

the ranks of her adorers, and so we struck up a very pleasant and substantial sort of a friendship. She has come to me time and time again for advice in regard to some more exigent lover than usual."

"And has she never been in love herself, never really interested in any one?"

"Never, to my knowledge. The man who wins her heart will accomplish a Herculean feat. In her first seasons she was rather more susceptible to flattery and admiration than she is now, and was much more impressionable. I believe she grows colder with each succeeding year. It was quite noticeable after her return from the Continent about three years ago, that she had congealed in manner considerably, and was colder than frozen marble. Society is a great bore to her, and she only comes up to please her aunt, for a few weeks in the height of the season. That aunt of hers still hopes against hope that Constance will make a brilliant match, but I think she is doomed to disappointment. Constance must be thirty, and unless she shows some signs of conciliation soon, I shall believe she means to pass her days in 'single blessedness.'"

"Where is her home?" Dick asked abruptly. He hardly relished the lightness with which his friend discussed Miss Lorillard. And to think he had stood near to her all these years, as friend and adviser, and had never once been captivated by her charms. What was he made of!

"Her home, did you say? She lives down in Surrey, in a beautiful old manor-house, within the precincts of Horley. She lives alone with her father, and the two just idolize each other. It is a delightful place to visit, if one enjoys quiet, the beauties of nature, rural life, and that sort of thing. If you prosper in your acquaintanceship you may be invited down. Should like to have you see the old gentleman, he is quite an oddity in his way."

"Thanks for your good wishes, I shall probably never have that honor," and then for some reason Dick Champney changed the subject and spoke of something else. He could not bear to talk of her in that flippant way. Surely what he had read in those exquisite dark gray eyes, whether it was sadness, longing, or regret, he could not tell, betrayed a depth of feeling, and a capacity for suffering, that the harsh world did not give her credit for. He would not judge her by so narrow a standard. Perhaps there was ample reason why Constance Lorillard should be cold to the world at large; ample reason for shutting away the warmth and tenderness of her heart; and if by dint of perseverance and untiring devotion he could win one feeling of regard, one kindly thought from her, he would be happier to his life's end.

Of all this he did not speak to George Heathcote, but the latter guessed what thoughts were in his mind in spite of their desultory conversation on politics, horses, and hunting. So when they had reached his snug quarters in Piccadilly, and were about to separate for the night, he fired a parting shot.

"Dick, my boy, I'm afraid from your talk to-night, that you're hit pretty hard. Let

me as an old stager advise you. Get over it as quickly as possible. It's of no use I tell you, no use. Constance Lorillard has no love to bestow on any man; if she had, she would long ago have accepted one out of the numerous, eligible, brilliant offers that have been made to her. It isn't likely she would take up with you, begging your pardon, after having landed earls, a French count, a German baron, and an admiral of the Queen's navy at her feet. There is something out of tune evidently in her nature. I'm not as romantic as you are, but it may be you are right, and that she has had some bitter experience that has put her out of sorts with the world. Anyway you had better be careful. I should not like to see you wasting all your ammunition in that direction, when there are so many worthier objects in the field."

"You need feel no concern about me, George, I'll take care of myself. Good night. No, thanks, I will not smoke another to-night." And so he retired, to spend a sleepless night, pondering all he had heard, and seeing always before him a pale, clearly-cut face, with features that seemed chiselled out of marble, a wide intellectual forehead, and eyes that were exquisitely beautiful in color and varying expression.

On this same night, riding home from the grand reception, Mrs. Sinclair found her niece Constance rather more taciturn than usual.

"Quite a delightful evening, wasn't it my dear?" she said in her soft, cooing voice.

"Yes, aunt, very pleasant," was the answer.

"Mrs. Danforth's evenings are always a success. Did you notice Mrs. Van Amburg's magnificent diamonds? She seemed to be quite the centre of attraction to-night; and who was that, Constance, you were talking with all the last part of the evening? I heard several people inquiring, Mrs. Van Amburg among the rest; she was quite taken with his appearance. He has an elegant figure, and his face too is remarkably handsome for a blond, I think. It seems as if we had met him before somewhere, doesn't it to you? He certainly looks very familiar."

At last she stopped from sheer want of breath, and concluded to wait for her niece to reply. Constance had shrunk into the farthest corner of the carriage, and was holding her shawl tightly pressed against her throat, to shut out the night air. The street lamps that flickered as they passed, lit up, for an instant, the pale, proud face, with lips compressed as if with pain. She made one or two efforts to speak, and failed; then with a determined will she regained her usual self-control and spoke quite calmly though somewhat wearily.

"I think you mean Mr. Champney, aunt. He is an intimate friend of George Heathcote. He was a perfect stranger to me, and I am positive I never met him before. Where do you think you have seen him?"

"Oh, I don't know, I am sure. Only at first it struck me he looked sort of familiar. Did he ask permission to call?"

"Yes, aunt, he is coming round some time with George Heathcote."

"I am very glad, for I think you will find him a pleasant acquaintance. I must tell you

what Mrs. Danforth said about him. He returned from India about a year ago, and succeeded to his father's estates in Lincolnshire, his older brother having died unmarried a few months previous. So you see he has stepped unexpectedly into a large fortune. He has given up his commission in the army; he was a lieutenant, I believe she said, and means to look out for his property. He is one of the best 'catches' of the season, so I suppose there will be a great fuss made over him," and Mrs. Sinclair leaned back complacently, and remained silent during the rest of the drive home.

She was thinking that she had seen a look in Constance's face that evening that had not been there in a long time. It might be that this Mr. Champney had succeeded in awakening some interest. Constance was so peculiar and so different from other girls. It was the pet wish of her heart to have her niece make a brilliant match and become a queen in society. She could not bear to think of her being buried down in Surrey, in that little country place, all her life. Once when they were on the Continent, she fancied Constance was interested in some one,—a gentleman whom they met in Switzerland, she had forgotten what his name was,—but the affair came to nothing. Now if she only would fancy this Mr. Champney, her greatest desire on earth would be gratified, for he was a man every way suited in birth, wealth, and position to become the husband of her proud and queenly niece.

When they reached home, Constance went directly to her own room.

"I am very tired, aunt," she said, "I think I had better retire at once, and we will talk over the events of this evening to-morrow," and then she kissed her aunt quite tenderly, and went up the long flight of stairs with a weary, listless air, her heavy white silk dress, relieved by carmine roses here and there, trailing after her. She found her maid, Theresa, asleep in her chair, and gently awaking her she dismissed her for the night. She must be alone. At last, robed in a soft cashmere wrapper and with her dark, silky hair unbound and streaming down her shoulders, she threw herself into a luxurious easy chair and gazed steadfastly at the dull red coals in the grate.

What face was it that looked out at her so persistently wherever she turned her eyes? What was it that made her tremble and grow cold, till finally she sank upon her knees on the floor and buried her face in the chair, while great sobs shook her slight frame? Would the world have deemed her haughty and devoid of feeling if it had seen her now in this attitude of stormy grief? Claspings her hands above her head, she remained long in one position, till gradually she became more quiet and her sobs died away.

She had tried so hard to put away all regret and repining; to forget the one face in the world that could cause her heart to beat faster, and her pulses thrill. She had schooled herself to be calm, and to let her life flow on unbrokenly, with never a ripple of emotion to disturb its even course. And to-night, a stranger, bearing only a slight resemblance to that other one, had brought it all back to her



—those few weeks of blissful happiness, and then the crushing, life-long sorrow.

It happened when they were on the Continent. They had stopped to rest for a few weeks at Geneva, and there they met an old friend of her aunt's, Mrs. Taylor, her daughter Annie, Mr. Orms, to whom Annie was engaged, and Hugh Stretton, his friend. Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Taylor had been intimate friends in girlhood, but had not seen each other for many years, so the meeting gave them both great pleasure. Constance found Annie Taylor a bright, pretty, and very companionable young lady, and the two became very good friends.

Mrs. Taylor considered, now that her daughter was engaged, that her long, rigid term of service as chaperone was fairly ended, and, as she much preferred to stay at the hotel and sit out on their little upper balcony, which commanded a magnificent view of Mt. Blanc, and talk over old times and all that had happened during their separation with Mrs. Sinclair, the young people were left to amuse themselves or to go off on little excursions, as they pleased.

Mrs. Sinclair, who was not gifted with remarkable insight, could see no harm in the arrangement. Constance had been in society so long, and had rejected several brilliant offers, there surely could be no danger of her becoming interested in this big, bronzed, ferocious-looking Colonel of the Ninth Hussars, Hugh Stretton by name. She had taken quite a dislike to him personally, and of course Constance, with her refined tastes and fastidiousness, could not possibly be attracted. Not that there was anything uncouth or vulgar about him. On the contrary, he was a perfect gentleman, studiously polite and attentive, with a touch of the ancient chivalry in the least act of courtesy he performed. But there was a certain coldness in his manner, an indifference and hauteur, which could not but be felt. He evidently did not care particularly for ladies' society, although he had too much of the instinct of the true gentleman to show that he was bored in any other way than by his lofty and studied grace of manner. Some ladies were piqued by this method, others fascinated.

The truth of the matter was that Hugh Stretton had been petted and spoiled, looked up to, and deferred to by the feminine members of his family, from his earliest childhood. Quite early he became possessed with the idea of man's superiority over the gentler sex, and as he grew older this idea did not weaken perceptibly. Added to his conscious superiority was a cynical distrust and disbelief, which he had imbibed from his favorite uncle, a disappointed *désillusionné* bachelor, a cynic in every sense of the word.

Hugh flattered himself when he was being made for a season the pet of society, that he was above being touched or affected by all the petty plans laid to entrap him. His early training permitted him to bear the test unflinchingly, and to leave the field without a scar. Vigorous, handsome, with a determined force of character that would carry all before him, it was not to be wondered at that he made an impression, to say the least, upon all

whom he met. And when his regiment was ordered to India there were many hearts that grieved for his absence beside those of his mother and his cousin Alice Vane, who "worshipped the very ground he walked on." In justice to him I ought to say that no one really knew the best side of his nature except his few tried and trusted friends and companions in arms. They alone knew of the brave, generous deeds that were done spontaneously, with no thought of self; of the manifold ways in which he had helped his brother officers and his men, ever trying to make them better and to lift them up; of his tenderness and kind feeling for the weak and suffering ones of the earth. To the friendless, the homeless and the forsaken, his charity was unbounded, and his generous impulses sprang at once to their aid and relief; but for the weak and foolish foibles of a ball-room belle, the softly spoken silken flattery from smiling lips, and the inanities of fashionable life, he had no patience whatever.

He was home on a two years' furlough at the time he met Constance Lorillard. From the very first he realized that she belonged to a different type of womanhood from those he had been in the habit of meeting in society. Thrown together in the natural course of events, they would at once have found points of sympathy. But here there was no conventional formula of propriety to break through, and their acquaintance advanced with lightning speed. In all their rambles and excursions he was always Constance's particular escort. Annie and Fred Orms were too engrossed with each other to notice anything going on around them. They had always considered Hugh as an "odd stick," and were glad that he seemed to be having a good time. That was all they saw. How could they know that, for the first time in his life, his heart had awakened to love? He was so reserved, and guarded his feelings so closely, how could they know of the tumult going on within his breast?

And so the days went on. After Switzerland they went to Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and everywhere it was the same. The two elderly ladies could not keep up with the young people in sight-seeing, so they would remain quietly at the hotel, and let the others go. Constance Lorillard could not have wished for a better cicerone, or a more sympathetic companion in visiting the numerous sites of classic and legendary interest. He never broke in upon her mood with anything foreign or jarring. She had all the sensitiveness which belongs to the artistic temperament, and was an enthusiast in art and in music. She was always glad when Fred and Annie would stray away from them and wander off by themselves, leaving her alone with the one person who understood her, to revel in the beauty around her, and to conjure up the dead past. She was slowly growing to lean upon his strong intellect, to unbend her will before his, and to derive happiness from his very presence. His strong, powerful face with the projecting forehead and deep-set, keen, blue eyes, the large, straight nose with a proud curve to the nostrils, the firm, resolute mouth with its fierce, tawny mustache, and the square, clearly-cut chin, was calcu-

lated to inspire fear as well as interest. But if it had not been for this very quality of commanding strength and forcefulness, he would not have come near Constance Lorillard's heart.

At last, one day, a fatal day came to break in upon their dreaming; to make them realize in one moment of agony and pain all they were to each other, and then to part them forever. They were back in Rome again, and they had planned a horseback ride to an old ruined abbey, picturesque and beautiful in its mourning, ivy weeds. At the last moment Annie decided not to go, so of course Fred gave out too. Constance had her habit on, and it was such a lovely afternoon she yielded to the persuasions of Colonel Stretton to go alone with him. Just as he was mounting, the porter ran out and handed him two letters which he was about to carry up to his room.

"Thanks, Jacques," he said lightly. "I had forgotten it was time for my mail," and then they rode away.

Arriving at the abbey they dismounted, and, leaving their horses with a custodian, wandered about the crumbled walls and grass-grown stairs. One spiral stairway led up to a wide parapet which commanded an extensive view of the country. They climbed the stairs, and spreading out the shawl which was their constant companion in all their rambles, seated themselves to enjoy the prospect, and the cool, delightful breeze that stole up through the valley and murmured wistfully in the tall trees below them.

"You have not read your letters, Colonel Stretton. I am very glad I am not a correspondent of yours to be treated with such shameful neglect," Constance said playfully.

"I dare not offer you any excuses, Miss Lorillard, so with your kind permission I will withdraw and peruse them now," he said, and then went a little distance to the head of the stairway, and sat down upon the top stair.

Constance had been lost in reverie for the space of ten or fifteen minutes when she heard a groan of anguish and the smothered words, "Good God! what have I done!" With one cry she sprang forward to meet Hugh Stretton who was staggering towards her, with a pale, rigid face, and a look of unutterable woe in his eyes.

"What is it, Hugh? What is the matter, dear Hugh, tell me;" she said, clasping his cold hand in both of hers, and looking imploringly into his face, all her carefully guarded love bursting its bars with one bound.

At her words Hugh shuddered, and tried to draw away his hand. It was some moments before he could command his voice, and then he spoke in his usual quiet authoritative way.

"Sit down, for I have something to tell you, something you ought to have known long ago. I have been in Paradise for the last six weeks, this is my recall to earth," motioning to the letter in his hand.

Constance had moved a little away from him and was watching the far-off, dim, blue haze resting on the distant mountains. Hugh paused an instant to look at her exquisite face, and then went on.

"Constance, I hope and pray that you may not despise me when you hear what I have to



say. I deserve your utmost contempt, nevertheless I could not bear it. I did not dream of this coming to us. I have told you something of my early life, but not all. There was a cousin, an orphan, who always lived with us, and was like a sister to me, that is until I came home six months ago. Then I found out by accident, and my mother confirmed it, that my cousin Alice loved me, and had loved me long, with all the depth of her nature."

Here a low heart-broken cry burst from Constance's lips, and she hid her face in her hands. Hugh Stretton could have thrown himself down from that high parapet with the anguish and remorse he felt.

"Will you hear the rest?" he asked huskily. "I did not love her; I never had loved any woman but my mother then, but when I saw the pitiful pleasure with which she received every kind word I gave her, and how she watched as a hungry child for a smile and a kind look, I could no longer doubt what my mother told me. She has been out of health and very frail for years, and the thought that she might be pining her life away for love of me, led me to take the step I did, in accordance with my mother's earnest wishes. We became engaged. I brought her over to Wiesbaden to undergo a course of treatment there, and joined Fred to travel about a little till Alice should be ready to go back to England. Constance, speak to me! tell me that I am not utterly beneath your notice. How could I foresee that I was to love you with my whole heart and soul in spite of my promise to another. Oh! my love, my darling! tell me you forgive me, and that you have thought of me only as a friend. Give me the satisfaction of feeling that I have not made you miserable, that I am the only one to suffer;" and taking one of her hands away from her face, he pressed it passionately to his lips and heart.

"I cannot tell you that I do not suffer, Hugh," she said at last in a weary voice, and as if she was speaking from a long distance off. "It is dreadful, as you say, and you could not be expected to foresee it. And yet, you must not go away from me without knowing that I love you, and that I would have given you my whole heart."

"Oh, Constance, this is too much!" and the strong man covered his face with his trembling hands, and wept like a child.

In this dreadful hour of trial Constance was the stronger of the two. She saw clearly the path opened to her, the straight and narrow one of duty, and if it should require as much self-sacrifice and as great a degree of heroism as some of history's famous deeds, she would try, with God's help, to prove herself worthy of the task thus laid upon her.

"Can nothing be done, Constance? Surely it will not be right to deceive Alice, when it is you whom I love," Hugh said, in despairing tones.

For one moment Constance faltered, as if to weigh this priceless gift so nearly within her grasp, and yet which she must cast far from her. She thought what life would be to her with his strong, true love to encompass her and to cherish her always. The blue haze on the mountains seemed to grow cold and to cling closer to them, as if about to shut them in

with inevitable force from the sunlight of heaven. The temptation came to her with subtle power. Would marriage without love satisfy Alice Vane? But then suddenly came the thought of the gentle, trusting nature longing for a kind thought and look of love from him, and the disappointment, perhaps death, it would be to her, in her frail and feeble health, to have this hope taken away. The pain and the sacrifice must fall upon them, and not upon her innocent trusting heart.

Turning to him once more, with a luminous look radiating her whole face, the divine nobility of her soul lifting her above the plane of ordinary conflict, pain, and emotion.

"Hugh, dear, dear friend, we must do what is right, and there is only one way. How could we be happy if our happiness was gained at the cost of another's life! She is not to blame for this that has fallen upon us, and she must not be the one to suffer. As for deception, your own conscience will tell you what to do. At least, you can give her your tender care and protection, and if she has never been used to fervent, intense love on your part, it may be she will miss nothing now. It will be hard for you, oh Hugh! Hugh!" and she turned away her head to hide the tears that were streaming down her face.

She grasped her hand tightly.

"My noble Constance, my good angel!" he answered. "God help us both! If I could only spare you, mine own, my darling,—if I could only bear all the pain and sacrifice, I would do it gladly, willingly. But to think that I have brought this suffering upon you;—I can never, never forgive myself, or be reconciled to it."

"You must not feel so," she answered. "It has been a blessing to know you, and I have been very happy in our friendship. You must not feel that you have brought it upon me; it could not be helped, that we should love each other. Now we must do what alone is left us to do,—to suffer and be strong.' I should grow to despise you if you shrank from your duty. I want to keep my faith in you, strong and clear to the end, my trust undiminished by the shadow of a doubt."

"Your faith and trust shall be my shield:—you shall not be disappointed in me. 'God willing,' when we meet in the great Hereafter, you shall have no cause to be ashamed of my soul's truth and honor; I will keep them pure for you till then. Good-by, forever, my soul's true friend. 'May God watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from the other,'" and he took her tenderly in his arms, and pressed one long, fervent kiss upon her quivering lips.

They descended the mossy stairs and rode home silently. The next morning Hugh took his departure, and in a few weeks Constance Lorillard returned home, colder and more reserved than ever. She gave up her life to her father, then, and her only object seemed to be that of making his days pass in blessed happiness and peace. She was always loth to come up to London for the opera season, but her father and aunt both insisted so strenuously, that she had to, to please them.

On the night of her meeting Dick Champney, her sorrow came back with all its first

force. His voice and manner were peculiarly like Hugh's, and there was quite a resemblance in the face and figure, so much so that it gave Constance exquisite pleasure and pain. He had not Hugh's commanding strength or force, nor his depth of tender feeling; and as the acquaintance progressed nearly all the points of resemblance were lost, except a certain cadence in the voice.

Although very kind and friendly to him, Dick Champney made no headway whatever towards making love to Miss Lorillard. He could not understand it, for he was more favored than any of her other admirers.

The season was nearly over, and Lent close at hand, when, one evening at a large soirée, Constance, who was weary with the heat and dancing, asked Dick Champney to take her out into the illuminated garden. He thought he would seize this opportunity to speak of his regard for her.

"Miss Lorillard, as you are going away so soon, and this will likely be the last time we shall be alone together, there is something I would like to tell you, which perhaps you are not entirely unprepared to hear from my lips. I feel that—"

"Mr. Champney," she interrupted hastily, "you must not go on, indeed you must not. I am so sorry. I hoped that I might keep you my friend. I thank you for all your kindness and attention this winter, but you must think of me only as a friend and an acquaintance."

"But that is impossible, Miss Lorillard," he replied, with flushed, eager face.

"Listen," she said, with a commanding gesture. "It cannot be, because—because once I loved some one with all the love I had to give, and to love once is forever, with me. I am sorry to cause you pain, and I have hoped all along that your feeling for me was true friendly regard, and nothing more. You must forget me, for my heart is buried with the past," and such a tender, mournful look came into her beautiful face that Dick Champney forgot his own blighted hope in pity for her sorrow. He did not try to urge or persuade further. He realized fully that her decision was irrevocable. Gently taking her hand, he said,

"Miss Lorillard, my dear friend, I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. I wish I could help to lighten your trouble. Is there no way that I can?"

"None that I know of, thanks for your kindness. Wait one moment; I would like to tell you the truth. It was not death which separated us. There was another to whom he was pledged before we met—a cousin, who had worshiped him from her childhood. She was in delicate health, and when he found out the extent and nature of her love toward himself, he yielded to the persuasions of his mother, and became engaged to her. Six months afterward we met, and before either of us realized it, became deeply attached to each other. Of course there was but one thing to do; our duty stood plainly before us. Thank God, that he gave us strength not to swerve from that duty. We parted forever, then and there, and since, he has married his cousin. That is all my story, Mr. Champney," she said pathetically.



"Thank you so much for telling it to me," he murmured in a low voice.

"The first evening I saw you, you reminded me so much of him in some ways, excuse me for speaking of it. Yet, I dare say, if it had not been for your chance resemblance, I should have liked you just as well for your own sake. And now, I must go in. Some time, when you are happy in the love of wife and children, I may have my friend back again, may I not? And I hope, too, that then you will come to see me in my house in Surrey," and she held out both her hands with a sad, sweet smile. The moonlight fell softly upon the queenly figure and glorious face, and in his reverence for the noble, true womanhood, Dick Champney could have gone down upon his knees and kissed the hem of her dress.

Walking home that night, he was thinking of the man who had won Constance Lorillard's heart. In all his range of acquaintances there was but one man he could think of worthy of such a prize, and that was his colonel, Hugh Stretton. What a glorious pair they would make! and he fell to musing. He remembered when Colonel Stretton first brought his wife out to India, a slight, girlish creature, with a profusion of yellow hair. He remembered the talks over the mess about the blind worship and passionate affection which the young wife lavished upon her husband, and the quiet, tender devotion with which he regarded her. One could see at a glance that she was supremely happy, wanting nothing more on earth, while he, they could all see, he had changed. It was as if some mighty wave of sorrow had passed over him, making him graver, more quiet, and more spiritual. He was more tender and generous than ever before, and his men, who had always admired him, grew to have a sort of reverence mingled with their love. And Dick Champney remembered, too, on this night walking home through London streets, the many times he had been told that he looked like the colonel, only not so handsome, nor so strong, nor so proud. Yes, it must be so—he felt sure of it. At last the missing link in the chain, the unknown quantity in the dark equation was found.

Henceforth for him the world held two brave heroic souls, grand in their spirit of self-sacrifice—one in the east, at the head of an army, fulfilling every duty of country and of home, faithfully and well; the other, purified by suffering, walking faithfully and with courage, the path God had marked out for her.

### Miserere.

THE skies are dull, tho' shines the sun,  
The robin's song is empty sound,  
The day's length drags—but just begun,  
And all my world with woe is crowned.

TO live on with no joy in life—  
To breathe and move without a soul—  
To wait for death to end the strife—  
This seems my destiny in whole.

NO hand can help me in my grief,  
It may not even naméd be,  
No hand, I said, to lend relief?  
Oh *Miserere Domine!*

## The Little Dressmaker's New-Year.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.



T was a clear, cold, sparkling, winter day, and the pretty village of Elmdale was covered with a shining robe of snow, which glittered in the sunshine brighter than a bride's jewels.

In the main street the sleighbells jingled and the gay horses pranced all day, but round the corner, where little Miss Hattie Dormer, the dressmaker, lived, it was much quieter.

Miss Dormer's small sitting-room, which served also as her workshop, was all a-glitter, too, with yards and yards of billowy, shiny silk and foamy lace, which filled her little white bed, and ran over upon the table and a chair or two besides.

But the silk in the chairs held two pretty girls inside, and the busy clatter of their lively tongues filled Miss Hattie's quiet little room, too.

"Oh dear, Julie! do help me decide which would be the prettiest on these fronts—lace, fringe, or plaiting?" cries Gerty Nichols, holding up a piece of lovely blue.

"Well—either would be pretty," decides Juliet Abbott, turning her head sideways like a saucy bird. "But as you intend it for a reception dress, I *think*—I believe—I'd have lace."

"What do you think, Miss Hattie?" says Gerty.

"Lace would be the lightest and dressiest," says Miss Dormer. "You must please yourself."

"Dear me, I never can! I declare I lay awake last night trying to decide how this dress should be cut, and how to trim it."

"Have the lace, and I'll have mine just like it," said Juliet.

"All right, lace it shall be then! Now, Miss Hattie, you'll be sure to have them done the day before New-Year's?"

"I will, if possible, Miss Gerty."

"Oh well, you must make it possible! Jule and I receive calls together, and you know we must have new dresses."

"Yes, I suppose so; please try this on now, Miss Gerty. Turn a little this way, please. I think this dart needs to be a little longer. Yes, Miss Gerty, if I were going to receive New Year's calls, I should think I needed a new dress, too."

"Who will call on you, Miss Hattie? Surely somebody will!" cried thoughtless Gerty.

Miss Hattie smiled.

"I only expect one caller, and his name is Mr. Nobody. You pretty young girls monopolize all the calls, Miss Gerty. There are none left for a plain body like me."

"Oh, dear! I should think that terrible! Honestly, won't any one call?"

"Miss Gerty, I never received a New Year's call in my life," said Miss Hattie gravely.

"Well, I'm sure I can't say that! We shall

have a crowded house, I know. Now, Jule, Miss Hattie is ready to fit your lining, and we must hurry up, for there are a thousand and one things to do this week, to get ready for New Year's."

"Well, I'm ready, too," said Julie, throwing off her mantle and rising.

Miss Hattie's deft fingers made brisk work of the fitting, and the two girls were soon tripping down the snowy streets again, chatting like lively magpies.

"Isn't it funny that Miss Hattie never had a New Year's call?" said Gerty, who was always the ringleader in the mischief of these two. "I declare, Jule, I've a notion to play off a joke on her."

"That would be fun, Gerty. What is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let's see. Why not send her a letter saying some gentleman was coming to call, and have her get all ready? Sign some fellow's name to it you know."

"That will do, and I know whose name to put."

"Well, whose?"

"Your uncle Joe's. If he is rich, he's as plain and old-fashioned as Miss Dormer, and you know he never looks at a lady."

"Good! You're a trump, Jule. We'll fix it all up, and when Miss Hattie brings home our dresses we'll ask her again if she doesn't expect any callers, just to see how teased she will look. She'll be sure to believe it, you know, and we'll get some fun out of it, you'll see!"

"Mustn't let your Uncle Joe find it out, though."

"No, indeed. I have an idea he would decidedly object. But we'll be cute enough for him."

By noon the two young arch-plotters had fully concocted their mischievous plan, and the next afternoon a small boy appeared at Miss Hattie's door, rapped, and when she opened the door, gave her a letter and ran away, as he had been instructed to do, before she could ask any questions.

Miss Hattie shut her door, went back into her neat little sitting-room and sat down, wondering who that letter, inscribed in such a large, flowing hand (Gerty's best imitation of her uncle's), could be from.

She broke it open, read the address, "Dear Miss Dormer," gave a glance down the page, started, turned all a-flush, and hastily searched for the superscription. There it was, in a plain, bold hand, "Truly yours, Joseph Nichols."

Miss Hattie let the letter drop in her lap, and sat speechless with surprise for a moment. Then she took up the little sheet, and read it slowly:

"HILLSIDE, Dec. —, 18—.

"DEAR MISS DORMER: You may be greatly surprised at receiving this from me, but, though our real acquaintance has been slight, I have long observed you as my ideal of a true, modest, lady-like woman. I have wealth, position, a home, but no one to share them with me. I have determined to seek a bride, not among the fashionable ladies whom I daily meet, but from a simple home, where her life has been quiet and true. If you, Miss Hattie,



will accept my heart, hand, and name, you will make me very happy. You have never invited me to call upon you, but, as gentlemen are privileged on New Year's Day, I shall call upon you that day to receive your answer in person. You may expect me in the afternoon. Yours truly, JOSEPH NICHOLS."

Now it never occurred to Miss Hattie that this precious composition was much more stiff and stilted than Mr. Nichols would really have written. She never, for one instant, doubted its sincerity. She knew Mr. Nichols well enough to be sure that he was not a man to trifle; it only struck her with supreme wonder, surprise, and almost with delight, that such a thing had dropped into her lonely life. For though the patient little soul never complained, she knew it was lonely, and she often wondered what would become of her when she grew too old and feeble to work. Here were rest, home, riches, and loving care all offered to her. Would she take them? Would she step into Heaven when the door was wide open? Well, the most of people would, she thought.

Miss Hattie forgot her fire, and let it go out. She forgot that the hour for her simple tea was past. Only the deepening shadows of night roused her from her deep study. But her decision was made. It did not once occur to her what a lift in the social scale it would be to become Mrs. Joe Nichols, of Hillside. She only thought of the warmth, comfort, and happiness of such a home to a poor little woman who had struggled so hard with life.

And if the wicked little schemers up at Squire Nichols's could have peeped into the little dressmaker's home and seen the success of their cruel joke, they would have been delighted.

That is, it might have been a cruel joke, but, like most schemers, they over-reached themselves. One small contingency never occurred to them: that Miss Hattie would answer Mr. Joe Nichols's letter.

They thought she would wait for the call which would not come. But, to her simple heart, though he had not asked for an answer, it seemed ungrateful to leave him for two days in suspense, and besides, though Miss Hattie never suspicioned a joke, she did have one slight fear that there might be a mistake, and, if so, she must give Mr. Nichols the chance to rectify it.

And so, as Mr. Nichols sat in his own quiet library the day before New Year's, a letter was given to him which surprised him even more than Miss Hattie's had astonished her. It read thus:

"BLANKVILLE, Dec. 31st.

"MR. NICHOLS:—You were indeed right in thinking your letter would surprise me. I have never dreamed of your caring for me, and I do not know what I have done that I should be so blessed. I have nothing to offer you in return for all you so generously offer me, except a *woman's heart*, if that is worth anything. If, indeed, it is not all some strange mistake, I gladly give the permission you ask to call upon me to-morrow afternoon. Until then, I am gratefully yours,

"HATTIE DORMER."

