scrubbing, if the boards are bare, or washing up if they are covered with an oilcloth. Perfect neatness about the vessels employed in cooking is a rule to be most rigidly enforced, for the separate and distinct flavors of the various dishes cannot be preserved unless everything used in preparing them is as perfectly clean as if it had never been used before."

## Christmas Presents.

THE shadow of Christmas, the delight of the young because of the festivities which follow in its train, and the blessing of the old because it is a reminder of the birth of the Holy Child, whom to know is a gift of eternal youth, is close upon us. It is a time too, when in remembrance of the best of Gifts to earth, friends exchange presents among themselves. The value of a gift to the recipient is not always dependent upon its actual value, for oftentimes some trifle made by hands we love, is more precious than any gift, however priceless in money value, would be. To our readers, who care to manufacture themselves the presents they require, we offer a few suggestions.

A very pretty chatelaine pocket may be made by cutting the shape first in cardboard, one for the front, and another for the back similar in shape to the first, only with a pointed piece to turn over and button envelope fashion. A third piece an inch and a half wide must surround the first piece of cardboard, and be joined to it on one side and to the second piece on the other side. Line each of these pieces with silk or cambric, and cover the outside with velvet or corded silk before joining together. Edge the seams with a small gold or silk cord, leaving a loop at the point of the envelope, which must fasten to a corresponding button on the first piece. If the bag is velvet, the belt must be the same,—if silk—silk. The bag must be hung to the belt by two cords, from either side, of the same kind as trims the seams, and joined at the waist by button or hook.

A very neat workcase may be made of Java can-

vas, twelve inches long, and seven broad, a bit of silk the same size for lining and six skeins of worsted or floss, any color liked best. Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn in the edge of the material. The border may be made as simple as you like; four rows of cross-stitch will do. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn in the edges, and sew over and over very neatly. Then turn up the lower third of this strip to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten down.

Knitting bags made of Turkish toweling are very convenient to hang on the back of a chair and hold knitting work when not needed. They are made of four pieces, each one a foot long, pointed at the top and bottom and slightly curved toward the middle on both sides. The pieces are braided or embroidered in silk or worsted in some simple pattern, bound with narrow ribbon of bright color, and sewed together with a tassel to finish the bottom and a drawing ribbon at the top.

Knitting aprons may be made like any apron, secured by a band around the waist, except that they are cut ten inches longer. This extra ten inches of length is to be turned up from the bottom and divided off by stitching, so as to form four or more oblong pockets open at the top. These pockets are handy for balls of worsted, patterns or unfinished work.

Scent cases for the top of a trunk or drawer, may be made of large silk or muslin cases, quilted with orris root or sachet powder, and are acceptable to almost all ladies. Pocket sachets of silk, quilted and trimmed with gold twist, or braided and scented, are pretty presents for gentlemen. A glove sachet should be the length and width of an ordinary pair of gloves. It must be quilted and edged with narrow silk cord, with a small loop at each corner. A necktie sachet is made narrow and just long enough to hold an evening tie folded in half. Both should be slightly scented. For clergymen, sermon covers of silk or velvet, a trifle larger than ordinary sermon paper, lined with silk and having cross or monogram embroidered or braided on them, are useful and acceptable gifts. A bit of fine elastic should be inside, from top to bottom, to hold the leaves in place.

For gentlemen who wear comforters, those knit in brioche stitch in single Berlin are the softest, most pliable and elastic. It is an easy stitch to knit, as every row is the same. It is \* over, slip 1 as if about to purl, knit 2 together, repeat from \* The next row is the same \* over, slip 1, knit 2 together, repeat from \*; but the slipped stitch is the one made by "knit 2 together" in the last row, and the over and the slipped stitch of the last row are knitted together. It takes two rows to make a complete stitch one each side of the work. Seventy-two stitches would be a good width for a gentleman's comforter, and any color preferred, as violet, blue, or scarlet, would look well with stripes of black of different widths at the ends. A fringe of the colors should finish it.

Knitted wool slippers may be made as follows: Cast on 19 stitches in black: first four rows plain knitting, join on red and white.

1st row. \* Knit 1st stitch plain with red wool; 2d stitch, pass white wool over the first finger of left at back of work; then take red and white wool in right hand and knit them together; this is to make a long loop of white at the back of the work, repeat to the end of the needle, cut off white wool. 2d row. Plain knitting with red wool. 3d row. The same as first. 4th row. Like the second. Now take the black wool and knit plain as before, but increasing one at the end and commencement of 2d and 4th rows. Repeat from \* until you have 36 loops on your needle, then for

next black row increase 1 in the middle of 2d and 4th rows as well as at commencement and end. Now cast off all but 15 loops, then continue knitting pattern as before, but without increasing, until you have 15 black stripes, counting from where you cast off, then join to opposite side of the slipper. For edging around the top, which is in crochet, take red wool, make a loop on the needle, then draw wool loosely through the top of the slipper; make a single stitch about a quarter of an inch high, one chain stitch equally loose to look like a ruffle. Black must be worked in a similar manner in front of the red. Bind the bottom with ribbon; bind cork sole and sew them together; run an elastic through the ruffle. Use No. 12 needles, and double zephyr.

Hairbrush cases are useful, and may be made ornamental also. A pretty one is made of a length of blue cambric or saten, covered with spotted muslin, sufficiently long and wide to lie on a table under brushes, and fold across above them. An edging of lace and *ruche* of blue satin ribbon is added all around as a finish, but must be on alternate sides, making a division in the center where the folding is, as the side that passes over the brushes must be trimmed on the outside. Sometimes the *ruche* is put on both sides. Another pattern is to make the case to fit the brushes easily, with a flap to fold over, and to work designs on the case and flap. Add a band of elastic on the flap below the pattern for the comb. For traveling the flap turns over and buttons up. Such cases look well in linen, neatly braided.

Tasteful flower-pot covers may be made of four pieces of cardboard the height of ordinary flower-pots, and from five to eight inches in width, according to the size of the pot. Lace them together at the sides with fine gold or silver cord, and tie the cords at the top in a bow, with a little gold or silver tassel attached to each end. The four sides of the cover should be ornamented in center of each with drawings, colored pictures, groups of dried flowers, ferns, sea-weed, or autumn leaves, as fancy may dictate.

Letter cases, to hang on the walls, are made by cutting a piece of white cardboard twelve inches long; make a point at the top like the flap of an envelope, and bind it all around with narrow, bright-colored ribbon. Turn up four inches at the bottom, to make a sort of flap pocket. Lace it up each side with ribbon or cord, and bore a round hole in the point, by which to hang it.

Cases similar to these, on a larger and stronger scale, are useful for hanging in libraries or sitting-rooms, as a depository for newspapers, periodicals, etc. They offer great opportunities for a display of taste in decoration. Pockets, the same shape, of Holland or crash are handy to hang in closets for boots and shoes, and larger ones, divided into compartments for patterns or scrap-bundles, are invaluable.

An acceptable gift for a school-girl or musical friend would be a music case, or roll, made of glazed oil-cloth, better than which I have never seen for wear or neatness. Cut a piece of the leather some inches larger than an open piece of music, bind it all around, double it, and sew together at the edges. The music lies flat inside. Another shape is to cut it the size of the music with a good margin, line it, sew elastic in the center, under which the music is fastened, and then roll music and case together.

In lamp-shades one has quite a play for ingenuity. Cut a shape in cardboard, and ornament with pictures, or prick a design with a pen-knife, which has an admirable effect. Dried flowers or ferns, arranged on silk or cardboard, and covered with prepared muslin to keep them from breaking off, are lovely, and somewhat of a novelty. For a silk or thin ground, a brass wire of given circumference for the top, and another much wider for the

bottom, is required. Very elegant shades may be made of pink crape. Cut a circle of the crape; let the diameter of this circle be exactly double the depth you wish the shade to be; cut a round hole in the center for the chimney of the lamp to pass through. Ornament the crape with small bunches of flowers cut out of cretonne, tacked on and button-holed round. Edge the bottom of the shade with pink silk fringe about three inches wide, and finish by putting a close ruching of pink silk round the top, and you will have an uncommon looking shade, and one which will shed a pleasing light into the room.

Elegant bouquets may be made of skeleton leaves and ferns. A quick recipe for the preparing of skeleton leaves was given in a late number of the MAGAZINE, and also for the preparation of albums of pressed flowers and sea-mosses.

Children's reins for play, made from the following directions, are strong and pretty: Cast, on a pair of bone knitting-needles, twenty stitches in double zephyr, and knit, in plain knitting, a stripe ten inches in length, always slipping the first stitch of every row; cast off. To each end of this stripe is attached a circle for the arms, which is made thus: Take a piece of cord, the kind used in hanging pictures, and make a circle the size of a child's arm at the shoulder; sew the ends firmly together, splicing one a little past the other; then cover the cord with cotton, wool, or flannel, to make it soft; then cover lastly with a stripe of knitting, casting on eight stitches and knitting the length required, plain every row; sew it on overcast on the inner side. Before attaching the stripe first knitted to the arm-holes, there ought to be sewed upon it some name, such as Beauty, or Fairy, and to the under edge should be fastened three or four little bells. When fastening the stripe for the chest to the arm-holes, do not let the sewing be seen, but overcast on the inner side to the overcasting on the arm-holes. Cast on eight stitches, and knit in plain knitting a rein the length required—two and one-half yards being enough, as it stretches in use. Attach the ends to the arm-holes at the back, sewing to the overcasting. Then finish by knitting a stripe twenty stitches in breadth and ten inches in length, the ends of which sew to the arm-holes at the back at the same place as the rein.

Dolls, of all sizes, and dressed in every costume, from the bald-headed baby in long clothes, to the young lady in Parisian attire, are not to be forgotten. One dressed in white cotton wool, or canton flannel, as an Esquimaux, is an excellent toy for a baby. So, also, are the knitted dolls. These are knitted in fine worsted, on No. 16 or 18 needles, and should be knitted to a shape. It would take too long to give exact directions, but you cannot go far wrong if you lay a doll down and draw the outline. Knit by this outline, two pieces, and join them. A face is knitted with an oval piece of knitting and draw over an old face. With judicious dressing you may have a fair result, even the first time of trying. Rabbits, cats, and dogs are all made in the same manner: they should be knitted in loop stitch or looped crochet, then cut, combed and stuffed. Rabbits, too, are very pretty made of gray velveteen and white plush, stuffed with wool, and pink or black beads used for eyes.

Dancing men may be made of cork dressed up, and with black silk strings to make them dance. Men and animals cut out of cardboard, painted, and joined together with strong twine, afford great amusement, and are just as good as any you purchase.

Balls are made in various ways, and use up the various odds and ends to great advantage. The soft fluffy balls made over cardboard are the best for this purpose. For one of these balls you trace a circle, the diameter of which must be the size

you wish the ball. Say the diameter is three inches; inside this, and from the same point in the center, trace a smaller circle of one and a quarter inches in diameter. Cut this inner circle out, draw another exactly like the large one, keep the two together, and wind the wool you use over and over these two pieces of card until you can draw no more wool through, even with a crochet hook. You next cut the wool just over the outer rim of the two circles, and between the pieces of cardboard tie all the wool together securely with strong twine, or with thick silk, if you wish to make the balls hang together. This silk must be left with long ends and crocheted up into a very fine core in chain stitch. You next remove the cardboard, and proceed to cut the wool and shape it round with scissors; this is the only difficult part of the manufacture of these soft balls. Another method is to knit them in brioche stitch in one, two, or three colors, in single Berlin wool. Take a pair of No. 14 needles, and cast on 28 stitches; knit back. The 1st row: \* wool forward, slip the next stitch, knit the second; repeat from \* to the end of the row. 2d row: \* wool forward, slip as if you intended to purl the next stitch, knit the two stitches together, lying over each other; repeat from \* twelve times more, leaving three stitches unworked. 3d row: Turn, wool forward, slip 1, knit 2 together 12 times, leaving three unworked at the other end of the needle. 4th row: Turn, work as before 11 times. 5th row: Turn, work as before 10 times, and so on, leaving 3 more stitches, or another rib, until you have only two ribs in the center; knit these two ribs, turn, and knit all the stitches off, then knit two whole rows of the 28 stitches. Join now your second color, knit two whole rows, and then repeat from the second row. Eight of these little pieces will be required; knit the two pieces together to join them, stuff it with lamb's wool combed, or the shavings of other soft balls, and draw up the centers.

A third kind of ball is made by cutting pieces of kid or leather in the same shapes as those described above. Draw a circle the size you require the ball, and divide it into four or eight sections; cut these out, then cut your pieces the same size, sew them together, stuff with hair or wool, and ornament with braid. Such balls may be made from old kid gloves.

Some of these suggestions we hope our readers will find useful, as the gifts will be acceptable, if into them they weave all tender thoughts and loving wishes

"In memory of that Flower Divine  
Whose fragrance fills the world."

## The Law in New York as it Relates to the Family.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

### IV. THE LEGAL CONTROL OF THE CHILDREN.

In closing our review of the laws of New York as they relate to the family, we reach the most cruel of all the enactments which stand on our statute books. One which, considering how just are the other provisions for women, should certainly have no place in our code, and this is the infamous law which makes the father the sole owner of the children; which gives him the absolute right to dispose of them even after his death, without the knowledge or consent of the mother.

In chap. 8, Sec. 1—Title III. of the Revised Statutes, will be found these words:

§ 1. Every father, whether of full age or a minor, of a child likely to be born, or of any living child under the age of twenty-one years and unmarried, may,

by his deed or last will duly executed, dispose of the custody and tuition of such child, during its minority or for any less time, to any person or persons in possession or remainder.