"Miss Dormer! in the name of sense, nonsense and incomprehensibility what *does* this mean!" exclaimed Joe Nichols, as he finished the note. "I never wrote to the dear little woman in my life, and this sounds as if—" He read it again attentively, and then he cried, "This is an outrageous piece of rascality, and I wish I knew who did it! I have always noticed what a quiet, modest, nice little body Miss Dormer was, and I know very well she is not capable of writing this without receiving one first. She honestly thinks—why, good heavens! what a position it places *me* in! How am I going to answer this and tell her I never thought of such a thing! Outrage a lady's feelings that way? And after such a nice, humble, womanly little letter, too! Why, I never could look her in the face again! Who *is it* has done this?"

In his excitement, Mr. Joe got up and paced up and down his handsome room, with frowning brows and flashing eyes, searching for a clew. Acting on previous knowledge of that young lady's pranks, he was not long in falling upon the right one.

"Now I'll bet a fortune this is one of Gerty's capers!" said he. "I'll go straight there, and if it is her, I'll make her own up, and *she*, not I, shall explain this affair to Miss Dormer."

He snatched his hat and strode hastily up to his brother's. He went in, as usual, without knocking, and not finding his niece either in parlor or sitting-room, he ran upstairs to her own room. No one was there, either, but the door was open, and Mr. Joe walked in, and took a look at things.

Pen, ink, and Gerty's open portfolio were on her table, also two or three scraps of paper which she had carelessly neglected to put away. Under the circumstances, Mr. Joe thought himself free to examine. He unfolded two or three of these crumpled bits of paper, and upon one of them he found half a dozen words of a letter beginning "Dear Miss Dormer."

"Clew enough!" says Uncle Joe. With the scrap in his hand he walked downstairs, found one of the maids, and learned that the family had gone out to dinner, including Miss Gerty and Miss Julie.

Of course he could do nothing then but walk home. And before he got home, Mr. Joe's mind underwent a change.

"Why need I explain?" said he. "I should be better off with a nice wife, no doubt, and why not just take this nice, quiet, sweet little soul, and make her as happy as she thinks she could be? I wonder if Providence didn't put her in my way? It's the first time he ever used Gert Nichols for an instrument if he did! But, see here! I've got plenty to take care of her with, and it is lonely here. And if I *were* hunting for a wife, a little, plain soul like her would suit me far better than these stylish, airish, fine ladies I see so many of. She isn't plain, either—I've often noticed what a sweet, gentle face she had. And, by George! plume her in as fine feathers, and she would be as fine as any of 'em! I'll think about this! I just *cannot* mortify her so deeply after that honest little letter! I'll think of it awhile!"

Mr. Joe thought—to such good purpose, that when night fell that snowy New Year's eve,

he stood on the little wooden steps and knocked at Miss Hattie's door.

Miss Hattie herself opened it, and when she saw who waited outside, she blushed, and her voice was unsteady, as she said, with a little flutter, "Good evening, Mr. Nichols. Will you come in?"

"Good evening, Miss Dormer," said Uncle Joe, stepping inside, and closing the door. And then he held out his hand and said,

"I got your kind little note, Miss Dormer, and I couldn't wait till to-morrow. I came to-night, to make sure that this dear little hand I hold was really mine. Is it? Are you going to give it to me, you dear little woman?"

"If you will take it," whispered the little dressmaker, blushing like a romantic girl.

And then—well you might feel inclined to laugh at sedate, elderly people like Uncle Joe and Miss Hattie, if I told you, so I'll not do it.

But the next morning, at breakfast, Uncle Joe walked into the Squire's dining-room and announced his engagement.

Gerty looked her amazement, but she dared not say a word.

Half an hour later, Uncle Joe waylaid her in the hall, as she was going up to dress to receive her callers, and catching her by the shoulders he said,

"See here, Gert! I have you to thank for this! I do thank you, I'm sure, though you didn't mean it that way. But I'll forgive you, and give you a grand New Year's present, if you'll keep a close mouth, and never let your Aunt Hattie guess who wrote that letter."

"Well, I promise!" says Gerty. "But I can't think how you found out!"

"Never mind! Keep your secret and I'll keep mine! And mind, you're good to your new aunt!"

"Oh, I'll be that! She's good enough for you, and I'm glad I did it!" said saucy Gerty as she ran away.

## Widow Fluskey's Fifth Husband.

BY BONNE HENRE.

**M**RS. EUPHEMIA FLUSKEY had entered her forty-third year, and began to think it was time for her to be looking for another husband. Euphemia had had a few husbands—four in all. The first one she left at the end of five months; the second died within four years; the third, within two years, and the fourth left her at the end of three weeks, having suddenly recollected that he had another wife living. These matrimonial experiences, although covering only a small part of Euphemia's life, had given the widow an adventurous turn of mind; and the work of planning for another entertainment of that sort was easy and quite natural. After looking the ground over carefully, the widow concluded that it would be best to select a preacher for



her fifth husband, if she could find one who was not either married or engaged.

As for religion, Euphemia had never allowed her thoughts to run in that channel, but she realized now that a little religion of some sort would be required in husbandizing a preacher, and this want was easily supplied. The next thing in order was to find the right sort of a preacher, and one who would be likely to appreciate her religious experiences as well as her personal charms. Fortune has always a few more favors to bestow on brave men and shrewd women, and the widow was at once placed on the list of those to whom special and immediate attention should be given.

A conference meeting was about to be held, within thirty miles of the widow's residence, and she just then fortunately remembered that she had a third cousin living in that vicinity, Mrs. Arilda Lemons, whom she had seen but once in her life. To this lady, Mrs. Fluskey immediately wrote, addressing her as "Dear Cousin Arilda;" but saying nothing about love or matrimony in that letter. There was a good deal about religion, however, to which the widow had, as she said, determined to consecrate the remainder of her life, deeply regretting that so much precious time had been lost; and she would like very much to attend the conference.

An invitation to come and be a guest of her cousin was received the next day, and to the letter was added the inevitable postscript:

"Elder Sanford, a widower, whose acquaintance you will, I am sure, be delighted to make, will also be entertained at our house during the conference."

"What a happy coincidence!" said the widow, as she pressed the letter to her heart and then to her lips. "How delightfully prognosticacious! The star of my destiny guides me!" and she set out on her journey with her mind full of rose-hued anticipations.

"Mrs. Fluskey, Mr. Sanford," said Mrs. Lemons; then added, "You will be my only guests during the conference, and will have the parlors and grounds to yourselves, unless some other visitors may occasionally call."

"It will be a mutual delight, I hope," said the elder.

"And to that hope I respond," said the widow, graciously, permitting the elder to conduct her to a seat at his side on the sofa.

The widow's recent religious experience was the next thing in order. The elder heard her to the end, with great satisfaction, and then tenderly intimated that the only sorrow he realized was caused by the regret he felt at not having been the instrument of her happy conversion.

The widow laid her hand gently on the elder's arm, and the look she gave him just then said, so endearingly and encouragingly: "I do wish I had been converted by you, my dear Elder Sanford."

"Dear Cousin Arilda," said Mrs. Fluskey, on the morning of the third day after the acquaintance began, "Elder Sanford is in love with me. You can see it in the way he looks at me, but more especially in his tones. But I suppose I see it more plainly than you do. Last evening he told me all about the sick-

ness and death of his dear wife, and how fondly he loved her. It's just thirteen months, he says, since she died. At the end of his story he laid his hand on my arm, and gave me such a curious look. Of course I saw right into his thoughts. He then said, 'There is something else, my dear sister; I would like;' but he was so embarrassed that I could not allow him to go any further.

"'Elder,' said I, leaning my head on his shoulder, 'please don't say any more in regard to that matter now. Of course I know just what you mean.' I wanted to spare his feelings; besides, I didn't think it would be delicate or proper to let him propose so soon. Do you think it would have been, cousin?"

"Scarcely, Euphemia," answered Mrs. Lemons. "It would, I think, have been getting along rather too fast."

"So it seemed to me, Arilda; and as the dear man had a troubled and anxious expression, I just threw my arms around him, and kissed him good-night."

The conference continued two weeks, and each day and evening, coming and going, at social meetings or at home in the parlor, Elder Sanford and the widow were as near together as they could be conveniently. Some twelve times, perhaps twenty, the widow related her experience to the sympathizing elder, and each time heard his solemn admonition, not to be led away any more by the pomps and vanities of the world.

"I have the elder's whole story at last, cousin Arilda," said the widow, the day before the close of the conference. "I know all about everything at his house, just as well as if I had already been there. He has five dear children; he has shown me their photographs, and I think I shall like them very much. No doubt they will keep out of doors the most of the time, especially in pleasant weather. The elder has a farm, but doesn't work it himself; he keeps two hired men, whose wages he pays with what he gets from preaching. Isn't that nice?"

"And has he really proposed to you, cousin Euphemia?"

"Why, yes, dear—more than a dozen times; at least, he has done what amounts to the same thing. He has begun to say he had something to tell me, and would have gone right on and made a full declaration of his love if I had not stopped him. You know one doesn't like to hear the whole of a good story at once. When he has attempted to open his heart to me on that subject, I have always kissed him good-by or good-night, and glided out of the room. You know, cousin Arilda, that a man, when in love, is always held more surely by allowing him to think that he is doing the most of the courting."

The day and hour of Elder Sanford's departure had come, and descending from his room he entered the parlor, where sat Mrs. Lemons, her husband, and their three half-grown children, ready to enact the solemn and affecting formality of parting with their guest. Of course the widow was there also, and to her the parting would be something more than a formality.

"I suppose," said the widow to her cousin, speaking *sotto voce*, "that the elder's manner

in parting from me will be rather more affecting than ought to be witnessed by the children. It would be well, I think, to let them bid him good-by, and then withdraw from the room."

That timely hint was taken, and the juvenile part of the farewell performance was soon over, greatly to the delight of the children.

Everything being now ready, the elder, rising to his feet, proceeded to utter his farewell address. He dwelt with solemn and affecting earnestness upon the many kind attentions he had received during his two weeks' sojourn at the house of the Lemons. The great size and delicate flavor of the strawberries was particularly mentioned, so very unlike the little berries that grew in his meadow, and were picked by his children.

"To you, my dear Mrs. Fluskey;" and at the mention of her name the widow rose, and assumed a picturesque attitude at his side; "to you I have something special to say." And at this the widow drew still nearer, and rested on the arm of the elder. "You have lately experienced religion, and will never, I hope, be led astray any more by the pomps and vanities of the world. But there is, Widow Fluskey, a matter of considerable importance to me, which I have been intending to mention to you, and have several times attempted to do so;" and the widow drew still nearer, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"My dear wife, as I have told you," continued Elder Sanford, "departed this life only thirteen months ago," and the widow's eyes, swimming with love, were raised to the face of her companion. "Some people thought it very strange that I should determine to get married again when my wife had been dead only ten months—"

"You married again!" said the widow, starting suddenly back, and throwing herself on to the sofa. "You married? *married?* Oh! oh! cousin, bring me some camphor! Oh! this great ball in my throat, just like a puff-ball! I'm dying, Arilda! I'm so glad I've not received any presents from this man!"

"There is some misunderstanding in this," said the elder. "I have not said—"

"Let me get out of his sight!" moaned the widow. "Take me to my room, Arilda! No—no! don't offer me your hand, you old hypocrite! It's well for you that the conference is over, or I'd have you brought up before it for making love to me—and you a married man! Don't let him stay here in your house another moment, cousin Arilda!"

"Better take Mrs. Fluskey to her room, my dear," said Mr. Lemons to his wife. "I will remain with the elder."

The two men alone soon came to a mutual understanding in regard to the whole matter.

"I am not married," said the elder. "What I was about to say was nothing more than that I determined to get married about four months ago, and at that time became engaged to a lady near where I live, and to whom I expect to be married within the next month. That is the whole story, my dear Mr. Lemons;" and with this explanation the elder passed out and was soon on the sidewalk and off.

"I shall have a wife with me when I come



to the next conference," was the elder's reflection as he moved rapidly away and turned the first corner he came to.

But he was safe enough. The widow was not on his track, but was in her room, putting herself through a hysteric fit, at the same time cursing the elder in terms that gave reason to fear she had fallen from grace.

The Widow Fluskey's obituary, written twenty years later, was satisfactory on the score of piety and good behavior in general, and contained no allusion to that little episode; while the name on her tombstone showed clearly that her much desired fifth husband was still a prospective one, with no takers.

## The Apple.

BY MRS. C. S. NOURSE.

"And by and by, when northern winds  
are out,  
Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at  
night;  
While chairs draw round, and pleasant  
tales are told,  
And nuts and apples will be passed  
about,  
Until the household, drowsy with delight,  
Creeps off to bed a cold."



HERE is a very prevalent conviction among men, that the fruit which tempted our first mother was an apple, nor does it seem by any means an improbable idea, when we consider the description given of the fatal lure, "good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." Surely the apple answers accurately to the picture. But, though we would have supposed that its sad introduction into the world might have justly created a prejudice against it, we not only do not find it so, but on the contrary it is universally acknowledged to be the most popular of fruits, wherever its fragrant shining globes are found from Cancer to Capricorn, for above or below the tropics there are no apples worthy of the name.

But it is not in the page of sacred history alone that the apple is emblazoned—not only in the sad story of Paradise, or in Solomon's aphorism of apples of gold in pictures of silver—but in the classic myths it also is embalmed in immortal verse, as in fragrant amber. Who has forgotten the garden of Hesperides and the dragon-guarded fruit; or the apple of discord, thought worthy of the contention of immortal beauty; the bridal of Vertumnus and

Pomona, the bride bearing the name of the fruit which is related to have been that first cultivated in Italy; familiar fables all, which grace with their elegant legends the royal escutcheon of the king of fruits, the apple, quartered in *gules* and *argent*.

A king indeed, but of King Arthur's reign.

Prememinently it is the fruit of moderation and virtue; it is not a luscious evanescent luxury of an hour, but wears the dignity healthful food, and something of the commercial value of the cereals. It does not need the flaming suns of equatorial regions to foster its genial life; a life born amid the exquisite freshness of a spring unknown to the tropics; delicate, tender, and lovely as human infancy, like it, it early loses its soft attractions, and takes on a stouter, stronger vitality, which through successive stages of growth, assumes but homely aspects, until the discipline of nature, the cool buffeting of spring's winds, the warm kisses of summer suns begin to bring it to maturity. Slowly the round green fruits of various kinds, which hang side by side in

as their name denotes, like a lady's finger. Some trees bend under the weight of enormous pippins, that hang like bells of gold from every limb, while others are studded thickly with clusters of tiny shining fruit, not larger than a walnut. These are the "lady apples," so dear to children, yellow and red and burnished like fine gold. Nor must we forget the pretty strawberry apple, showing such whimsical mimicry of early strawberries, rosy colored and quaintly marked with specks resembling the skins of the fragrant berry.

We have spoken of the beauty of form and color, but we have said nothing of that indescribable aroma which is the crowning gift of perfectness. It is laden with associations, with dreams of spring, and showers of falling blossoms, of old homesteads nestled among the broad spreading trees, of the laughter and song of happy childhood—a story and a poem, and withal, for it touches humanity very nearly, not without a dash of sadness in it for the blossoms that have fallen, and the childhood that shall never return.

November boasts no other fruit, but the early days of the month are generally devoted to the ingathering of the late apples for winter keep, for though every summer month has a share, it is the winter that has the largest portion of the crop, solid, reliable and nourishing like grain; feeding the brain and the nerves, for it contains more phosphorus than any other fruit, and so ministers to the highest needs of man's nature as well as to his healthful appetite.

As in form, color, and size they are diverse, so, in flesh and flavor, they are equally so. Some are sweet, some sour, and some so graciously blend both qualities that they produce a piquant union of delights. Others seem to have stolen a flavor or a scent from neighboring fruits like the strawberry or the peach.

"There is," says Hawthorne, "so much individuality of character among apple-trees that it gives them an additional claim to be objects of human interest. One is harsh and crabbed in its manifestations; another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples that it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence."

The knowledge and the use of the apple is so ancient that it is difficult to say where it originated; but, like most things whose origin is enveloped in mystery, they are generally referred to China. Mr. Darwin's theories ought to find confirmation in its history, for undoubtedly our splendid golden pippins have been developed, through innumerable generations, from some primitive crab-tree, with gnarled and twisted limbs and deliciously fragrant and beautiful blossoms, but sour and acrid fruit; for the whole family have cer-



GOLDEN FALL PIPPIN.

the orchard, take on gradually, almost imperceptibly, a distinct individuality. This assumes the hue of pale gold, that of russet bronze; yonder one, that seemed a while ago no larger than the russet, has swelled to twice its size and wears a robe of scarlet, while beyond is one that shows a flush of rose over gold upon its under side, while the ripe, round cheek turned toward the sun, glows crimson, like a girl's under her lover's first kiss. Nor is the diversity all in color; in shape and size it is as great, though not as striking.

Some are as round and smooth as if turned in a lathe, while others are long and tapering,



tainly sprung from half a dozen natural varieties of crabs with long scientific names but no practical merits of their own to speak of, but, like some parents of the present day, an excellent use has been found for them in furnishing a reliable support for their more respectable and worthier descendants. Though all the important improvement of the character of the fruit has been through the multiplication of the seedlings and their cross-fertilization, it is found that the tree is greatly stronger and of better quality if grafted upon the stock of the crab (*Pyrus malus*). This fact was found out long ago, and the crab-trees of different kinds were used for this purpose heretofore, for, indeed, some of the finest varieties we have are very old, and have been in use for centuries. But of late years the increased knowledge of scientific botany has greatly advanced the character of cultivation, and there is every reason to believe that in this country it will reach its highest perfection. Nowhere in the world does the apple flourish as in the United States, and nowhere has it so improved as in some of our Western States, notably in Illinois, where the writer has seen pippins the actual dimensions of which would hardly be believed this side the Alleghanies. The better kinds of apples were originally brought over to this country from Europe, some of the finest from France, and propagated for a century and more by seed, without grafting.

European horticulturists attribute the excellence of our apples to the cross-fertilization of such numbers of varieties, the admixture of the pollen being so great, the virtues of many being often blended in one, and reproduced, under improved cultivation and by judicious grafting, in still greater perfection. In England the fruit is fair, but lacks richness of flavor; and in Germany, though they succeed in obtaining good apples, they are got by petting and training, and the tree has none of the healthful thrift which it shows on American soil, where it seems to have caught something of Yankee "faculty," and takes deeper root and bears better fruit for a tussle with difficulties and a touch of hardships.

It is calculated that the number of trees planted in the United States has increased within the century one thousand fold, American orchards being the largest in the world. There has been a great increase within the last few years, and it is feared that such extended planting will lead to careless culture and a depreciation of the quality of fruit. Undoubtedly this will be the case unless a spirit of commercial emulation is sustained by the opening of new fields. Such a one is now being found in Texas, where it has hitherto been considered impossible to raise good apples; but a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes from the vicinity of Austin that he has complete success with his orchards, and finds the crop excellent and profitable.

The Northern States will, however, always have the advantage in this matter, as the long, dry summers of the South are very trying to the trees, close planting and mulching being necessary to protect the roots from being injured by drought.

To say what are the leading varieties in cultivation would be a difficult task where varieties are numbered by the thousand, and no two people agree as to the standard of merit. Still there are the old standards which everybody knows, and which still hold their own in the market notwithstanding the introduction of many new and admirable varieties; such are the Baldwins and the Rhode Island Greenings, which no housewife will willingly be without; the Pearmain and the whole Pippin family, which has an unrivaled reputation for excellence in all its branches, from the "King of the Pippins," belonging to the Isle of Wight, down to democratic Jersey pippins, which can challenge any scion of royalty under the sun to surpass them in brilliant or solid qualities. Twenty-two varieties only were known to the luxurious Roman, but four hundred are now cultivated in England, and hundreds more are familiar to American farmers, who themselves have had the honor of naming, with characteristic aptness, the "Seek No Further," one of the richest and most delicately flavored apples in the world.

The apple, like all good things in this world, has many enemies, which attack both the tree and its fruit. Sometimes it is an insect, sometimes a fungus; but, though they greatly injure, they seldom are able entirely to destroy. The tree is sturdy and will resist much, but one of its worst and most successful foes is the woolly Aphis, a disgusting creature which puts on a white robe, as old Bunyan has it, "to serve the devil in." He covers his deformity and his depredations by weaving over the tender twigs a soft white veil of gossamer texture which is filled within with grubs, but, without, appears much like a white blossom among the green leaves; the alburnum or sap-wood, being wounded by them, swells out in the unsightly nodes which disfigure the limb and finally deprive it of life. I give a drawing of one of the nests of the Aphis below, that his cunning wiles may be made public, and his "whited sepulchre" be understood for what it is. The limits of this article prevent even a mention of other injurious insects which attack these trees.

American housewives would hardly know how to do without the treasury of the apple cellar, for no other fruit admits of so many different uses in the household, being always good, whether used fresh, dried, or preserved. Many of the summer varieties are delightful canned, and by this method it is possible to have, even in winter, that most exquisite dish, the pride of the Southern dinner-table during June and July, "Sea-Foam." For this dish the fruit is gathered when entirely hard and before it has begun to ripen; it is stewed until quite soft, and then rubbed through a colander. When it cools it is like a smooth green jelly, which is whipped with the whites of eggs until quite stiff, when it can be piled upon the dish in heaps, over which is scattered lightly white of egg sweetened and flavored and beaten to a froth.

Is it to be regretted that apples are not more used for jellies, since they make a beautiful amber jelly, and if acid fruit is used it is much more healthful than that made from most other fruits.

The improved methods of preparing dried apples have introduced them in an entirely new form. Instead of the old-fashioned brown, leathery looking bits, of which our grandmothers fashioned that execrable thing, a dried-apple pie, we have pale delicate slices of fruit, which preserves both color and flavor in some degree of freshness.

But after all it is in the winter evening that apples are best appreciated, when they are brought in shining heaps from the cellar, and the "pitcher brimming with pearls," filled with their gracious juices, stands upon the board, flanked with nuts whose spicy odor fills the room, when rows of martyrs roast and sputter before the blazing logs, and chestnuts keep up a scattering fire from out of the hot ashes. Ah then, if there be a wild storm raging outside and bright faces within, is the time to estimate the value of the royal fruit.

The uses of the apple tree do not end with the yield of fruit. Its charity is truly apostolic, for it not only bestows its all to feed poor humanity, but it gives its body to be burned, with great appearance of good will, for it makes a capital fire, crackling and blazing with rollicking good humor, and radiating a substantial heat, which warms the limbs, while the dancing flames cheer the hearts. One more benefit it has to offer to the hand that reared it. The wood is fine and dense, and is used for many purposes, where it is important to have a close grain and firm quality that will not warp, such as tool-handles, shoe-lasts, etc.; it is also used for rules, drawing-boards and the like.

Some of the natural varieties of crab, are cultivated as ornamental shrubs, on account of their lovely and fragrant flowers, the scent of which is more exquisite than that of almost any blossom of the garden, combining the rare freshness of the sweet-briar rose, with the luscious quality of honeysuckle.

We commend the crab-apple tree to all who fancy a picturesque hedge. Keep it well cut back, and plant honeysuckles and sweet-briar among it, and you will have an impenetrable fence and a nestling place for birds and flowers, a picture of beauty, which will be new every morning, and fresh every evening.

Bees will visit it, and butterflies will hover about it, violets will hide under its protecting warmth in the early spring, and humming-birds will come to feast there all the summer, and in winter many a houseless robin will find it a screen from the cold northern blasts, while every snow-storm will transform it into a garden of lilies.



A BRANCH OF WOOLLY APPLES.



## Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### SPECIAL TRAINING.

**W**OMEN often hears the remark made in regard to college graduates and girls who are receiving a superior general education, "What is the use of it? to what use can they put it?" Now, the idea that a girl is not to be well educated unless she can in some way turn it into a means of livelihood is an absurd one to begin with. It is a matter for regret that so many of our best and brightest girls are forced into the arena, and made to struggle for subsistence just as they are entering young womanhood, and are ready to participate in social and domestic life; but it would be still greater cause for regret if old ideas so far prevailed that a thorough education could be considered thrown away or not put to its best use because the girl who is its object is not to be engaged in some special calling.

In reality a general education, no matter how good it may be, does not fit either a man or woman for earning a livelihood. Thousands of men who are college graduates have found this out to their cost. When the gold-fields of California were first opened, they swarmed with well-educated but impecunious men, who, without any special training or preparation in any direction, found themselves at an immeasurable disadvantage beside the skillful carpenter or even the expert tailor and shoemaker. A good general education makes men and women intelligent and appreciative, pleasant as friends, and delightful as companions; it also aids the individual in getting better results out of a special training; but it is not sufficient of itself to achieve the *special* object. It is true that a regular college course at a normal school does fit girls for teachers, but this *is* special. The training is thorough in that direction. This practical drill and preparation is left out of the ordinary boarding-school and college altogether, and the teaching also is less rigid, the curriculum more flexible than in schools organized as our normal schools are for a definite purpose. Not that the best features of a good general education are neglected; on the contrary, so far as the Normal College of the City of New York is concerned, it is conducted on very broad as well as very sound principles, and assists its students to a high degree of general development, as well as a thorough technical grounding.

All girls, however, do not go to normal schools, all do not wish to become teachers, all could not, if they did; and the point I wish to impress is this: that desirable and necessary as a fine general education is, it must be supplemented by some special aptitude, or acquired drill in a given direction, if a life-work is to be followed, or a livelihood obtained. The

necessity for this exists just as much with boys as girls; more in fact, for the quickness of girls often enables them to "pick up," and carry on some pursuit, more or less successfully, which a boy would fail to perceive, as offering any basis for independent exertion, and it is this picking-up process which is responsible for the reputation which women acquire for doing inferior work, and which really stands in the way of their permanent advancement. From various sources we hear a great deal of the disadvantages and disabilities which girls have to contend with, in the endeavor to earn a livelihood, but I really do not think they are any greater than those of boys. It is true there are certain resources for boys, which to those who can avail themselves of them secure honorable future positions; but then the number influenced in this way is comparatively very small, while the great masses struggle and fight for the smallest chances, in a way that seems exceptionally hard to a girl, if she has to encounter the same experience.

Well-educated boys, sons of very respectable parents, work sometimes for years in an office or store for from three to five dollars per week, in fact until they have obtained young manhood, and only work up step by step, through diligent and untiring effort. Educated girls want to begin on a salary sufficient to support them, and enable them to dress handsomely, and they consider it a terrible hardship that they should be obliged to submit to hours and regulations, even to achieve their loudly demanded independence.

This actual knowledge of work as it is, this acquisition of practical experience of its details, of the conditions of its thorough and faithful performance, is the most valuable part of the severe discipline, which getting what some ask for, has imposed upon many women who have not asked at all. The money part is perhaps that for which they have the immediate necessity, the personal freedom is the result which grows out of it upon which they congratulate themselves; but the acquaintance with real work and workers, and their influence upon life and character, is that which brings the actual blessing.

What the specialty is which girls acquire, or to which they devote their attention is not of so much importance as they think. The natural aptitude is the important thing to begin with, and if this is conscientiously cultivated it will afford a resource, if one should be needed, no matter what it is. It may be penmanship, it may be decorative painting, it may be embroidery, it may be languages, it may be physiology, it may be cutting out clothing, or cooking. Whatever it is, carry it out to its legitimate conclusion, make a pursuit of it, or at least make yourself an expert in it. It will do no harm any way.

There is an old English saying, that a small bird can fly through a large hole just as well as a small one, in fact, better; and it is sometimes rendered thus—that "you cannot make a hole too large for the smallest bird to fly through;" and this seems to me to be very applicable to those who are afraid that girls will have so much education they will not

know what to do with it; or that it will be thrown away, if they do not put it to the prescribed use of making themselves pecuniarily independent.

I am sorry myself that there is any necessity for a woman to place herself in this position. I wish all men stood in their proper place as willing and honest providers, and all women were the care-takers, the home-makers, the educators of children, and the social guardians and law-givers. I wish the daughters were trained to assist in the work of the household, and the care and training of the younger children, and this without any detriment to the highest, most complete development, and to that perfect unity of interests, which would render them more or less capable of filling any vacant place; and realize as an obligation, the duty of putting themselves where they could do the most good.

But this is not the condition in which society at present finds itself. Instead of being associative, it is antagonistic. We are endeavoring to solve new modern problems with old weapons, and with the old acrimonious fighting spirit strong within us. We have inherited from a warlike past the feeling that the hand of every living man or woman is against every other man and woman, and we bring this temper, this disposition, into peaceful life, into industrial pursuits, which demand above and beyond all other things unity, trust, confidence, and co-operation.

The aggregated populations, the opening up of boundless sources of wealth, the success of great enterprises, places enormous resources in the hands of some persons, and naturally these are men, for it is men who have in the past controlled the outside activities, and created a machinery by which the results flow into their hands; this is all right, if they are willing to share them with women who make and keep their homes, who bear and rear the children, who maintain the social order, and perform such other duties as should be delegated to them.

But alas! men have not got rid of the spirit of appropriation, the old masterful spirit is strong upon and within them; and though serfdom and slavery are abolished by law, yet there are persons who still represent the old order, and not having other dependants, exercise the overbearing and tyrannical will of the despot upon wife and children.

There are others with whom it is a mere matter of selfish appropriation. They are in a position to take all, and they want to keep it; they do not want to divide, not even with their "own." This forces upon the woman the necessity of securing for herself the right to the life of which she must otherwise be deprived; and pecuniary independence becomes the first object, as it is the first requirement of her life. The pecuniary independence of men, the source of their power, lies entirely in the special training which they receive for trades and professions. A good general education helps them, that is, it gives the key which unlocks the outer door; but it unlocks none of the mysteries belonging to special departments, and this is the reason that so many young fellows, even college bred, take up minor positions as ill-paid clerks, office assist-



ants, and the performance of still humbler services, struggling with poverty all their days, because, when thrown upon their resources, the education they had received had been found to fit them for nothing in particular.

There is no hardship, there is nothing even disagreeable in *knowing* many things, so as to be able to turn them to account, and there is this advantage about the domestic, and decorative style of much that is special and tolerably lucrative in the occupations of women, that they can be acquired without the expenditure of much time, while still engaged in other pursuits, and without interfering with the regular routine of life at home. Boys often spend years in the acquisition of a calling by which they can earn a living, after having spent many more years in preparatory study.

Supposing a girl to be relieved from the present necessity of providing her own subsistence, as the majority of them are, she can, while making herself of great use at home, and mixing in society quite as much as is good for her, still find time for learning half a dozen different trades, or occupations, all of which could be put to practical use.

Decorative painting, wood-cutting, and the like have become very largely mechanical arts, readily acquired up to a certain point, and susceptible of improvement, according to the degree of natural taste, aptitude, and faculty for application. These are recreative employments, which may be acquired and followed as a relief to more severe labor, yet they are quite capable of yielding in energetic hands a very handsome subsistence.

A knowledge of millinery and dress-making ought to be a part of every girl's education, so that she will not only be able to make her own clothing, but apply correct principles in determining the value of the work of other people. These special branches can be acquired as part of the curriculum of general education, and are already made a part of it in some schools, thus actually fitting the girl, on leaving off technical study, not only for increased usefulness in her own family, but also for earning her living, and if she is clever, intelligent and energetic, laying the foundation of future fortune. A good dress-maker finds her occupation more lucrative and quite as honorable as that of a poor doctor, and the knowledge of it does not take half the time, nor half the money, nor half the hard study to obtain.

It is rather a misfortune that in business so many women occupy subordinate positions, and so few the controlling ones, and the reason is that the majority seek them late, and having had no early business experience, are never able to fit themselves for more than the regular performance of a dull, mechanical routine, which is uninteresting, and but little profitable.

The exceptions to this state of things are usually to be found among the German, or English portion of the population, and the reason is, that the girls in families where a "store" is the means of livelihood, are early "turned in," to keep accounts, make change, and the

like, their Saturday afternoons and holidays being spent in this way, while the daughters in American families are taking walks, and "making calls," in all the glory of new bonnets and embroidered handkerchiefs.

"If my daughter does not get married, I shall make her my assistant, and perhaps take her into partnership," remarked a German butcher to me the other day; "she is the smartest 'boy' I have got."

Success in business requires a practical knowledge of all its details, and this is rarely acquired late in life. Business proprietorship is however the way of making a livelihood which demands the least, and gives the most in return for the time and strength expended; and when the risk is not so great as to involve a large amount of nerve pressure and anxiety, and other conditions have been so considered in the beginning as to render them tolerably favorable, the position is eminently adapted to the capacity of women, to their faculty for dealing with minutia, and of using brain instead of muscle to solve the problem of life. How to acquire the special training for business pursuits is a problem for girls to consider. In large cities, in New York especially, it has been solved for many by necessity, and there is no doubt that the myriads of girls employed as accountants, as cashiers, as "cash" girls, and many other minor capacities as well as positions of trust, are in numerous instances the business proprietors of the future. But these girls were taken from their homes at six, seven, eight, and ten years of age, have had only just so much "school" as enables them to write their name and keep accounts; the experience they get in their daily routine being the most valuable part of their education. Their range therefore is very narrow; they know and will know nothing outside of it, and this deprives their present or future place in it of much that would give it value. On the other hand, if educated girls, the daughters of our business men, made themselves acquainted with the details, shared to some extent in the plans, and showed their sympathy and interest in some other way than the effort to test the bank account, it would enlarge their horizon, and add to their resources in more ways than one, and strengthen any natural capacity they may possess for stepping into the breach, should one be made. The greatest curse of the young women of to-day is the fear of knowing how to do anything that is considered "common." Yet the knowledge of the common and the universal is necessary to success in the uncommon and the special; and the training of the eyes, the hands, or any or all of the senses, organs, and faculties, while they are fresh, young, and susceptible of cultivation is half the point gained when an effort is to be made in any given direction.

There is not the least danger of knowing too much, but there is danger of wasting precious time on what is unsuitable, or what is not true and good in itself, and therefore not permanent or valuable.

One of the great and almost untrodden fields for women in this country is the cultivation of small properties, farms, nurseries,

and the like. For this work women are especially fitted, and the healthful outdoor life it involves is just what very many need to restore soundness to the form, freshness and beauty to the skin, elasticity to the step, and brightness to the eyes. Then the independence and luxury of such a mode of life is superior to any other that can be made productive of a livelihood.

Our lady proprietor of twenty acres of arable land is a queen in her own right. She has fruit, poultry, cream, fresh vegetables, the whitest bread, and sweetest butter on her table every day. She rides in her own carriage, and has the rough work of her domain done by hired hands; but she *knows how* everything should be done. She can on a pinch do it herself, and she does do many things which it would be unsafe to trust to others; but this is much better than washing for a living, or living a dependant on the reluctant hand of charity!

The number of women who have made small farms a success, who have brought up and educated families upon them, who have taken care of invalid relatives through the means they provided, who have found a renewal of their own youth, health and strength, in the freedom and activity they brought, is a strong argument in favor of small proprietary interests for women as a resource against calamity, and a stimulus to the acquirement of the practical experience in the cultivation of the diversified interests of a small demesne, which is necessary to success. It is not city girls alone who are ignorant of the details of a country life, it is country-bred girls, and even the daughters of farmers, nurserymen, and gardeners.

It is quite common in the country for the cultivation of flowers, and useful and ornamental plants, as well as fruits, to be dependant on the father of the family, or the spasmodic efforts of the "boys," upon farms and homesteads which could not afford to support hired labor, except of the most necessary kind; yet while the parents are straining every nerve to give the daughters a college-course, or a year, more or less, at this or that expensive school, the daughter or daughters themselves realize neither their own interest nor the obligation of duty, in sharing the labors and making common stock of the efforts to advance the general welfare. Young ideas improved by reading, by absence of prejudice, would often exercise a salutary influence if modestly, judiciously, and naturally brought to bear upon the as naturally growing inflexibility of old ones, and both would be the better for the mutual action.

No better or more helpful work could be done than the development of a class of women farmers, the cultivators of small domains from twenty to fifty acres, or less, who would take girls as apprentices, and teach them how to cultivate land on a small scale profitably. As one of them has said, the only way to do this is by raising the quality, and therefore the value of the productions; and this is only achieved on the farm, in the workshop, or the atelier, by the special training of natural faculties in the given direction.



## Ghent.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

It was a dark night, and raining fast, when the Ostend train, whistling shrilly, drew up in the station at Ghent; but following the lead of a cheerful looking porter, in blue blouse and wooden shoes, we were soon snugly ensconced in a comfortable hotel. The next morning dawned fair, and as we intended to winter in the old Flemish city, we made haste to find lodgings where we might securely set up our household gods, and have a home, though in a foreign land.

There was no lack of room, cards bearing the words, *Appartements garnis à louer*, appearing in the windows of four houses out of every ten. Dictionary in hand, we bravely rang the door-bells, which were answered directly by white-capped maids, or well-rounded Vraus, from whom our question,

"*Parlez vous anglais?*" instantly elicited the response,

"*Pas un mot Madame. Ne parle-t-elle pas français?*"

When Madame gave a decided shake of the head, there was a smile, ending in a laugh, and a recourse to gestures, in which language the Belgians almost equal the French.

Back and forth we trudged, into all sorts of rooms, furnished in all sorts of styles, until we settled upon a quiet habitation in the *Rue de la Vallée*, where lived two gentlewomen, old maids and sisters. There, for the modest sum of forty-five francs (nine dollars) per month, we hired a parlor and two bed-rooms. An extra three dollars paid for the care of our rooms and the serving of our breakfast of coffee, rolls and butter, we paying, of course, for the provisions. Arrangements were made with a neighboring *café* to furnish us our dinner, which, through the coldest weather, reached us hot and savory. For four francs (eighty cents), soup, fish, one meat, two vegetables, and a dessert, were sent, enough in quantity to satisfy four of us, two of whom were children.

Thus, before the first snow fell, we were cozily settled, and prepared to see all the quaint old city had to show, and to enjoy all the hospitality the British colony in the Belgian town so generously offered. How charming in their oddity and discomfort seemed the narrow, crooked streets, where generally the sidewalks were only wide enough for one to walk, or where there was no sidewalk at all. The many canals and the three rivers, dividing the city up into twenty-six isles, the bridges, one hundred and nine in number, the forests of masts, the rows of tall, narrow houses, sometimes rising straight up out of the water, the church steeples and towers and chapel turrets, peeping over the clusters of red roofs, formed a delightful *tout ensemble*.

One peculiarity which first attracted our

notice were little mirrors, standing wedge-like outside the windows, almost every house having two or three of these glistening prisms before the window-panes, telling that, though the Flemish women are a home-loving and home-keeping race, they have their full share of feminine curiosity.

Along the streets we met at every turn small wagons drawn by dogs, and laden with huge brass jugs, glistening as bright as a Prussian helmet, and filled with milk, and tidy country women with baskets of eggs and vegetables dangling from yokes on their shoulders.

A picturesque sight was the market places on Wednesdays and Fridays. The large, open squares were spotted with brilliant patches of almost every color. Never, I think, could Brussels sprouts appear more green, beets so red, carrots so yellow, cauliflowers so white, or red cabbages so vivid or metallic (a vegetable which must be cooked *à la flamande* to be appreciated)—the very potatoes being as clean as pebbles on a shingle beach. The market women sat in long rows, their white caps looking at a distance like ridges of snow. In front of them were piles of their particolored stores, and between the rows sauntered the servant girls to make their purchases, their *sabots* clattering against the stones.

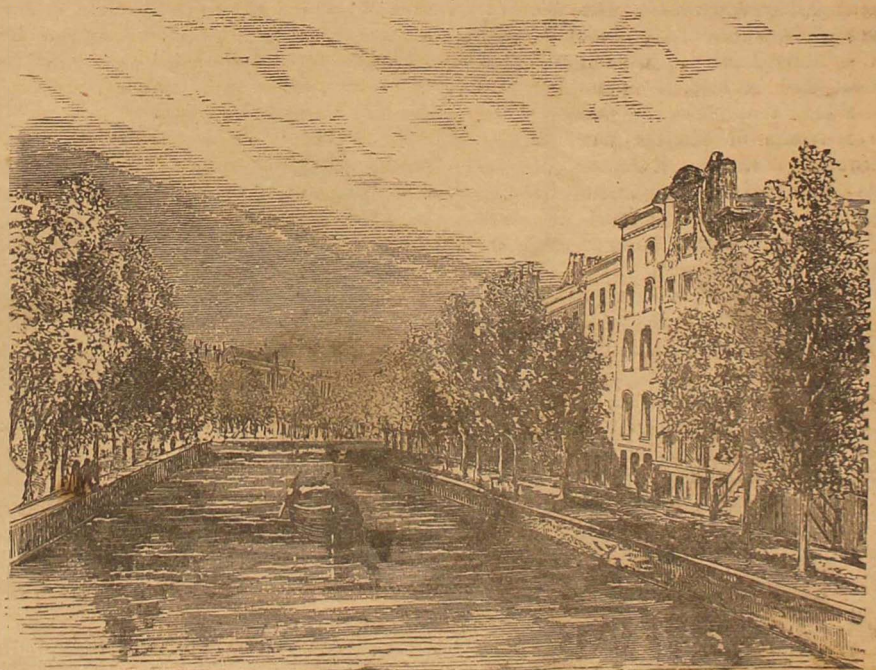
We had been in our new home but a few days, when we were awakened one morning early by the sound of chanting, accompanied by a cornet. I sprang from bed to behold a procession of priests and acolytes, with cross and banner and swinging censer, bearing the host under a canopy of satin to some dying soul. The few persons on the street, chiefly servant girls and market women at that early hour, knelt on the cold, damp stones as the procession passed; and no strange sight I had hitherto seen, made me so conscious of my being "a stranger in a strange land."

The majority of the Ghenters are Romanists, those who are not being generally free think-

ers. Party spirit ran high during our stay, liberals fighting through their newspapers, and priests replying from their pulpits. The Ghenters are a safe and trusty people, slow in according their confidence and friendship, but true as steel when once given. Fixed in purpose, they pursue their aims with a steady persistence that nothing can abate. Above everything they love their country and their homes, their old customs and old institutions; clinging firmly to the rights and liberties which their fathers enjoyed, though understanding too, that ideas advance with time, and that what was grand and broad in the middle ages, may now appear mean and narrow.

In their houses they are as cleanly as their neighbors, the Dutch. The windows of their dwellings are so exquisitely clean that it seems as if there was nothing between you and the lace curtains behind them. Every morning, rain or shine, the maids may be seen vigorously scrubbing not only the front doors, but the strips of pavement in front of the house—and inside the halls, sweeping the dust from the cornices of the ceilings, by the aid of a long-handled brush. The maids too are as neat as the houses they tend, their caps and ample aprons and home-knit stockings showing under their short skirts, white as snow-drifts. And what a contrast to the ordinary kitchen in this land, ruled over by one of Erin's lovely daughters, is a Flemish kitchen. The copper *casseroles* and other utensils, are polished like golden dinner plate, even the brass hoops of their scrubbing pails being as bright as if burnished. Indeed, the articles which with us are made of tin or iron are in Belgium invariably of copper. They have copper dust-pans and slop-pails, copper milk-jugs and tea-kettles, for a Flemish housewife will scarcely tolerate anything in her kitchen which may not, once a week, be rubbed up to the luster of gold.

There are several fine squares in Ghent, the



CONFUSE, GHENT.

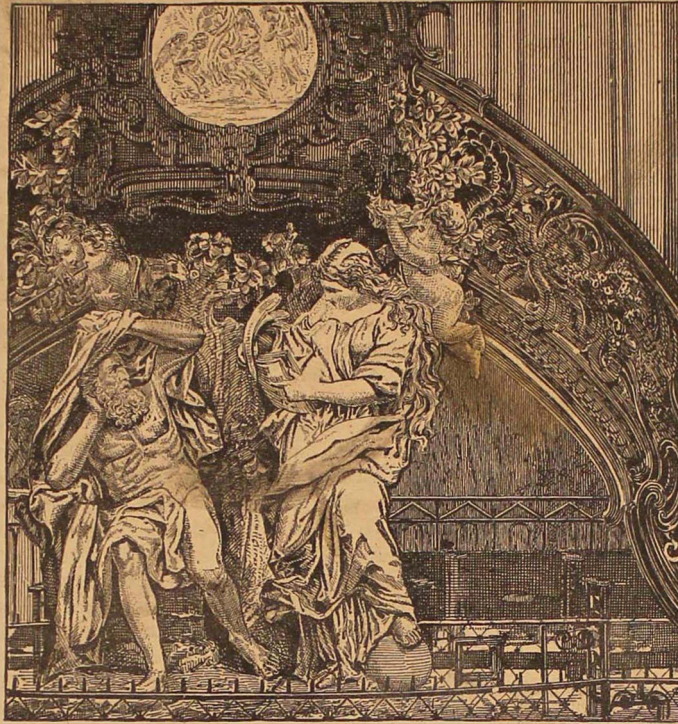


most interesting of which is the *Marché de Vendredi*, or Vrydags Markt, so named from that being the day upon which great sales of linen took place. This square is surrounded by antiquated buildings, and on the left side is a gun, nineteen feet long and three feet wide at the mouth, called "Mad Meg," resembling "Mons Meg," in the Castle of Edinburgh. Above the touch-hole is the Burgundian Cross of St. Andrew and the arms of Philip the Good, so it must have been cast between 1419 and 1467. It was on this square that the most important events in the history of Ghent have transpired. There the trades people planted their standards when the nobility encroached upon their privileges; there, in 1345, occurred that terrible conflict between the weavers and fullers, in which fifteen hundred fullers, with their Dean, were killed; there, in 1477, Marie of Burgundy was forced to see two of her faithful friends and ministers beheaded, in spite of her tears and prayers. There the Counts of Flanders were inaugurated, in a style of magnificence not known in the present day, after they had sworn, "To maintain, and cause to be maintained, all the existing laws, privileges, freedoms, and customs of the county and city of Ghent."

Facing the square is a very ancient building with curious towers. There the damaged linens, taken to market and sold as perfect, were publicly exposed from an enormous iron ring, cemented in the wall. (The ring is still there.)

The *Place d'Armes*, in the center of the city, is the rendezvous of the fashionable world. The house where John and Hubert Van Eyck lived and painted, and Hubert died in 1426, is on the east side of the square, and also the residence of Jacques Van Artevelde, the Dictator of Ghent. This square is planted with lime trees, and every Sunday and holiday it is decorated with rows of shrubs and flowering plants, while the garrison band executes brilliant symphonies in the presence of gayly dressed, smiling crowds.

The *Marché aux Grains* is, as its name indicates, the resort of those who deal in the products of the harvest field, and is the noisiest and busiest square in the city. On one side is the church of St. Nicolas, the oldest church in the city, and built in primitive Gothic style. It is flanked by turrets of a style imported into Europe by the Crusaders. This church suffered greatly during the religious



PULPIT OF ST. BARONS, GHEENT.

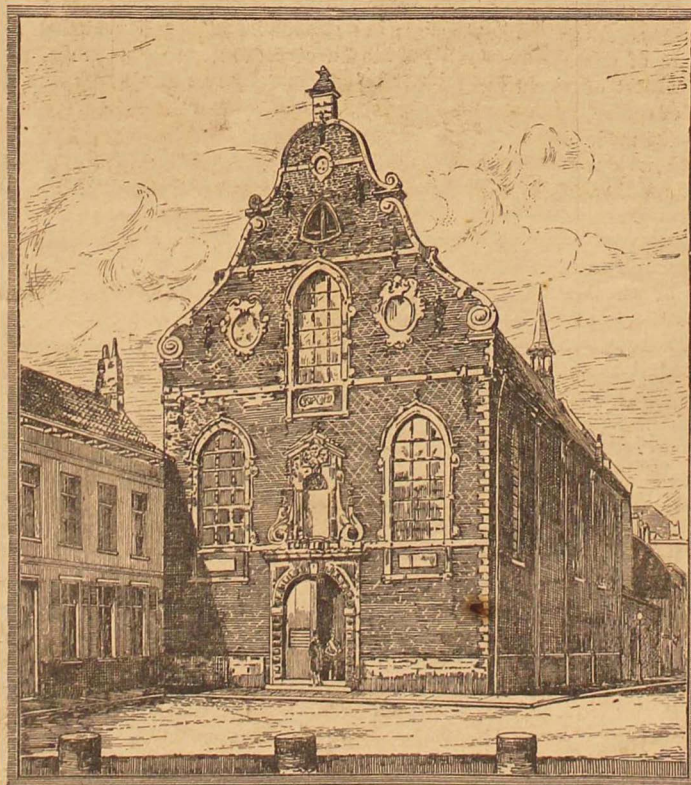
wars which desolated the country, being used a long time as a stable, and afterward as a hay granary. An inscription under a small painting in the nave records that Oliver Minjau, his wife, and thirty-one children, are buried there. When Charles V. made his entry into the city, the father and his twenty-one sons, who walked in the procession, attracted the attention of his majesty. Shortly after, the entire family was carried off by the plague.

given twice every year, exhibitions which have gained a European reputation.

The Horticultural Society was instituted in 1808, and has since made rapid strides. Mother of all the institutions of similar nature in Europe, it soon attained such proportions that a triennial festival was established, in which all Europe was invited to participate, and which attracted the most renowned botanists to the city. The object of the society is

to promote the science of agriculture, rural economy, and horticulture; to encourage the culture of the most useful indigenous plants; to naturalize exotics, and to foster a taste for botanical research; and it has well accomplished its mission, its success having provoked a noble rivalry in other countries, in a science then not greatly known, but which has since become a social need. Let any one stand on the Cathedral Tower and cast his eye over the city, and he will be struck with the number of gardens and glass-houses, whose polished surfaces reflect the sun's rays, like lakes enframed in the greenwood. Well does Ghent deserve her surname, *La Reine des Fleurs*, for she annually exports whole cargoes of camellias, azalias, and other hot-house plants to England, France, Germany, Russia, and America. In the suburbs there are eighty nurseries, and more than four hundred hot-houses.

The most splendid private conservatory in Belgium, if not in Europe, belongs to the present burgomaster, Count de Ker-



THE ENGLISH CHURCH, GHEENT, FORMERLY A CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS, A.D. 1632.



chore, and where are to be seen the finest collection of palms outside of Kew Gardens, London.

The city has also a Botanical Garden, considered one of the most remarkable on the continent. The glass-houses form an octagon, finished by an eight-sided pyramid, and covering an area of two thousand square yards. Part of the garden is devoted to plants classified after the Linnæan system, about four thousand species; and another portion is classified according to Jussieu. There is an immense pond, peopled with gold-fish, in the midst of aquatic plants; and the *bosquets*, lawns, and terraces are adorned with statues and busts of celebrated Belgian botanists.

Not very many years ago, the common folk of Ghent were plunged in the most complete ignorance. Material prosperity was everything in the eyes of the government, moral and intellectual progress counted for nothing. But the shadows have insensibly dissipated. Learning is no longer the appanage of the rich; the poor have their share too. There is, besides the regular communal schools, a special school for girls, which is frequented by children of the better class, and by children of the English residents. For tuition superior a charge of five dollars a quarter is made, and there, as in the ordinary schools, instruction is given in a branch which may almost be classed, with us, as among the lost arts—I mean the art of mending.

A daughter of the writer came home from school one day, with a request for a stocking.

“For what?”

“I don't know; but Mademoiselle Léonie said I must bring one, and if it had a hole in it, so much the better.”

The stocking was given, and a new one, and brought back in the evening with a piece cut out large enough to put my hand in. That stocking was never again put to the use for which it was woven, but in three months' time it had become a mass of darns, one upon another. Yet never was there a more profitable stocking, for by it an accomplishment (I speak thoughtfully when I say accomplishment) had been acquired, which could never have been learned half so beautifully and thoroughly under home tutelage.

The Industrious School, also free, is very prosperous, and is frequented principally by young mechanics, after their day's work is over. The course of study embraces algebra, linear and mechanical drawing, geometry, mechanics, general chemistry, and chemistry as applied to art. There is a special school for industrial drawings, as applied to designs for calicoes, *foulards*, damasks, laces, and carpets.

The University is a handsome edifice, though showing poorly because cramped for room, and has several laboratories, besides valuable collections of natural science, coins, medals,

and Roman antiquities. Ghent and Liège possess the only universities supported by the government. That of Ghent has forty-four professors and about five hundred students. The public library is the most complete in the kingdom. It contains one hundred thousand books, seven hundred rare manuscripts, and three hundred incunables, and is open free to the public every day but Sunday.

The Conservatory of Music ranks high, and is supported by the government, the mere nominal entrance fee of one dollar being all that is exacted from the pupil. For this amount, the student will be taught harmony, composition, organ, singing, declamation, the violin, piano, and a dozen other instruments, should he desire.

There is a school, too, of painting and sculpture, entirely free. This academy possesses a valuable art library, and a museum. The Gallery of Antiquities is a fine collection

have are the names and armorial bearings of the Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Two chapters of the order were held there, one, the seventh after its institution, presided over by Philip the Good, its founder; and the last meeting of the order, July 23, 1559, presided over by Philip II. The grand portal is ornamented by a statue of St. Baron, in ducal robes, and a falcon on his fist. There are twenty-four chapels, all rich in works of art. The eleventh contains the celebrated picture of the adoration of the Immaculate Lamb, painted by John and Hubert Van Eyck, the inventors of oil painting, for Philip the Good, in 1420 to 1432.

The subject, taken from the Revelations, represents the Celestial Lamb, surrounded by angels, and adored by saints of the Old and New Testaments, disposed in four groups. Above, in the background, are martyrs bearing palm branches, in front are the bishops and heads of the monastic orders. The towers of the heavenly Jerusalem, said to be copied from Maas, the native town of the painters, are discerned between the mountains which bound the horizon. This *chef-d'œuvre* of the first Flemish school is as remarkable for its excellent preservation, as for the charm of its composition. Though painted more than four hundred years since, the freshness and brilliancy of its tints make it appear as if fresh from the *atelier*, and tempt one to think that the brothers Van Eyck let the most important secret of their marvelous invention die with them.

According to the custom of those days, the picture was inclosed by eight wings, of which Ghent now possesses only copies. The whole picture was carried to Paris by the French, and while there, six of the wings fell into the hands of a dealer, who sold them to an Englishman for twenty thousand dollars, and who again sold them to the King of Prussia, for eighty-five thousand dollars.

The four massive copper candlesticks, bearing the English coat of arms, and standing in front of the high altar, once belonged to the unfortunate Charles I., and were sold during Cromwell's protectorate. In the crypt are fifteen chapels, used for interments, and intended as a remembrance of the early age of Christianity, when the faithful assembled to worship in the catacombs at the tomb of the martyrs. In one of these chapels lie the remains of Hubert Van Eyck and his sister Margaret. The services are always imposing, the music grand.

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“Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire  
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher  
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until  
Only the silence seemed to listen still;  
Or gathering like a sea still more and more,  
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,  
And then fall, slow and soft, in tender ram,  
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again.”

The pulpit is a marvel of carving, strange and rare.



THE CANAL, GHENT.

of copies of *chefs-d'œuvre* of Florence and Rome. Another room contains ancient paintings, Rubens, Jordaens, Van Cleefs, etc., while still another room is devoted to modern art. In addition to the scholastic advantages already mentioned, there are many other schools, some for boys, under charge of the city, where the prices are higher than in the corresponding schools for girls; some conducted by ecclesiastics and nuns, and various guilds for the promotion of art and learning.

Ghent is rich in churches, the Cathedral of St. Baron eclipsing the other cathedrals of Belgium by the purity of its architecture and its interior ornamentation. The crypt was consecrated in 841, but the choir and chapels of the upper church were not finished until 1288. The walls of the choir are partially covered with black marble, the balustrades are of white or variegated marble, and the chapel gates are of bronze. High up in the



"Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears  
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush spears,  
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow  
In summer, where the silver rivers flow."

On holy Thursday, the bishop, a venerable man, washes the feet of twelve old men, in memory of apostolic days. It was a little amusing to Protestant eyes to watch the old men take off their shoes, unwind their garters, (I am sure some of them had three or four yards of string around them), and draw off their long stockings. Then the successor of the apostles, in his white cashmere robe, went from one to another, preceded by one deacon bearing a silver basin, and another a jug of the same precious material; a homœopathic quantity of water was poured over the old men's feet (they had been well scrubbed for the occasion), and then the bishop, after wiping them dry with the border of his robe, kissed them, or, more correctly speaking, kissed *at* them. I couldn't help thinking it savored a good deal of humbug, especially when the old men, after receiving each a loaf of bread and bottle of wine, made haste to leave the church.

St. Michael's Church, begun in 1445, and completed in 1480, was used in 1794 as a Temple of Reason, and afterwards, when Robespierre decided there was really a Supreme Being, as a Temple of the Law. There, upon the high altar, was seated, on the days of *Décadi*, a prostitute, habited as the Goddess of Liberty, before whom all marriages were required to take place. But as nothing is stable under the sun, one of the five directors of the French republic dreamed, on a certain fine morning, that he had been born, like Mahomet, to found a new religion, and so from his brain issued a new sect, which he called *Théophilanthropes* (adorers of God and friends of mankind). Thereupon the Temple of the Law changed its name again, and every tenth day the initiated listened to the sermons of a priest, who, robed in white, with a blue scarf, offered to the Eternal baskets of lovely flowers and delicious fruits.

To make the affair still more absurd, the tricolor flag floated from the church tower, surmounted by a Phrygian bonnet, where once the cross had stood. Finally the consul was declared, and then St. Michael's was again the house of prayer and praise.

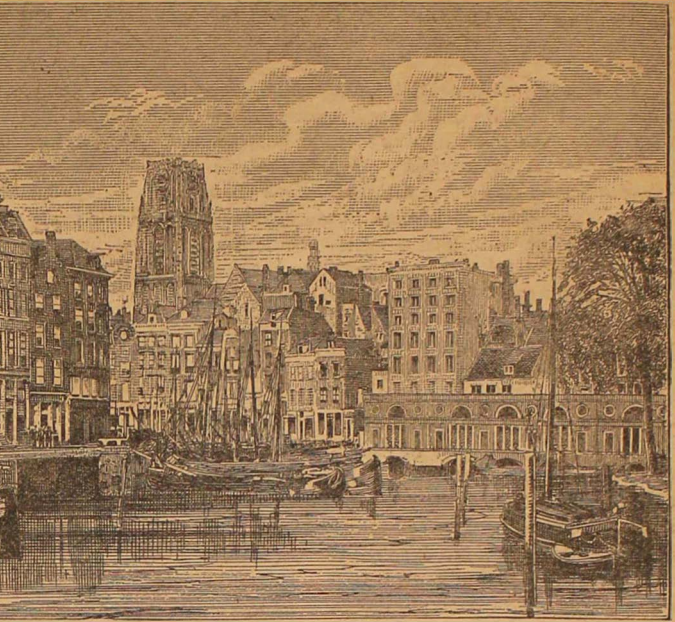
In one's daily walks through Ghent, many ecclesiastics are to be met—monks and friars, in various habits, gray and blue, white and black, bare-headed and barefooted—besides those wearing the regulation cassock, fastened with tiny buttons from neck to feet, low shoes

with silver buckles, and broad-brimmed felt hats. The sympathy of a certain dear little boy was greatly excited, one very cold day, by meeting one of these bare-footed monks, trudging along through the snow, with his heavy bag.

"See, mamma! poor man's dot no stockin's. Div him some."

Besides these, there are many women in peculiar garb, who are called *Béguines*, members of an order founded by a Duchess of Brabant, in 680. There are two institutions of the order in Ghent, containing about a thousand sisters. Some of them live in a community, under the direction of a superior, but others reside alone, in small houses. They are not bound by permanent vows, and can leave the order whenever they see fit. The *Grand Béguinage* resembles a small village, surrounded by walls and a moat. There are several narrow streets, tiny houses, with small gardens, and a pretty little church, within the walls. There a solitary woman may go with her servant, rent one of the *maisonnettes*, and spend, in quietness and security, the rest of her days, or as many as she desires, the only requisite being the wearing of the dress of the order. The most exquisite laces are made by the *Béguines*, as well as other kinds of fine needle-work. They take old laces and literally make them new again, for a very trifling charge. When old age overtakes them, or their resources fail through illness, they are tenderly cared for by their associates. In the most excited revolutionary times this sisterhood have been respected in Ghent. The poor love them, because their self-abnegation and devotion may be relied upon in any calamity, the fulfilling the law of Christian charity, in the broadest sense of the word, being the sole aim of these excellent women.

Upon the *rue Digne de Brabant* stands an old church, plain and weather-beaten outside, and equally so within, which has been used since 1817 as the English and Protestant house of worship. It was built in 1632, by Capuchin Monks, as a chapel for their monastery, which is adjoining, on a side street. Here, twice a day on Sundays, the English colony meet, to join in their beautiful liturgy, the closest of all links to bind them to their native island.



GHEENT, FROM THE CANAL.

city roofs is an old tower, surmounted by a campanile of iron, gracefully and artistically moulded. This belfry was constructed in 1183, and is built of Tournai stone, the iron campanile having been added in 1853, to replace an old one of wood. On the highest point of the campanile is a gilded dragon, ten feet in length, taken from the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, in 1204, by Count Baldwin, of Flanders, and presented by him to the Ghenters. The belfry contains the best carillon, or chimes, in the country. It is composed of forty-four bells, in one of which is a hole, made by a cannon ball fired by the Austrians, in 1789, to prevent the citizens from ringing an alarm. The ball did not miss its aim, but it failed to effect its purpose, for the tone of the bell continued unimpaired. One of the oldest and heaviest bells, cast in 1314, bears the following inscription, in Flemish, "My name is Roland; when I am rung hastily, then there is a fire; when I resound in peals, there is victory in Flanders."

Take it all in all, there are few cities of its size and population (it now numbers 120,000 souls), which have such a history as Ghent. Begun in 629, by St. Amand, who was sent over by Dagobert, King of France, to christianize the people, it grew slowly and quietly until the twelfth century, when it started into prominence as the populous and opulent capital of Flanders.