By this provision the lawfully wedded wives of this State are placed in a position inferior to that of the poor women whose babies are born out of wedlock, since the legitimate mother has no right to her own child while the unfortunate outcast has at least an undisputed legal title to the infant who is at once her treasure and her disgrace.

This cruel discrimination against the wife, springs like all the other statutes which bear hardly on women from the English common law, and once the universal law of this State. In 1860, however, when married women's rights were established, father and mother were made joint guardians of their offspring, and so remained until 1870, when we were burdened with a legislature notoriously corrupt. During that session this statute was hurried through, perhaps to meet a special case, and has remained ever since in force.

Of course, if women had any representation in that body such a thing would not have been possible, and it should make those ladies who avow their indifference to the right of suffrage reflect, when they see how insecurely, in the present state of affairs, women hold even those rights most vital to their happiness.

But it may be said such a law as this is of no practical effect, since men will not avail themselves of it to the hurt of wife or children.

Good men will not, it is true, and happily for women good men are largely in the majority, but there are bad men also, and this law places a fearful power in their hands. A careful reading of it will show that a man may during his life by "a deed" dispose of his child, as well as by his will appoint its guardian after his death. Nay more, it is not even necessary that the child should be born, and the legal mothers of this State stand in this humiliating position to-day, they do not own the baby who is yet a part of themselves, since while its tiny heart yet beats close to its mother's, the father may, without that mother's consent, place it beyond her control.

And such things have been done. A few years ago a young German came to this country and married a hardworking American girl, who, as he soon developed the seeds of consumption, supported him by her earnings during their brief married life. When he lay dying he asked her to send for a lawyer to make his will, and she, knowing he had no property whatever, but willing to humor the fancy of a dying man, paid from her slender purse an attorney who prepared the will and took it away with him at the request of the husband. A few weeks after his death a little baby lay in the young widow's arms, but before she had held the treasure long, there came to her strange men armed with her husband's will and claimed her child from her. In vain she protested and expostulated; the will gave the "custody and tuition" of the child to the German's parents who lived in Oregon, and the poor mother having appealed vainly to the law which only sustained the document, saw her baby torn from her to be reared among strangers.

In 1874 a very aggravated case of the use of this law was brought before the public in this city of New York. A man by deed gave the guardianship of his fourteen-year old daughter to a person who kept a corner lager-beer saloon. The poor mother on hearing that the young girl was to go to this place was nearly frantic; she knew that the house was, while nominally respectable, in reality of doubtful repute; she knew that the girl, who was very pretty, would be expected to wait in the saloon, and subject to the insolent admiration of

all sorts of men, and finding her husband inexorable she appealed to the law. In vain, the case was brought up before Judge Westbrook to be decided that this statute gave the father the absolute right to place the child "in custody" of this lager-beer seller until she was twenty-one.

Many other such instances have come to my knowledge, and more frequently than those women who live in happy homes suspect, is this evil statute made use of by bad men. Nay, although it is perhaps only in extreme cases that children are torn from the mother by its provisions, the fact that the father has the right to appoint the guardian of the children after his death is constantly made use of by men even of most kindly disposition, to bring sorrow and annoyance to their widows. Not intentionally, but the mere fact that the children have a guardian whose especial duty it is to look after their property and welfare at once antagonizes the interests of the mother and her offspring. And a celebrated probate lawyer told me that he had seen an immense amount of misery in families which grew out of the working of this statute, in cases where the guardian appointed by the dead man, was some person whom the widow did not like, or who persistently treated her as if he thought she might wish to encroach upon her children's rights. He added unhesitatingly that the law ought not to permit any man to appoint a guardian for the children without the consent of his wife expressed in writing.

In case of a legal separation between parents, the court generally leans to the mother's side in giving her the custody of the younger children, while in divorce, which is granted in this State only for one cause—unfaithfulness—the children are of course awarded to the innocent party. So that as a matter of fact, the separated or divorced wife has a better chance for controlling her children's destinies than the happy married woman.

In this case, as in so many others, the blundering laws would seem to give a premium to vice, since the unlawful mother and the divorcee have what ought to be a woman's first and most sacred right, the right to her children.

At some future day, however, we may hope that all these wrongs will be set straight, when women shall have that equal voice in the laws which alone can deserve justice.

## 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.)

"ARIOLE."—The method of painting photographs that you refer to is still retained as a secret by its teachers.

"LAURA."—Do not use decalcomanie on white silk. There is no art in pasting pictures. The silk jewelry painting is still confined to the manufacturers of the article.

"STUDENT."—Before beginning to sketch out of doors, the first consideration should be to get the best point of view, as a few steps to the right or left sometimes makes a great difference, always keeping a good lookout for objects that will compose harmoniously and prettily. As this does not always occur in natural scenes, the sketcher is allowed certain liberties; thus he may add or take away. He may add where there seems a deficiency,

so that he keeps the general character of the scenery, or he may take away when it appears too crowded. Some artists insist upon having the foreground entirely at their own disposal, provided they keep up the general appearance of the view. Study "little bits;" beginners take too much in one sketch as a rule. We will suppose that a spot is selected containing about three or four objects. An artist seldom, if ever, takes anything in its broadest and most regular form; and never takes a house, for instance, as if he had taken his position directly in front, nor a row of trees or palisades at a right angle to his own position. For an early lesson in sketching from nature, a house is very good, but it must be viewed from a point a little aside from the front, so as to bring in as many angular features as possible. We will suppose a station to be selected. One way of proceeding is—hold up the sketch-book in front, closing one eye in order to determine how much of the scene is to be drawn; the farther off the book is held, the less of the subject will be covered; when the extent is arranged, lower the book to a level, and make a few dots on the margin, merely to point out some of the relative positions. Find the horizontal line by holding up your pencil horizontal with the eye, and slightly mark it in; then get the point of sight opposite the eye on the horizontal line; judge well of the relative distances of the most prominent objects, and faintly mark them on the paper. By arranging these particulars well at first, a great deal of trouble is saved in erasing false marks. Be careful to give every line its proper position. A line that is upright in nature must be upright in your picture. Lines that go direct from you (that is, perpendicular to you as you stand), go toward the point of sight; if they are above the horizontal line, they tend downward toward the point of sight; and if below, they tend upward. In sketching, it is well to have the lines a little broken, yet having the general appearance of straightness. An easy, rapid, and decided manner of sketching is a power only acquired by practice.

"LETITIA."—To enlarge and diminish a drawing.—Divide the original piece into a certain number of squares by perpendicular and horizontal lines, making as many in the original as in the space intended for the copy. Number the corresponding squares alike (your copy may be either larger or smaller), then observe in what parts of each square the different marks run in the original, and draw similar ones to correspond in your copy. This is the best method for enlarging and diminishing. For oil paintings, pieces of twine or thread might be tacked across at equal intervals so as not to injure or mark the painting; or for small engravings you can procure a piece of stout card paper; cut a square in it the size of the engraving you wish to copy; divide the sides and ends into half inches; then with a needle and thread pass through the various marks from side to side and from top to bottom, taking care that the thread always comes from the same side of the card, so as to lie close to the engraving when used. Number the threads each way. If you wish to enlarge the copy, it is necessary to determine the proportions one, two, or more inches to the half inch of the thread card.

## QUESTIONS.

COR. CLUB.—"Can you give me directions for shading in pencil drawing?" AMATEUR."

COR. CLUB.—"1. How are photographs prepared for tinting with water colors? 2. Choice of photographs? 3. Necessary colors? 4. Choice of pencils?" COLORIST."

## What Women are Doing.

**Gail Hamilton** has written a new book entitled "Our Common School System."

The **New England Women's Club** have taken the house adjoining their present quarters at No. 5 Park Street, and will begin their season at the new rooms.

**Miss Louise M. Alcott's** sister has written a book on the study of music abroad. Miss M. Alcott that was, has studied abroad, and should be an authority.

The "New Northwest" Mrs. Duniway's bright Western paper, has reached the close of its eighth volume.

**Miss Genevieve Ward** has won a signal triumph in England by her wonderful rendering of the part of *Stephanie*, Marquise de Mohrivart, in the play of "Forget-Me-Not."

**Miss Gonkofskaia**, who has been sentenced by the Odessa Military Tribunal to deportation in Siberia for belonging to a secret society which conspired against the Government, is only fifteen years of age.

**Lady Caroline Norton** left \$500 by her will to "The good cause of woman suffrage," and Mrs. George Oakes, another English woman, has lately contributed \$2,500 to the same cause.

**Dr. Annie E. Fisher**, who has been studying medicine in Europe, has been appointed Lecturer on the Diseases of Children in the Boston University Medical School.

**Women in Politics.**—A woman's political club has been started in London called the Summer-ville Club. It numbers 1,080 lady members.

**Céline Montaland's** toilets in the *Trente Millions de Gladiator* have cost her twelve thousand francs. Her dress in the first act alone, trimmed with Valenciennes, cost six thousand francs.

The **Crown Princess of Germany**, during her stay in Styria, visited a mine at Bresno, going up the mountain to it in one of the trucks, thoroughly inspecting the works, and evincing much acquaintance with geology and mountain phenomena. After ascending a good point for a view, she took tea with the overseer, and returned to Romerbad.

**Margaret Robertson**, or Duncan, the oldest woman in Scotland, died at Cupar-Angus, a few days since, at the age of 106, having been born in 1773. Her husband, a weaver, died fifty years ago, and left her with a daughter who is still alive and over sixty. Mrs. Duncan was a great smoker, and until recently, when she became blind, was in possession of all her faculties. Her last illness was only of a week's duration.

**Miss Thackeray** will write a volume on Mmes. De Sevigné and De Staël for the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers now issuing in this country at J. B. Lippincott & Co's.

**Miss H. Evelyn Brooks**, of Lackawanna County, Penn., has just been elected for County Superintendent, salary \$1,000 a year. Her success should encourage lady teachers to renewed diligence in their profession.

**Miss Fannie Chester**, daughter of Rev. Dr. Chester, pastor of the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church, Washington, has been elected to the chair of English Literature in Binghamton Ladies' College, N. Y.

**Abby W. May** has been nominated and confirmed by the Governor of Massachusetts and his Council as a member of the State Board of Education, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. C. Estey.

**A Mlle. Giraud**, of Marseilles, has made a remarkable present to M. Gambetta—an embroidered portrait of his mother. It is executed on crimson velvet, and the minuteness of the embroidery in silk is said to be a marvel of skill and patience.

**A Plucky Girl.**—A robber found Winnie Roberts, aged 16, alone in a farm-house at Wadesburg, Mo. He commanded her to give him all the money in the building, but she refused. After searching a little, and finding only ten cents, he threw her on a bed, drew a pistol and swore he would kill her if she did not give the information. She thrust her hand under the pillow, leading him to suppose that she was getting some money, but what she drew out was a revolver, with which she shot him twice.

**Jennie Collins** says that the West appears to labor under the delusion that Massachusetts is full of starving women. Great mistake. "Massachusetts has no women to spare, and its working-women are happier and more respected than in any other State in the Union."

**Messrs. Hurst & Blackett** will publish early in October "The Diary of a Tour in Sweden, Norway, and Russia, in 1827," by the Marchioness of Westminster, which will contain graphic sketches of the inner life of some of the Continental Courts, including St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Copenhagen, at that period, and will show many of the perils and difficulties of foreign travel before the introduction of railways.

**A Little Girl's Exploit.**—A little eight-year-old in Rochester was sent down town by her mother one day on an errand. She had with her a pocket-book containing more than twelve dollars. A thief rushed forward and seized the pocketbook. The girl snatched it away from him, breaking the chain whereby he was holding it. She then kicked him and ran home to her mother.

**Miss Helen Magill**, Ph.D., daughter of President Magill, of Swarthmore College, and who has been studying at Cambridge, Eng., during the last two years, has recently received a scholarship of the annual value of one hundred and seventy-five dollars in a competitive examination in Greek, French and Latin.

**First Woman Editor of a Daily Paper in England.**—Mrs. E. M. Pike is said to be the first woman who ever started a daily paper in England. She is the publisher and proprietor of *The Derby Daily Telegraph*, an excellent evening paper.

**Rosa Bonheur** has two pictures in the Antwerp Triennial Fine Arts Exhibition, which opened recently. This is the first time that she has exhibited for fifteen years. One of the paintings represents the stag called the "King of the Forest" of Fontainebleau.

**Mrs. Daniel Martin** is going to school in Bellefonte, Ala., to her granddaughter. This may seem a tall story, but it isn't. Mrs. Martin is only sixteen years of age, and recently married the very old, but very vivacious grandfather of Miss Martin, the Bellefonte public school teacher.

The **Portland Press** tells of a Boston woman, the daughter of a former leading citizen of Portland, who one day conceived the idea of a simple improvement to a sewing-machine in the shape of an attachment, which she exhibited at the last Massachusetts State Fair. Most of the sewing-machine companies have adopted the improvement, and the lady secures in royalties about ten thousand dollars per year.

The "National Citizen and Ballot-Box" is edited and published in Syracuse, N. Y., by Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage. It is a very spirited journal, and deserves its success.

**Historical Lectures.**—Miss Minnie Swayze has added to her list a series of six historical lectures, designed as a course for ladies in the daytime, or ladies and gentlemen in the evening. The subjects treat of the domestic character and customs of the Egyptians, the Romans, the Jews, the Greeks, of Europe during the Middle Ages, and of modern times.