Soon after that, bloody insurrections troubled its peace, and a man arose, more powerful than any counts who had preceded him. This famous man, of noble birth, and a warm partisan of the English alliance, was Jacques Van Artevelde, born in 1290. In the war then raging between Edward III. of England, and Philip VI. of France, the Flemish, naturally enough, leaned towards the side of England, for the only industry of Ghent and other towns in Flanders was the fabrication of cloth and linen. The native wool was quite insufficient for their use, and much was imported from England. When this importation was stopped, great distress was caused among the work-people, until Van Artevelde suc-

Rising above the



A FLEMISH FAMILY.



ceeded in securing a treaty of peace and commerce with England for Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres.

For three years the Flemish lived peacefully by their firesides, maintaining an absolute neutrality with the warring nations. But at the end of that time, Count Louis of Flanders attempted to force his vassals under the French king's banners. The people arose *en masse*, and chose Van Artevelde as their leader, giving him the title of *Rurvoerd*, Guardian of the Public Peace, with the power of dictator. For a long time he was the idol of the people, until some one suggested that he wished to deliver Flanders into the hands of England, when a general feeling of indignation broke out, and he was slain in a riot.

So it continued—peace, then war—though Ghent continued rich and powerful through all disquietudes, until the rebellion of 1540, when Charles V. entered the city. He deposed his native town of its privileges and immunities; he confiscated its revenues, its arms, and even the celebrated bell, Roland, which had played so prominent a part during the rebellion. The old forms of government were abolished, the magistrates were appointed by the sovereign, and the chief citizens were condemned to appear bareheaded and barefooted, clad only in their shirts, with a halter about their necks, to ask pardon of the emperor; while, to enforce order, a strong citadel was built, the corner-stone of which was laid by Charles himself.

During the reign of Philip II., Ghent suffered greatly from religious wars, as did the rest of Flanders and Holland. Then ensued various vicissitudes, until she dropped out of special notice. For twenty years she lived under French rule; for some time she was a part of the United Netherlands, until, in 1830, the Kingdom of Belgium was created, and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg was elected king, under the title of *King of the Belgians*. He was greatly beloved, and being a Protestant he secured many privileges, such as special government grants for the support of the English church, in every town which can show a certain number of English residents.

Leopold I. was the uncle of Queen Victoria, of England, for whom he showed a father's love and care. He married Charlotte, Princess of Wales, who died in less than a year, and afterward, Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. Leopold II. ascended the throne in 1865, and married Marie Henrietta, an Austrian princess. They have but one child, a daughter, their only son having died some years since, so that the present heir to the crown is the Count of Flanders.



GHENT FASHIONS, HUSBANDS IN FRONT.

## A Love-Match in Paris.



"A H, si vous vouliez!" cried Madame Martin suddenly, in tones of comic pathos, as we stood chatting and listening to the varied noises from the neighboring boulevard, upon our adjoining balconies. Madame Martin was my next neighbor. We lived in the fifth story of adjoining houses in a side street directly off the boulevard Malesherbes, and the inevitable balcony that decorates the topmost story of all the newer and more pretentious houses in Paris made lively neighborly intercourse between us possible, without the necessity of leaving our respective dwellings arising thereby. Indeed, we were separated only by our balcony railings, otherwise we might have visited one another without undertaking a serious journey up and down five flights of stairs and return. Without the latter ever having taken place, we lived in the most friendly and neighborly relations. At first, when we met accidentally, we had exchanged smiling greetings as neighbors, according to universal Parisian custom. Then a sergent de ville had given us occasion for a hearty laugh together by emphatically signaling to Madame Martin's little son not to float down any more bits of paper upon the hats of passers-by in the street below. And very soon nothing of interest in and about our petits ménages took place that we did not mutually call one another to witness and discuss. "Ah, if you would!" repeated the little woman with increased vehemence, and regarding me with doubtful looks.

"Eh bien?" I questioned, astonished that Madame Martin's pleasant fluency should have come to a stoppage—an unusual event with my little neighbor.

"Ah, if you only would, it might be *very* profitable!"

I laughed. For lately Madame Martin had busied herself night and day to conjure up a radical cure for the continued low tide in both our financial conditions. She could not comprehend the fact that I could be quite content in my *fière indépendance* on a very modest income. Frequently she had proposed to me to engage with her in some undertaking; now it had been this, now the other. That I was to take part in it, and would be of use to her, seemed to be an assured fact. Of late it had become a favorite idea that she and myself should give "cours" in the languages, in painting, drawing, music, dancing, gymnastics, etc. We would engage professors as assistants, certainly, yet would endeavor to teach as much as possible ourselves. She herself would undertake the French language and dancing, and if I would teach German, English, and gymnastics—I couldn't help laughing when the idea of pupils and gymnastics in our tiny rooms presented itself to my mental vision.

Madame Martin had formerly been an *ouvrière*, then had married her honest student, and Docteur Martin had supported his family modestly until the war ruined him. His

clientèle was scattered to the four winds, and poverty stared them in the face. Then, with the hope of bettering his practice, he removed from the Quartier Latin to the elegant quarter of the Madeleine. This ill-considered step proved a fatal mistake. What was to be done? What could she do without compromising her husband's position? If her true vocation could be found, the field in which to exercise her talents, success, with Madame Martin's energy, was assured. She soon saw that teaching was the only thing available. But how a little woman with a pronounced provincial dialect, and to whom orthography was an undiscovered country, was to win place and position in that profession, by ready-witted fluency of tongue alone, was a mystery to me. I really did not know how to help the poor woman. I always gave her a willing ear and sympathy, all I had to give, while she unfolded manifold and animated plans to me.

"Tiens!" I would say, "what is there to prevent us?"

"Hélas! I can do nothing with you, Quel malheur, that you cannot be made to see your own advantage!"

And now for ten minutes my incomprehensible neglect of my own opportunities was the theme of her lively tongue.

My slow pen cannot do justice to her animated flow of language. At last, vexed by my silence and the patient smile with which I had endured her eloquence, she broke off the thread of her discourse, and cried in another tone, "I know very well that a note of a thousand francs would not be at all objectionable to your pocket, though perhaps mine needs it more. Ah, you may smile, Mademoiselle, you have not a husband and three children to care for as I have. I really do not know what to do; it is getting worse every day; and besides all that, my husband is the greatest gourmand that you can imagine. To be sure he makes himself as useful as possible in the house, mon pauvre petit mari—helps me, and teaches the children, pauvre chéri; it is not his fault that no patients are attracted by that fine new inscription down below: 'Docteur Médecin,' of which every letter is as large as my head—and that old patients do not pay! Pleasant state of affairs! wife and child of an *ouvrier* are ten times happier."

"If I could help you to earn a thousand francs, dear Madame, I would with the greatest pleasure, but I do not see a possibility."

"Possibility (with indignation) possibility! not possibility but certainty; if you are willing we could arrange a marriage!"

"Un mariage!" I echo slowly, as I see the thousand francs rapidly melting from my mental vision.

"Certainly, it will be the simplest thing in the world. You are a friend of Mademoiselle S. I know the Duc de —; if you consent we will arrange a marriage."

"But Mademoiselle S. wants to marry for love!" I cry out out between amusement and amazement.

"Amour ou ambition—do not forget what you told me recently. Mademoiselle S. understands but two kinds of marriage—for love or ambition."



"Ambition on her side," laughed I, "which of course would necessitate love on the other side."

"Very well, whether love or ambition, we can meet both requirements for her."

"Meet both requirements for her!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, listen to me. Mademoiselle S., your friend, is a young girl endowed with all the good qualities that grace a drawing-room, with considerable fortune, and ambitiously inclined. My duke wants exactly such a wife; what is simpler than to arrange a marriage between the two?"

"Mais Madame!"

"Mais Mademoiselle! the objections you would urge do not suit our Parisian world. With you, in Germany, matches probably arrange themselves, though you must allow me to doubt that; but with us they are *made*. Parents and friends make them, which condition of society you cannot alter. If Mademoiselle S. had a father, he would simply say to his notary: 'I need for my daughter—you know what her dowry is—a husband; he must be thus and so.' The notary finds what is required of him; after much talking, satisfying themselves on all possible points, weighing, considering, the parents on both sides, or if he has no parents, the young man himself, adjust matters to their mutual satisfaction, still at the notary's. At a soirée at the house of a friend the young man is presented. He must be of wood did he not fall in love with the young and lovely being! The young girl's mother tells of his love; if she is a good child she consents without question, and as everything is already pleasantly arranged, what is there in the way of their happiness? A love season of roses without thorns blooms for them, the marriage d'amour is accomplished."

"As Mademoiselle S. has no father, her friends must provide for her; it is their duty."

"If Mademoiselle S. had a father, he could not be blamed for disposing of his daughter's hand according to the established notions of the country; but no one else has a right to interfere with her right to marry as she may please, or to remain single."

"But she does not want to remain single."

"Only until she finds a man who truly loves her."

"Oh, he will certainly fall in love with her, I promise you." I smiled.

"I cannot see that it is predestined that he should fall in love with her."

"But she is elegant, brilliant, have you not told me that often? He will see her at first in the evening; you say that she is an artist in toilet effects. The duke is a man *plein de feu*, he will fall in love with her of course, and when a man is once in love, his eyes are blinded by imagination."

"But it is barely possible that he finds no favor in her sight."

"Allez donc. He is a handsome man, not old, only a little over forty, and he is a duke. I am curious to know a young lady that could withstand such attractions!"

"Possible, but I know Mademoiselle S. is of a different mind; much as she would like to be a duchess, still she would not accept even a duke if his suit were not his alone

without having been assisted by an interested friend."

"Oh, certainly! You seem to misunderstand me persistently. *We* remain in the background; even though the marriage be of our making, Mademoiselle need not know it. Dear Mademoiselle, thus and not otherwise are matches made in Paris."

The little woman's cheeks were red with zeal and excitement.

"Granted everything," I said, "still I do not comprehend how, in the case the duke and Mademoiselle S. were married, that fact should have any connection with a thousand francs." Madame Martin looked at me in wonder and pity at my dullness of comprehension.

"Do you not know that those directly instrumental in bringing the marriage about always expect and receive a valuable present? Well, and so of course the duke must give me one, and Mademoiselle S. you."

"Oh, pray do not take it for granted that she would—"

"Eh bien! in that case the duke will. That is understood of course before we do anything in the matter, absolument. You know the match that I made recently, and that was only between a colonel and a doctor's widow, and still he gave to the friend who had assisted him a costly tea service, and she gave my daughter, with the utmost delicacy, a gold watch and chain, worth five hundred francs; I ascertained the price afterward. And do you know that young couple will always regard me with the greatest possible esteem and friendship, and never tire of telling everybody that they owe their happiness to me. Without me they would never have known one another, and in Paris people are not ungrateful, that is undeniable. And if ordinary people can give presents worth five hundred francs, a duke can certainly give a thousand francs, or even two thousand. I can easily arrange it, through the friend who brought me in connection with the duke, that instead of giving us a bijou, for which neither of us would care, he gives us the thousand francs outright—each of us un billet de mille francs. I will provide for everything; all that you will have to do, will be—"

"Oh, Madame Martin, oh—h!" I cried, "I don't know how I have listened to you so long. Do not count on my assistance in any such affair. You may marry any one to any one whomsoever you please, but don't take me into account, and in righteous anger I withdrew into my own intérieur and closed my window behind me."

I could not see, but I could hear how my little neighbor stamped her foot in anger and amaze, and closed her window with such a sounding force that the panes rattled, and how innocent pieces of furniture were chastised—over all of which let me draw the curtain of silence and charity.

Mademoiselle S.'s father had risen rapidly from obscurity to high position under the empire. When he died, still in the full tide of success, he left his wife and daughter, besides a large fortune—which, in spite of his zealous service to the emperor and country, he had not neglected to accumulate—his high-blown pride, his unbounded ambition.

We will add to this his consideration at court, his favor with the emperor. Hélas, what were they after Sedan! What were two poor, helpless women to do, that had become acclimatized to the atmosphere of the court, to whom pomp and circumstance had become the breath of life; who had been one of the axes to which society adjusts itself and around which it revolves—when the dynasty to which they owed everything fell with a crash? Pin their faith to the republic—fi done!

The emperor is dead—long live the king!

The son of the emperor was too young for the plans of the friends of the empire, and so public opinion drifted to the royauté—can we blame them when they followed a stream that might bear them back to former heights?

Mademoiselle is a small, graceful, elegant figure who looks older than her twenty-two years would warrant, for which she is undoubtedly indebted to her passionate temperament and her firm, decided, ambitious character.

Madame S.'s circle is of the best, as good as can be found in republican Paris.

Imperialists, legitimists, Orleanists intermingle, on social footing, in the brilliant salon of Madame S. and her daughter.

The newspapers make flattering allusions to their reception evenings, and contain minute and graphic descriptions of their toilets. They grace the balls at the Elysée, and at home designate Marshal MacMahon as an "honnête homme," thereby re-entrenching themselves elsewhere. The "honnête homme," accompanied by a shrug of the shoulder, is become proverbial with the opposition of whatever kind. (The President cannot take just offense.) Is there anything amiss in calling a citizen an "honest man?"

Madame S. has lost much with the fall of the empire, but has succeeded surprisingly well in keeping up the semblance of former glories. For now a suitable parti for Mademoiselle must be discovered, who will restore her to her pristine place and position. Mademoiselle, though she shares in the ambitions of her mother, still has her own ideas as to the realization of her dreams; and therefore maman and her dear friends are frequently in despair at Mademoiselle's unaccountable self-will.

In spite of the warning voices that tell her of the shortness of the fair season of youth, and admonish her to avail herself of the days of grace, she has, during the past winter, decidedly refused a vicomte and a marquis, not to mention lesser suitors. They had not striven for *her* favor, but, according to time-honored custom, had applied to her mamma for her daughter's hand. Therefore the daughter had indignantly rejected their proposals! Florence had read much foreign literature—which is very unusual with young French girls—and could not comprehend why she could not be wooed as the maidens of England and Germany—then *she* would make a fitting choice. No danger that ambition would not get its due at her hands. An unattainable ideal for a young Parisienne—ah, yes, if she were a widow.

I knew that Madame Martin's anger would not continue long. The next day after the little scene she appeared on the little balcony as usual, sunshine in her countenance, and full



of effervescent good-humor. Madame Martin's is the true French temperament, always bright, in spite of cares, difficulties, actual sufferings, in spite of repeated disappointments; instead of bowing her down, giving her inexhaustible food for jests. We chatted as usual, but not a syllable on the subject of last night. Several days passed by, when one evening Madame Martin called to me suddenly: "Eh bien! our duke has written to my friend. He knows Mademoiselle S., knows the family and their circumstances, and would be tout-à-fait charmé to be introduced to the ladies."

"Very well, let him find opportunity to be presented."

"That is impossible, excepting through ourselves."

"Impossible that Duc de — should know no one who could present him to Madame S.!"

"Ah, yes; but you know he is a legitimist, and Madame S. an imperialist—there's the rub. He cannot apply to an imperialist—it is possible, too, by some untoward circumstance, that he is not received at all. He cannot expose himself to such a possibility!"

"He has only to read the newspaper account of Madame S.'s last reception. He will see imperialist, Orleanist, and legitimist names. All shades of politics, with the exception of republicanism, commingle in her salon. Also he will find the name S. in legitimist circles. The day before yesterday the ladies were present at a concert given by the Princess W—ska, who is a Bourbonist."

"Ah, very good; she would not, therefore, reject a man merely on account of his politics?"

"I don't know anything about that, definitely. He will have to find that out for himself."

"Certainly, he can and will; still it would be a little singular if he should unceremoniously beg another gentleman for an introduction. Women can manage such things much better. We might do it."

"We! that would certainly be most singular of all."

"Du tout, du tout, du tout!"

"Certainement, madame!"

"Non, non, non, non!"

"Si, si, si, si!"

"Je vous demande pardon, Mademoiselle!"

"Je vous demande pardon à mon tour, Madame!"

"So you will not present the duke to the ladies?"

"No, Madame."

The same evening I saw my neighbor busied with a pile of newspapers.

Here and there she carefully cut out columns. As I asked no questions she was silent also, and alternately pored over her newspapers and cut out strips most industriously. When Madame Martin was silent, her feelings must be overpowering—oh, là là! pauvre petite Madame Martin.

A few evenings later: "You may contest it as much as you please, I shall nevertheless believe that matches are *made* in Germany as well as in France. Would you make me believe that matchmakers are unknown in Germany? It is at least highly improbable, for the love of it is inherent in feminine nature."

"There are, indeed, benevolent women among us, who feel it incumbent upon them that marrying does not go entirely out of fashion. Still I know of none who consider it as their business to bungle and blunder in the affairs of Providence. They only give a kindly helping hand to poor lovers who cannot help themselves. We say, 'What God has joined together, let not man put asunder,' and by not putting asunder, we understand to assist a little in coming together what manifestly belongs together. But you interpret the scriptural injunction thus: 'What man has joined together, God will in all probability not put asunder.'"

"Non, non, non! ce n'est pas cela du tout! We do not interfere with Providence, but Providence needs instruments here below. Le bon Dieu does not virtually or really take the duke by the hand—as we read that it took place in Paradise—lead him to Mademoiselle S. and say, 'There is your husband, Mademoiselle; acceptez, Mademoiselle, ne bougez pas! ne répondez pas! ne refusez pas! ne vous révoltez pas, Mademoiselle!' What le bon Dieu does is well done!"

I laughed. "We do not read that God took Adam by the hand and presented him to Eve, but the reverse, I believe, and then left them to progress in their acquaintance. Soyez tranquille—it would seem perhaps that Adam's path was made very smooth to his feet, but Eve would not have been the mother of her daughters if she had not given the matter a very romantic coloring after all."

"Ah, Monsieur Adam had easy wooing; he had no rival, and Madame Eve no opportunity to be jealous or to play the coquette. Happy primitive times! But I will prove to you that my school memories of l'histoire sainte are not all forgotten. Le bon Dieu put Monsieur Adam and Madame Eve into a beautiful garden and left them to themselves. Eh bien, this garden is the Parisian marriage. Did you not know that with us the wooing comes after marriage? If you have hitherto believed that women are not courted in France, you know us very little. What man could love a character so tame that did not exact it? Depend upon it, a Frenchwoman will torment her husband into a proper frame of mind. Scarcely has the blessing been pronounced upon the pair when the play begins: laughing, coquetting, quarreling, se prendre aux cheveux (figuratively speaking), 'making up' alternately. Men are not of wood, of course they fall in love. It would be a creature stupide who could not make her husband fall in love with her!"

"Oh, indeed! And pray how long does this pretty play continue?"

"Always." (Confidentially:) "Do you not believe that even now I can make my husband cry if I am disagreeable to him?"

"I am afraid this uncomfortable play is scarcely compatible with the German character; I think our Adams would decidedly lack patience to endure it. If I were a man, and possessed such a capricious, charming, refractory being, I would throw myself into the Seine."

"And a Frenchman would shoot himself rather than endure life with a tedious, insipid

German, sans passion, sans caractère, sans esprit, sans goût, sans——"

I laughed; the little woman retreated through her window in high excitement and indignation. She had almost drawn the attention of the passers-by below upon herself.

Another evening she resumed the attack with changed tactics.

"How would you manage it in Germany, if you wanted to help your friends in matters matrimonial?"

"It is done usually only when we know that both parties would be pleased by it, and only in the most delicate manner."

"The most delicate manner, c'est ça! That is our province particularly. We are without any doubt the most civilized people in the world, and best understand the signification of 'delicacy.'"

"Are you acquainted with foreign nations—have you traveled—have you studied foreign manners and customs?"

(With emphasis:) "Jamais!—but to resume our subject, Mademoiselle S.——"

"I was not aware that we had been speaking of Mademoiselle S.——"

"C'est égal—if you had not objected she would already have been a duchess, and would certainly have been grateful to you."

After a rainy week, during which we had been parted, we met on the balcony as usual. Madame Martin looked careworn. Ah, poverty, poverty! I looked about me constantly for pupils for her husband, but had succeeded in finding only one boy who shared his children's instructions. It was very little, and who knew how long even this would last? She could do needle-work only in secret, not to compromise her husband's position, and that alone they *could* not live on.

"I cannot see any earthly use of that doctor's sign down below. I wonder if it would not be advisable to change it from 'Docteur' to 'Professeur;' something must be done. Though perhaps it would be better to leave the 'Docteur Médecin' also, it might possibly attract a stray patient once a year. My husband and I have quite determined to give 'cours,' so we will add this inscription: 'Cours pour jeunes filles,' and then 'de français, d'anglais, d'allemand, d'italien. Piano, Chant; Dessin, Peinture; Danse et Gymnastique;' and finally, 'Leçons particulières.'"

"Possibly also, 'Institution de mariage?'" I was frightened. I thought I had said something very ill-natured.

Madame Martin laughed cheerfully.

"Certainly, if we could add that we should not lack pupils: 'We educate young girls and provide them with a good husband apiece when their education is finished.' I assure you parents would be attracted by that. In Paris, where marriage becomes constantly more difficult, the sad sight of girls no longer quite young becomes more frequent every day. Formerly—jamais, jamais!—Our duc writes that Mademoiselle S. pleases him exceedingly, and he greatly desires to make her acquaintance. She would also probably consider the acquaintance with a duke desirable. That alone does not make marrying him imperative. She is not a child, and is probably



capable of judging whether he would suit her or no. She will not be obliged to marry him, and be assured, before the matter progresses very far, her mother will, through her notary, make minute inquiries as to his circumstances. *Soyez tranquille!* He is not rich, but neither is he in debt, as he says. Of course, her money will not be unwelcome to him, but neither will his title to her. Besides, that is their own affair. We do nothing but to make them acquainted with one another."

"Even in the latter case that would be difficult; even if Mademoiselle S. comes here frequently to chat away a pleasant hour, my apartments would scarcely make a large company permissible—soirées where dukes appear."

"Why have you not a *jour de réception*, as everybody has? Then we could arrange to have them meet accidentally. Even I have always maintained mine under all circumstances. To give that up means to lose all courage, to lose one's identity."

"Hitherto I have had no reception day, and cannot suddenly establish one, especially as the season is so far advanced."

Now I must confess that after much consideration I had almost concluded that it would not be undesirable if Mademoiselle S. should make the acquaintance of the duke. That would not be unusual, and to bring about a superficial acquaintance would not involve the assuming of heavy responsibilities. But the thousand francs! If Madame Martin had not, unhappily, brought them in discussion, I might, perhaps, have fallen innocently into her projects. But in the light that she had at first presented the matter to me—no, a thousand times no!

As I was returning one afternoon from a visit to Madame S., I met at the door Mademoiselle Alexandrine Arbrisseaux, who had just given Florence her Italian lesson. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux is a Frenchwoman by birth, and has strains of noble and plebeian blood in her veins. She had lived in Italy long enough to enable her to give instruction in the language. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux is genteel, sprightly, witty, distinguée, savante, which last is proven in black and white by a diploma from the *Hôtel de Ville*. She is almost "grande dame," but not quite. I had myself introduced her in the household in her present capacity. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux slips her arm confidently into mine: "Ecoutez—ah, you do not know?"

"What, pray?"

"We are going to marry Florence—mais chut! we will go on a little, or, still better, come with me; you have not paid me the honor of a visit for a long time, though I have expected you every week at my 'jour.' What would you say if we married Mademoiselle Florence to a—but hush—until we can speak freely in my salon. The title *Duchesse* would—but hush, hush, not a word more, how easily could everything be spoiled. Ah, you will be astonished, when you hear what I have to say to you. Imagine there were a Duke de—, but not a word on the staircase, for the matter is delicate in the highest degree, the greatest delicacy is necessary,—the slightest misstep could—but no, we will succeed!"

Presently we were come to Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux's little salon, in the seventh story—not far from the *Madeleine*.

"Now listen," she began afresh, "two days ago a strange lady, who had inquired for me several times, visited me—a small woman, a trifle *genre ouvrière*, but still *gentille*, quite passable. She introduced herself as the wife of Doctor Martin—the name is quite unfamiliar to me—and tells me, directly to the point, what she wishes of me. Imagine—she asks me if I do not wish to assist in arranging a marriage for Mademoiselle? Certainly, with all my heart. Do but think, she has a duke—a duke, nothing less than a duke—and she asks me if I will assist her. What a question! Ah, that must satisfy even Florence's ambition."

Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux's eyes sparkled as she cried: "Ah, *le beau mariage!* *le beau mariage!* That would be the best one I ever made. Imagine Florence a *duchesse!* And the munificent presents that will be showered upon us. Of course you will help us, that is understood?"

Before I could correct her in the latter particular the bell interrupted us.

"The duke!" ventured Mademoiselle jestingly; but I cannot easily describe my extreme surprise at the sight which met my eyes. First entered a gentleman of imposing stature, the title "grand seigneur" unmistakably belonging to him. He stepped gallantly aside, to allow precedence to a little lady who followed him—the round, laughing face of my sprightly neighbor Madame Martin!

Madame Martin looks somewhat taken by surprise in seeing me. A moment of doubt whether to regard me as friend or foe, but the suave smile that had lighted her face soon returned to it. She is absorbed in her duke—at least she sees the way open before her, nothing shall come in her way again. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux and the duke are presented to one another with ceremony and restrained importance.

Involuntarily I had withdrawn somewhat into the background, and indicated thereby that I did not belong to the group. The duke glanced at me.

"Une amie—Mademoiselle de —," explained Madame Martin reassuringly. The company was seated.

Monsieur le duc, who as un grand seigneur condescends to be chivalrously polite to ladies of every condition, inquires earnestly as to the health of Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux, regrets exceedingly that Mademoiselle's headache of this morning deprived him of the pleasure of being received. "Ah, yes, headache proceeds from a disordered condition of the nerves—the weather may be one cause of the attack. This sudden heat, ah, yes, yes, *les premières chaleurs* occasion much indisposition. For many years no one remembers such warm weather in May. When the well-known chestnut-tree in the *Tuileries* gardens blossoms in March, it portends a sultry summer. So this remarkable tree is really in existence yet? It had been rumored that it was burned, destroyed with others. What a pity that the *Tuileries* be not restored—*quel malheur*. And to see that ridiculous statue of *Jeanne d'Arc* placed

before the ruined palace, and that in artistic Paris—are there no artists in Paris capable of greater things? Ah, since the war the *verve*, the spirit is gone, the enthusiasm. The artists have become artisans—ah, *les Prussiens!* *les Prussiens!*" (are probably guilty, also, of the statue of *Jeanne d'Arc* in question?) Thus flowed the tide of conversation, gently and graciously, till the customary subjects had been exhausted, when a pause ensued. Madame Martin coughed slightly, settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and said in the most polished voice at her command, and a broad smile illuminating her features: "Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux, Monsieur le Duc has heard of your goodness, and your friendship for Mademoiselle S., and hopes—hm—for your sympathies—*bon—in his—in this case.*"

"Monsieur wishes to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle S.?" (with a dignity that I had not before had occasion to observe in Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux.

"Mais oui, Mademoiselle" (carelessly, with a slight shrug). "Mon Dieu, *pourquoi donc pas?* It is said she is amiable—that she is charming."

"Charmante—charmante! *amiable, gentille;*" and now follows a chattering that sober English will not reproduce. The duke raised his hand gently as a sign that he would like to speak—instantly silence ensues, and the faces of the listeners are illuminated by complacent and expectant smiles. The duke addresses himself to Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux: "Mademoiselle S. is *gentille?*"

An answer in eager chorus makes it necessary to repeat the previous peremptory movement of his hand. "I beg for permission to speak, Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux. Mademoiselle knows Mademoiselle S. intimately, and therefore will be best able to tell me what I wish to know. Is she tall, or of medium size, or small?"

"Of medium size."

"Ah, that is well—tall women are not to my taste. Dark or light?"

"Very dark!"

"Ah, *très-bien!* A round face, or oval?"

"Oval, with delicate features—and pale, delicate complexion."

"Ah, that pleases me. I do not like color. You say, then, pale and delicately formed features? *très-bien, très-bien!* Black eyes?"

"Black as two coals."

"And hair?"

"Equally black, and in great abundance. All her own." (Mademoiselle did not adhere strictly to the truth in this particular.)

"Ah, *c'est quelque chose* to know that. That is a point that is usually not cleared up till after marriage." The duke laughed pleasantly and the ladies echoed it dutifully. "And the foot—the hand?"

"The foot? it is even ridiculously small—un biscuit."

"But the hand—the hand?"

"The hand—ah, the hand is small too, and very finely formed, if not so small as the foot, which cannot be expected in such a fine pianist—but a beautiful hand, the fingers *effilés.*"

"The hand is of great moment to me."

Here Madame Martin could not restrain her-



self from remarking: "Mademoiselle S. has a very aristocratic hand." (She had never seen Mademoiselle S.)

"Is her tournure élégante?"

"Tout-à-fait."

"Is her toilet tasteful?"

"An artistic taste governs her toilet. It is distinguished."

"What is its character?"

"La simplicité riche."

"Ah!"

Sitting at a distant window I had listened in growing amazement. What! was this really distinguished-looking man not ashamed to discuss with these women the weightiest of all questions as he would the prospective purchase of a horse? But he did not seem to be aware that there was anything to be ashamed of in the matter. On the contrary, the scarcely perceptible embarrassment with which he had begun the interrogation had given place to perfect ease. Also, I had observed that the duke had never seen Mademoiselle S.—but what had Madame Martin told me? ah, the little rogue! There she sat in ecstatic mood, seemingly unconscious as a babe of the burden of falsehood.

The duke pursued his inquiries as to Mademoiselle S.'s social and artistic gifts. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux proved inexhaustible in praise of her pupil. Evidently a more perfect being had never graced this mundane sphere. (Not long ago she had expressed the opinion to me that Florence was a little monkey, without heart or esprit, but plenty of vanity and self-love.) The duke proved as inexhaustible in his questions.

"Ah, but now comes an important consideration: a-t-elle du caractère?"

"Ah! ah! she is all life."

"Is she capable of becoming angry?"

"It is very becoming to her. She is gentle and good as an angel, but you should see her when she is angry!"

The duke continued animatedly, "For I could not exist with a wife who was always gentle and spiritless. I am deeply indebted to you, Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux. What are we poor men to do? We never see young girls except at the side of their mammas. There they are all equally gentilles, ravissantes, ces petites filles—one scarcely knows one from the other; and still ces enfants are so different. They do not develop till after marriage, and then very fast; not until then do we know what we have; when we marry we know absolutely nothing; we enter blindly upon our fate."

"You must put your trust in your friends," comforted Madame Martin.

Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux contented herself with adding:

"I have given you a truthful portrait, Monsieur. It remains to be seen whether my dear pupil pleases your taste."

"Mesdames!" cried the duke, "I have put my happiness in your hands. Ah," he continued seriously, "but now—her fortune?"

Instantly the two faces assumed a business air. Incidentally, Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux was able to answer this inquiry, and promised particulars soon. She was already in posses-

sion of the address of Madame S.'s notary, but it was not advisable to apply to him for the present, so that Mademoiselle S. did not become aware of the matter too early. The greatest caution was necessary, as Mademoiselle was not as other young girls, that allow themselves to be married. It was exactly the latter circumstance that made the matter piquante. On the whole, the duke seemed well pleased.

"Mademoiselle S. is not very wealthy," he said, "but neither do I seek riches particularly. It is one of the principal considerations, certainly, but only one of them. What I want is a delicately bred, pretty woman—a woman that suits my condition, my circumstances; in short, a woman after my taste."

Everything seemed to be in order.

Madame Martin beamed with happiness. Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux, too, as much delighted, but more dignified, assured the duke of her sympathy and zealous assistance.

"There is only one difficulty," said I, taking part in the scene: "Mademoiselle S. wishes to make un mariage d'amour."

"Love?" said the duke, as he turned to me, with some surprise in his voice. "Certainly I will love her; if she suits me, why should I not love her? Soyez tranquille, Mademoiselle—of love as much as she pleases."

The duke took leave of his "aimies" with warm words of thanks. I wended my way homeward in a thoughtful mood.

I passed a troubled, uneasy night. To allow Florence to become the subject of such an intrigue was impossible. But how to warn her without invoking a storm was a vexatious puzzle to me. However, I was in no doubt as to my duty. The following day I went to see Mademoiselle S.

As I was following a servant through the dining-room, Florence's maman rustled out of her daughter's apartment. She dismissed the man, and cried out to me:

"How fortunate that you are come, Mademoiselle! You are just the one to soothe and compose la petite. She is in a very bad humor—very unhappy. I can do nothing whatever—the poor child!"

I lifted the heavy velvet portière and entered "la petite's" room noiselessly.

She lay on the sofa, the curly black hair buried deep in the blue velvet cushion, and at my approach concluded to resume her sobbing and crying, which had been interrupted; pushing away passionately whatever comforter might be approaching, whereby a really ridiculously small shoe of rose-colored silk flew vehemently into the middle of the room. A heap of crushed white tarletans and rose-colored silk bore witness that la petite had been at a soirée the previous evening. Provoked by my silence and apparent indifference, the passionate sobbing grew more vehement; the outbreaks of grief, or passion, were heart-breaking. She tossed about in utter wretchedness. No lack of "caractère," decidedly, thought I. Presently, however, my heartless silence puzzled the unhappy child; in the depths of wretchedness she yet raised her head a little to see what stony heart it was that could look on her despair

unmoved. A moment she seemed surprised, then the storm broke out anew. The other shoe, that had long and bravely resisted all efforts to be got rid of, was at last vanquished. I took it up and amused myself by studying the delicate point and wonderful heel until la petite's passionate outbreak should have spent itself. The worst storm must finally exhaust its violence.

Mademoiselle S. stood up suddenly on her bare little feet, pushed back the disordered, raven-black hair from her face, and broke into nervous, silvery laughter. The next moment she lay on my breast.

"Embrassez-moi! embrassez-moi! Oh, I am so unhappy! I cannot, I will not live so any longer!"

I led her back to the sofa. There, lying in my arms, soothed and comforted by me, she poured out all her griefs into my sympathizing ears. And it was by no means a trifle that had befallen my little Florence.

Yesterday she had been at the soirée-concert of the Princess B—ska, and as usual she had been inexpressibly wearied—ah! as usual, the gentlemen, after addressing the most commonplace of society phrases to her, turned immediately to her mamma. Numberless compliments to herself, her toilet, her talents, were addressed, not to her, but to her mother, who received them with more or less graciousness; did she herself, unfortunately, attempt to mingle in the conversation, her forwardness was promptly punished by the flight of the party attacked—of the same gentlemen who, in conversation with married ladies, were distinguished for social brilliancy.

Oh, ennui! Then, after midnight, shortly before their carriage came, the Vicomte de C. had joined them. This young gentleman had conversed with her, and kept his place for some time, despite the displeasure of her mother. Mademoiselle, happy in feeling that she, too, had a social identity, talked gayly and happily. She was the more delighted that the Vicomte de C., without in the least making love to her, seemed to take great pleasure in her conversation. Mademoiselle came home in somewhat rosier mood than usual, with the feeling of a small triumph, which was not much disturbed by the displeasure of society in general, and her maman in particular.

But this morning, even before she opened her tired eyes, her cousin, the Comtesse A., had persisted in being admitted. She had scarcely had time to slip into *those* shoes,—“For, you know, I sent Rosine away the other day, therefore no others lay ready for me,”—and to drape herself picturesquely in a part of her last night's toilet, before she was enfolded in her cousin's arms. She knew perfectly well that the Comtesse A., who never rose before the one o'clock breakfast, and never became visible until four o'clock in the afternoon, must have weighty reasons to prompt this unusual visit. Still she was taken by surprise, when, with a storm of caresses, her cousin congratulated her. Astonished, she had asked for the reason, and was told that to converse with a young man confidentially, as she had done, could not be otherwise interpreted than that they were betrothed, and



chose that way of announcing it to the world. "And the vicomte is young, handsome, and wealthy. Ma petite, you are a spoiled child of fortune!"

Florence protests that it is absurd—"The vicomte has not and will not ask my hand."

"What! after last night? Why, he would be a brute, an ogre!"

"Pas du tout, ma cousine!"

"Si, te dis-je, ma cousine!"

"Why, he does not even think of it."

"He must think of it, my poor child."

"Even if I do not agree to it?"

"You must agree to it, I tell you!"

Here they are joined by Florence's mother, who, with the moral support of the presence of the cousin, administers a lecture to la petite on her conduct of last night. Florence defends herself vehemently—passionately. Her cousin takes her leave finally, inwardly convinced that Florence's fate is sealed. Florence vows that she will never appear in society again—never; her mother takes to flight, when I appear on the scene.

"I am determined," Florence assures me tearfully, "that I will never attend a ball again so long as I am not married."

"Then nothing remains but to marry, ma mignonne."

Abruptly changing the subject, according to Florence's fashion, she cried: "Do you see my flowers, my birth-day flowers? Half a dozen bouquets at the window made the air as fragrantly oppressive as the air of a conservatory. They are generally from old or married gentlemen. Do you see that beautiful one of elder flowers, forget-me-nots, and roses. That is from the Count of L., that dreadful L.; he is in high favor with mamma. Every three months he repeats to her that he wants to marry me, and he begged her for permission to send me this beauty. Do you know how much it cost? Emil, I don't know how he knows, but he told Rosine the day before I sent her away, five hundred francs."

"From whom is that charming blue wreath?"

"From mamma's eighty-year-old cousin—he has five daughters, of whom three are in a convent already, which I see plainly will be my fate too."

"From an eighty-year-old cousin. It is not likely to make him conceited if you should take his bouquet to the opera with you this evening—it would be charming with your blue dress."

Mademoiselle S. looked at me in silent astonishment for a moment.

"Comment! I take a bouquet to the opera; what would people say?"

"What could they say?" asked I.

"That I am betrothed; besides, after what happened yesterday, the poor vicomte would be exceedingly surprised to see it announced in all the papers to-morrow. Ah! le pauvre petit vicomte!"

"But I have certainly seen ladies with bouquets at the opera, and in society generally."

"Oh, yes, married ladies or young girls who are to be married in a fortnight at the least."

"Strange," I exclaimed, really surprised. "I have been in Paris so long, and it never

occurred to me that only married ladies are accorded the privilege of flowers. I supposed, heretofore, when I saw matrons with bouquets at a ball that they were kindly keeping them for their daughters."

"A mistake; only mamans may have bouquets," laughed Florence.

"I knew that married ladies exercise the exclusive right to wear diamonds, real laces, and cashmere shawls, but—flowers!"

"Oh, we can wear flowers in our hair, or a single flower or two in the hand, but not a regular bouquet—that is too significant."

"Oh, you poor Parisian maidens," I could not refrain from exclaiming.

"Ah, yes, poor Parisian maidens," throwing both arms around my neck. "At home, in your barbarian country, poor girls may rejoice in flowers, in air, in sunshine; here our exalted civilization denies us all that; we can scarcely breathe without restraint—but how different when you are married or a widow. I wish I were a widow!" Then she drew me back into the cushion, lay in my arms like a child, closed her eyes, and begged me to tell her of my home, of love, of happiness in my own country. I told her, not how "love comes and grows," for it might never come to her. Told her that with us, too, love and ambition are plants foreign to each other that cannot live in the same air; that there, too, you must choose between the two.

"I am going into a convent," sighed Florence, "and bury ambition. Ah, no, I would rather marry after all—no, I would rather die! Is there no country where you may be born a widow?"

Madame S. had an aunt who had a considerable fortune and neither chick nor child, consequently whose opinion was of great weight. She was well known for her good sense and her good heart. I resolved to lay my difficulty before her. I told her of the affair in all its details, as far as it had progressed.

Notwithstanding, the old lady seemed deeply impressed, and exclaimed in the midst of my story:

"Un duc, dites-vous?"

I repeated my scruples as to allowing the affair to take its course without warning Florence.

"For the love of heaven, do not meddle, Mademoiselle, n'y touchez pas! Let providence take its course, for are we not all its instruments in good and evil; and if you had chosen, the marriage might possibly have taken place already. But you would not, you could not—ah, I honor your scruples, though I do not understand them in the least; but, dear Mademoiselle, keep your strange, foreign ideas if you will, but do not touch lightly the laws of our high civilization; you could not change or affect it in general, and only work misfortune in this single instance. Promise me that you will not interfere in the happiness of our little one—un duc!" and the good lady was affected almost to tears.

"In heaven's name, then!" I thought, "I, one of the outer barbarians, am no doubt exceedingly presumptuous to think of interfering with the machinations of your highly civilized providence." I took a cordial leave of

the lady, but the fact that the leave-taking was to be for some time, seemed rather to give her a sense of satisfaction than otherwise.

I was in a disagreeable, unhappy frame of mind. The scene of the morning and this together made me long for a touch of nature and a breath of pure air. From the Faubourg St. Germain I hastened diagonally across the Place de la Concorde and presently took a Courbevoine omnibus. At the Porte Maillot I left it, and took my way into the Bois de Boulogne. My attention was unconsciously drawn to three riders of genuine legitimist stamp. In one of them I recognized the duke. His greeting was knightly, and took my thoughts involuntarily to chivalric times of long ago. This form, this nobility of air and bearing, that he seems to have imparted even to his horse, this indefinable "Je ne sais quoi," that has remained in a few instances to scions of old families, and given them the stamp of genuineness—will Florence be able to withstand that?

Mechanically I listened to myself repeating the word duchesse, duchesse.

The next evening I dined with Madame S.

Florence had a gentle womanly air that I had not heretofore observed in her, a shade of sweet seriousness that was unusual.

After dinner, while Florence was offering hearty incense to the Italian muse on an Erard piano, her mother drew me to a luxurious sofa corner on the opposite side of the room for a confidential chat, and whispered to me with an impressive, mysterious air:

"Imagine! while ma petite and Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux were at the picture gallery to-day, a gentleman followed them from room to room."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, in the well acquired accents of indignant surprise. But singularly Madame S. did not seem to share in my indignation. The otherwise highly reprehensible conduct of the strange gentleman did not seem to alarm her. She added in explanation: "Mademoiselle knows the gentleman."

"Ah, Florence was there with Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux?"

"Yes—just think, it was the Duke de —."

"Indeed—is it possible?"

"And when Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux called her attention to it, she said carelessly, 'Eh bien, what is that to me?' but presently she seemed to be more interested, and looked toward him, but he was at a respectful distance, and appeared to be absorbed in the pictures. But Florence's enjoyment and interest in the pictures was disturbed. The next time he will probably be more assured."

"Do you believe that he will repeat—continue his—"

"Certainly—without doubt—that is, it is probable."

Madame S. seemed to be gratified at this opinion.

"But she must not be allowed to notice anything for the world; perhaps this wild bird will yet be caught."

For several days I was much occupied. By the promise I had given to the old countess I



was bound to a faithlessness to Florence that was utterly distasteful to me.

I heard that Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux took her pupil to study in the picture galleries every other day, and strange to say the duke was either a more diligent student than they, or he was gifted with the power of divination, for they not only saw him there, but on the promenade, at the opera,—he seemed to be omnipresent. His course of action had the virtue of novelty only in this respect, however, that it was not to see them, but to be seen of them, that prompted it. He must make an impression upon the heart of the young girl; she must fall in love with him, then probably it would not occur to her to doubt his love.

Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux lamented that it was only by the utmost efforts that she prevented him from taking a too precipitous step. He believed that, as a duke, he had done enough to be justified in asking Mademoiselle S.'s hand without further preliminary.

The duke seemed to have made great progress in the esteem of Madame S. and her daughter. I made my farewell visit to them before my usual summer migration; his name had already become a familiar household word.

He had left his card with the concierge, and through a gentleman of their circle, a friend, had begged for permission to be presented to them. Madame S. had not assented directly, had spoken doubtfully of their summer journey, but the presentation was to take place on their next reception-day but one. It would be a small triumph to show their friends that the Duke de — had begged for an introduction.

"Petite Florence," I said jestingly when I was parting from them, "how shall I have to address you when we meet again?"

"Qui sait?" laughed madame.

And I echoed, "Who knows; perhaps Duchesse—or does not even that satisfy you?"

"You know very well," pouted Florence, "the conditions under which I would marry. I have thought about it more than ever of late, and I am fully resolved that I will remain unmarried rather than marry without love."

Her mother shrugged her shoulders.

"Eh bien, we shall see," said I, and then followed many hearty adieus, and going down the steps I call out teasingly, "Adieu, Florence; AU REVOIR, DUCHESSÉ!"

Before the dawn of the next morning I had left Paris. I whiled away five months in England and Scotland. The scenery I saw is described in countless books of travel, and how I saw it does not belong to my theme. It is sufficient to say that I refreshed heart and soul somewhat after the super-civilization of Paris. I went yachting with a merry party, and by way of contrast joined the fishermen on the coast in a nightly fishing expedition; dined with guests of high degree, and ate porridge in the Highlands from a wooden bowl with a pewter spoon, listening meditatively meanwhile to the inspiring notes of the bagpipe or to the melancholy minor of an old Scotch song; listened to the weird superstitious tale of an old shepherd, and joined in the tender and cheerful "Auld Lang Syne," and

left Scotland with heart, powers, and spirits newly awakened and refreshed.

My correspondence had meanwhile accumulated in London. Partly because I was pressed for time, and partly because I wanted to remain in the atmosphere of pleasant recollections as long as possible, I did not open my letters until I had crossed the Channel. Comfortably ensconced in the coupé, on the way to Paris, I took up my old thread of life again. Madame S., on paper that reflected the last elegant fancy of the day, and dated the 6th of August, announced the marriage of her beloved daughter with the Duke de — on the 20th of the same month; asked me to rejoice with her, and invited me to the wedding, which was to take place on one of their estates, and in accordance with a time-honored old fancy was to be solemnized at midnight mass in the chapel. Two days previous there was to be a ball at the château. I turned over the leaves of my journal, and found that I had passed the night of Florence's marriage on the open sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

"France is the most beautiful country in the world, Paris the most beautiful city in this fairest of countries; why should we travel to see worse?" I repeated mechanically, as the train sped into Paris; but it awakened no echo in my heart, that was sighing instead, "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here."

In Paris the cold weather had permanently closed the balcony doors. But since the closed windows shut out the turmoil of the streets below from these higher regions, sentences, and sometimes whole conversations, were quite audible through the walls. Whether I would or no, I was enlightened on many points that had heretofore been dark to me. I heard things that my philosophy had never dreamed of, in spite of a long residence in Paris, which had been interrupted only for a short time during the war.

Madame Martin's circumstances have been entirely metamorphosed. Cankering care has become a stranger to her; there is an end of necessity, privation, for the true field for the exercise and development of her talents has been found. Madame Martin is become an agent of the great international "bureau de mariage," and her salon one of its branch depots, so to speak!

At the very beginning of her new career she gave a brilliant proof of her powers; her very first "mariage" was a master-piece that won her the profound respect of her guild. Therefore, too, Madame Martin, on the promenade, elegantly attired, holds her head proudly, and her smile seems to say to the passers-by: "Ah, you do not know that your fates lie in my hand; that I can marry you, one to the other, as I please, as my fancy may dictate to me." I smile as I think how nearly I had unconsciously become an agent of Le Bureau de Mariage, if Madame Martin had not foolishly brought the thousand francs into the discussion! That was very unwise. No danger that she will fall into a similar mistake again.

Even Mademoiselle Arbrisseaux had not been fully initiated; she does not know, or does not wish to know, that Madame Martin and herself were doing the bidding of higher powers.

For that constitutes the peculiar strength of the "Bureau," that countless unconscious people play into its hands—ladies, often of the most aristocratic circles, who believe that they are intriguing entirely for their own amusement; tutors, governesses, children, whose innocent, unconscious revelations are made use of, servants, friends who act from the purest motives, lawyers, notaries, in whose special province lie marriages in the families whose property they hold in stewardship. In short, the customary question at any marriage, "Qui a donc fait ce mariage?" would be exceedingly difficult to answer. The person who reaps the credit of it may even do so in complacent honesty, ignorant that she has been working in unconscious agency for a potent "bureau de mariage."

No fee is ever taken in advance. The members of the "enterprise" do their "labor of love" as "amis," and when the marriage is an accomplished fact, receive compensation for their services with the utmost delicacy. So from a French point of view the business is legitimate, honest, and delicate withal, and really meets an actual necessity in the most civilized society in the world.

A new sign has taken the place of the old one, with not alone "Docteur Médecin," but added to it the device, "Cours pour jeunes filles." But neither patients nor pupils visit my worthy neighbors. The inscription dances before my mental vision and resolves itself into "Bureau de Mariage," of which optical delusion I do not enjoy the monopoly, or else many denizens of this capital who seek the beneficent offices of the guild are endowed with occult powers of divination, and are not affrighted by the five flights of stairs that will give them admission upon the pages of the book of fate that leads to honors matrimonial.

I did not make any visits immediately after my return, for they were to serve as farewell visits at the same time. I was shortly to leave France and return to my native land for an indefinitely long time. The necessary adieus were not a serious undertaking, as most of my acquaintances had not returned from country-seat, sea-side, and summer journey; for Paris is not filled until after the holidays.

I knew that the happy pair had not returned from their travels, and that I should find Madame S. alone.

Madame S. received me with such a burst of enthusiasm that I had a dim sense that not myself, but her own enviable fate, was its occasion.

And then I listened to an animated account of how the surprising marriage of her daughter had really taken place. I might possibly have given her a few details also.

"Ah, what a pity, what a pity, that you were not here, dear Mademoiselle," cried Madame S. "The patient wooing, the doubt, the hesitation, and finally the triumph of love. It was beautiful—a poetic dream embodied in these times! And now my daughter has all that heart could wish—high rank and the satisfaction of having inspired her husband with a grande passion. I have seen a miracle verified in my own daughter. Ah, Mademoiselle, que c'est beau un mariage d'amour!"



## The Trumpet-Major.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MAD-DING CROWD," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### ANNE MAKES A CIRCUIT OF THE CAMP.



WHEN Anne was crossing the last field, she saw approaching her an old woman with wrinkled cheeks, who surveyed the earth and its inhabitants through the medium of brass-rimmed spectacles. Shaking her head at Anne till the glasses shone like two moons, she said, "Ah, ah; I seed ye! If I had only kept on my short ones that I use for reading the Collect and Gospel I shouldn't have seed ye; but thinks I, I be going out o' doors, and I'll put on my long ones, little thinking what they'd show me. Ay, I can tell folk at any distance with these—'tis a beautiful pair for out o' doors; though my short ones be best for close work, such as darning and catching fleas, that's true."

"What have you seen, Granny Seamore?" said Anne.

"Fie, fie, Miss Nancy! you know," said Granny Seamore, shaking her head still. "But he's a fine young feller, and will have all his uncle's money when 'a's gone." Anne said nothing to this, and looking ahead with a smile passed Granny Seamore by.

Festus, the subject of the remark, was at this time about three-and-twenty, a fine fellow as to feet and inches, and of a remarkably warm tone in skin and hair. Symptoms of beard and whiskers had appeared upon him at a very early age, owing to his persistent use of the razor before there was any necessity for its operation. The brave boy had scraped unseen in the out-house, in the cellar, in the wood-shed, in the stable, in the unused parlor, in the cow-stalls, in the barn, and wherever he could set up his triangular bit of looking-glass without observation, or extemporize a mirror by sticking up his hat on the outside of a window-pane. The result now was that, did he neglect to use the instrument he once had trifled with, a fine rust broke out upon his countenance on the first day, a golden lichen on the second, and a fiery stubble on the third, to a degree which admitted of no further postponement.

His disposition divided naturally into two, the boastful and the cantankerous. When Festus put on the big pot, as it is classically called, he was quite blinded *ipso facto* to the diverting effect of that mood and manner upon others; but when disposed to be envious or quarrelsome he was rather shrewd than otherwise, and could do some pretty strokes of satire. He was both liked and abused by the girls who knew him, and though they were pleased by his attentions, they never failed to ridicule him behind his back. In his cups (he knew those vessels, though only twenty-three), he first became noisy, then excessively friendly,

and then invariably nagging. During childhood he had made himself renowned for his pleasant habit of pouncing down upon boys smaller and poorer than himself, and knocking their birds' nests out of their hands, or overturning their little carts of apples, or pouring water down their backs; but his conduct became singularly the reverse of aggressive the moment the little boys' mothers ran out to him, brandishing brooms, frying-pans, skimmers, and whatever else they could lay hands on by way of weapons. He then fled and hid behind bushes, under fagots, or in pits, till they had gone away; and on one such occasion was known to creep into a badger's hole quite out of sight, maintaining that post with great firmness and resolution for two or three hours. He had brought more vulgar exclamations upon the tongues of respectable parents in his native parish than any other boy of his time. When other youngsters snowballed him, he ran into a place of shelter, where he kneaded snowballs of his own, with a stone inside, and used these formidable missiles in returning their pleasantry. Sometimes he got fearfully beaten by boys his own age, when he would roar most lustily, but fight on in the midst of his tears, blood, and cries.

He was early in love, and had at the time of the story suffered from the ravages of that passion thirteen distinct times. He could not love lightly and gayly; his love was earnest, cross-tempered, and even savage. It was a positive agony to him to be ridiculed by the object of his affections, and such conduct drove him into a frenzy if persisted in. He was a torment to those who behaved humbly toward him, cynical with those who denied his superiority, and a very nice fellow toward those who had the courage to ill-use him.

This young gentleman and Anne Garland did not cross each other's paths again for a week. Then her mother began as before about the newspaper, and though Anne did not much like the errand, she agreed to go for it on Mrs. Garland pressing her with unusual anxiety. Why her mother was so persistent on so small a matter quite puzzled the girl; but she put on her hat and started.

As she had expected, Festus appeared at a stile over which she sometimes went for shortness' sake, and showed by his manner that he awaited her. When she saw this she kept straight on, as if she would not enter the park at all.

"Surely this is your way?" said Festus.

"I was thinking of going round by the road," she said.

"Why is that?"

She paused, as if she were not inclined to say. "I go that way when the grass is wet," she returned at last.

"It is not wet now," he persisted; "the sun has been shining on it these nine hours." The fact was that the way by the path was less open than by the road, and Festus wished to walk with her uninterrupted. "But, of course, it is nothing to me what you do." He flung himself from the stile and walked away toward the house.

Anne, supposing him really indifferent, took the same way, upon which he turned

his head and waited for her with a proud smile.

"I cannot go with you," she said decisively.

"Nonsense, you foolish girl! I must walk along with you down to the corner."

"No, please, Mr. Derriman; we might be seen."

"Now, now—that's shyness!" he said jocosely.

"No; you know I cannot let you."

"But I must."

"But I do not allow it."

"D—— it now, I will."

"Then you are unkind, and I must submit," she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Ho, ho; what a shame of me! My soul, I won't do any such thing for the world," said the repentant yeoman. "Haw, haw; why I thought your 'go away' meant 'come on,' as it does with so many of the women I meet, especially in these clothes. Who was to know you were so confoundedly serious?"

As he did not go Anne stood still and said nothing.

"I see you have a deal more caution and a deal less good-nature than I ever thought you had," he continued emphatically.

"No, sir; it is not any planned manner of mine at all," she said earnestly. "But you will see, I am sure, that I could not go down to the hall with you without putting myself in a wrong light."

"Yes; that's it, that's it. I am only a fellow in the yeomanry cavalry,—a plain soldier, I may say; and we know what women think of such: that they are a bad lot—men you mustn't speak to for fear of losing your character—chaps you avoid in the roads like bulls—chaps that come into a house like oxen, daub the stairs wi' their boots, stain the furniture wi' their drink, talk rubbish to the servants, abuse all that's holy and righteous, and are only saved from being carried off by old Nick because they are wanted for Boney."

"Indeed, I didn't know you were thought so bad of as that," said she simply.

"What! don't my uncle complain to you of me? You are a favorite of that handsome, nice old gaffer's I know."

"Never."

"Well, what do we think of our nice trumpet-major, hey?"

Anne closed her mouth up tight, built it up, in fact, to show that no answer was coming to that question.

"Oh, now come, seriously, Loveday is a good fellow, and so is his father."

"I don't know."

"What a close little rogue you are! There is no getting anything out of you. I believe you would say 'I don't know' to every mortal question, so very discreet as you are. Upon my heart there are some women who would say 'I don't know,' to 'Will ye marry me.'"

The brightness upon Anne's cheek and in her eyes during this remark showed that there was a fair quantity of life and warmth beneath the discretion he complained of. Having spoken thus he drew aside that she might pass, and bowed very low. Anne formally inclined herself and went on.



She had been at vexation point all the time that he was present, from a haunting sense that he would not have spoken to her so freely had she been a young woman with thriving male relatives to keep forward admirers in check. But she had been struck, now as at their previous meeting, with the power she possessed of working him up either to irritation or to complacency at will; and this consciousness of being able to play upon him as upon an instrument disposed her to a humorous considerateness, and made her tolerate even while she rebuffed him.

When Anne got to the hall the farmer as usual insisted upon her reading what he had been unable to get through, and held the paper tightly in his skinny hand till she had agreed. He sent her to a hard chair that she could not possibly injure to the extent of a pennyworth by sitting in it a twelvemonth, and watched her from the outer angle of his near eye while she bent over the paper. His look might have been suggested by the sight that he had witnessed from his window on the last occasion of her visit, for it partook of the nature of concern. The old man was afraid of his nephew, physically and morally, and he began to regard Anne as a fellow-sufferer under the same despot. After this sly and curious gaze at her he withdrew his eye again, so that when she casually lifted her own there was nothing visible but his keen bluish profile as before.

When the reading was about half-way through, the door behind them opened and footsteps crossed the threshold. The farmer diminished perceptibly in his chair, and looked fearful, but pretended to be absorbed in the reading, and quite unconscious of an intruder. Anne felt the presence of the swashing Festus, and stopped her reading.

"Please go on, Miss Anne," he said. "I am not going to speak a word." He withdrew to the mantelpiece and leaned against it at his ease.

"Go on, do ye, maids Anne," said Uncle Benjy, keeping down his tremblings by a great effort to half their natural extent.

Anne's voice became much lower now that there were two listeners, and her modesty shrank somewhat from exposing to Festus the appreciative modulations which an intelligent interest in the subject drew from her when unembarrassed. But she still went on, that he might not suppose her to be disconcerted, though the ensuing ten minutes was one of disquietude. She knew that the bothering yeoman's eyes were traveling over her form from his position behind, creeping over her shoulders, up to her head, and across her arms and hands. Old Benjy on his part knew the same thing, and, after sundry endeavors to peep at his nephew from the corner of his eye, he could bear the situation no longer.

"Do ye want to say anything to me, nephew?" he quaked.

"No, uncle, thank ye," said Festus heartily. "I like to stay here, thinking of you, and looking at your back hair."

The nervous old man writhed under this vivisection, and Anne read on; till to the relief of both the gallant fellow grew tired of his amusement, and went out of the room.

Anne soon finished her paragraph, and rose to go, determined never to come again as long as Festus haunted the precincts. Her face grew warmer as she thought that he would be sure to waylay her on her journey home to-day.

On this account, when she left the house, instead of going in the customary direction, she bolted round to the north side, through the bushes, along under the kitchen-garden wall, and through a door leading into a rutted cart-track, which had been a pleasant graveled drive when the fine old hall was in its prosperity. Once out of sight of the windows she ran with all her might till she had quitted the park by a route directly opposite to that toward her home. Why she was so seriously bent upon doing this she could hardly tell; she had not been afraid that Festus would personally harm her; but the instinct to run was irresistible.

It was necessary now to clamber over the down to the left of the camp, and make a complete circuit round the latter—infantry, cavalry, suttlers, and all—descending to her house on the other side. This tremendous walk she performed at a rapid rate, never once turning her head, and avoiding every beaten track to keep clear of the knots of soldiers taking a walk. When she at last got down to the levels again she paused to fetch breath, and murmured, "Why did I take so much trouble? He would not, after all, have hurt me."

As she neared the mill an erect figure with a blue body and white thighs descended before her from the down toward the village, and went past the mill to a stile beyond, over which she usually returned to her house. Here he lingered. On coming nearer Anne discovered this person to be Trumpet-major Loveday; and not wishing to meet anybody just now Anne passed quickly on, and entered the house by the garden door.

"My dear Anne, what a time you have been gone!" said her mother.

"Yes, I have been round by another road."

"Why did you do that?"

Anne looked thoughtful and reticent, for her reason was almost too silly a one to confess, "Well, I wanted to avoid a person who is very busy in trying to meet me—that's all," she said.

Her mother glanced out of the window. "And there he is, I suppose," she said, as John Loveday, tired of looking for Anne at the stile, passed the house on his way to his father's door. He could not help casting his eyes toward their window, and, seeing them, he smiled and looked conscious.

Anne's reluctance to mention Festus was such that she did not correct her mother's error, and the dame went on: "Well, you are quite right, my dear. Be friendly with him, but no more, at present. I have heard of your other affair, and think it is a very wise choice. I am sure you have my best wishes in it, and I only hope it will come to a point."

"What's that?" said the astonished Anne.

"You and Mr. Festus Derriman, dear. You need not mind me; I have known it for several days. Old Granny Seamore called here Satur-

day, and told me she saw him coming home with you across Park Close last week, when you went for the newspaper; so I thought I'd send you again to-day, and give you another chance."

"Then you didn't want the paper—and it was only for that! Goodness gracious!"

"He's a very fine young fellow; he looks a thorough woman's protector."

"He may look it," said Anne.

"He has given up the freehold farm his father held at Pitstock, and lives in independence on what the land brings him. And when Farmer Derriman dies, he'll have all the old man's, for certain. He'll be worth ten thousand pounds, if a penny, in money, besides sixteen horses, cart and hack, a fifty-cow dairy, and at least five hundred sheep."

Anne turned away, and instead of informing her mother that she had been running like a doe to escape the interesting heir-presumptive alluded to, merely said, "Mother, I don't like this at all."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### ANNE IS KINDLY FETCHED BY THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.