**Mrs. "Mattie" Potts**, who in May last left Baltimore for New Orleans, has returned, having made the whole distance on foot. She averaged twenty-one miles a day, wore out five suits of clothes, "didn't spend a cent," was entertained free at all hotels and eating-houses, and received innumerable presents.

**Fraulein Dr. Rosa Welt**, a young lady of Vienna, who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine last summer from the University of Berne, has already made her way to an important office, with the consent of the Ministry of Education. She has been appointed assistant-lecturer to Professor Pflüger in the branch of ophthalmology, in which she has made very advanced studies.

**A lady, Madame Tolkowsky**, in St. Petersburg, is engaged in founding an association to build workshops for embroidery by machinery, such as exist in Switzerland. The enterprise will be conducted on a grand scale. Madame Tolkowsky is now traveling in foreign countries to give a closer study to this industry, and to order materials and engage workwomen to come and teach the art in Russia.

The **Dispensary established by Mrs. Hirschfeld Tiburtius**, in Berlin, has received one thousand one hundred and nineteen persons in the course of one year. These are generally women and children. The advice is always given gratis, and very frequently the medicine also. The poor women of Berlin highly appreciate the kindness and skill they meet with from the lady doctors.

"**Simplicity.**"—Under this name a society of ladies has been established in Leipzig, to oppose the extravagance of fashion in dress and ornaments. The members of this association are pledged not to wear false hair nor a train, nor even double skirts, such as tunics, polonaises, etc. Patterns of simple dresses, and plainly trimmed, although fashionable bonnets are on show, and certain dressmakers have agreed to conform to these patterns in working for the members of the society.

**Women Coal-Miners.**—It is a somewhat startling fact to find that there are still nearly five thousand women and girls employed about the coal mines of the United Kingdom. In the official summary of persons employed in and about the mines under the Coal Mines Act, it is stated that 21 females under the age of 13 years are employed—Glamorgan employing 10 of these, East Scotland 2, Yorkshire 5, and the remainder being distributed in ones and twos amongst other districts. Of girls between the ages of 13 and 16 there are 433 employed—129 in West Lancashire, 94 in Shropshire, 71 in East Scotland, 14 in the Liverpool district, 25 in Glamorgan, and the remainder in smaller numbers. Of young women above the age of 16 there are no less than 4,502 employed—West Lancashire, Glamorganshire, East Scotland, Shropshire, South Staffordshire, and Cumberland being the chief offenders.

**Students at Wellesley.**—Wellesley College has opened with between ninety and a hundred in the Freshman class; the largest class ever entering the college. Dana Hall, the new building, has been completed, and is now open. It accommodates twenty-eight students. Both this hall and the college are more than full with the three hundred and sixty-three students, the largest number at any one time since its completion, and many are obliged to board in the village.

**Mrs. James Bryant**, of Bowndes County, Ala., until last year possessed the finest head of natural black hair in her State. In the summer of 1878 she cut off her locks, donating them for the yellow fever sufferers. She was soon enabled to send several hundred dollars to Memphis. A few days ago the hair was returned to the original

owner by the kindness of a Boston merchant, and is about to be raffled for in Montgomery for the benefit of General Hood's children.

**Madame Juliette Lamber's Review.**—The first great republican review started in France appears in Paris under the name of *La Nouvelle Revue*, and under the auspices of Mme. Juliette Lamber (Mme. Adam), a writer of great distinction, whose *salon* has long been frequented by the most eminent men in the country, and who has enlisted among the contributors to her new publication all the leading French writers of republican tendencies, who feel that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has too long held the field of scholarly politics. It was in 1858 that Juliette Lamber first came before the public. She is the daughter of a physician, and her first work was "*Mon Village*," a similar piece of realism to that of Miss Mitford. She is now the wife of a republican statesman of ability, M. Edmond Adam.

**Miss McLaughlin** the well-known maker of decorated pottery at Cincinnati, has just made three vases in enameled *faience* for Miss Annie Louise Cary. The center piece is a flat Pilgrim jar, of rich iridescent, mottled green, against which the sunlight breaks in a thousand prismatic hues. On one side is a spray of flowers, swaying grasses, and marguerites, and on the other is a brilliant butterfly flying alone in space. The side vases, which are in light blue, are adorned with sprays of roses.

**Miss Fanny Heath**, who has lately made a tour of observation among the German and Swiss schools, has sent to *Macmillan's Magazine* for September an interesting account of the way needlework is taught in them. Instruction in needlework and knitting was begun in the elementary or primary schools and continued in the secondary or grammar schools. The needlework in the Swiss school visited is under the management of a mistress who teaches nothing else, and is very thoroughly taught—much more so than in English schools.

**Sarah C. Woolsey**, well known to the public as "Susan Coolidge," and not so well as the author, jointly with "H. H." (Helen Hunt) of the Saxe Holm stories—has revised the Lady Llanover edition of Mrs. Delaney's "Autobiography," and Roberts Brothers will soon publish it. Readers of Madame Bunsen's life lately published, will remember the account of her relative, Mrs. Delaney, which is given in the opening pages. The Lady Llanover edition has been a long time out of print. Miss Woolsey in this work presents herself for the first time on a title-page in her own name.

**Miss Christine Ladd**, the young lady to whom the trustees of Johns Hopkins University voted an honorary stipend and an invitation to continue her mathematical studies at that institution, has just left her Connecticut home to begin her work at the University. Her great mathematical ability has been particularly shown in an original solution of a famous geometrical problem, which solution, published in a journal of mathematics, has attracted earnest attention both here and abroad. Miss Ladd has been invited to take a special course at Harvard, under the teaching of Professor Pierce, and she has also received marks of appreciation from Europe. She was graduated by Vassar, and is accomplished in Greek and Latin as well as in mathematics. She is, indeed, a very clever person—"for a girl;" and it is suggested by a rash and jealous mathematician of the stronger sex that "she is a Ladd after all!"

**London Technical School for Girls.**—Curriculum of theoretical instruction—First year: Grammar; one modern language; arithmetic; elements of chemistry; physics—general properties of bodies; history and geography; drawing; designing; painting. Second year: Grammar; one modern

language; arithmetic and book-keeping; chemistry—industrial and applied; physics; industrial history and physical geography; drawing, designing, painting; physiology; domestic economy, including ventilation and sanitation; stenography; materials—their characteristics and use. Third year: Book-keeping and elements of commercial law; drawing, designing, painting; food—including its chemical properties—varieties—qualities—whence obtained; domestic economy—including ventilation and sanitation; physiology; the laws of health; stenography; materials, their characteristics and use; elements of the law of contract. Practical instruction.—This would be given by practical teachers in work rooms specially provided for the purpose. The occupations might be divided between the proposed technical schools, as in the case of boys. The subjects practically taught would be: Millinery and dressmaking, including cutting-out and design; fitting on to lay figures, etc.; making of other articles of clothing, including cutting-out, sewing, knitting, &c.; embroidery and lace work; designing for tiles, wall-papers, plates, fans, etc.; patterns for table-cloths, napkins, etc.; painting on porcelain—and other materials; engraving; telegraphy; cookery in all branches—and baking; manufacture of artificial flowers; practical book-keeping; horology.

**The first meeting of "Sorosis"** for the season was held at Delmonico's, as usual, under the auspices of the Dramatic committee, and was largely attended. The papers were by Miss Swayze on the "Science of Popular Amusements," and by Miss Crane on the "Philosophy of Expression," in which she illustrated Delsarte's method. Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl introduced the question for discussion, which was—"Is the Theater as a promoter of the true and the beautiful, and as a teacher of morals, on the Ascendant, or in the Decline?" with a very interesting *resumé* of the history of the stage. Mrs. Caroline H. Dall of Boston, author of "The College, the Market, and Court," was present, and took part in the discussion. The music was delightful, by the Misses Conrow, and the time passed most agreeably.

**A Protest from the Women.**—A number of the ladies of New York, including many who are not in sympathy with suffrage, have made a vigorous protest against the renomination of Gov. Robinson, for Governor of the State of New York, on account of his veto of the Woman's School Bill in May, 1877. The following was the bill:

#### AN ACT

TO AUTHORIZE THE ELECTION OF WOMEN TO SCHOOL OFFICES.

*The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:*

SECTION 1. Any woman of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, and possessing the qualifications prescribed for men, shall be eligible to any office under the general or special School Laws of this State, subject to the same conditions and requirements prescribed as to men.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

[Senate, No. 61.]

This bill passed the Senate March 21, 1877—AYES 19, NOES 9.—*Senate Journal*, p. 324.

It passed the Assembly May 1, 1877—AYES 84, NOES 19.—*Assembly Journal*, p. 1,105.

It was vetoed by Governor Robinson on May 8th, 1879, on the ground that the "God of Nature," did not design women to step out of their sphere by acting on School Boards. O! wise Governor.

**Ladies' Art Association.**—This organization, of which Mrs. Henry Peters Gray is President, has removed from 896 Broadway to 24 West Fourteenth Street. Its object is the promotion of the interests of women artists. It aims—

"To establish the instruction provided by the Ladies' Art Association, for:

*First.*—Those already engaged as teachers of drawing and painting in schools and colleges.

*Second.*—In painting on porcelain and those departments of decoration which prove the most readily remunerative as a profession.

*Third.*—For boys and girls in art industrial education.

*Fourth.*—To provide opportunities of study from life and nature for artists.

*Fifth.*—To enlarge facilities for non-residents, whose stay in New York is limited, and whose study needs direction.

*Sixth.*—To provide, *as soon as the funds will allow*, an honorable way for students to pay for art education, by accepting their labor notes, *i. e.*, a written promise to pay in a specified number of hours of teaching, or art industrial work, within two years after date."

**Not Three Centuries ago**, in France, when a young girl appealed to her father, who was a member of the Provincial Parliament, for permission to learn the alphabet, after consultation with four doctors of law, it was decided that it was a "demoniacal work for girls" either to teach or learn the alphabet. She was accordingly stoned by the men of the town, for such an insane desire for knowledge. Even a little over a century ago, letter writing, by such as Mary Wortley Montague, was supposed to be the limit of woman's brain power. Few even of the Puritan women could read or write, and though, next to a meeting-house, they established a school for boys, girls were not allowed to enter for over 150 years, and then only in the summer time, because the boys' seats were vacant. Voltaire's remark, that "Ideas are like beads, women and young men have none," seemed to be the general belief.

**Mrs. Mary Mann**, under date of August 7, writes to the *Kindergarten Messenger and the New Education*, that the charity kindergartens of Cambridge are a success beyond her most sanguine expectations. She says, "The great difficulty young teachers have is to get rid of the old-fashioned notions of making children mind, of breaking their will." "The intellectual improvement is excellent." She says also, that "Mrs. Shaw doubles all these kindergartens for the next year, and if other wealthy women will only be kindled by her to go and do likewise, the effect must sooner or later be visible in the communities so blessed."

**Miss K. Bennett** is one of the first teachers of swimming to ladies and children, having been engaged in this profession for some ten years past, either in the free baths of the city or in the Central Park swimming bath, located at Fifty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue. In this latter bath, the tank is eighty feet long by twenty in width, and nearly four feet in depth. The water is warmed to an agreeable temperature, and rendered salt by artificial means, thus enabling pupils to take exercise in this delightful and healthful pastime during the winter as well as summer season. Miss Bennett is eldest of a family which lost the father and provider by drowning, a number of years ago. Although the master of a vessel, and used to the sea all his life, Mr. Bennett was unable to swim. His death, as well as the manner of it, preyed so keenly on the mind of his eldest daughter that she determined to learn the art of swimming and teach it to others; her efforts have proved successful, she being an expert in all useful and graceful evolutions in the water, and imparting much of her courage to her pupils, it must be a dullard indeed who does not soon acquire ease and confidence under her tuition.

Five dollars is the fee for a course of lessons, the number being regulated to a great extent by the pupil's aptitude, some learning to "go alone" in two or three lessons, while others are more timid, and acquire proficiency only by more extended practice.

# DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—*Shakespeare*.

There is never but one opportunity of a kind.—*Thoreau*.

Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

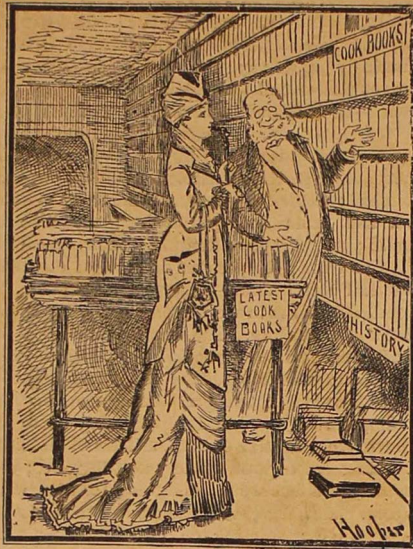
A gentle hand can lead even an elephant by a hair.—*Persian Proverb*.

The fool hath planted his memory with an army of words.—*Shakespeare*.

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—*William Penn*.

A woman's hopes are women of sunbeams, a shadow annihilates them.—*George Eliot*.

True.—As the error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life, so one good deed done is a joy forever.



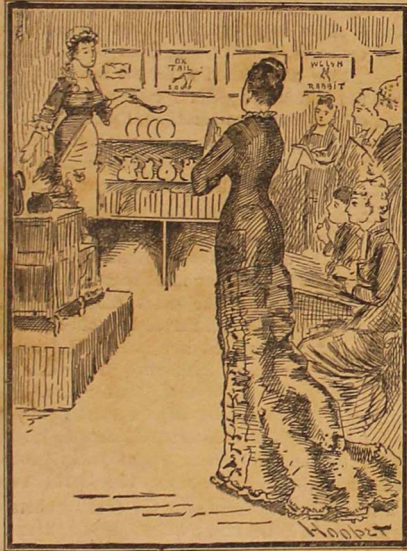
2. PURCHASES ALL THE AVAILABLE "COOK BOOKS."