AFTER this, Anne would on no account walk in the direction of the hall, for fear of another rencontre with young Derriman. In the course of a few days it was told in the village that the old farmer had actually gone for a week's holiday and change of air to Weymouth, at the instance of his nephew Festus. This was a wonderful thing to hear of Uncle Benjy, who had not slept outside the walls of Overcombe Hall for many a long year before; and Anne well imagined what extraordinary pressure must have been put upon him to induce him to take such a step. She pictured his unhappiness at the bustling watering-place, and hoped no harm would come to him.

She spent much of her time indoors or in the garden, hearing little of the camp movements beyond the periodical Ta-ta-taa of the trumpeters sounding their various ingenious calls for watch-setting, stables, feed, boot-and-saddle, parade, and so on, which made her think how clever her friend the trumpet-major must be to teach his pupils to play those pretty little tunes so well.

On the third morning after Uncle Benjy's departure, she was disturbed as usual while dressing by the tramp of the troops down the slope to the mill-pond, and during the now familiar stamping and splashing which followed, there sounded upon the glass of the window a slight smack, which might have been caused by a whip or switch. She listened more particularly, and it was repeated. As John Loveday was the only dragoon likely to be aware that she slept in that particular apartment, she imagined the signal to come from him, though wondering that he should venture upon such a freak of familiarity.

Wrapping herself up in a red cloak, she went to the window, gently drew up a corner of the curtain, and peeped out, as she had done many times before. Nobody who was not quite close beneath her window could see her face; but, as it happened, somebody was close. The soldiers whose floundering Anne



had heard were not Loveday's dragoons, but a troop of the York Hussars, quite oblivious of her existence. They had passed on out of the water, and instead of them there sat Festus Derriman alone on his horse, and in plain clothes, the water reaching up to the animal's belly, and Festus's heels elevated over the saddle to keep them out of the stream, which threatened to wash rider and horse into the deep mill-head just below. It was plainly he who had struck her lattice, for in a moment he looked up, and their eyes met. Festus laughed loudly and slapped her window again; and just at that moment the dragoons began prancing down the slope in review order. She could not but wait a minute or two to see them pass. While doing so she was suddenly led to draw back, drop the corner of the curtain, and blush privately in her room. She had not only been seen by Festus Derriman, but by John Loveday, who, riding along with his trumpet slung up behind him, had looked over his shoulder at the phenomenon of Derriman beneath Anne's bedroom window, and seemed quite astounded at the sight.

She was quite vexed at the conjunction of incidents, and went no more to the window till the dragoons had ridden far away and she had heard Festus's horse laboriously wade on to dry land. When she looked out there was nobody left but Miller Loveday, who usually stood in the garden at this time of the morning to say a word or two to the soldiers, of whom he already knew so many, and was in a fair way of knowing many more, from the liberality with which he handed round mugs of cheering liquor whenever parties of them walked that way.

In the afternoon of this day Anne walked to a christening party at a neighbor's in the adjoining parish of Springham, intending to walk home again before it got dark; but there was a slight fall of rain toward evening, and she was pressed by the people of the house to stay over the night. With some hesitation she accepted their hospitality; but at ten o'clock, when they were thinking of going to bed, they were startled by a smart rap at the door, and on its being unbolted a man's form was seen in the shadows outside.

"Is Miss Garland here?" the visitor inquired, at which Anne suspended her breath.

"Yes," said Anne's entertainer warily.

"Her mother is very anxious to know what's become of her. She promised to come home." To her great relief Anne recognized the voice as John Loveday's, and not Festus Derriman's, as she had feared.

"Yes, I did, Mr. Loveday," said she, coming forward; "but it rained, and I thought my mother would guess where I was."

Loveday said with diffidence that it had not rained anything to speak of at the camp, or at the mill, so that her mother was rather alarmed.

"And she asked you to come for me?" Anne inquired.

This was a question which the trumpet-major had been dreading during the whole of his walk thither. "Well, she didn't exactly ask me," he said rather lamely, but still in a manner to show that Mrs. Garland had indirectly signified such to be her wish. In reality

Mrs. Garland had not addressed him at all on the subject. She had merely spoken to his father on finding that her daughter did not return, and received an assurance from the miller that the precious girl was doubtless quite safe. John heard of this inquiry, and having a pass that evening, resolved to relieve Mrs. Garland's mind on his own responsibility. Ever since his morning view of Festus under her window he had been on thorns of anxiety, and his thrilling hope now was that she would walk back with him.

He shifted his foot nervously as he made the bold request. Anne felt at once that she would go. There was nobody in the world whose care she would more readily be under than the trumpet-major's in a case like the present. He was their nearest neighbor's son, and she had liked his single-minded ingenuousness from the first moment of his return home.

When they had started on their walk Anne said in a practical way, to show that there was no sentiment whatever in her acceptance of his company, "Mother was much alarmed about me, perhaps?"

"Yes; she was uneasy," he said; and then was compelled by conscience to make a clean breast of it. "I know she was uneasy, because my father said so. But I did not see her myself. The truth is, she doesn't know I am come."

Anne now saw how the matter stood; but she was not offended with him. What woman could have been? They walked on in silence, the respectful trumpet-major keeping a yard off on her right as precisely as if that measure had been fixed between them. She had a great feeling of civility toward him this evening, and spoke again. "I often hear your trumpeters blowing the calls. They do it beautifully I think."

"Pretty fair; they might do better," said he, as one too well-mannered to make much of an accomplishment in which he had a hand.

"And you taught them how to do it?"

"Yes; I taught them."

"It must require wonderful practice to get them into the way of beginning and finishing so exactly at one time. It is like one throat doing it all. How came you to be a trumpeter, Mr. Loveday?"

"Well, I took to it naturally when I was a little boy," said he, betrayed into quite a gushing state by her delightful interest. "I used to make trumpets of paper, elder-sticks, eltrots stems, and even stinging-nettle stalks, you know. Then father set me to keep the birds off that little barley-ground of his, and gave me an old horn to frighten 'em with. I learnt to blow that horn so that you could hear me for miles and miles. Then he bought me a clarionet, and when I could play that I borrowed a serpent, and learned to play a tolerable bass. So when I listed I was picked out for training as trumpeter at once."

"Of course you were."

"Sometimes, however, I wish I had never joined the army. My father gave me a very fair education, and your father showed me how to draw horses, on a slate I mean. Yes, I ought to have done more than I have."

"What, did you know my father?" she asked with new interest.

"Oh, yes, for years. You were a little mite of a thing then; and you used to cry when we big boys looked at you, and made pig's eyes at you, which we did sometimes. Many and many a time have I stood by your poor father while he worked. Ah, you don't remember much about him; but I do!"

Anne remained thoughtful; and the moon broke from behind the clouds, lighting up the wet foliage with a twinkling brightness, and lending to each of the trumpet-major's buttons and spurs a little ray of its own. They had come to the old park gate, and he said, "Do you like going across, or round by the lane?"

"We may as well go by the nearest road," said Anne.

They entered the park, following the half-obliterated drive till they came almost opposite the hall, when they entered a footpath leading on to the village. While hereabout they heard a shout or chorus of exclamation, apparently from within the walls of the dark buildings near them.

"What was that?" said Anne.

"I don't know," said her companion. "I'll go and see."

He went round the intervening swamp of watercress and brooklime which had once been the fish-pond, crossed by a culvert the trickling brook that still flowed that way, and advanced to the wall of the house. Boisterous noises were resounding from within, and he was tempted to go round the corner, where the low windows were, and look through a chink into the room whence the sounds proceeded.

It was the room in which the present owner dined—traditionally called the great parlor—and within it sat about a dozen young men of the yeomanry cavalry, one of them being Festus. They were drinking, laughing, singing, thumping their fists on the table, and enjoying themselves in the very perfection of confusion. The candles, blown by the breeze from the partly opened window, had guttered into coffin handles and shrouds, and, choked by their long black wicks for want of snuffing, gave out a smoky yellow light. One of the young men might possibly have been in a maudlin state, for he had his arm round the neck of his next neighbor, apparently imagining him to be a woman. Another was making an incoherent speech to which nobody was listening. Some of their faces were red, some were fallow; some were sleepy, some wide awake. The only one among them who appeared in his usual frame of mind was Festus, at the head of the table, enjoying with a serene and triumphant aspect, the difference between his own condition and that of his neighbors. While the trumpet-major looked, a young woman, niece of Anthony Cripplestraw, and one of Uncle Benjy's servants, was called in by one of the crew, and much against her will a fiddle was placed in her hands, from which they made her produce discordant screeches.

The absence of Uncle Benjy had, in fact, been contrived by young Derriman that he might make use of the hall on his own account. Cripplestraw had been left in charge; and Festus had found no difficulty in forcing



from that dependant the keys of whatever he required. John Loveday turned his eyes from the scene to the neighboring moonlit path, where Anne still stood waiting. Then he looked into the room, then at Anne again. It was an opportunity of advancing his own cause with her by exposing Festus, for whom he began to entertain hostile feelings of no mean force.

"No. I can't do it," he said. "'Tis underhand. Let things take their chance."

He moved away, and then perceived that Anne, tired of waiting, had crossed the stream, and almost come up with him.

"What is the noise about?" she said.

"There's company in the house," said Loveday.

"Company? Farmer Derriman is not at home," said Anne, and went on to the window whence the rays of light leaked out, the trumpet-major standing where he was. He saw her face enter the beam of candlelight, stay there for a moment, and quickly withdraw. She came back to him at once. "Let us go on," she said.

Loveday imagined from her tone that she must have an interest in Derriman, and said sadly, "You blame me for going across to the window, and leading you to follow me."

"Not a bit," said Anne, seeing his mistake as to the state of her heart, and being rather angry with him for it. "I think it was most natural, considering the noise."

Silence again. "Derriman is sober as a judge," said Loveday, as they turned to go. "It was only the others who were noisy."

"Whether he is sober or not is nothing whatever to me," said Anne.

"Of course not. I know it," said the trumpet-major, in accents expressing unhappiness at her somewhat curt tone, and some doubt of her assurance.

Before they had emerged from the shadow of the hall some persons were seen moving along the road. Loveday was for going on just the same; but Anne, from a shy feeling that it was as well not to be seen walking alone with a man who was not her lover, said, "Mr. Loveday, let us wait here a minute till they have passed."

On nearer view the group was seen to comprise a man on a piebald horse, and another man walking beside him. When they were opposite the house they halted, and the rider dismounted, whereupon a dispute between him and the other man ensued, apparently on a question of money.

"'Tis old Mr. Derriman come home!" said Anne. "He has hired that horse from the bathing machine to bring him. Only fancy!"

Before they had gone many steps farther the farmer and his companion had ended their dispute, and the latter mounted the horse and cantered away, Uncle Benjy coming on to the house at a nimble pace. As soon as he observed Loveday and Anne, he fell into a feebler gait; when they came up he recognized Anne.

"And you have come home from Weymouth so soon, Farmer Derriman?" said she.

"Yes, faith! I couldn't bide at such a ruination place," said the farmer. "Your hand in your pocket every minute of the day. 'Tis

a shilling for this, half-a-crown for that; if you only eat one egg, or even a poor windfall of an apple, you've got to pay; and a bunch o' radishes is a halfpenny, and a quart o' cider a good tuppence three-farthings at lowest reckoning. Nothing without paying! I couldn't even get a ride homeward upon that screw without the man wanting a shilling for it, when my weight didn't take a penny out of the beast. I've saved a penn'orth or so of shoe-leather to be sure; but the saddle was so rough wi' patches that I took twopence out of the seat of my best breeches. King George hev' ruined Weymouth for other folks. More than that, my nephew promised to come there to-morrow to see me, and if I had stayed I must have treated 'em. Hey—what's that?"

It was a shout from within the walls of the building, and Loveday said,

"Your nephew is here, and has company."

"My nephew *here*?" gasped the old man. "Good folks, will you come up to the door with me? I mean—hee—hee—just for company. Dear me, I thought my house was as quiet as a church."

They went back to the window, and the farmer looked in, his mouth falling apart to a greater width at the corners than in the middle, and his fingers assuming a state of radiation.

"'Tis my best silver tankards they've got, that I've never used! Oh, 'tis my strong beer! 'Tis eight-candles guttering away, when I've used nothing but twenties myself for the last half year!"

"You didn't know he was here, then?" said Loveday.

"Oh, no!" said the farmer, shaking his head half-way. "Nothing's known to poor I! There's my best rummers jingling as careless as if 'twas tin cups; and my table scratched, and my chairs wrenched out of joint. See how they tilt 'em on the two back legs—and that's ruin to a chair! Ah! when I be gone he won't find another old man to make such work with, and provide goods for his breaking, and house-room and drink for his tear-brass set!"

"Comrades and fellow-soldiers," said Festus, to the hot farmers and yeomen he entertained within, "as we have vowed to brave danger and death together, so we'll share the couch of peace. You shall sleep here to-night, for it is getting late. My scam bluevinnied gallicrow of an uncle takes care that there shan't be much comfort in the house, but you can curl up on the furniture if beds run short. As for my sleep, it won't be much. I'm melancholy! A woman has, I may say, got my heart in her pocket, and I have her's in mine. She's not much—to other folk, I mean—but she is to me. The little thing came in my way, and conquered me. I crave that simple maid! I ought to have looked higher—I know it; what of that? 'Tis a fate that may happen to the greatest men."

"Whash her name?" said one of the warriors, whose head occasionally drooped upon his epaulets by accident, and whose eyes fell together in the casual manner characteristic of the tired soldier. (It was really Farmer Stubb, of Duddle Hole.)

"Her name? Well, 'tis spelt, A. N.—by

gad, I won't give ye her name here in company. She don't live a hundred miles off, however, and she wears the prettiest cap-ribbons you ever saw.—Well, well; 'tis weakness. She has little, and I have much; but I do adore that girl, in spite of myself!"

"Let's go on," said Anne.

"Prithee stand by an old man till he's got into his house!" implored Uncle Benjy. "I only ask ye to bide within call. Stand back under the trees, and I'll do my poor best to give no trouble!"

"I'll stand by you for half-an-hour, sir," said Loveday. "After that I must bolt to camp."

"Very well; bide back there under the trees," said Uncle Benjy. "I don't want to spite 'em."

"You'll wait a few minutes, just to see if he gets in?" said the trumpet-major to Anne as they retired from the old man.

"I want to get home," said Anne anxiously.

When they had quite receded behind the tree-trunks, and he stood alone, Uncle Benjy, to their surprise, set up a loud shout, altogether beyond the imagined power of his lungs.

"Man a lost! man a lost!" he cried, repeating the exclamation several times; and then ran and hid himself behind a corner of the building. Soon the door opened, and Festus and his guests came tumbling out upon the green.

"'Tis our duty to help folks in distress," said Festus. "Man a lost, where are you?"

"'Twas across there," said one of his friends.

"No, 'twas here," said another.

Meanwhile Uncle Benjy, coming from his hiding-place, had scampered with the quickness of a boy up to the door they had quitted, and slipped in. In a moment the door flew together, and Anne heard him bolting and barring it inside. The revellers, however, did not notice this, and came on toward the spot where the trumpet-major and Anne were standing.

"Here's succor at hand, friends," said Festus. "We are all king's men; do not fear us."

"Thank you," said Loveday, "so are we." He explained in two words that they were not the distressed traveler who had cried out, and turned to go on.

"'Tis she! my life, 'tis she!" said Festus, now first recognizing Anne. "Fair Anne, I will not part from you till I see you safe at your own dear door."

"She's in my hands," said Loveday civilly, though not without firmness, "so it is not required, thank you."

"Man, had I but my sword—"

"I'd throw it over that elm," said Loveday.

"Hey?" said Festus.

"Come," said Loveday, "I don't want to quarrel. Let's put it to her. Whichever of us she likes best, he shall take her home. Miss Anne, which?"

Anne would much rather have gone home alone, but seeing the remainder of the yeomanly party staggering up she thought it best to secure a protector of some kind. How to choose one without offending the other and provoking a quarrel was the difficulty.



"You must both walk home with me," she adroitly said, "one on one side, and one on the other. And if you are not quite civil to one another all the time, I'll never speak to either of you again."

They agreed to the terms, and the other yeomen arriving at this time said they would go also as rear-guard.

"Very well," said Anne. "Now go and get your hats, and don't be long."

"Ah, yes; our hats," said the yeomanry, whose heads were so hot that they had forgotten their nakedness till then.

"You'll wait till we've got 'em—we won't be a moment," said Festus eagerly.

Anne and Loveday said yes, and Festus ran back to the house, followed by all his band.

"Now let's run and leave 'em," said Anne when they were out of hearing.

"But we've promised to wait," said the trumpet-major in surprise.

"Promised to wait!" said Anne indignantly. "As if one ought to keep such a promise to drunken men as that. You can do as you like, I shall go."

"It is hardly fair to leave the chaps," said Loveday reluctantly, and looking back at them. But she heard no more, and fitting off under the trees was soon lost to his sight.

Festus and the rest had by this time reached Uncle Benjy's door, which they were discomfited and astonished to find closed. They began to knock, and then to kick at the venerable timber, till the old man's head, crowned with a tasseled nightcap, appeared at an upper window, followed by his shoulders, with apparently nothing on but his shirt, though it was in truth a sheet thrown over his coat.

"Fie, fie upon ye all for making such a hullabaloo at a weak old man's door," he said. "What's in ye to rouse honest folks at this time o' night?"

"D—me—why—it's Uncle Benjy! Haw-haw-haw!" said Festus. "Nunc, why how the d—'s this? 'Tis I—Festus—wanting to come in."

"Oh, no, no, my clever man, whoever you be!" said Uncle Benjy in a tone of incredulous integrity. "My nephew, dear boy, is miles away at quarters, and sound asleep by this time, as becomes a good soldier. That story won't do to-night, my man, not at all."

"Upon my soul, 'tis I," said Festus.

"Not to-night, my man; not to-night! Anthony, bring my blunderbuss," said the farmer, turning and addressing nobody inside the room.

"Let's break in the window-shutters," said one of the others.

"My wig, and we will!" said Festus.

"What a trick of the old man!"

"Get some big stones," said the yeomen, searching under the wall.

"No; forbear, forbear," said Festus, beginning to be frightened at the spirit he had raised. "I forget; we should drive him into fits, for he's subject to 'em, and then perhaps 'twould be manslaughter. Comrades, we must march. No: we'll lie in the barn. I'll see into this, take my word for 't. Our honor is at stake. Now let's back to see my beauty home."

"We can't, as we haven't got our hats," said one of his fellow-troopers—in domestic life Jacob Noakes, of Muckleford Farm.

"No more we can," said Festus, in a melancholy tone. "But I must go to her and tell her the reason. She pulls me in spite of all."

"She's gone. I saw her flee across park while we were knocking at the door," said another of the yeomanry.

"Gone?" said Festus, grinding his teeth and putting himself into a rigid shape, "Then 'tis my enemy—he has tempted her away with him! But I am a rich man, and he's poor, and rides the king's horse while I ride my own. Could I but find that fellow, that regular, that common man, I would—"

"Yes?" said the trumpet-major coming up behind him.

"I," said Festus, starting round, "I would seize him by the hand and say, 'Guard her; if you are my friend, guard her from all harm!'"

"A good speech. And I will, too," said Loveday heartily.

"And now for shelter," said Festus to his companions.

They then unceremoniously left Loveday, without wishing him good night, and proceeded toward the barn. He crossed the park and ascended the down to the camp, grieved that he had given Anne cause of complaint, and fancying that she held him of slight account beside his wealthier rival.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MATCH-MAKING VIRTUES OF A DOUBLE GARDEN.

ANNE was so flurried by the military incidents attending her return home that she was almost afraid to venture alone outside her mother's premises. Moreover, the numerous soldiers, regular and casual, that haunted Overcombe and its neighborhood, were getting better acquainted with the villagers, and the result was that they were always standing at garden gates, walking in the orchards, or sitting gossiping just within cottage doors, with the bowls of their tobacco-pipes thrust outside for politeness' sake, that they might not defile the air of the household. Being gentlemen of a gallant and most affectionate nature, they naturally turned their heads and smiled if a pretty girl passed by, which was rather disconcerting to the latter if she were unused to society. Every belle in the village soon had a lover, and when the belles were all allotted those who scarcely deserved that title had their turn, many of the soldiers being not at all particular about half an inch of nose more or less, a trifling deficiency of teeth, or a larger crop of freckles than is customary in the Saxon race. Thus, with one and another, courtship began to be practiced in Overcombe on rather a large scale, and the dispossessed young men who had been born in the place were left to take their walks alone, where, instead of studying the works of nature, they meditated gross outrages on the eyes, noses, teeth, backs, and other parts of the brave men who had been so good as to visit their village.

Anne watched these romantic proceedings from her window with much interest, and when she saw that even dashing officers did not scorn to pass the time in chatting and strolling with any handsome girl who chose to encourage them, she was filled with a melancholy sense of her own loneliness. To see round-faced Miss Mitchell, the navy-surgeon's daughter, tiny Susan Comfort, and crabbed Sarah Beach walk by on the gorgeous arms of Lieutenant Knockheelmann, Cornet Flitzenberger, and Captain Klaspennissen respectively, of the thrilling York Hussars, who swore the most picturesque foreign oaths, and had a wonderful sort of estate or property, called the Vaterland, in their strange and unknown country across the sea—to see these girls walk by in the company of such distinguished men with as much ease and confidence as if they were merely Tom Penny or Jack Halfpenny, who worked and muddled in the next parish, made Anne think of things which she tried to forget, and to look into a little drawer at something soft and brown that lay in a curl there, wrapped in paper. So, thus beholding the happiness that prevailed without, she felt what a dismal place one's own room is to pass a day in, and at last could bear it no longer, and went down-stairs.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Garland.

"For a walk, to see the folks, because I am so gloomy."

"Certainly not at present, Anne."

"Why not, mother?" said Anne, blushing with an indefinite sense of being very wicked.

"Because you must not. I have been going to tell you several times not to go into the street at this time of day. Why not walk in the morning? There's young Mr. Derriman would be glad to—"

"Don't mention him, mother, don't!"

"Well then, dear, walk in the garden if you must walk."

So poor Anne, who really had not the slightest wish to throw her heart away upon a soldier, but merely wanted to displace old thoughts by new, turned into the inner garden from day to day, and passed a good many hours there, the pleasant birds singing to her, and the delightful butterflies alighting on her hat, and the screamingly delightful ants running up her stocking.

This garden was undivided from Loveday's, the two having originally been the single garden of the whole house. It was a quaint old place, inclosed by a thorn hedge so shapely and dense from incessant clipping that the mill-boy could walk along the top without sinking in, a feat which he often performed as a means of filling out his day's work. The soil within was of that intense fat blackness which is only seen after a century of constant cultivation. The paths were grassed over, so that people came and went upon them without being heard. The grass harbored slugs, and on this account the miller was going to replace it by gravel as soon as he had time; but as he had said this for thirty years without doing it, the grass and the slugs seemed likely to remain.

The miller's man attended to Mrs. Garland's piece of the garden as well as to the larger



portion, digging, planting, and weeding indifferently in both, the miller observing with reason that it was not worth while for a helpless widow lady to hire a man for her little plot when his man, working alongside, could tend it without much addition to his labor. The two households were on this account even more closely united in the garden than within the mill. Out there they were almost one family, and they talked from plot to plot with a zest and animation which Mrs. Garland could never have anticipated when she first removed thither after her husband's death.

The lower half of the garden, farthest from the road, was the most snug and sheltered part of this snug and sheltered inclosure, and it was well watered as the land of Lot. Three small brooks, about a yard wide, ran with a tinkling sound from side to side between the plots, crossing the paths under wood slabs laid as bridges, and passing out of the garden through little tunnels in the hedge. The brooks were so far overhung at their brinks by grass and garden produce that, had it not been for their perpetual babbling, few would have noticed that they were there. This was where Anne liked best to linger when her excursions became restricted to her own premises; and in a spot of the garden not far removed the trumpet-major loved to linger also whenever he visited his father's house.

Having by virtue of his office no stable duty to perform, he came down from the camp to the mill almost every day; and Anne, finding that he adroitly walked and sat in his father's portion of the garden whenever she did so in the other half, could not help smiling and speaking to him. So his epaulets and blue jacket, and Anne's yellow gipsy hat, were often seen in different parts of the garden at the same time; but he never intruded into her part of the inclosure, nor did she into Loveday's. She always spoke to him when she saw him there, and he replied in deep, firm accents across the gooseberry bushes, or through the tall rows of flowering peas, as the case might be. He thus gave her accounts at fifteen paces of his experiences in camp, in quarters, in Flanders, and elsewhere; of the difference between line and column, of forced marches, billeting, and such like, together with his hopes of promotion. Anne listened at first indifferently, but knowing no one else so good-natured and experienced, she grew interested in him as in a brother. By degrees his straps, buckles, spurs, badges, and rings of brass lost all their strangeness and were as familiar to her as her own clothes.

At last Mrs. Garland noticed this growing friendship, and began to despair of her motherly scheme of uniting Anne to the wealthy Festus. Why she could not take prompt steps to check interference with her plans arose partly from her nature, which was the reverse of managing, and partly from a new emotional circumstance with which she found it difficult to reckon. The near neighborhood that had produced the friendship of Anne for John Loveday was slowly effecting a warmer liking between her mother and his father.

Thus the month of July passed. The troop horses came with the regularity of clockwork twice a day down to drink under her window,

and, as the weather grew hotter, kicked up their heels and shook their heads furiously under the maddening sting of the dun-fly. The green leaves in the garden became of a darker dye, the gooseberries ripened, and the three brooks were reduced to half their winter volume.

At length the earnest trumpet-major obtained Mrs. Garland's consent to take her and her daughter to the camp, which they had not yet viewed from any closer point than their own windows. So one afternoon they went, the miller being one of the party. The villagers were by this time driving a roaring trade with the soldiers, who purchased of them every description of garden produce, milk, butter, and eggs, at liberal prices. The figures of these rural sutlers could be seen creeping up the slopes, laden like bees, to a spot in the rear of the camp, where there was a kind of marketplace on the greensward.

Mrs. Garland, Anne, and the miller were conducted from one place to another, and on to the quarter where the soldiers' wives lived who had not been able to get lodgings in the cottages near. The most sheltered place had been chosen for them, and snug huts had been built for their use by their husbands, of clods, hurdles, a little thatch, or whatever they could lay hands on. The trumpet-major conducted his friends thence to the large barn, which had been appropriated as a hospital, and to the cottage with its windows bricked up, that was used as the magazine; then they inspected the lines of shining dark horses (each representing the then high figure of two-and-twenty guineas purchase-money), standing patiently at the ropes, which stretched from one picket-post to another, a bank being thrown up in front of them as a protection at night.

They passed on to the tents of the German legion, a well-grown and rather dandy set of men, but with a poetical look about their faces which rendered them interesting to feminine eyes. Hanoverians, Saxons, Prussians, Swedes, Hungarians, and other foreigners were numbered in their ranks. They were cleaning arms, which they leant carefully against a rail when the work was complete.

On their return they passed the mess-house, a temporary wooden building with a brick chimney, where, in wet weather, the officers could spend the day if they chose. As Anne and her companions went by a group of three or four of them were standing at the door talking to a dashing young man, who was expatiating on the qualities of a horse that one of the officers was inclined to buy. Anne recognized Festus Derriman in the seller, and Cripplestraw was trotting the animal up and down. As soon as she caught the yeoman's eye he left the knot of officers and came forward, making some friendly remark to the miller, and then turning to Miss Garland, who kept her eyes steadily fixed on the distant landscape till he got so near that it was impossible to do so longer. Festus looked from Anne to the trumpet-major, and from the trumpet-major back to Anne with a dark expression of face, as if he suspected that there might be a tender understanding between them.

"Are you offended with me?" he said to her in a low voice of repressed resentment.

"No," said Anne.

"When are you coming to the hall again?"

"Never, perhaps."

"Nonsense, Anne," said Mrs. Garland, who had come near, and smiled pleasantly on Festus. "You can go at any time, as usual."

"Let her come with me now, Mrs. Garland; I should be pleased to walk along with her. My man can lead home the horse."

"Thank you, but I shall not come," said Miss Anne coldly.

The widow looked unhappily in her daughter's face, distressed between her desire that Anne should encourage Festus, and her wish to consult Anne's own feelings in the matter, which she imagined to be in favor of John Loveday.

"Leave her alone, leave her alone," said Festus, his gaze blackening. "Now I think of it I am glad she can't come with me, for I am engaged with these noblemen." And he stalked away to where the officers of dragoons were still surveying the horse in various oblique directions.

Anne moved on with her mother, young Loveday silently following, and they began to descend the hill. Mrs. Garland was a woman who could not help looking round when she had passed anybody who occupied her thoughts, and she turned her head now.

"Don't, mother; it is so vulgar," said Anne quickly.

"Mr. Derriman and the officers are watching us," said the widow. "Now I wonder what in the world they are doing that for?"

"It is no concern of ours," said Anne.

But Festus at least was watching them seriously, and in spite of his engagement with the noblemen he did not take his eyes off our party till they were hidden from his sight by the roundness of the ground. Then Mrs. Garland cast about her eyes again. "Well, where's Mr. Loveday?" she asked.

"Father's behind," said John.

When she could do so without Anne noticing, Mrs. Garland looked behind her again; and the miller, who had been waiting for the event, beckoned to her.

"I'll overtake you in a minute," she said and went back, her color, for some unaccountable reason, rising as she did so. The miller and she then came on slowly together, conversing in very low tones, and when they got to the bottom they stood still. Loveday and Anne waited for them, saying but little to each other, for the rencontre with Festus had damped the spirits of both. At last the widow's private talk with Miller Loveday came to an end, and she hastened onward, the miller going in another direction to meet a man on business. When she reached the trumpet-major and Anne she was looking very bright and rather furried, and seemed sorry when Loveday said that he must leave them and return to the camp. They parted in their usual friendly manner, and Anne and her mother were left to walk the few remaining yards alone.

"There, I've settled it," said Mrs. Garland. "Anne, what are you thinking about? I have settled in my mind that it is all right."

"What's all right?" said Anne.



"That you do not care for Derriman, and mean to encourage John Loveday. What's all the world so long as folks are happy! Child, don't take any notice of what I have said about Festus, and don't meet him any more."

"Well, what a weathercock you are, mother! Why should you say that just now?"

"It is easy to call me a weathercock," said the matron, putting on her face the look of a good woman; "but I have reasoned it out, and at last, thank God, I have got over my ambition. The Lovedays are our true and only friends, and Mr. Festus Derriman, with all his money is nothing to us at all."

"But," said Anne, "what has made you change all of a sudden from what you have said before?"

"My feelings and my reason, which I am thankful for."

Anne knew that her mother's sentiments were naturally so versatile that they could not be depended on for two days together; but it did not occur to her for the moment that a change had been helped on in the present case by a romantic talk between Mrs. Garland and the miller. But Mrs. Garland could not keep the secret long. She chatted gayly as she walked, and before they had entered the house she said, "What do you think Mr. Loveday has been saying to me, dear Anne?"

Anne did not know at all.

"Why, he has asked me to marry him."

(To be continued.)

## A Little Dreamer.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

DES, Aunt, I'm a girl with queer fancies,  
And wishes peculiar—oh, quite!  
What was it you called me? Romantic?  
No doubt you are right.

DON'T at all like our plain houses,  
With stoops, and a bell that one rings;  
I ever so much prefer castles,  
With towers and things!

D like to see knights clad in armor;  
Then, too, I should certainly say  
'Twas a terrible shame that the fairies  
Have all flown away.

ND then, you know, just for excitement,  
Far off, in the heart of some wood,  
I'd like an occasional dragon;  
Yes, truly, I should!

OME perfectly dreadful green monster  
That acted outrageously wrong,  
Till one day a splendid young horseman  
Came riding along.

OF course he would slay the old nuisance,  
And afterward prove that his name  
Was something of royal importance  
And wonderful fame!

ND then he would wed the king's daughter,  
Precisely as one might expect....  
'Would I like to be that young lady?'....  
I shouldn't object!



## My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"WHEN we were talking about the dining-room the other day," observes Miss Lucy Little, "I wanted an opportunity to ask you what you thought of the custom of sticking up plates and other pieces of china to show off?"

"Do you mean hanging them on the wall, and standing them upon brackets?" I ask.

"Yes," says Lucy, "or bringing them to the front in any way."

"Do you object to the fashion yourself?" I inquire.

"Yes, I do," answers Lucy with decision. "I think it indicates a great want of taste to make such things prominent. I expect before long to see coal-scuttles for mantel ornaments, and watering-pots, if they happen to be ancient ones, set upon brackets; there's no knowing where the thing is going to stop."

"I think you are rather severe," I say, "and I don't quite agree with you. If you had, like a friend of mine, a Sicilian dish over three hundred years old, wouldn't you think it too valuable and rare a curio to be hidden away in a china closet? I think you would be inclined to do as my friend has done, and have a velvet recessed frame made for it, and hang it over a low case of book-shelves. In general I am not fond, however, of seeing china, even of the rarest, exhibited in drawing or sitting-room, but I do enjoy seeing fine specimens conspicuous in a dining-room, and I cannot see why their presence there should offend the most fastidious taste."

"I think it's a splendid fashion," adds Jennie; "for if conversation languishes you can look at the faience and fall into ecstasies."

"That is a fine and original motive for decorating a dining-room," is my laughing reply; "but it is not altogether a bad one. A hostess cannot afford to overlook anything that may promote conversation, and with the general knowledge nearly every one has now of pottery, china-painting, etc., the topic is apt to be acceptable."

"Is it considered desirable to have conversation at the dinner-table?" inquires Miss Kittie.

"A silent dinner is a dreary ceremony," I answer; "too much talk might be odious too, as interfering with the business on hand. An English paper on dinner-giving as an art, says upon that subject: 'One must observe a happy medium between dullness and brilliancy, remembering that a dinner is not a conversazione.' To secure this happy medium, the writer recommends great tact in arranging the position of the guests at table, to avoid such social quicksands as might be caused by placing together people who would be liable to fall into unpleasantly warm discussions, or those whose similar pursuits might lead them into conversation that would exclude the rest of the party. If among the guests at a regular company dinner there is one of notable conversational ability, the hostess would be wise in placing him near the center of the table, where all can hear him or talk with him."

"Mamma has had a new dining-table imported for us," says Miss Kittie, following out probably some thought in her own mind.

"Couldn't she find a good enough one on

this side of the water?" asks Jennie, a little pertly.

"English furniture is handsomer than American, and far more expensive," says Kittie, loftily.

"Oh, of course, if it's more expensive it's much handsomer," says mischievous Jennie, with great gravity; "but how does your table differ from other tables? Tell us about it, please."

"It is made of solid mahogany, very highly polished, and the carving is superb," says Miss Kittie, not unwilling to describe the really very elegant piece of new furniture.

"What is the shape?" asks Miss Lucy Little.

"Circular," responds Miss Kittie, "with a very solid support in the center, formed by four rampant griffins. It is an extension-table, but does not extend in the ordinary way; the leaves are wedge-shaped and radiate from the center, enlarging the table without distorting the circle."

"It must be the perfection of a table," say I, "and I half envy you for possessing such a one. I have always preferred round tables to any others, and have deplored the change in their appearance, the usual plan of extension causes, although where the addition of a single leaf makes them large enough, the elongated circle or oval form they take is very good."

"How many people could sit at your new table when the leaves are in?" asks Jennie of Miss Kittie. "I should not think there would be room for a dinner party."

"It would accommodate a dozen, I should say," is the answer. "But you know, mamma never gives large dinners; she says eight at the table is as many as she ever wants to see. She would rather have frequent little dinners than stiff occasional ones."

"No more than the muses nor less than the graces," quotes Sophie Mapes.

"Yes," I assent, "that was Brillat Savarin's rule, and he gave some other good rules for dinner-giving, one of which was, 'Let the business of eating be very slow, the dinner being the last act of the day's drama, and let the host and his guests consider themselves as so many travelers journeying leisurely toward the same destination.' I think there is a great deal too much hurry about eating in this country."

"Doesn't Brillat Savarin say that a dining-room ought to be very light?" asks Miss Kittie.

"Yes," I answer, "he says it should be 'superbly lighted, and the temperature 60° to 68° Fahrenheit.'"

"That seems rather cold," says Lucy Little. "We keep all our rooms five or ten degrees above that."

"But the act of eating warms one," says Sophie Mapes, "so I dare say that would be as warm as it ought to be."

"As to the room being so very light," say I, returning to that idea, "there is a difference of opinion; some noted diners of very Sybaritic taste have insisted that a subdued light is the only proper one to insure perfect comfort at the table. Sir Walter Scott, however, was one of those who believed in brilliant illumination. He had gas at Abbotsford, at a period when it was little used in private houses, and Lockhart, in describing the daily life there, says, 'In sitting down to table in autumn, no one observed that in each of the three chandeliers there lurked a tiny bead of red light. Dinner passed off, and the sun went down, and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a gush of splendor worthy of the palace of Aladdin.'"

"What do you think yourself," says Jennie, appealing to me, "about such a light room to eat in?"



"I do not consider myself authority about a matter that has been discussed by such distinguished people, but my own inclination would lead me to prefer the happy medium in this as in so many other things. Too little light is gloomy and apt to make people indispensed for conversation, and too much glare and glitter wearies the eyes, and even produces headache with some delicate persons, when the meal is a protracted one."

"I wish I knew how to set a dinner-table just as it should be done," says Miss Wiltshire. "We have been boarding so many years that I feel entirely ignorant."

"Different families have different ways of doing it," I say; "but there might be a few general directions given that would help you. In the first place, it is proper to have everything clean and in good order before you begin, for you never can tell how much time to allow yourself if you are liable to have to stop to wash a dish, clean a cruet, or anything of the sort. Have everything as far as possible arranged, so that the waiter will not have to leave the room during the meal. If you do not keep a waiter, then be all the more particular to have everything at hand, so that constant jumping up to supply wants may be avoided. If your dining-room is carpeted, first spread down the druggist or crumb-cloth, unless it is your practice to keep it down permanently. Then put on the table-cloth with geometrical nicety; set for each person a knife, fork, and soup-spoon. Lay a napkin by the knife, and upon the former an oblong block of bread. Have a tray of similarly cut bread upon a side-table to replenish the supply if required."

"Why cut the bread in that form?" interposes Lucy Little.

"I cannot give any reason, except that sliced bread is not generally used at dinner-time among people of the slightest pretension to elegance. Rolls of any kind are appropriate, particularly for company dinners; but I do not advise any one to martyr themselves by using either thick bread or rolls, if they prefer their bread sliced, as it is served at other meals. Now, to go on with our table," I continue; "put opposite each person's place a butter-plate and salt-cellar, and if you please an individual pepper-cruet. At each corner of the table place two or three table-spoons. If you use a large caster, put it directly in the middle of the table, but small corner casters are prettier, and should be placed on diagonally opposite corners of the table, leaving the center for a vase of flowers or a dish of fruit, or failing either of these ornamental pieces, a substitute may be found in a glass of celery or bowl of salad.

"At one end of the table, whichever is the carver's seat, put the carving knife and fork and the gravy spoon. If soup is to be used, put the ladle and a pile of soup-plates opposite the person who is to serve it. Have the water-pitcher filled, and the ice put in it some time before it is to be used, and at the right of each place put a tumbler. English books on dining say, 'and one or more wine-glasses, according to the variety of wines to be taken,' but as I am in hopes that none of you habitually dine with wine, I will not include them in my brief directions. Table mats are used in most families, and should be put in such places as the hot dishes are expected to occupy, one at each end of the table and others at the sides. All this is only a hint of the usual way of setting the table for a family dinner, and does not even touch upon the little additions that may be made by ornamental china and glass or silver dishes for various purposes, or upon the tasteful arrangement of little appetizing adjuncts to a dinner that are described in cookery books like Jennie June's and Mrs. Henderson's, that teach elegance as well as excellence."

## Flowers, and how to Grow Them.

BY ADELAIDE HOYT.

THE fuchsia, one of the most beautiful flowers, is also one of the very best, and merits a place in every collection. It not only grows rapidly, but blooms profusely at any required time, if given proper treatment.

Fuchsia cuttings strike as readily as those from geraniums. It is necessary, however, to take with the slip a little of the hard wood from the stem, or main branches. The shorter the cuttings, that is, with not more than three leaves, the sooner they root, especially if the callous end touches the side of the propagating pot or saucer.

Many wonder why this instruction is generally given, when the prolific subject of taking cuttings is introduced. For the benefit of those we will say, that the inference is this: the side of the pot is very porous and admits the air more freely than the soil, and if the cutting is placed so that it is in direct contact with the fresh atmospheric air that constantly enters through the pores of the pot, it is stimulated to root rapidly.

When well rooted transfer the cutting to a small pot filled with leaf mold and sand, and just as soon as the little plant begins to grow give liquid manure every week until the roots show through the pot. If very vigorous-looking transfer to a pot two or more sizes larger, filled with equal parts of loam, sand, leaf mold, and well-decomposed manure. Then give considerable water and a shaded situation, for the fuchsia will not thrive in the hot sun, the warm rays of which cause the leaves to curl and drop. We have found it free from insects except the little red spider; but if taken in time—their presence is detected by the leaves turning yellow and falling—they may be put to flight by the free use of the sprinkling-pot, for they cannot stand shower-baths and remain healthy and active.

Cuttings taken from the *Speciosa*, Carl Halt, and *Brilliant*, early in the spring, and treated as above described, will bloom profusely during winter. Other varieties can be made to bloom at stated times by simply pinching off the buds and withholding all fertilizers until a few weeks before wanted to blossom.

Some varieties of flowers that have adorned our garden through the summer make desirable house-plants for winter. Pre-eminently among these is the *petunia*, formerly considered a common flower; it has of recent years been so much improved, that it now has great popularity and is grown extensively. The *Grandiflora* varieties are strong growers and bear beautiful striped and blotched flowers, three and four inches in diameter, while the small-flowered kinds are of delicate appearance, but free growth, and closely covered with brilliant flowers, the loveliest among them being the *Countess of Ellesmere*, a pretty pink with white throat, while the double *petunia* is as large and will in some respects bear comparison with the queenly rose. Take any of these from the border in the latter part of September, and cut them back almost to the root, and transplant into good-sized pots and boxes of rich soil. New shoots will immediately start forth, and as the *petunia* is susceptible to training, you may grow them over a trellis for a small screen; stake them and pinch the branches until they assume a stalky growth, or else let them trail and hang their wealth of flowers over the sides, concealing the receptacle wherein they grow.

*Mignonette* should be universally grown for its delightful fragrance. We have found *Miles' Hybrid Spiral* superior to all other varieties. It is dwarf and branching in habit, the flower spikes

grow from six to ten inches long, and if the side shoots are kept off the main stem will be one compact mass of sweet though unassuming flowers more than twelve inches in length.

Young plants of the *Dianthus Chinensis Heddenii* pinks, if taken from the border and potted in the latter part of August, and given plenty of water and some liquid manure in October, will bloom in December, the flowers being fully as large and handsome as its beautiful and favorite sister the carnation, without its fragrance, however; it is, of course, not so highly esteemed.

The beautiful Scotch pink, with its sweet spicy odor, should be treated similarly to the foregoing if desired for in-door culture.

How many have grown the *Senecio Macroglossis*, a species of the old and general favorite the *Senecio Scandens*, or German ivy. The former is an excellent climber, fast grower, and vies with the latter for in-door screens and pillars. The leaves are very peculiar, no two being exactly alike, while the flowers are a delicate straw color. It grows best in rich soil, and should be given plenty of water and kept from the direct sunlight; a shady corner, one to be scarcely utilized is the very place for *S. Macroglossis*.

## Chimney Fittings in "Recess."

THE vogue of mantel-shelves is causing chimney fittings "in recess" to be looked upon with favor, although so great a change in in-door architecture must necessarily take place in order to admit of their adoption. These fittings are, as will easily be understood, never so handsome when added to an apartment into the original plan of which their construction did not enter. Still, they may be advantageously added where the room is elegant in form, and especially where florid wood carvings have found a place.

In an apartment built with a view to display chimney fittings "in recess," they are, in point of fact, its main beauty. The fire-place is low. A brass-barred inclosure holds the logs of wood, two upright andirons, of a long taper-like form, hold "heat-plates" of brass with Roman eagles upon them. Resting their tops upon these are the brass shovel and tongs. Forward of the "log-rest" is a wide band of brass, and the entire fire-place is raised above the carpet on a marble step a foot in depth. At the sides of this broad step are pillars of carved wood, which sustain the arch of the fire-place, above which, again, is a wide wood carving resembling the antique balconies of feudal castles. Above this are the deep recesses in which are placed, first, either a portrait of the oldest ancestor or of some great celebrity—the painting must be in oil, and should be dark in tone to correspond with the wood carvings—or, in some cases, a mirror; secondly, two large brass shields, or specimens of fine ware of some sort, and, forward of these, large and long vases of glass, or jars of *faience*. The picture or mirrors must have no frame, excepting the wood carving in frame shape which surrounds this portion of the central recess. Two smaller recesses flank the upper portions of the frame-shaped section, and these also should contain antique jars or magnificent shells of a rare kind. Then, again, the wings of the central arch extend on the sides of the right and left walls of the room, and form small galleries, in which must also be placed shields, jars, helmets, and trophies, forming *suite* with those above the fire-place. In the hollows of the arch are windows, which require jars containing growing plants. Forward of these are set sofas, and between these an immense Persian rug is laid. Polished wood floors without other carpet should accompany this style of fire-place and chimney-fittings.



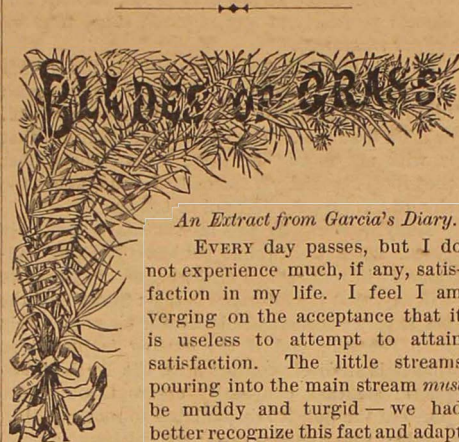
## Marquise Chairs.

AN extremely comfortable chair, intended to enable delicate persons, even though not precisely invalids, to receive visits without fatigue or detriment to health. The novelty is of French origin, and the chairs very elegant in form, and as to the material with which they are covered. The largest "Sleepy-hollow" is not so large as the "Marquise," which is wide enough to admit of the careful adjustment of the most elaborate dress. Sitting far back, and with the figure supported above the waist on the slope of the chair, the hips, knees, and feet are on the lower curve of the slope. At the foot-rest the chair curves upward. Quilted velvet is used as a covering for the body of the chair, while the arms, which are low and without opening, are covered with satin. A puffing of satin surrounds the top and sides of the frame. The height of the chair from the floor is only a foot and a half. Thus it will be seen that the most fragile frame has a comfortable support, and that fatigue is not superinduced upon existing sickness. Many ladies will greatly rejoice at being thus enabled to receive visits that must otherwise be declined, and that a handsome chair can serve the purpose of the "invalid" chair, which is by no means a handsome article of furniture.

## Archery and its Present Facilities.

BUT a twelvemonth has passed since archery began to be as popular in America as it has long been in England. With their characteristic facility for learning everything, American ladies have fallen into the necessary training, and acquired this most graceful of all out-door accomplishments, which, like lawn tennis, does not present that drawback of croquet in causing the figure to settle itself too much to one side if persisted in for months as an out-door occupation rather than recreation. With that desire for improvement which demands that all things, amusements included, should be capable of being done with the utmost facility and the least possible trouble—which desire is also eminently American—it is demanded that archery should be "made easy." This has brought into use new "archery goods," as they are called, and highly finished bows, arrows, and targets, belts, quivers, arm-guards, and finger tips have made their appearance and been adopted for use. Still, to the uninitiated, their proper service and fitting adjustment remains a mystery, and many the disappointment when, the archery goods being received, the use presents an insoluble problem. To explain this use it is necessary first to state that the folded target-stand must be set up something after the manner of a painter's easel, but it is infinitely less troublesome. No explanation is required as to the adjustment of the target itself, for that is in one piece, and any one can set it who has ever seen a picture representing one. The new bow is made in sections, and these require careful manipulation. The small compass into which this bow can be adjusted, makes it easy of transportation, while it has the advantage, from its construction, of allowing the arrow to pass through the fixed bearings in its center without grazing the wings on a direct line with the center of the tips. It will be easily seen that this obviates that curve at the beginning of the arrow's flight, which is occasioned by the moving of the bowstring toward the center at the instant when the arrow leaves the bow. To acquire the art of holding the bow and arrow is the most troublesome part of the apprenticeship in the art of archery. New arrows accompany the new bows, having wings of fine hair-cloth, which serve the purpose of guiding the arrow. The ad-

justment of the finger-tips is extremely simple, as also of the arm-guard, nor does that of the belt and quiver require anything more than a natural facility for graceful arrangement, as of a dress belt. Still, simple as all this may appear, it is by no means a slight thing to reach the happy medium between grace and awkwardness, and archery, if ungraceful, had better be let alone.



### An Extract from Garcia's Diary.

EVERY day passes, but I do not experience much, if any, satisfaction in my life. I feel I am verging on the acceptance that it is useless to attempt to attain satisfaction. The little streams pouring into the main stream *must* be muddy and turgid—we had better recognize this fact and adapt ourselves to it.

Right here, at the acceptance or non-acceptance of this, is the cross-roads to life. The mile-post says this way (the draining, the damming, the controlling of these muddy streams) leads to the "shining table-lands" of honor, peace, and satisfaction, but it is difficult and laborious. This other way leads surely to the "dismal swamps of mediocrity." You can find your way along without much exertion for a while, but there will gradually accrue harassing impediments from the debris of mismanagement which at last makes this road beyond telling repugnant. This giving away with cowardly inertness before the turgid little obstacles of life is as a ball of error going steadily forward and steadily enlarging.

As I say, my book, I have ariven to this mile-post, and I, of course, prefer the road to the table-lands, but have I the essential qualities for a traveler on this way?

Sometimes there comes to me (it is as though a sweet spirit leaned upon my shoulder and whispered) a faint opening, a dim, sweet vista to happiness. I listen and look eagerly, feeling sure there is something tangible in this line if we could but arrest the way and secure it, but how faint, wavering, and vanishing it is! No; it is not the way that is faint and vanishing, but our spiritual insight diseased by its vanities.

Sometimes there appears to me a woman—my ideal. She lives her life as perhaps a bird or a butterfly do theirs. Of course she thinks, makes plans, works toward them. She reads and has thoughts on other people's lives, has thoughts, perhaps, on difficult facts, but there is much time with her when she simply lives, merging her whole being, physical, mental, and spiritual, into a consciousness of the present moment, and that consciousness is happiness. Bird songs are in her ears, perfumed winds toying with her garments, flowers near—there is a full unconscious consciousness of it all. Life is sweet, her duties are ineffably sweet toward husband, children, home; her love for these dear things impels her to accomplish them with an exquisite, lingering, tender grace. Say to her that a woman's lot is hard and low, and as well might you say the sunshine is impure and unwholesome—she does not comprehend that. A woman's lot is as fit in its place as is a bird's or a flower's—not as high as a man's, perhaps, but full of all pure, beautiful, sweet, holy activities for those who have a true spirit for it.

Man and woman who have the mere natural instinct of loving, love with the heart; but they who have a true genius for loving, love with the soul.

Sometimes that which most delights the heart most cheats the soul.

### A Leaf from Gabrielle's Diary.

Jessie sitting at the breakfast-table eating buttered egg-bread (just now a rarity), with seraphic satisfaction says to grandma, her eyes large and earnest, "This chorn-bread is made out of new meal." Her unreserved yet dainty delight over a dish she particularly likes is a refreshing sight.

Valerie, wishing a calico quilt somewhat faded to play with, runs to me, her eyes like animated new needles, her footsteps staccato et allegro, her pause like the plump dip of a robin, says, "Mamma, may we have the *painted sheet* to play with?" I reply yes, watching her movements nervous and firm. She runs back to Hebe in the little room where they have the big bath tub for a boat. Jessie comes in. Valerie says, "We're mighty sorry you've come, ain't we Hebe?" Hebe replies, "Oh, no, she's our darling little sister." Valerie runs back to me with a gay-colored woolen spread, plumps firm and light beside me at the desk, and says, her eyes now like dewy violets, her expression suggesting the soft melody after the nervous prelude, the eyes and expression both assumed as a persuasive to her request, for she knows I do not allow her this to play with, "Mamma, this is to cover my throne, and I'm to be queen."

Jessie—"My little baby's been down sick—is dead and put in jail (grave). My little baby's dead and gone (picking up a piece of newspaper suddenly off the floor), let me read about it—the cars run over my baby playing on the rail-chack."

Out with the bairns into the orchard-grass lot. Throwing up to knock down some grapes the stick got lodged. "Oh, gracious, the stick's mired," exclaimed Valerie. Jessie, with her grandma's hat on, "Make out like I am grandma."

"How do you do, grandma? When did you come?"

"I came to-morrow;" then she says, "How's your family?"

"Very well, thank you—how is yours?"

"Very sick indeed—they's got the hooking cough, got the fever, and got a sore shin (chin)." Here she comes with Valerie all trimmed about with long sprays of the money-moss robbed from grandma's hanging basket. "Now, ain't we pity?" she says, mincing about. Valerie expresses much delight and glorification with her eyes. Jessie smiles and smirks and stretches her eyelids in an amusing manner. "Now let me try them on you," she says, and mounts up into my lap, loops some long sprays into my bosom. "Now that's your watch—hear your watch? (shaking one over my ear) that's goodies in your watch. Mama, I'm going to bring you some little blue laced-up buttoned boots. There's your bracelet (knotting a tendrill round my arm); and look here—here are two new rings (running one in and out between my fingers); now look here—look here—they look delightly." Tshit! (in loud tones to the puppy who is jumping about my knees), and she taps him a sharp little tap on his head, "Don't you bite these bands."

There's a racket in the hall that increases to my door and into my room, and here are Hebe and Valerie, like a boisterous push of west wind. Their sailor hats are entirely wreathed about with yellow chrysanthemums, and one side pinned up with a straight plume of orchard grass. "Hebe," exclaims Valerie with her gray eyes twinkling, her feet twitching, "Grandma says these will do to wear to town." Hebe gives a languishing flourish with her big eyes, designed to express



overpowering ecstasy, and says nothing. Then Valerie, "Grandma is going with us into the woods-lot to hunt scaley-barks—may Cad go?" Cad is colored, but is a precious treasure among them all; her presence lends infinite zest to every entertainment in which she is allowed to partake. I hardly answer yes before they are out of the door.

Valerie, regarding Hebe's hat says: "I declare those flowers are so lovely I watch my eyes on them all the time." In the morning early she squats, with Jessie, in their gowns, to one side on the rug and says:

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;  
 You've only got to pop your head just against the side of the door,  
 You'll see so many curious sights you never saw before."

After repeating this to her heart's content she changes to this:

"I had a little husband,  
 No bigger 'an my thumb,  
 I put him in a coffee-pot,  
 And beat him like a drum."

*A Leaf from Garcia's Diary.*

All the time am I haunted with a ghost, the ghost of relaxed effort and ignored resolves; it follows me indoors and out, sits near me at the table or opposite, shaking an importunate finger, rises with me in the morning, looks over my shoulder out of the window. Would I be rid of this ghost? No. My fear is that it may despair and forsake me before it has quickened me by its silent upbraidings. Many years ago, when it came home to me that my soul was a reality and not a theory, when I first awakened to how paltry was everything else compared to it, when I was first turned about to administer to it, constantly putting aside all other urgencies that impeded it, one main principle was impressed upon me as the fundamental diet for its nourishment, and that was to be thorough in everything I undertook. This principle was to vitalize not only large undertakings, but every effort, however apparently insignificant, of my life. George Eliot has a well-known saying about the "slow paralysis that creeps over an enthusiasm that cannot adjust itself to our daily life." When one gives expression to a trouble like this we accept it as a rule, and this is the rule, but there are, as always, exceptions. The exception to this rule is, that with the strong-natured, whose enthusiasms cannot adjust themselves to their daily life, they compel their daily life to adjust itself to their enthusiasms. In this modification of an organism by its environment there are two sides for reflection.

As I said, I am much importuned by this spirit; it is my good angel, I suppose. The time when it is most importunate is after supper, when the day has slid away. It is my habit to anticipate this time and plan for it some enjoyment—music, reading, or writing. Constant frustration of such plans has by no means disheartened me, as yet, from remaking them. The children are put to bed, but through all the process this spirit, this ghost, keeps close; if exasperated by their freaks or speaking some quick sharp word, or in any way giving way to temper, my ghost presses closer, and then I know I may as well bid good-by to my anticipated enjoyment—and so it is that when at last I have a righted room and good fire, a bright light, books around, my guitar near by, this same spirit, who is in fact "mine adversary with whom I am compelled to agree," lays its hand heavily upon my shoulder, and seats me forcibly with this compulsion: "No reading, no music, no diversion of any kind until peace is made with your soul; recall carefully, with no haste, your little wrongdoings, search around them, probe them, find

where the wrong lies; verily thou shalt by no means come out thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing;" and after this is done does it always come home to me; the wrong is scarcely without an exception at my door; and now, confessing my sins, praying forgiveness and cleansing, my good angel releases me, but very often the evening is quite gone before it consents I have sufficiently reviewed my conduct.

Night—I have a very clean hearth, rug, righted room, have a very bright light and glowing fire, have very clean children gone to sleep in their respective beds, have an infinitely miserable heart. Pooh! do you say, my book, forever maudlin over peccadilloes with these children! May my right hand be cut off, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, may life depart from me before ever shall I call wrongs done to children, however infinitesimal they may be, peccadilloes!

Through all the day, and through several days past, my mind has been revolving around a dim pivot; a number of times did it occur to me that if I should seek you, my book, and sit down to an earnest talk I should be enabled to clearly make out what it was my mind was vaguely but persistently beating its wings against; but when I endeavored to bring this to practice, instead of being able to view my center of attraction with clearer eyes, it seemed to vanish altogether, leaving my mind in a sadly erratic condition. I wish I could force up from the "Plutonian depths" of this mental chaos the thing that in vague shape has so pressed upon me, could eliminate it of all its false, indigested outlines, could compel it to a tangible reality, and in this way find out what its just causes of appeal are. It is clamoring for some grave decision.

My book, I imagine there are many people with whom decision resulting from a healthy action of the judgment is impossible. Do you not remember Hawthorne speaking of this trait in himself? Their judgment capable of discerning both sides of the argument, but not of balancing and weighing them justly, have their decisions forced upon them by the flow of circumstances. And then have you not heard some of them say, "Providence seems guiding us," and they give themselves up with unctious complacency to the current which, nevertheless, sometimes drifts them upon a shoal.

What is the good in enigmatical writing? Sometimes it is a stage in the development of an idea. At first the germ is altogether vague, for a long time it floats restlessly about the mind; at last the mind regards it, compels it to some definite shape, and all expression of it in this stage is prone to be enigmatical. If the mind is of the strong, creative sort, it suffers not this immature fetus to prove an abortion, but keeps vigilant eye upon it until it develops into palpable being.

BELLE BRIGHT ELDER.

## Confessing Poverty.

For a good many years the world has united in declaring poverty to be no disgrace; but that same world pretty unanimously treats it as if it were. Everybody respects in theory the honest washer-woman, but it is surprising how few people give up their seats to her in the horse-cars. There is something so terribly inconvenient and disagreeable in being poor! It offends all the senses, even one's sense of the fitness of things. Not to have enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, is such an inconceivable thing to a person who has plenty. Are you not conscious of a certain shamefaced-

ness or mortification when a very poorly-dressed person walks up the aisle of a handsome church filled with elegantly-attired people? It seems so out of place for ill-clad men and women to be there. Perhaps it was this feeling of misplacement which caused the ushers in a large New York church, a few years ago, to leave a plainly-dressed old woman standing in the aisle, though there were plenty of vacant seats, when the pastor so memorably rebuked them by descending from the pulpit and giving her a seat himself.

Even the best of people do not always like to be seen in the company of a rusty coat or faded gown, unless it is in the relation of patron, which is a very different thing. Many a wealthy employer who nods courteously to one of his clerks in the morning, will not notice him when they meet in company. And his wife, who converses freely in private with the accomplished teacher of her children, does not see her at all when they encounter each other publicly or in the presence of aristocratic acquaintance. Certain it is, that poverty, even when most respectable, gets a vast amount of snubbing in this world. Labor, even in its higher and more refined forms, is made to feel menial and abject before capital.

How can it be other than hard, then, to confess to being poor! If the man who allows the intelligent, honest, self-respecting poor man to be as honorable as himself, would uniformly treat him without patronage, the poor man would believe him, and be saved from the temptation to seem other than he is. If the bright, proud-spirited girl who must earn her living by her needle, were convinced by the tone, look, and manner of the lady who employs her, that it is an honor to her to earn her living, she would believe it; but she is obliged to ask for her pay, and is very likely kept standing half an hour in the hall waiting for it; so she feels a sting in her dependence, and comes to esteem money the one great good of life. If even the popular preacher, who proclaims the dignity of character, the glory of genuine, straightforward living, would only seem as glad to call upon the poor member of his parish as the rich one, the poor member would believe more heartily in the preaching, and not feel so separated from his brethren.

Somehow or other, in spite of the essential goodness of human nature and of individuals, the practical tendency of society is to esteem a person for what he has, rather than what he is. It finds poverty interesting in books and in art, but gives it the cold shoulder on the street. In cities, at least, even one's locality is made the criterion of worth. Not to live in an aristocratic neighborhood is to be without caste or position. The young man who spends half or two thirds of his earnings upon his "rooms" cannot afford it; but they are fashionable, and seem to imply abundance, and that is just the idea he wishes to convey.