**God's word.**—The word of God moves along like a passing shower; wherever it comes, it must be received at once, or it will be gone. How soon a man's "Not now" becomes a Never! — *Martin Luther*.

**Our Burdens.**—We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the burden will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it, or the burden of yesterday from having neglected it at the proper time.

**Vital Work.**—No work is vital and lasts that is done with a self-remembering, self-considering mind. It may be popular and admired, it may temporarily succeed, but it will not live; the self-consciousness and self-regard with which it is wrought sooner or later rots and kills it.

**Happiness.**—Happiness is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.



1. ARABELLA ATTENDS A COOKING SCHOOL.

**Humors.**—The happiness and unhappiness of men depend more upon their humors than their fortunes.

It is not so much what one does as what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.

The man who can hold his tongue longest in controversy is the one who will come out successful in the end.

What know we greater than the soul?  
On God and godlike men we build our trust.  
—*Alfred Tennyson*.

I have played the gross fool, to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.—*Massinger*.

The Angels love to do their work betimes,  
Stanch some wounds here, nor leave so much to God.  
—*Robert Browning*.

To my inward vision, things are achieved when they are well begun:  
The perfect archer calls the deer his own while yet the shaft is whistling.  
—*From the Spanish Gypsy*.



3. JOINS A COOKING CLUB, AND THEN INVITES A COMPANY TO A DINNER COOKED BY HER OWN HANDS.

# SPICE BOX

**The End of Time.**—The letter "E."

**A Raining Favorite.**—An umbrella.

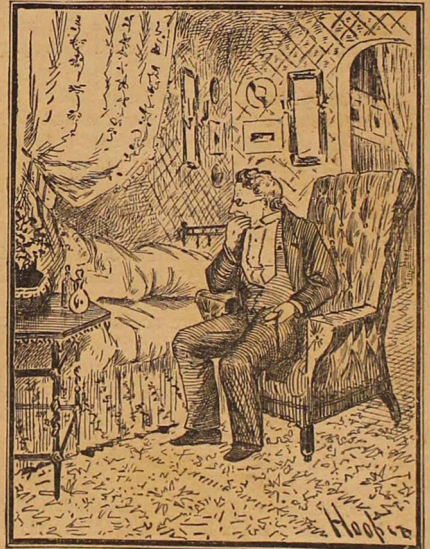
**Query.**—When a man loses his balance, what becomes of it?

**Conundrum.**—Why is a schoolboy in the first rule of arithmetic like a venomous reptile? Because he is an *adder*.

**Touching.**—Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

**A Salient Reply.**—What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? The one is the *sale* of effects, and the other the effects of a *sail*.

**Misleading.**—A subscriber wrote to a journal to make some inquiries about the next "World's Fair." The wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world wouldn't have any fair.



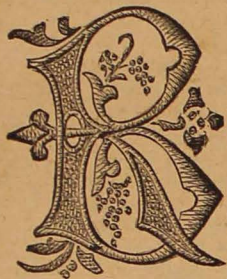
4. WE REFRAIN FROM CRITICISING THE DINNER—BUT—WELL—THIS WAS THE GENERAL CONDITION OF THE PARTAKERS IN THE AFFAIR OF THE DAY. THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS A CASE OF AGGRAVATED INDIGESTION, CAUSED BY IMPERFECTLY COOKED FOOD, BUT OF COURSE HE WAS MISTAKEN.

**Much More Common.**—"Yes," said an old lady reflectively, "it is now very common to telegraph, and they say it'll soon be still more common to telephone, but I think it'll always be more common to tell a fib."

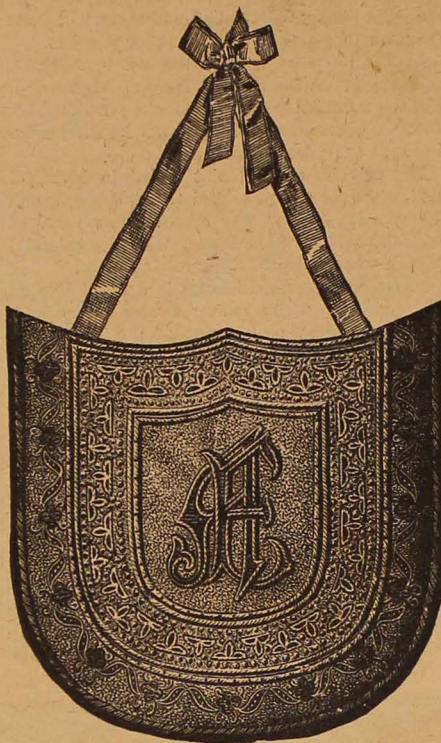
**A Little Error.**—Elizabeth Allen, in a poem, asks, "Oh, willow, why forever weep?" Elizabeth is a little mistaken as to the facts. It isn't the willow that weeps, it is the boy who dances under the limber end of it.

**Clement Laurier,** Gambetta's trusty friend and counsellor, lately deceased, was holding an argument with some one who got extremely excited over it, much to the amusement of the lookers-on, Laurier being as cool as usual. At length his antagonist lost all patience, and challenged Laurier to mortal combat. "I never fight," said Laurier. "Ah, just what I expected! I felt certain you would decline to meet me!" "Exactly—and that is precisely why you were not afraid to challenge me."





INITIAL FOR EMBROIDERY. B. R.



### Shaving Case.

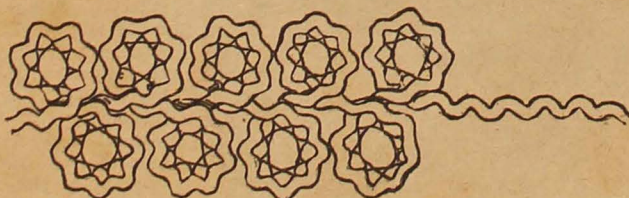
Cut four pieces of cardboard the shape of pattern, cover two of them with silk on one side, two with plain velvet to correspond with color. The upper side is embroidered with gold cord and colored flosses. The monogram is cut of black velvet, and the edges fastened down with the gold, and laid on and sewed over and over with the same colored silk. Put a velvet and silk shield together, and overhand all round, and finishing with the gold cord. Cut colored tissue papers the size of pattern, and have them pinked round the edge, then fasten the papers in the covers by running ribbon through, drawing it up, making the ends about quarter of a yard, and tying at the top.

### Crash Cushions.

CRASH cushions are fashionable, both in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, just now. Some have a circular Japanese design on one corner only; others are made of light green and other delicate shades, with a spray of japonica across them, or hops, or white narcissus.

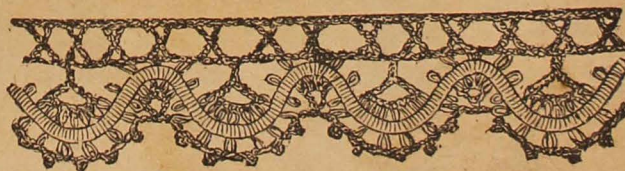
### A Pretty "Housewife."

AN ingenious housewife is made of rows of ordinary Dunstable straw, in the form of a shoe; the sole can be turned down, showing a few leaves of flannel for needles and bodkin, etc., the cotton and thimble finding a place in the upper portion of the shoe.



### Insertion.

A SIMPLE pattern of insertion made of serpentine braid and coarse thread.



### Pattern of Edging.

EDGING made of pearl-edged braid and crochet work. As the design is so simple, further explanation is unnecessary.

# YOUNG AMERICA

## Saint Nicholas's Eve in Belgium.

For two weeks the shop windows had been gradually growing gayer, and the usual scanty supply of toys on the numerous booths in the Freitag Markt had increased, both in quantity and brilliancy. I remarked this to a Flemish friend, saying it seemed early to begin preparations for Christmas.

"But it isn't for Christmas! We celebrate that holiday only by extra church ceremonies. Our day is Saint Nicholas's birthday, and our children receive their gifts from the hand of a representative of the dear old saint, instead of having them hung from a tree, as in Germany; or stuffed into stockings, as I have heard they do in America. But suppose you come and take an English tea with us that evening, and see how we keep the festival."

I was too glad of the chance to see one of the national institutions of the country to refuse such an invitation; so in the interim I studied up the history of the saint, that I might run no risk of showing my ignorance, should he or his deeds be under discussion on his festal day.

In my researches, I found he was born the 6th of December, 326, of illustrious Christian parents, in Panthera, a city of Lycia, in Asia Minor; and was early dedicated to the service of the Church. His parents dying while he was still young, he regarded himself as only God's steward over the vast wealth they had left him.

After their death, he went to Myra, in Syria, where he lived in great humility. When the bishop of that city died, a revelation was made to the clergy to the effect that God had chosen for their bishop the man who should enter the church first the next morning. So when Nicholas went early to pray, as was his custom, the clergy led him into the church

and consecrated him. He proved himself worthy of his new dignity in every way, but especially by his charities, of which tradition recounts hundreds of instances.

After a life spent in doing all manner of good works, he died in great peace and joy, and was buried in a magnificent church in Myra, where his tomb was, for centuries, a resort for pilgrims.

In 807, the church was attacked by Achmet, commander of the fleet of Haroun Al[Raschid. But the watchfulness of the monks prevented his doing any harm, and putting to sea, he and his entire fleet were destroyed.

The remains of the saint rested in Myra till 1084, when the city was desolated by Saracens and the remains stolen away by some merchants of Bari, who took them home, where a splendid church was erected for their resting-place.

In Greek pictures, Nicholas is dressed like an eastern bishop, with no miter, a cross in place of a crozier, and the three Persons of the Trinity embroidered on his cape. In western art he wears a miter, crozier, cape and jeweled gloves.

He is not only the chief patron of Russia, but the most popular of all the saints in Catholic Europe, being the patron of children and school-boys in particular.

Having thus fortified myself with the chief points of interest in the history of his saintship, I donned hat and cloak on the eve of December 6th, and sauntered along the Rue digue de Brabant, which presented very much the appearance of Christmas Eve in a small German town; shortly after reaching Sedeberg, a suburb of the city, the English tea was served. Oh! ye gods, what a sight

for a hungry mortal! Cups filled with some colorless fluid were passed about, accompanied by two caraffles, one containing *vanilla* and the other *rum*, which our kind hostess urged us to use—saying, when we declined, "Your tea will have no taste without it." This assertion was true, as our palates certified. Thin slices of black bread, spread with the smallest amount of butter, and so dry that the edges curled, were offered to eat with our tea. I had never had any especial affinity for dogs, but blessings most fervent were heaped that evening on the head of a tiny spaniel who aided me in consuming the *tarlines* I was forced, for politeness sake to take; stealthily I conveyed them under the table, where he gladly devoured them.

This duty finished, a loud rapping outside gave notice of an arrival. The door was opened, and a short, stout gentleman, with long white beard, wearing a miter, and carrying a crozier in one hand, and holding by the other a pretty young girl, who held a heaped-up basket of toys, picture books, and bonbons. Following them, and fastened by a chain came a grinning imp, bearing a huge bunch of switches. What a flutter of excitement was caused by this arrival among the little ones! The baby clung to her mother's neck, half frightened, and yet pleased. Little Jacques, mindful of his sins of omission, snatched up his spelling-book and dropped upon his knees in genuine terror and despair, while Amélie, whose conscience was clear, or who was old enough to remember the previous 6th of December, stood bravely up to answer all questions which might be put to her by saint or demon. They were evidently jolly old fellows both, and their lectures delivered in Flemish, of which I understood not a word, could not have been very awful, since they turned Jacques' sobs to smiles, and baby Thérèse held out her arms to go with them as they waved a good-by after dividing the contents of baskets and bundle among children and guests.

The saint having departed, we were invited into the dining-room, where to our gratification we found a Flemish supper awaiting us. How delicious was the delicate soup, served in the daintiest of Sévres cups, the sweet-breads, roast ducks, Brussels sprouts, etc. We were not slow in doing justice to the hospitable feast, made more pleasant still by laughter and merry talk, so that when, as preventive of indigestion, the huge china bowl brimming with a national drink, fragrant of oranges and lemons, was placed on the table, we delightedly gave as our toast, "*A bas les thé's anglais, et vive les soupers Flamands!*"



SAINT NICHOLAS'S EVE IN BELGIUM.

## How 'Biny got her Christmas.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

"I AIN'T a little, black, smutty nig, neither! so there—I ain't—ain't—AIN'T!"

'Biny set down the pan of potatoes she was carrying, flung herself on the lowest cellar stair, and planted both little black hands firmly on her knees, while she glared up at her opponent.

"Oh yes, you are!" he cried in the greatest glee, and hopping from one toe to the other at the storm he had raised on the dark little face before him—"you know you are awful black!"

"An' I am goin' to have a Christmas too, I am! Ma'am Sukey said so herself," cried the poor child, working the small fingers nervously, "just presacly like the white folks. Don't, Mister Jo, spile it—don't go an' make 'em not give it to me,"

—and she got up in her extreme anxiety, and bobbing her head till every little tail stood on its own respective end, she peered into her tormentor's face for comfort. "I'll shine your shoes real splendid—an' I'll say you didn't hook the apples off'n Mis' Peters' tree that I saw you do, an' I'll foteh an' carry for you just forever if you'll only let 'em give me a Christmas, I will!"

"Give you a Christmas!" screamed Jo in the utmost derision, and snapping his fingers in her face till each woolly tail vibrated again. "Santa Claus don't come to such black bugs as you. Catch him! No, siree! You've got to fetch and carry for me, any way—and I shall tell everybody I see you don't want any Christmas, and you can't have it—you old horn-bug, you!"

"I ain't a horn-bug neither!" shrieked 'Biny in a perfect howl, every particle of fear gone at the thought of her longed-for Christmas vanishing from her grasp—"an' I will have a Christmas!" The last was almost lost, in the wail that Master Jo set up, as she sprang like a cat and buried both little black paws in his long light hair, repeating at every tweak—"I will have a Christmas, there!"

"Ow—ow! Take her off—do take her off!" came in shrieks from the dark cellar, and penetrated up the stairs, and all over the house—bringing a crowd of astonished rescuers to see Master Jo and little black 'Biny spinning around and around on the old brick floor, while the pan of potatoes, which had been kicked over between them, had rattled out all its contents, which were racing off for a good time by themselves.

"For the gracious goodness sakes! what upon arth!" cried old Ma'am Sukey, who was first down the stairs, and reaching one very black arm she grasped 'Biny, who ducked involuntarily, and released her hold on Master Jo's hair, at her approach—"Columbine Seraphina Scott! I reckon you'll smart for this!" And with a stride and a swoop, she hauled her half up the stairs in the face of the whole family assembled at the top.

"I—want—a Christ—mus!" came in gusts of despair from the little black mouth—"oh give me one—do!"

"A Christmas!" cried Ma'am Sukey, giving her a cuff that set the whole array of little tails to trembling so, it didn't seem as if they could ever be still again—"as shore as you're born, you never'll see a Christmas now!"

"You can't expect," said the gentle little lady of the house, looking at her hopeful son staggering up the stairs, rubbing blindly his aching and toused head, "to have us do much for you now. I did intend to, 'Biny; but you have been very naughty, and—"

"Ooh—boo—ooh"—'Biny flew off in a tangent from Ma'am Sukey's violent grasp, and flinging herself down flat on her face on the floor, gave free vent to all the disappointment in her aching

little heart in such howls of despair, that all the listeners were fain to stop their ears and flee.

"Can't ye stop yer yelpin' long enough for the Missus to talk to yer?" cried Ma'am Sukey, dealing her another generous cuff. "Ye whining—but ye hain't no more manners 'n a cat!"

But the little black figure wailing on, with no signs of stopping, it was presently picked up unceremoniously and thrust up stairs into a dark closet, until such time as her mother should get the dinner off from her hands, with leisure to attend to her.

"Whicky! won't she catch it though!" said Jo, witnessing 'Biny's disappearance. "I wouldn't want old Sukey's big black paws coming down on me! I guess she won't say anything more about Christmas for one spell. And when Christmas does come, I'll get one of those horrid masks down at Joneses, and look through the window and give her a scare."

This so tickled the benevolent Joseph, that he went off laughing, forgetting his smarting head, and also forgetting to tease his small brothers and sisters for at least three quarters of an hour.

The night before Christmas came. 'Biny had sobbed herself to sleep long ago. Everybody in the house was abed. Even old Marm Sukey, tired with her heavy day's work getting ready for the festivities of the morrow, when a big dinner was on the programme, was snoring heavily in a most delightful rest.

All of a sudden 'Biny started up right into the middle of her little bed in the corner of the dark room. Started up to find herself sneezing and sputtering to such a degree that she thought she should choke to death.

"Why—what—what is it, I wonder?" she stammered, half asleep, and screwing her little black fists into her smarting eyes—"tschee! I can't breathe!"

Marm Sukey snored on, and on. Suddenly 'Biny flew out of her little bed, dashed out into the hall, and with little, fleet footsteps, ran along into the main corridor. Here she turned down an alcove, and rushed precipitately into "Mister Jo's" room.

For a second she stopped, one foot on the sill. "He'll get a burnin'," she said, "an' he's so awful bad to me." Ah! the One who helps little children saved 'Biny now!

Only for a second. The next she was over by the long woolen curtains, pulling and snatching with quick, eager hands, to get the long burning shreds down, and stamping meanwhile with bare feet on the smouldering rug where the match had dropped. Oh, how she worked! The burning curtain sent out a flame that, if any one could have seen, would have lighted up a picture long to be remembered! The dark, little face, tense and suffering, in which the black, bead-like eyes were set with a purpose strong as death, looked no more black, but shone even as with heavenly light.

"Wake up! wake up!" she cried. But Jo, tired out with all the fun of the previous day, slept heavily on.

"Oh, dear! my night-gown's catchin'!" 'Biny had a dim, distant notion of how Marm Sukey would scold if any harm befell the little yellow flannel night-gown, and nerved herself to further exertions. And now the time had come when Jo MUST wake up, if ever. The room was so full of smoke, that 'Biny, with all her efforts, could scarcely breathe. She left the burning curtains, whose flames were now only smouldering, and, rushing up to the bed, she gave all her strength to the vigorous shaking of the sleeping boy.

"You'll be stuff-coated!" she screamed in his ear. "Oh, Mister Jo, do wake up!"

No need for 'Biny to work more! The aroused household, rushing in, snatched her up from the floor, where she had fallen, as the greatest treasure the house contained!

"I don't want no Christmas—I don't!" said 'Biny, next day, when conscience-stricken Jo had poured out the whole tide of his remorse to the whole of the family. "Oh, no, I don't," she added, raising her little blistered face to the tearful, grateful ones around her.

"Why not, dear child?" Jo's mother gave her a loving, tender clasp, as she sat in her lap. "Don't say no, 'Biny—why not?"

"You shall have—the best Christmas," cried Jo, with a gush of generous feeling, "that can be bought in this town, 'Biny Scott!" And he gave her such a hug, that 'Biny sat up straight as an arrow, and rubbed her eyes to look at him!

"But I don't want one," she insisted, the amazement a little subsiding. "No, I don't," she reiterated, on Jo's mother repeating her question, "'Cause I got one already," and she wriggled her toes, and gave a little squirm of delight at the thought. "Right in here—I feel most awful good in here," she finished solemnly, tapping her breast with her little black forefinger.

"Columbine is a good girl, I've allers said, ef she is mine," declared Marm Sukey, at sight of all the attention that now fell to 'Biny's lot, stalking out to the kitchen with such a high step of pride, that her turban nearly flew off from her head. "Aw, she's awful smart, ef I do say it as shouldn't! I foreordain nothin' but that she'll have to be a preacher's wife some day, I do, ef she keeps on!"

## The Christmas Prize.

BY MARY B. LEE.

"To include everything?"

"Yes, lessons, deportment, attendance, and the Christmas examination. I don't expect to get it, but I am going to try."

"So am I, but of course Jennie Norton is sure of it. She is always here, always knows her lessons, and is always perfect in deportment."

"But not so good in examination as you or I, Sadie."

"I know that, Julia, she can't think fast, and can't answer odd questions; but as she obtains all the marks obtainable in the month, the few marks she loses on examination lowers her average very little. What possessed me to be late this morning?"

"You have lost two marks by that, and I have lost two in deportment because I laughed at Sarah Hale's mistake in astronomy."

"What did she say?"

"That the sun causes day and the moon causes night."

"Well, the first half is right, and Sarah never answers more than half of a question correctly. You will see that she will go on believing that the moon causes night."

"Yes, Sadie, but speaking of astronomy reminds me that I do not know to-day's lesson, and I cannot afford to lose a mark."

"Nor I. I must look over the lesson, too. The professor is preparing some hard questions in astronomy for us. So, Julia, it will be a pitched battle between us. We always keep close together."

The week before Christmas was an exciting one for the pupils in Professor Moore's seminary. As Sadie expected, there were some hard questions in astronomy. Each question worth a certain number of credits. All the credits obtainable made one hundred and twenty, so that a pupil could receive one hundred per cent. without answering all the questions. One question was marked twenty credits. Evidently the professor considered it the hardest. It read as follows:

"Why are not the seasons of equal length?"

"They are of equal length," said Sadie to herself at first. "At least I always thought so. What does the question mean? If I could only answer this question correctly, I might come out ahead of Jennie Norton. I know by the expression of her face that she is puzzled. Let me see. The seasons are marked and limited by the arrival of the sun at the vernal equinox, the summer solstice, the autumnal equinox, and winter solstice. The ecliptic is divided into three hundred and sixty degrees, and these principal points of the ecliptic divide into four equal parts of ninety degrees each. I do believe I know why the seasons are not of equal length. I must write as I think, or the time will be up, and farewell twenty credits. The earth's orbit is an ellipse having the sun in one of the foci. The point nearest the sun is perihelion, and the one farthest away is aphelion. Now the earth moves most rapidly at perihelion, most slowly at aphelion, because, the nearer the sun, the more force exerted by the sun. Now, the earth is nearest the sun January 1st, or at perihelion, farthest from the sun July 1st, or at aphelion. Approaching perihelion the earth moves more and more rapidly; approaching aphelion, the earth moves more and more slowly, and as the radius vector of a planet's orbit passes over equal areas in equal times, it must pass over the area between the autumnal equinox and winter solstice, and from the winter solstice to the vernal equinox more rapidly than from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice, and from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox. So the autumn and winter seasons are shorter than the spring and summer seasons. Also, by counting the days in the months, it will be seen that autumn and winter are shorter than spring and summer."

Sadie drew a long breath when her long answer was written. When the examination was over, and the girls discussed the various questions, Sadie learned that she was the only one who had attempted to answer that about the length of the seasons.

A day or two of expectation followed, and then Professor Moore awarded Sadie not only twenty credits, but twenty-five, because her answer was so full.

Then came the adding of marks. Sadie came out two marks ahead of Jennie Norton, and thirty ahead of Julia.

"How did you ever think of that answer?" asked Julia.

"All Professor Moore said about perihelion and aphelion, and about being nearer the sun in winter than in summer, came to my mind. I thought a good deal about the subject at the time, so it was clear in my mind, though I had never thought that there was any difference in the length of the seasons."

So Sadie won the Christmas prize, and her father gave her a beautiful present for winning the prize.

**MATCHES** are made of pine-wood splints, which are first covered with a mixture of glue, phosphorus, and chlorate of potash, then heated and dipped in melted sulphur, either by hand or machine, and such quantities are made that one English saw-mill cuts up yearly four hundred timber trees into splints.

**GUM-SHELLAC.**—An insect in the east, after laying its eggs on the bark of trees, covers them with lac for protection. This lac produces the red dye, from which sealing-wax is made, after it is mixed with resin. When lac is melted and strained the product is thin plates, which are put in use.

**THE DRUIDS.**—When some one asked me who the Druids were, I thought I had the answer at my tongue's end. But after replying that they were priests of ancient Britain and Gaul, who worshiped

in consecrated groves, I could say no more. There is considerable more to be told. They were termed Druids from *Drus*, the Greek word for oak, because they worshiped the oak. They offered human sacrifices, and while holding a belief in one God, they had other divinities to whom they gave partial worship. They had some knowledge of astrology, and exercised judicial functions. Their downfall commenced at the conquest of Britain by Cæsar, and only the ruins of Stonehenge testify to their existence.

### Queen Anne's Doll-House.

Just facing the turn-stile through which one passes into the first hall of the South Kensington Museum, in London, stands a large doll-house, about eight feet high by six wide, an object of great interest to all little girls and most mammas who visit there. This baby mansion, with its doll master and mistress, children and servants, was given originally to a daughter of the Archbishop of York.

The donor was Queen Anne, generally known as "good Queen Anne," probably because the chief desire and aim of her life seemed to be the making others happy. Queen Anne was the last of the unfortunate line of Stuarts, who occupied the English throne, and was, like the present good queen, queen regnant, a term which means one who reigns in her own right. Her husband was Prince George of Denmark, and they lived together in perfect happiness for twenty years.

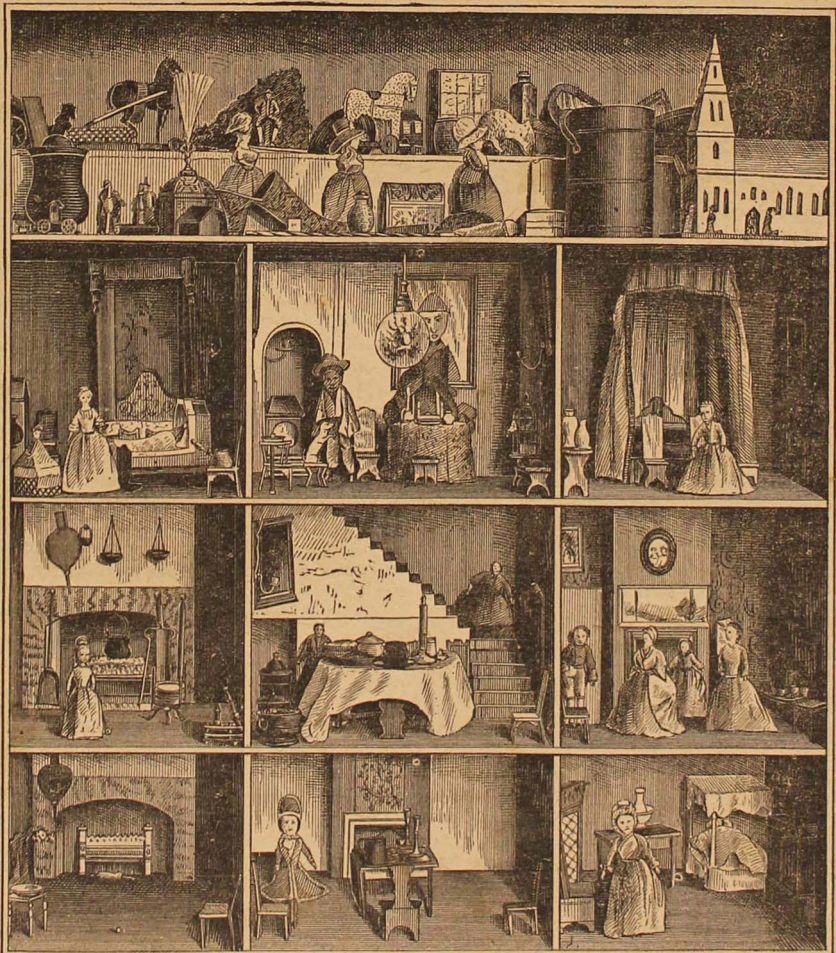
She was the mother of seventeen dear babes, of whom sixteen died in infancy, only one, the Duke of Gloucester, living to the age of eleven. There is a portrait of him at Hampton Court, which

represents a bright and handsome boy, dressed in blue velvet and diamonds. There are many stories told of this young prince, such as his telling King William (his uncle) that he possessed two dead horses and one live one (his Shetland pony and two little wooden horses), and of the king's saying that he had better bury the dead ones out of sight, and his consequently insisting on burying his playthings with funeral honors and composing their epitaph.

His tutor one day asked him, "How can you, being a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?" To this the child gravely responded: "I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways."

When only ten years, he was so forward in his studies that he was able to pass an examination four times a year on subjects which included jurisprudence, the Gothic law, and the feudal system! But on his eleventh birthday the little duke was taken ill, and five days after (July 30th, 1700), died at Windsor Castle, in the arms of his grief-stricken mother, who had loved him as only a mother can love who has seen her treasures taken from her, one by one.

We can all fancy how sad her life must have been, though she lived in a palace, and had wealth and splendor at her command, and how sorely she missed the baby voices and baby fingers which mothers always hear and feel, no matter how great the din of life about them. Perhaps this very loneliness and longing made her more thoughtful for other little ones, and caused her to have this house prepared for the tiny maid, whose home was away off in bleak Yorkshire. I can see the little girl now in my "mind's eye," on that Christmas morning nearly two hundred



QUEEN ANNE'S DOLL HOUSE.

years ago, when she received the royal gift. There she stands, in the great hall of the archiepiscopal palace, the huge logs snapping in the open fireplace, the carved oak chimney-piece surmounted by stags' antlers, the walls in their holiday dress of ivy and holly, and a thick bunch of mistletoe berries over the door (do you know what for?)—there she stands, this bright-eyed maid in her scarlet merino frock, her yellow hair tied back with gay ribbons, looking not unlike the robin redbreasts which twittered and chirped then, as now, in the Cathedral Close, picking up the crumbs scattered over the crisp snow for their daily feast.

What fun she and her little friends had over their doll families when lessons were ended, what fasts and feasts, what weddings and funerals, mimicking all the events of this mortal life. And, doubtless, when she grew up and put aside her childish toys, the house, grown somewhat shabby with age and use, still found favor in her eyes, not only for the sake of her who gave it, but because of the fair memories which the sight of it conjures up, of the days when

"She had life like flowers and bees  
In betwixt the country trees;  
And the sun the pleasures taught her  
Which he teacheth everything."

## Demorest Cabinet Games, No. 2.

(See the two card sheets.)

This amusing game is presented to every subscriber with Demorest's Illustrated Magazine.

Detach the two cards from the book, and carefully cut each into five parts. First, cut off the large row of letters at the foot of the card. Second, the four rows on the left-hand side, and separate the remaining portion into three cards of equal size.

Divide the eight left-hand rows neatly into separate letters of twelve each, and then the two larger rows at the foot, keeping each style of letters (there are seven) separate.

### DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING THE GAME.

The game can be played by from two to six persons. One of the players must be chosen as "caller;" he takes the twenty-four large letters and places them in a bag, box or anything else suitable for the purpose, and mixes them well together; each of the players (including the "caller") has one of the oblong cards with the corresponding set of twelve letters placed upon the table before them.

The game commences by the "caller" drawing one of the letters from the bag and calling it, each player then looks at his card, and if it has a square upon it containing a small letter, as called, he covers it with the corresponding letter from his set of twelve; for instance, if A is called, he, finding a square upon his card contains a small A, covers it with A from his set of letters. The game continues in this manner until one of the players has got one line filled up, that is to say, four squares in a row containing small letters covered in the manner here described. Only one square may be covered at a time.

It is most important in playing this game that each player's set of twelve letters should correspond in design with those on his card, in fact the game cannot be played unless they are so sorted.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST is increasing so rapidly, and is already so large, that new subscribers are requested earnestly to send in advance of the holidays, so that there may be no delay in the reception of Magazines and premiums.

## The Most Beautiful of Premiums.

We must congratulate our readers, as well as ourselves, on the success of our efforts to secure Mr. Reinhart's beautiful picture of "Consolation" as a premium. In the reproduction all the original softness, tenderness and celestial loveliness have been preserved, and it is at once most valuable as an exquisitely conceived and executed work, and a fine embodiment of religious faith and trust. All the mothers will want it.

## Three Men of High Degree.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THERE were three men of high degree,  
Puffy and stuffy as they could be,  
Made up their minds to cross the sea.

If you had seen the little craft  
They started in, you would have laughed,  
And thought the men were surely daft.

They found it lying high and dry  
Upon the beach; and said "O my!  
It's old; but that don't signify!"

And so these men of high degree  
Got in with great alacrity,  
And started out to cross the sea.

The waves ran high, the sea was rough,  
The boat was made of wretched stuff,  
And soon their case was bad enough.

She sprang a leak! On every side  
The seams kept gaping; gaped so wide  
They gave swift entrance to the tide.

And oh! as sorry as they could be  
Were these three men of high degree  
That they had ever gone to sea.

The wind came up with whiz and whirr,  
And scared them so they couldn't stir;  
And they were drowned? Of course they were!

### MORAL.

Their folly and fate I beg you'll note,  
And never imagine you can float  
Across the sea in a leaky boat!

OBEDIENT CHILDREN MAKE THE BEST  
THERE



YOUR PARDON

ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.



**Dinners.**—As a rule, modern dinner giving is one of the most foolish, not to say wicked, and certainly useless forms of entertainment. Persons who are invited to dinners are not those who need them. They are always those who have dinners at home, and who not unfrequently satisfy their appetites before going among strangers, rather than risk the indigestion and disordered stomach which the eating of a great, unusual dinner invariably entails.

Dinners are the least social of almost any form of entertainment, because it is not considered in taste to arrive at the house of one's entertainer until the hour at which the food is put upon the table, and it is a mere chance if the person who is your next neighbor will be congenial, or one whom you care to see, or with whom you can carry on an intelligent conversation.

Dinners are usually a mere parade of glass, china, flowers and *viandes*, which nine out of ten of those who partake of them would feel that they were better without.

Of course, this need not be so. There is nothing more delightful than a really social dinner, where the party, whether small or large (it is much better small), consists of persons who know each other and are in harmony, so far as position and general ideas are concerned.

The fashion of state dinners has really undermined and partly destroyed the genuine hospitality which ought to be an outgrowth of every home, and which admits of the addition of a friend to the family meal without change or confusion. Neatness and liberality in the habits of the household permit this form of dinner giving, which is the best of all, and exercises the most salutary influence upon table manners and customs.

### CHRISTMAS DINNERS

are exceptional, and are not bound by the same laws as those which regulate formal and fashionable dinner giving. Whoever has a home, a Christmas turkey, and above all, a Christmas plum-pudding, is delighted, on this occasion, to share them with friends as well as family; and the good will and the welcome being there, it is of little consequence whether the cut glass and the French *entrees* are absent or present.

We subjoin, in addition to the recipes of Christmas dishes, some bills of fare for Christmas dinners, which may serve young housekeepers as a guide to the display of culinary ability:

### PLAIN FAMILY DINNER.

Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing.  
Cranberry Sauce.  
Celery.  
Mashed Potatoes, Peas, or Corn.  
Stewed Tomatoes and boiled Onions.  
Chicken Fricassee.  
Salad.  
Plum Pudding, with Sauce.  
Nuts. Apples. Oranges.  
Coffee.

### FAMILY DINNER.

Tomato Soup.  
Celery.  
Oysters on the half shell (with Lemon).  
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.  
Vegetables as preferred.  
Plum Pudding.  
Pumpkin Pie. Apple Meringue.  
Nuts. Grapes. Raisins. Figs.  
Coffee and Tea.

## DINNER FOR SIX PERSONS.

Oyster Soup.  
 Croquettes of Lobster. Stewed Celery.  
 Boiled Turkey (Oyster Dressing).  
 Mashed Potatoes. Cranberry Jelly.  
 Roast Chicken, with Lemon, Rice, and  
 Currant Jelly.  
 Salad.  
 Lemon Pudding. Mince Pies. Cranberry Tarts.  
 Nuts. Fruit.  
 Coffee.

## DINNER FOR TWELVE PERSONS.

Oysters on the half shell, served with Lemon.  
 Celery.  
 Vermicelli Soup.  
 Sardines.  
 Boiled Cod, with Lobster Sauce.  
 Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.  
 Boiled Chicken and Ham, with Asparagus, and  
 Currant Jelly.  
 Lemon Fritters.  
 Braised Duck, with green Peas and Barberry Jelly.  
 Salad.  
 Plum Pudding. Mince Pies.  
 Nuts. Fruit.  
 Clear Coffee.  
 The last served in the drawing-room.

**Our Christmas Pudding.**—One pound of beef suet well chopped; one pound of bread-crumbs; two table-spoonfuls of flour; two pounds of currants, picked, washed, and dried; two pounds of raisins, stoned; one quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, well shred; half an ounce of spice, mixed nutmeg and cinnamon; six eggs, well beaten; a cup of sugar; a salt-spoon of salt. Mix with just enough sweet cider to well moisten it, and boil in a mold four hours.

**Plain Plum Pudding.**—Three-quarters of a pound of suet; one pound of fine bread-crumbs; three table-spoonfuls of flour; one pound of raisins; one pound of currants; one quarter of a pound of lemon peel, and a little sugar, if preferred. Beat up seven eggs, and mix all the ingredients well together. Boil first time four hours, second time two hours, and serve with creamed liquid sauce.

**Delicious Plum Pudding.**—One pound of bread-crumbs; two pounds of stoned raisins; one pound of currants; three-quarters of a pound of suet, chopped as fine as dust, with the aid of a little flour; one-quarter of a pound of citron, orange, and lemon peel, some cut in thin strips and some in four-cornered little lumps; four or six eggs, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Spread the bread crumbs, with a little flour, in a large open pan; mix the suet, and spice to taste, with it, then stir in the fruit, then the milk and eggs, well beaten up, and grate a nutmeg over the whole. Wet the pudding cloth, arrange it in a mold, and put in the batter. Take care that it is not too liquid to run through the cloth, or too solid to make it difficult to take up with a spoon. Tie up carefully, put in a pot of boiling water, and boil four hours or more, according to its size.

**Plum Pudding without Eggs.**—Three-quarters of a pound each of currants, raisins, and suet; one-half a pound each of flour and bread-crumbs; one-quarter of a pound of moist sugar; one-third of a nutmeg, almond flavoring to taste, two ounces of candied peel; as much milk as will moisten it well—about one pint, or less—as it must be fairly stiff. Chop the suet very fine, and mix all together. Boil ten hours, six when made, and four when required for use.

**Mother Eve's Pudding.**

“Take two pennyworth of eggs, when two for a groat, Take the same fruit that Eve once did cozen, Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen, Six ounces of currants, from the stones you must part, Or they'll break your teeth and spoil all your sport,

Five ounces of bread—let your maid eat the crust—The crumb must be grated as small as the dust. Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet, Salt, nutmeg, and orange peel to make it complete. Three hours let it boil, without hurry or flutter, And then serve it up with sugar and butter.”

**Greatest and Best of Plum Puddings.**—Two pounds of bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound of prepared flour, one and a half of kidney suet, finely chopped, two pounds of Sultana raisins stoned, and cut two pounds of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of mixed candied peel, twelve eggs, one quart of rich milk, the rind of two lemons grated, a cup of sugar, two nutmegs, one ounce of powdered sweet almonds, half an ounce of cinnamon. Boil six hours.

**Baked Plum Pudding.**—The basis of all well-made plum puddings must be bread-crumbs, as flour, in quantity, makes them indigestible. But in baked plum pudding the suet should be replaced by butter, and the candied peel put in finer and in smaller quantities. In other respects, proceed exactly as for boiled plum puddings, and bake two or three hours, according to size.

**John Bull's Pudding.**—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, made fine, and mixed with half a pound of prepared flour; eight eggs; one pound of stoned raisins; one of suet; one of washed, dried, and floured currants; half a pound of mixed lemon, and orange, and citron candied peel; one ounce of mixed spice, mixed with a full pint of sweet, fresh cider, and boiled five hours. Serve with burnt sauce.

**Turnips in White Sauce.**—Peel and cut white, juicy turnips in any pretty shapes, such as miniature pears. Boil them in salt and water, and when perfectly tender drain them, and pour over them a sauce made with a table-spoonful of flour mixed smooth with cold milk, and to which should be added a coffee-cup of mixed milk and water boiling. Add a table-spoonful of butter, a little salt, and boil up once more after it has been added to the flour.

**Baked Rice Pudding.**—Boil one tea-cupful of well-washed rice in water until tender, with a salt-spoon of salt. Put the rind of a lemon into a pint of milk, and let it slowly infuse until it is flavored. Then beat the yolks of three eggs and stir them into the milk. Take a quarter of a pound of currants, well cleaned, dried, and flowered, mix them with the rice, and then stir into it the milk and eggs. Butter the dish and pour the mixture into it. It will only require about three-quarters of an hour to bake. When it is done, the beaten whites of the eggs, mixed with powdered sugar, should be put on the top and lightly browned.

**Baked Tomatoes.**—Take large, smooth, fair tomatoes, remove the core, and fill each one with a dressing of bread-crumbs, seasoned highly with pepper and salt, and more moderately with grated onion and butter. Cover the tops with the pieces cut smoothly off, and bake slowly, and until they are browned.

**Braised Ducks.**—Prepare the ducks exactly like chickens for the dressing, which should be seasoned with butter, sage, and onions, as well as salt and pepper. Put them in a pot with some chopped onion, a little butter, and water enough to steam. Let them stew gently with the lid on, and then let the water evaporate, and then brown them. Serve with green peas and barberry jelly.

**Oyster Soup.**—Two quarts of oysters, three pints of new milk, three ounces of butter, one and a half ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and mace, if liked. Put the milk over boiling water; drain the oysters, and put the liquor in a saucepan on the stove; wash the oysters, and remove every particle of shell that may adhere to them. When

the milk is hot, add the butter and flour, rubbed smoothly together, and thinned with a little of the milk; let it cook, stirring slowly, until slightly thickened; the liquor, which must be well boiled, skimmed, and *hot*, may then be added, and after that the drained oysters. As soon as they are well puffed, and the edges somewhat curled, serve the soup. Half a pint of rich cream is a great improvement, and may be used instead of the butter. Serve with them a plate of small crackers, crisped in the oven.

**Lemon Dumplings.**—Take half a pound of grated bread, quarter of a pound of suet chopped fine, quarter of a pound of sugar, and one lemon. Squeeze the juice on the sugar, and chop the rest very fine. Grate one large apple (Spitzenberg or Greening), and mix all thoroughly with two even table-spoonfuls of flour, and three well-beaten eggs. Tie in square pieces of cotton cloth, drop in boiling water, and boil three-quarters of an hour, with a tin plate under them to prevent their sticking to the kettle. Serve with the following sauce. This quantity will make eight dumplings.

**Fairy Butter for Dumplings.**—Take four ounces of butter, five ounces of powdered sugar, and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cream the butter thoroughly, and add the sugar gradually, beating hard and fast until it is very light. Add the lemon and beat three minutes more. To be served *plied*, as it falls from the spoon, not smooth.

**Mince Pies.**—One secret of good mince pies is long baking, the other is to make them of the very best materials, well prepared, and plenty of them. Niggard hands should never make mince pies, nor, in fact, any pies at all, for if they are not good, they are like Jeremiah's figs, very bad indeed.

**Old Family Mince Pies.**—Three pounds of fresh roast beef, chopped fine, and added to one pound of beef kidney suet, after it has been chopped and strained; three pounds of Rhode Island Greening apples, after they have been chopped; three pounds of raisins, muscatels, two stoned and one left whole; one pound and a half of well-cleaned and dried currants; a pound of mixed candied peel, one-third lemon, one-third orange, one-third citron; one pound of light brown sugar, and a second put with a pint of golden syrup into a quart of sweet, fresh cider, with which it should be boiled until it is reduced one-third. To the other ingredients add the juice and grated rinds of two oranges and two lemons, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, two large nutmegs, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, and half or more of ground cloves. When all these are put together, add the boiled cider, and mix thoroughly.

Make a paste by mixing half a pound of lard to half a tea-spoonful of salt and a pound of flour, with cold water. Roll out with butter, dredging with flour, until it has been rolled out three times. Cover with pastry quarter of an inch thick, and bake in a steady, but not fierce oven, covering with paper, if the top becomes too brown.

**Smothered Chickens.**—Cut the chickens in the back, lay them flat in a dripping-pan with one cup of water; let them stew in the oven until they begin to get tender, take them out, and season with salt and pepper. Rub together one and one half table-spoons of flour, one table-spoon butter, spread all over the chicken. Put back in the oven, baste well, and when tender and nicely brown, take out of the dripping-pan; mix with the gravy in the pan one cup of thickened milk with a little flour; put on the stove, and let it scald up well, and pour over the chickens; parsley chopped fine is a nice addition to the gravy.


# MIRRORED FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN  
IN STYLE  
FURNISHING

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

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.

## Review of Fashions.

THE world does move—whether backward or forward is sometimes a question, or whether its progress is always an actual advancement of its moral as well as its material interest, is another question; but that it does not remain stationary is certain. We sometimes say that the same questions constantly recur in a cycle of years, or that the same fashions reappear within a given length of time; but though the same questions do come up, as they must—for the generations, as they succeed each other, find the same problems meeting them at every turn—yet they are modified or changed by the new conditions. And just so in regard to dress: though there are revivals, and constant reminiscences of past modes in present fashions, yet there are some things we know never could come back, such as the iron collar for example, and the wooden stays, and the headdress floured thick, and piled high, story upon story. And the reason why such things cannot be revived is because we are better informed in regard to the physiological effect of such appliances, and are a part of an active modern life that does not admit of hindrances or incumbrances in the shape of clothing, or any other, any more than can be helped. Gradually as men became absorbed in matters of vital importance they dropped everything extraneous in the way of clothing, and every one knows that among men it would be impossible to revive such things as “trunk” hose, yellow satin coats, lace ruffles to the sleeves, gold lace upon the hat, and the like. Among men such decoration is now a mere badge of servitude, and the tendency among women, notwithstanding the occasional revivals of old ideas, is toward a simple, convenient dress in which to meet the ordinary exigencies of life, whatever latitude may be allowed to social refinements, and the claims of high civilization.

There is a theory with some that this manly simplicity of style should extend to indoor as well as outdoor uses, that attention to dress is unworthy a woman, and that it degrades her, reduces her to a position of inferiority. But this is not a truth-

ful view of the subject. Dress has in all ages been a subject upon which thought has been expended, and its development, the working out of certain problems with regard to it, has been as interesting as the improvements in dwellings, the development and elaboration of architecture. We charge upon women the attention to dress which renders it a matter of constant and serious importance; but in reality men devote fully as much time, thought, and labor to the abstract question—to the question of form, to the elucidation of colors, and even to the composition of toilets—as women. Some of the most interesting works on the dress question have been written by men, as those of M. Blane, for example, while the whole domain of modern industries is now so inextricably mixed up with this subject of dress, that for the world of women to at once assume the plainness of men would be to reduce very large numbers of men and women to pauperism, and compel the rest of the world to give to a degrading and pauper-creating charity what had before been given to honest industry.

The world is not so great after all, and is resolvable into a very few elemental principles. Even the infinite variety that seems to have grown out of it is more in appearance than in reality, and serves a merciful purpose in furnishing interests which fill up the measure of what are after all in the majority narrow and often hard and cruel lives. We cannot control the destinies of dress any more than any other. The best we can do is to act according to our own sense of right and duty, and not join a mere hue and cry which has neither sense nor meaning. The world moves but slowly. The dress of to-day, the furniture, the living of to-day is simplicity itself, beside the glitter, the elaboration, the embroidery, the ribbons, the colors, the lace, in—well, in Louis XIV.'s time. But then the elegance, the dress, the rich furnishings were confined to a very few persons; now, and in this country especially, dress is so nearly equalized by modern methods, the cheap distribution of good models, that it is often remarked, you cannot tell the rich from the poor by their dress; the rich, if anything, wearing plainer clothing, though it may be more costly.

## Models for the Month.

OUR illustrations for the present month include one of the most elegant of the recent designs for princess dresses, several short walking costumes, cloaks, a new polonaise, and very pretty designs for children's wear. The princess dress is called the “Regina,” and may be composed of a combination of plain satin with embroidered or brocaded satin or velvet, plain *satin de Lyon* with brocaded satin, or plain silk with striped satin or velvet. Of course a stripe is much better than a figure, if the wearer is at all inclined to *embonpoint*. The dress is cut away from the front, upon which is massed a number of narrow flounces surmounted by a brocaded scarf, tied in front, the fringed ends hanging over the plain ruffles. The train is attached separately to the back, and shirred down, or with a deep heading. The sides form *paniers* and a curtain-like drapery which terminates in wide loops and a broad fringed end. The collar is faced with the plain fabric, and shirred at the back. The sleeves have a cuff turned up at the bottom which is shortened for the display of gloves and bracelets. About twenty-two yards of fabric of ordinary width would be required.

The “Hortensia” costume is an example of the plain striped skirt with an over-dress in another material. The striped goods may be composed of inch-wide, or clustered, or very narrow stripes, but it is usually of a handsome description—a combination of velvet and satin, or velvet and brocade, forming the alternating lines. Over this the short polonaise forms side-*paniers* and a graceful drapery; cuffs and handkerchief are shirred on, and a wide belt with buckle completes the dress.

The “Clelia” walking-skirt is another example of the short dress, and an almost plain skirt. In this design the stripe forms the front breadth only, and this is buttoned on upon each side to the side-plaited panels which form the sides, the back having a narrow plaiting surmounted by a deep diagonal band of the striped fabric. The drapery, and arrangement of *paniers*, seem particularly pretty and graceful, and, as only twelve

yards of narrow or six yards of wide goods are required to make it entire, it would form an inexpensive as well as effective costume, for basque and sleeves would only call for from two to four yards more of material, according to width.

A great deal of cost is sometimes expended upon wrappers, and the "Marquise," while not so elaborate as some, is yet extremely elegant when made up in a rich material. It is, in reality, a princess design, with a small demi-train set in at the back by means of shirring, and an over-jacket extending to the shoulder and side seams, and forming *paniers* below the line of the waist.

If the body part of the wrapper is made of black satin, a striking effect may be imparted by making the *panier* jacket of garnet, gold color, or pink satin, embroidered or trimmed with jetted lace, or it may be made of raw silk in cashmere colors. Instead of the satin, also, the entire dress may be made of an imitation cashmere stuff in raw silk or silk and wool, or it may be made in wool of a solid color, bronze brown or olive green, and trimmed with Indian cashmere in any design to suit the taste. Twelve yards of a narrow width material will make it entire, exclusive of the ruffle, for which a yard or a yard and a half additional will be necessary.

The cloaks illustrated in the present number are very stylish examples of the long, close shapes with dolman sleeves, which are fashionable this season.

The "Florella" is suitable for cloth, *matelassé* silk, or *sicilienne*, and should be trimmed with a bordering of fur, or many rows of thick, narrow braid, and handsome, solid buttons. If silk, it may be lined with fur, but it is best not to make these long cloaks too heavy, as the weight becomes very burdensome.

For a warm, medium cloth jacket, there is no better or more serviceable design than the "Romelia," which is simple, well-shaped, and easily made by an amateur. It may be made in any of the basket, diagonal, or mixed cloths of the season. It may be finished with a thick cord upon the edge, and several rows of machine stitching, or the stitching without the cord, and large buttons.

### Walking Skirts.

QUILTED satin in garnet, dark blue, brown, and olive green, is much used for winter walking skirts, and should be accompanied, and usually are, by spun silk stockings to match. Another pretty style of dark skirt consists of flannel in any dark cloth colors, trimmed with fine knife-plaitings, and bands of dark imitation India cashmere, instead of the showy embossed velvets formerly used.

### Consolation.

REINHART'S popular picture entitled "Consolation," reproduced in oil colors by a process of printing by one of the most successful art publishers of New York, is one of the latest surprises to the lovers of the beautiful, and its subject appeals to the best sentiments of the heart. The subject represents a mother's grief at the loss of her darling child, assuaged by the assurance that it is conveyed by the angels to the better world; the picture represents the prostrate form of the mother in the immediate foreground, the child is confidently resting on the arm of an angel, while an attendant throng of the shining host are hovering around. Its reproduction is a marvel of beauty, interest, and artistic excellence that does credit to our national reputation for taste and progress in the arts.



RECEPTION TOILET.

### Fashionable Wooden Shoes.

A FRENCH novelty is the artistic "sabat," instead of a boot or shoe. It is made in the shape of the wooden shoes worn by the French peasantry, but of beautifully carved cedar, rosewood, or colonial bark. It is ornamented with silver or other metal settings. It can be made, too, of black stained wood and set with steel knobs. It is a much prettier invention than the turned up Chinese slipper. It diminishes the foot in size and exhibits the silk clocked or striped filosele hose. The "sabat" is also advantageous to the Marguerite balayouse, a new frilling for the inside of skirts. It consists of a band that is plain instead of being kilted, and is made either of superior muslin or plain percale. Three rows of embroidery are gathered at the lower basis, one above the other, so that the foot emerges from a small labyrinth of delicate snowy work.

### Reception Toilet.

THE Regina princess dress, made in plain black satin, combined with brocaded satin having a black ground, with the designs in red and gold. The brocade forms the main portion of the dress, the plain satin being used for the skirt in front, the collar, and cuffs. The handsome fringe is made of satin balls, tassels, and strands of *chenille*, in which the colors are combined. *Fichu* collar, made of white India muslin, and trimmed with fine *point d'esprit* lace. The design has a full, flowing train at the back, shirred at the top, and sewed to short back-pieces, and the sides are arranged in *panier* style. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

### A Christmas Gift.

WOULD you give that which will be most welcome? Give a year's subscription to this magazine.



**Evening and Reception Dresses.**

ONE of the changes to note in evening dresses is the revival of close-fitting jacket bodices, which differ from the skirt in material and color. The skirt may be of tinted satin, with scarfs of rich embroidered silk, gauze, or tulle, draped, crossed, re-crossed, or tied over it. The jacket may be of dark red, bronze, or black velvet, trimmed with gold embroidery or enriched with beaded fringe and trimmings, and forming altogether as striking a contrast as possible to the rest of the costume.

Some of these jackets are perfectly tight-fitting basques; others are coats, with very long, slender lapels extending down the sides of the train, and holding the drapery at the back in position; others are cut away from the front, very short, and carried back in one long, slender tail-piece, which rests flat against the center of the back where it forms almost an indentation, the drapery being arranged as paniers upon the sides, and a small round train spreading out below.

Of course, this innovation upon the complete costume, and revival of an old style, though in a different form, is capable of varied modification. Already the spencer, which was worn thirty or forty years ago, has appeared in black and crimson silk and satin, with white skirts and satin sashes, and doubtless we shall see again the low basque bodices, and velvet sleeveless waists, which were so fashionably worn, in conjunction with light evening materials, twenty-five years ago.

Another novelty in evening dresses consists of delicate tinted silk or satin, striped, and trimmed with very wide ribbons, the center showing leopard spots upon a light ground, or chintz figures

in blended color, the sides dark stripes of solid color in black, plum-color, bronze, or brown. The ribbon forms at least one long stripe extending diagonally nearly the length of the dress. It may also form a simulated vest, or square plastron, the sides of the basque, the front of the tablier, and in addition triangular pieces alternating with gores composed of narrow ruffles round the bottom of the skirt.

The style seems to be modeled on that of the "Bandanna" dresses of last summer, but it is not ugly if well put together, and furnishes an admirable mode of making over an old light silk or satin evening dress, into a rather striking and distinguished costume.

A very pretty and modest reception dress for a young lady is made of stone-colored silk, trimmed with embroidery of forget-me-nots, and finished with square blue silk waistcoat, upon which the embroidery, in different shades, is repeated.

Some very pretty cuirass basques of garnet velvet have been made to freshen up white silk skirts, to the trimming of which a little of the velvet is added. In fact, there are no end of ways in which a dark velvet or satin bodice may be turned to account, and young ladies who go much in society, and meet changes, will make the most of the opportunity.

The very long trains, round or square, are now quite reserved for the most ceremonious occasions. The small round train is the one most employed, and this is filled in underneath with a mass of stiff muslin plaitings, which obviates entirely the necessity for long trained underskirts. For afternoon receptions, short walking costumes are not only admissible, but are adopted by ladies acknowledged as leaders in society.

A very handsome one is made of garnet silk, combined with narrow striped garnet velvet, the edges showing a lining or facing of garnet satin. A very full *jabot* of *point d'esprit*, in which is a couple of tea-roses, is worn at the throat. The

gloves are pale *écru* in shade, and the hat an *écru* beaver trimmed with garnet feathers.

Another short dress is of black *satin de Lyon*, with plain tablier, and square vest of figured velvet. The coat basque is arranged with loops of velvet, which intermingle with the drapery, and panels of plaited satin separate the velvet tablier from the back of the skirt, on one side, while on the other it is looped high, and finished with a *cascade* composed of the satin plaited also.

A great feature of thin evening dresses, such as gaseline and gauze, is the immense amount of shirring put upon them and the quaint simplicity of the designs. Round Grecian waists have re-appeared, and short puffed sleeves finished with narrow bands and ruffles.

All black dresses are of satin, or figured silk, and many of them are made with plain, demi-trained skirts, with only a thick ruching round the bottom or a knife-plaiting arranged in daisy flutings upon a foundation of plaited black lace. Very costly trimmings are often used, consisting of masses of fine jet, or jet embroideries upon lace. The fringes, also, are of exquisite design, and used in profusion. A novelty consists of strands of *chenille*, each one terminating in a soft ball. Very thick, fluffy ruches, composed of sewing-silk fringe, have also been revived, and give to some of the demi-trained dresses that floral effect which was obtained from the fringed-out ruching a few years ago. The latitude is now so great that it is possible to wear anything that is pretty and becoming, or odd and original; but the tendency is decidedly towards a revival of the Josephine styles, the short, round waists, the wide belts, the straight skirts, and the sashes of childhood.



HORTENSIA COSTUME.



REGINA PRINCESS DRESS.

**Hortensia Costume.**—The simplicity of this design does not detract from, but rather imparts, a stylish effect. The costume consists of a plain, gored skirt, sufficiently short to escape the ground all around; and a short polonaise having full *paniers* on the sides, a *bouffant* drapery at the back, and the waist trimmed with a shirred *plastron* that extends to the back, to form a shirred, pointed collar. The polonaise is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, deep darts taken out under the arms, and side forms in the back carried to the shoulders. The skirt is cut with an apron, one side gore at each side, and two full breadths in the back. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is very desirable for a combination of fabrics or colors. It can be simply or elaborately trimmed, according to taste and the material used. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

**Regina Princess Dress.**—A novel and very *distingué* design, arranged so as to simulate in front two dresses of contrasting materials worn one over the other, the inner one trimmed at the bottom with narrow flounces, surmounted by sashes; and the upper one very much cut-away above and below the waist line. The side gores and side forms are arranged in *panier* style; and a shirred breadth, which is added to the short back pieces, forms a full and very graceful train. The dress is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is suitable to all handsome dress fabrics, and is especially-desirable for a combination of goods or colors. The trimming should be in keeping with the material used. This design is illustrated elsewhere on a separate figure. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



WINTER CLOAKS.

## Winter Cloaks.

FIG. 1.—A street costume, arranged with the "Georgette" cloak, made in Antwerp silk trimmed with handsome *plaques* of embroidered velvet; and a dress with the short skirt, made of deep wine-colored woolen *armure*, combined with figured *velours* of the same color. Bonnet of gray French felt, trimmed with wine-colored *satin antique*, and a bird with bright-colored plumage at the side. Muff of chinchilla fur. Pattern of cloak in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Georgette" cloak, made in *armure* silk, lined with cardinal satin, and trimmed with velvet *plaques* embroidered with jet, is combined with a black velvet dress, having a plain demi-train skirt, to form this stylish carriage toilet. Bonnet of white plush, corded and with cardinal satin, and trimmed on the outside with satin flowers of the same color in velvet foliage. For price of pattern, see previous description.

FIG. 3.—A street costume made of very dark blue cashmere and woolen *damassé*, worn with the "Fiorella" cloak, made in invisible blue basket-woven cloth, trimmed with chinchilla fur. Bonnet of dark blue felt, trimmed with gray *satin antique*, blue velvet, and a handsome bird with green and blue shaded plumage. Pattern of cloak in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

## Blue and Gold.

NEITHER blue nor yellow are now used in mass to the extent that they were formerly—at least, not in the bright shades which light up every other color by which they may happen to be surrounded. But in small quantities, both blue and yellow are introduced into almost every species of design and fabric, and the result is a sort of illumination, a jeweled effect, which could be obtained in no other way. The yellows are the shades of jonquil or gold, the buttercup yellow and the bright tint of the mustard at its fullest flowering. The blues are the old blues of pottery, the modern china blue used in Dresden porcelain, the peacock tints and the amethyst blue, as distinguished from the turquoise.

These colors, in the minutest specks, gem the surface of all figured goods, which belong to the richer class, and star them as daisies, forget-me-nots, and dandelions do the darkly-shaded depths of a forest dell, or the emerald surface of a grassy meadow.

All the best effects in color are produced by this species of illumination for the dark or neutral body, and the reason why an all-red dress or an all-yellow dress sometimes looks well in a crowd is because the majority always wear dark or neutral colors, and the wearer makes a bright spot in a collection which would be otherwise too gay or too somber.

## Marquise Wrapper.

THIS stylish design is made in deep, wine-colored woolen *armure*, the front made of *damassé* silk of the same color, and ornamented with bows of double-faced satin ribbon, pale blue, and wine-color. Bands of the *damassé* form the trimming on the front of the jacket, and the collar and cuffs are made of the same material. Cap of white *batiste*, embroidered with wine-color, and trimmed with *point d'esprit* lace. Pattern of wrapper, thirty cents each size.

WEDDING GIFTS.—A fan given to a bride is outspread, and not intended to be furled. It is of ivory of the most exquisite fineness. Upon its surface are laid wonderful green crystals brought from South Africa, and having a wonderful iridescence. The design in which they are arranged is intended to imitate the effect of sunlight in passing through parti-colored glass. This effect cannot be properly described, for it depends in a great measure upon the way in which the light falls upon the fan as it waves to and fro.

To the same bride was given a pair of ear-rings of a design singularly graceful and entirely novel. A fuchsia is represented in enamel of great delicacy, while its center is a pearl. This is the more beautiful from the fact that the effect produced is that of a partly expanded but not a perfectly unfolded flower. This design will not be repeated. Another and a unique fan represented a process-

sion of gnomes solemnly bearing dead birds and butterflies upon their backs. Each gnome is shod with acorn cups. This fan is painted upon white satin and trimmed with marabout.

It is seldom that the artistic and the beautiful have such a happy combination as we find in the recent picture painted by Reinhart, entitled "Consolation," which so faithfully represents a stricken mother consoled by the angelic host. The subject is one that appeals to our higher sentiments, while it is readily understood by all ages and classes; no one can fail to acquiesce in its moral teachings, the faithful and accurate drawing of the figures blended with the artistic coloring give it a special value as a picture which can be studied with delight and satisfaction by art students for its intrinsic merit.



MARQUISE WRAPPER.



NECKLACES, PENDANTS, AND SLEEVE BUTTONS.—Actual Sizes.

## Fashionable Jewelry.

No. 1.—A very stylish necklace of "rolled" gold. It is composed of long, slender links of dead gold, which are divided through the middle by flattened rings of pressed gold, each ornamented with two leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold, these being connected by smaller flattened links surmounted by small stars of highly burnished red gold. The neck-chain measures eighteen and a half inches, and the pendant chain two and a quarter inches, including the rings. Price, \$6.

No. 2.—A handsome pendant in "rolled" gold. The design is a medallion having a stone cameo in a heavy setting of dead gold, finished on both the front and back edges by a rim of red polished gold. This is nearly encircled by a branch in slightly frosted yellow gold, solid gold finished at the ends, and entwined with oak leaves in red and copper-colored gold. A similar branch, with leaves, forms the upper part, and is furnished at the back with a pin that permits the use of the locket as a brooch. This can be furnished with a white head either on a black or pink ground. Price, \$5.

No. 3.—A beautiful locket in "rolled" Etruscan gold, satin finished, and enriched with filagree and polished gold ornaments. In the center of the front there is a raised piece crossed by a bar of highly burnished gold, and finished with a curved bar of the same metal, in the middle of which is a *plaque* also in polished gold, finely engraved and finished with black enamel. It opens

at the back and has a place for a picture. Price, \$3.75.

No. 4.—An especially handsome pendant in "rolled" gold, similarly finished to the design No. 2. The cameo is a white head on a black ground. This can be furnished with a white head on either a black or pink ground. Price, \$6.

No. 5.—A very rich and handsome necklace in "rolled" gold, consisting of a series of long, flattened links in dead gold interwoven with other links of the same metal, and surmounted by alternate clusters of two leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold, and *plaques* of highly burnished gold, finely shaped and engraved. These links are connected by small rings of polished red gold. The neck-chain measures eighteen and three-quarter inches, and the pendant one inch and three-quarters, including the ring. Price, \$6.25.

No. 6.—This very desirable necklace, in cable pattern, is of "rolled" Etruscan gold, and, being made of hollow wire, is as light as a solid gold one. The two rings are of polished red gold. The neck-chain measures nineteen and a half inches, and the pendant chain two inches, including the rings. Price, \$6.

No. 7.—A sleeve-button in polished "rolled" gold, oval in shape, and inlaid with a rich moss agate. It is provided with a simple patented slide that can be pushed one way to permit of the insertion of the button in the button-hole, and then pushed back to keep it in place. The illustration represents the slide as closed, after inserting in the cuff. No. 9 shows the slide open for the pur-

pose of inserting it in the cuff. Price, \$1.25 per pair.

No. 8.—An elegant medallion in "rolled" gold, satin finished, and enriched with fine scroll-work in filagree, and two raised ornaments in polished gold. The center of the front is occupied by a real coral rose between two leaves in frosted green gold. There is a place at the back for a picture, and it is provided with a pin so that it may serve as a brooch, if desired. Price, \$3.50.

No. 9.—A stylish sleeve-button of black onyx, inlaid with an initial of white enamel, and solidly framed in highly burnished "rolled" gold. It is finished with a slide similar to that on No. 7, the illustration showing it open for inserting in the cuff. Price, with any desired initial, \$1.85 per pair.

No. 10.—A long watch-chain, cable pattern, suitable for a lady. It is in "rolled" Etruscan gold, with the swivel in highly burnished gold, and measures sixty inches in length. Price, \$15. A finer chain in the same style, and of the same length, can be furnished for \$12.

REINHART'S great American picture, "Consolation," representing a stricken mother in an agony of grief at the loss of her darling child, but consoled by the appearance of an angelic host bearing her child; the accurate and artistic reproduction of this beautiful picture is so perfect as to be one of the marvels of this age of progress. The size is 20x30 inches, and sold by all dealers at \$10, or presented as a premium to each yearly \$3 subscriber to "Demorest's Monthly Magazine."