It is so hard to row all the time against the tide—especially the tide of social opinion. It is so hard to hold up a brave, unmoved front against the power of wealth, the scorn of fortune, the superiority of position, the nameless slights and rebuffs of society,—on the street, in the shop, in church, in the cars, in the concert and the lecture-room, wherever wealth and fashion gather for entertainment or business. He who can do this, be thoroughly loyal to himself, living just as he can afford to, and confessing it to the world, has genuine moral heroism. He has gone far toward conquering himself, and has asserted the manhood that he hears so much praised and sees so little respected when it is not associated with riches.

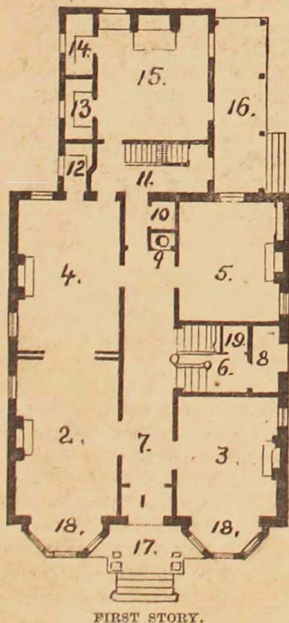
JENNY BURR.





RESIDENCE FOR C. W. COOPER, ESQ.  
SHEFFIELD STREET ALLEGHENY PA.  
E. M. BUTZ ARCHITECT  
DESIGN No. 18 D.

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN, No. 16.



FIRST STORY.

This residence, now under course of erection in Allegheny, Pa., is two stories high, with a mansard-roof, which forms the third story.

The house is built of pressed brick laid in white mortar. All windows have stone sills and caps. The dormer-windows on mansard-roof are built of brick and stone trimmings. The main cornice, etc., is formed of wood, painted stone color to correspond with the stone-work about the windows, etc., and by referring to the plans a general description of the exterior can be obtained.

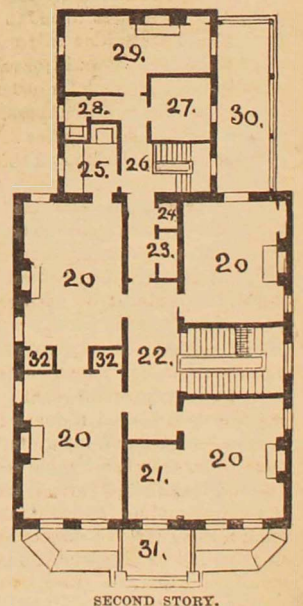
FIRST STORY.—No. 1 is front vestibule, size 4'6" x 6'0"; No. 2, sitting-room, 12'6" x 14'6"; No. 3, parlor, 12'6" x 19'0"; No. 4, dining-room, 12'6" x 18'0"; No. 5, music room or library, 12'6" x 14'6"; No. 6, side entrance and main-stair hall, 8'0" x 8'0"; No. 7, main hall, 6'0" x 28'0"; No. 8, vestibule at side entrance, 3'6" x 8'0"; No. 9, washstand in main hall; No. 10, elevator; No. 11, back-stair hall, 6'0" x 14'0"; Nos. 12, 13, and 14, pantries, each 3'6" x 7'0"; No. 15, kitchen, 13'6" x 15'0"; No. 16, kitchen porch; No. 17, front portico between the bay-windows; No. 18, bay-windows; No. 19, wardrobe.

SECOND STORY.—Nos. 20, chambers; No. 21, alcove; No. 22, hall; No. 23, linen closet; No. 24, elevator; No. 25, bath-room; No. 26, back-stair hall; No. 27, sewing-room; No. 28, water-closet; No. 29, servants' room; No. 30, porch connecting with sewing-room; No. 31, balcony over front portico. In mansard story the apartments are similar as second story.

In the cellar are apartments for coal, wood, vegetables, etc., also furnace-room and laundry. All the cellars are cemented.

The cost of a house on this plan, under favorable circumstances, would be ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars finished complete.

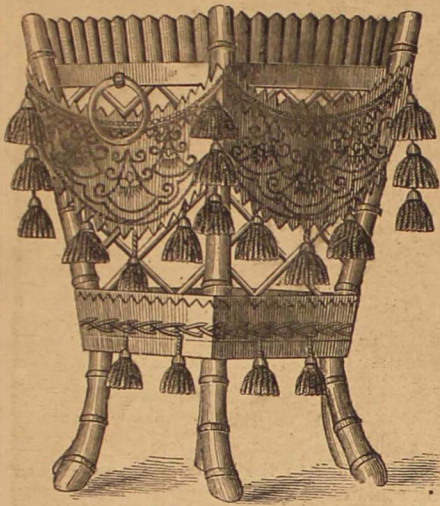
For particulars regarding the above, address the architect, E. M. Butz, No. 114 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.



SECOND STORY.



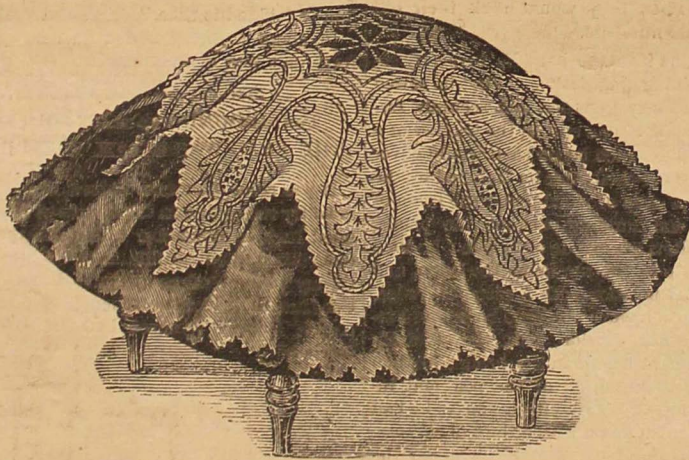
# FANCY WORK.



Scrap Basket.

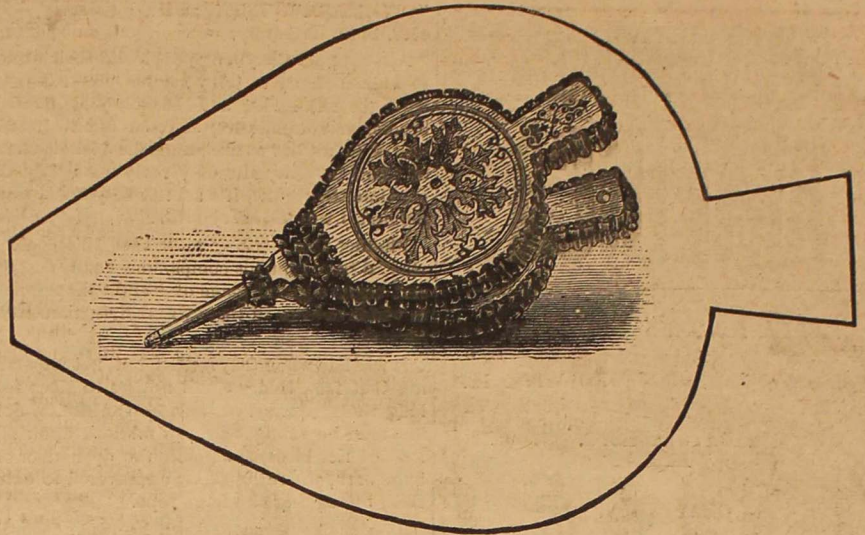
THE drapery is suitable either for a round or square basket. Cut four pieces of black cloth (or as many as are required) the shape of pattern, braid them with scarlet and gilt braid, and the band to go round the bottom of the basket-work in the same manner, or the stamped pattern can be feather-stitched. Make numerous tassels of all colored wools, and hang on as shown in the design.

If the basket be very low, or without feet, leave off the band, and substitute a full plaiting of the cloth, also add the plaiting round the top of basket inside. For full patterns, see loose pattern sheet.



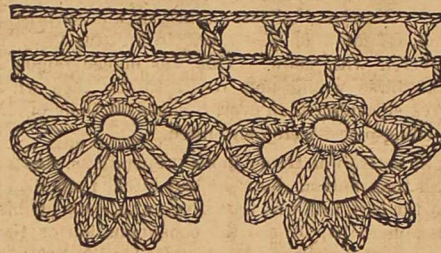
Foot Rest.

TAKE any wooden stool, make a cushion to fit the top of it, and stuff tightly with curled hair; then cut a wide ruffle of red cloth, have it pinked on one edge and plait it in large plaits, making sure to have a plait between each point of the center piece. Cut the center piece of cloth, the shade of old gold, the size of pattern. Have a braiding pattern stamped on it, and work with gilt braid; fasten it to the cushion between each point, then sew stout strings at four equal distances apart, and tie round the legs of the stool. For full size pattern, see loose pattern sheet.



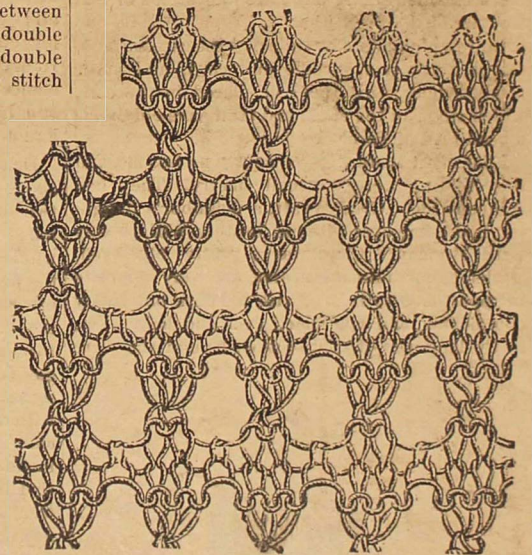
Pincushion Bellows.

CUT of cardboard two pieces the shape of pattern, cover one side of each with black satin, and paint a design in water colors. The handles are covered on both sides. Measure the size round the cardboard, and cut a piece of velvet one inch wide, narrowing at the ends, turn in the edges and overhand it to the side pieces. To form the nozzle, slip a pencil in and cut it the desired length, and then sharpen it, which will be found very useful, as a pencil is an article that disappears very mysteriously from a work-basket. Fill the cushion with emery powder. Around the edges finish with quilled ribbon or cord.



Crochet Edging.

1st round: \* 22 chain, close the last 8 into a circle, 12 double in circle, 1 slip stitch in 1st of 12 double, 7 chain, 5 long treble with 3 chain between each in the next double stitches, 7 chain, 1 double in next stitch, twice alternately 5 chain, 1 double in every second stitch, then 5 chain, 1 slip stitch



Knitting Design.

THE design shown is suitable for clouds, shawls, etc. Knit with No. 4 or 6 needles, using split zephyr wool. Cast on an even number of stitches, and knit a plain row.—1st row. Plain knitting.—2d row. Slip 1, knit 1, \* wool forward, take 3 together and knit as 1; repeat from \* to the end of the row; knit 1.—3d. Knit 2, \* in the over stitch knit 1, purl 1, then knit 1; repeat from \*.—4th row. Knit.—5th row.—6th row. Repeat from the 2d.

in last slip stitch, 2 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble in next 7 chain, 3 chain, two long treble, 1 treble, 1 double in same chain, 4 times alternately 1 double, 1 treble, 2 long treble with 2 chain between, 1 treble in 1 double, in 3 chain, then 1 double, 1 treble, 1 long treble in 7 chain, 3 chain, 2 long treble, 1 treble, 2 double in same 7 chain; repeat from \*, joining as shown by illustration.—2d round: \* 1 treble in center of five chain scallops, 9 chain, 1 treble in center of 13 chain, 9 chain; repeat from \*. 3d round: \* 1 long treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 long treble, joining the centre stitch to center of last long treble, 3 chain, miss 3; repeat from \*.



# YOUNG AMERICA

## Henry Nelson's Bird-Trap.

AND HOW HE SUCCEEDED WITH IT.

BY HARRY MOSS.

### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning at breakfast Henry endured a cross fire of inquiries and surmises.

"Saturday by dinner-time, or never," was his answer to all.

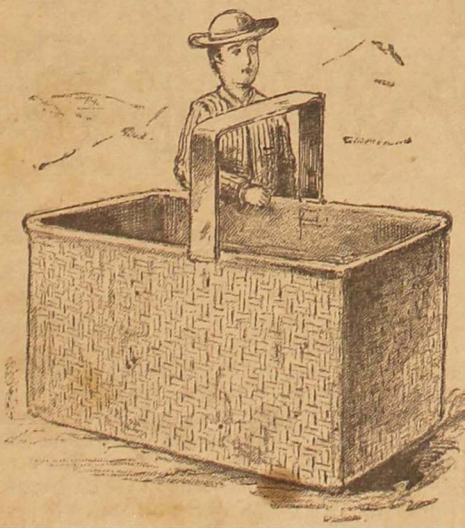
That day at school he got the first black mark for inattention he had received during the term. It was scarcely in human nature—or at least in boy nature—to have been particularly attentive under the circumstances. When the sequel became known, and his previous record was considered, Mr. Moreton kindly erased the demerit.

Through the by-path sped Henry as soon as school was out and the children had dispersed homeward.

Everything was as he had left it, except that the number of birds in and around the trap had visibly increased; though he was sorry to perceive that a lowering sky gave indications of bad weather.

On reaching home he collected the cart-harness, salt-sacks, basket, needle and cord, and other small articles. All these he placed in the cart, which stood in the shed, and then gave old Blaze a good feed of corn.

That night there were of course no lessons, and the children were unusually merry. They had company too. Clara Wyatt, a neighbor's daughter, had come over with her brother Will, to stay until Monday. Clara was a pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired miss of twelve, the very opposite in appearance to Henry, with his dark but ruddy complexion, and coal-black eyes and hair. Yet, in the language of that section, he and she were



THE BASKET.

"sweethearts." This is not a love story, however, but a bird story.

After supper the young people did their utmost to induce Henry to tell what he intended doing with the salt-sacks, and basket, and mattress needle, and dump-cart, and old Blaze. But all was of no avail, not excepting the blandishments of Clara herself. His only reply was: "By dinner-time to-morrow, if I am not very much disappointed, I will tell all about it."

Finding that nothing more than this could be elicited from him, his companions finally desisted, and began a grand game of "Hunt the Slipper," in which not one of them was merrier than Henry himself.

It was late when they retired, but, notwithstanding that fact, Henry could not go to sleep for a long time. At last he sank into an uneasy doze, in which he thought he saw millions upon millions of rice-birds, flying into the open door of a huge barn, where he vainly endeavored to entrap them by tugging at a large rope.

Just as day began to dawn he awoke from this uneasy slumber, and immediately jumped out of bed. Hurrying on his clothes, he was surprised and delighted on going out to find the ground covered with snow. This was indeed famous. The birds would now resort to the shed with greater avidity than ever, because all their other feeding-places were obliterated.

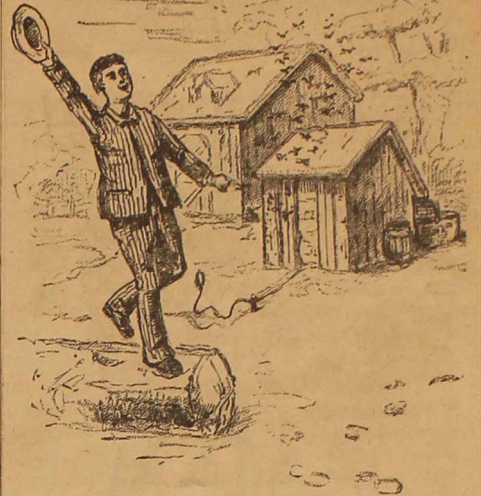
So active was Henry in his preparations, that in less than half an hour he had hitched old Blaze to the cart, and was trundling away, with all his paraphernalia, toward the consummation or the failure of the grandest enterprise his life had yet known.

Arriving at Flatfields some time before the sun was up, he opened the creaking gate of the barn-yard, and drove in. Leaving old Blaze for a moment he went to take a peep at his trap. It was all right, except that only two or three cold-looking birds were hopping about in the early dawn. Henry was not at all depressed by this circumstance, for he was confident that as soon as the sun had well risen they would seek their old haunt in unusual numbers.

Driving the cart into the barn he earnestly set about his remaining preparations. First he sewed two of the salt-sacks together, and securely fastened the oak staff at one end in the manner of a window-shade, but much larger than would cover the door of the goat-shed; this he fastened by the other end with a strip of wood under the beam of the door-way and running between the planks forming the hollow groove on each side; he then gathered it all up to the top under the beam, and secured it in that position with a piece of twine, with a loop at each end; one loop he secured inside and the other outside, with the carefully made peg fitting in a hole in the beam; he then tied his string to the head of the peg and retreated to the log to try its effect, and as he had anticipated, it came down with a thud of success.

After securing it in its place again under the beam, he proceeded to rip open the bottom of another sack, and secure it to one end of the basket with his needle and twine, having previously fastened both lids open; he covered the other end of the basket by passing his twine over and across a number of times, making a very secure network that a bird could not pass through.

Having completed this, he carried it round to the back of the shed where he had noticed a piece broken out with a patch over it, and this he removed, and in place nailed the other end of the sack securely to the boards all round the opening, then with his hatchet he secured the basket with his pegs as far from the shed as the length of the sack would stretch, thus making a hollow passage



SUCCESS.

from the shed to the basket through which no bird could escape.

Henry next proceeded to carry into the shed three more boards and a small branch, these he placed in a dark corner for future use; he then scattered a plentiful supply of oats inside the shed and some outside of the door, and went back to the barn to complete his other arrangements.

By this time the sun was well up in the sky, and Henry emerged from the barn to see what might be his prospects for game. There were more birds about the shed than he expected, and many of them had already gone in.

It was not yet time, however, to make any demonstration, and returning to old Blaze, who was standing as demurely between the shafts as if no great enterprise was in progress, he placed some loose straw in the cart to keep his feet warm, and got in, with his old determination strong within him to "bide his time."

In about an hour and a half he again sallied forth on a tour of examination.

*The AIR was black with birds!*

THE GROUND WAS BLACK WITH BIRDS!!

THE SHED WAS BLACK WITH BIRDS!!!

It was some moments before Henry could sufficiently recover from the effects of his exceeding good luck to remember what were the plans he had settled upon for this stage of his enterprise, for my young readers will have doubtless seen by this time that, like the schemes of all successful people, Henry's schemes had been maturated beforehand.

### CHAPTER VI.

OUR hero did not remain long in doubt, however, although his heart was almost in his mouth. Stepping backward until he had placed himself on the side of the barn away from the shed, he ran in a straight line about a quarter of a mile, and then made a *detour* to the right, which brought him in the rear of the log, and some two hundred paces distant from it. Trusting nothing to chance, he now got down on his "all fours," and began to crawl. His progress through the snow was very tedious, and very, very cold. So benumbed were his hands when he at length reached the log, that he was obliged to rub them together a long time before he could use them.

All this time he could hear the chattering of the birds in the air and on the ground, but what



most delighted him was the peculiar "whirring" sound of their wings inside the shed.

Peeping over his screen he saw a sight to gladden the soul of any boy in the universe.

That wonderful trap was so full of birds it almost seemed to shake with their movements.

And more were still crowding in.

Henry was almost bursting with excitement. He trembled all over like an aspen in a gale, and to tell the truth, he had, as they say in that country, the "buck ague very bad."

He grasped the ball of twine as carefully as he could, but his hand shook so violently that he was prudent enough to relinquish it for the present.

Shutting his eyes tight, and holding his breath, he bowed his head, and remained in that position for about one minute. Then he reached out his hand and took the ball of twine—

Cautiously, steadily, firmly.

Slowly he winds up the drooping line, until it feels taut to his sensitive touch as a well-tuned fiddle-string.

Now he lets it slacken again, and the next instant gives a quick, strong jerk.

*Choog! CHERBUNG!! KERSWOSH!!!*

In another second he was standing on the log, all white with snow, waving his hat, and making the welkin ring with his triumphant hurrahs!

Presently, when his ardor had abated a little, he thought he heard some one else shouting. Looking around hastily, he was astonished to see a handsome gentleman standing up in an open barouche just outside the fence, waving a glossy silk hat, and hurrahing for dear life.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!"

"Hip! Hip! Hip!—Hurrah!" shouted the gentleman again. "Once more, my boy! Now! all together! Three cheers and a tiger. Hip! Hip! Hip!—Hurrah!"

To say that Henry was astonished is entirely too mild an expression. He was absolutely stupefied, and for an instant the idea shot through his brain that the unusual excitement must have crazed him. But the twine on the ground, the fallen door, and, above all, the prodigious noise of the frightened birds inclosed in the shed, soon reassured his naturally well-balanced mind.

He was just going to set about the task of extricating his captives from their confinement when he was stopped by the gentleman alluded to, who very naturally asked:

"How are you going to get them out?"

"I have fixed a way on the other side," replied Henry. "You can't see from where you are."

"How in the name of all the bird traps in Christendom did you manage to get them in?" asked the stranger.

"Well sir," replied Henry, "it would take some time to explain the whole thing. I have been working at it nearly a week. There are the peg and string on the ground; there is the sliding-canvas, which you perhaps saw when it fell, and if you will step with me around on the other side I will show you how I have arranged to get them out."

"Certainly," answered the gentleman, "and if necessary I will help you."

"If you please," replied Henry, "I propose to get those birds out of that shed without any assistance whatever, or not get them out at all."

"Well, I don't know but you are right. You have 'bossed the job' so far, and are certainly entitled to the privilege of finishing it in your own way. Why, bless my soul!" he continued, approaching the shed and peeping through a crevice; "the place is actually alive with birds. See here; this farm belongs to me, and I expect I shall have

to retain you at a liberal salary as my chief bird-catcher in ordinary. Why, by Jove! I could very nearly feed my farmhands on the results of your operations in the ornithological line."

"You say this place belongs to you, sir?" said Henry.

"Yes, certainly. I bought it on a speculation from Sprague's agent in St. Louis about two weeks ago, and haven't had time till now to run up and see it. I arrived at the station over there by this morning's train, and having been lucky enough to hire this team, I took a cup of coffee at the hotel and drove here at once. As you see, I arrived just in time to witness your performances behind the log, and at the grand finale I pledge you my word I was as much delighted as you were. But let us return to the birds. Did you concoct all these plans yourself and carry them out without any assistance?"

"Yes, sir," answered Henry modestly. "I don't think there's a living soul in all the world, except you, who is aware how I caught those birds, or that I have caught them at all."

"Don't your people at home even know of it? I suppose you live near here."

"Yes, sir, I live about a mile down the creek, but nobody there has any idea about my catching the birds."

"You say you have been working nearly a week at this thing, and have all the time refrained from mentioning it to any one. I should certainly think you would have told your brothers, if you have any, or at least your father."

"Well, sir," replied Henry, somewhat abashed, for he thought the gentleman spoke reprovingly, "I'm sorry you think hard of it, but I've always had a notion that when one wants to make a success of anything, the best way is to say nothing, and work on."

"Do you know what you are, sir?" said the gentleman abruptly.

Henry's face flushed up at this singular and sudden question, but he answered firmly, "Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Well, what are you?"

"I'm a boy named Henry Nelson; the son of a gentleman named Silas Nelson."

"You are something else, too."

"What else, sir?"

"You're a STUNNER."

Henry's face again flushed vividly as he replied, "I don't know exactly what that is, sir, but if it's anything wrong, I don't think that you're being the owner of this property justifies you in applying it to one who has given you no cause for offence. If you dislike my catching the birds on your premises, you are welcome to them, sir; there they are;" and with a wave of his hand toward the shed he walked indignantly away.

The stranger who had thus suddenly appeared on the scene gazed admiringly after Henry for several moments, as he walked off, and then briskly followed him.

"My dear fellow," he said on reaching him, "permit me at least to say that, if I have offended you, it was far from my intention, by a very, very long shot. I see that you are unaccustomed to some expressions which are perhaps too frequent now-a-days, and it is well that you are. The term I applied to you is one of them, and rather than having been meant as an insult, it was decidedly intended as a compliment. I particularly wish to be friends with you. My name is John Sullivan, of St. Louis, and here is my hand."

The gentleman's manner, though abrupt, was so cordial and hearty, that Henry's good nature immediately reasserted itself, and he frankly seized the hand extended to him.

"Now, come," said Mr. Sullivan, "and get

your birds out; and I will not open my lips, or lift a finger, during the entire proceeding."

"Wait here a moment, then," said Henry, and going into the barn, he soon came out again driving the cart.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried Mr. Sullivan, "you are one of the boys we read about. You are fixed at all points. Do you think there will be as many as that basketful?"

"I couldn't say," replied Henry; "but at all events, there are a great many."

He now drove old Blaze around to the other side of the shed, notifying Mr. Sullivan to follow. When that impetuous gentleman saw the sack nailed against the wall, and the manner in which it had been arranged, he forgot all about his promise to keep quiet—in fact he had forgotten it when he first saw the cart.

"Master Henry Nelson!" he exclaimed, "son of Silas Nelson, gentleman: I hereby take occasion to pronounce you a diamond of the first water. Should you ever need a friend, call on John Sullivan, No. 65 North Third, St. Louis, Missouri. But hold! I had forgotten that I am to be only a lummy at this especial crisis. Consider me then a mere looker-on here at Flatfields."

Henry then went around to the front of the shed, and taking another sack nailed it across the bottom of the door so that when it was raised the aperture would be only wide enough to admit his body. He now got flat on the ground, and lifting the canvas door slightly put in his head, which was quickly followed by his whole person.

There was sufficient light admitted into the building through its numerous crevices for him to see the birds plainly, and in very truth they were "thick as hops."

Of course they flew about in still greater consternation at his entrance, and instinctively attempted to escape by the aperture leading to the sack and basket, the open cover of which protected by the netting made quite a light space. The branch now came into use to drive the remaining birds from the upper part of the shed into the basket, and in a short time the whole flock was safely in the basket, and thrusting a bunch of dry grass in the hole to prevent their return he returned to the outside and secured the mouth of the sack with a string, and drew out the nails that secured it to the side of the shed.

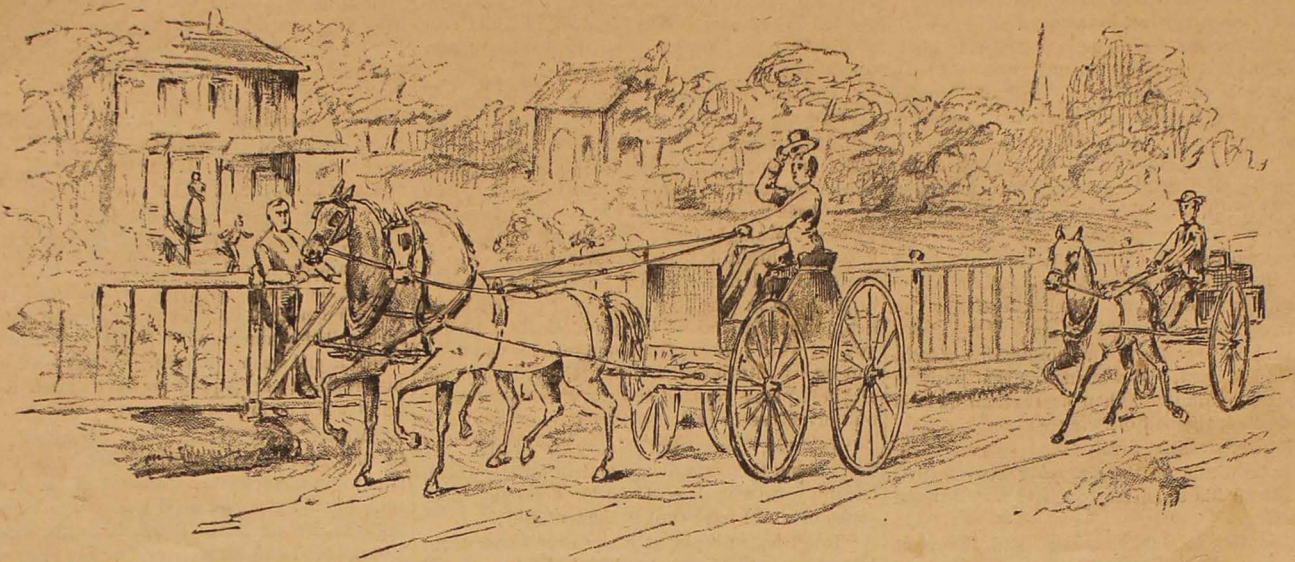
During all this time, Mr. Sullivan seemed to be in a perfect fever. He appeared to remember his compact to remain silent, but being evidently of a nervous temperament to keep perfectly still was too much for him. He walked excitedly to and fro, now with his hands in his pockets, and now with them in the air. His wonder and admiration were indeed great, but it was with the utmost difficulty that he refrained from giving them expression; whenever he heard an unusual flutter he rushed up as if to render assistance, and then as suddenly drew back.

When the basket was secured, he asked Henry at least to permit him to assist in putting it in the cart, but that obstinate youth declined, and drawing his trophy to the log he managed to get it up on that, and then into the vehicle.

"Well sir," said Henry, "I must now bid you good day. I hope, if you ever settle at Flatfields, that you will sometimes come over and see us."

"I will never settle at Flatfields, my boy. As I told you before, I only bought this place on a speculation, and a week hence I may have ceased to be its owner. My remarks about the farm hands, and so forth, were only jokes. I don't know any more about farming than you do about railroad stocks. I am going home with you now. Don't say any more. I have obeyed orders so far. I have been as meek as a lamb. But I am going





MR. SULLIVAN AND HIS TEAM AT MR. NELSON'S.

home with you this morning. I am going to mount that barouche there, and constitute myself the advanced guard of this extraordinary procession."

Far from objecting to this amusing announcement, Henry cordially invited him to his father's house, who, he said, would no doubt be glad to welcome Mr. Sullivan to that part of the country.

#### CHAPTER VII.

OPENING the gate for the exit of the cart, and closing it again, Mr. Sullivan entered his barouche and drove his spirited horses slowly along ahead of Henry toward the latter's home, looking back whenever there was a turn in the road to inquire the proper direction.

In this manner the singular cavalcade neared Mr. Nelson's front gate, with the barouche some distance ahead of the cart.

"Hullo!" called Mr. Sullivan, drawing up in front of the house.

"Hullo!" returned Mr. Nelson, coming down the steps and toward the road; "what can I do for you, sir?"

"Mr. Silas Nelson, I presume," said the gentleman in the barouche, lifting his hat, "my name is Sullivan—John Sullivan, of St. Louis, at your service. I recently purchased the Flatfields farm near here, and coming up on the train last night I got this turn-out and drove over this morning to take a view of it; but very little view of it have I had, sir, except the barn-yard, for there I encountered a son of yours—the most extraordinary young man I ever met in the whole course of my life, sir. He's coming on behind now, sir, with a cart full of live birds. I saw the whole operation, and I think at the least calculation there must be about a thousand of 'em. Ah! Here he is now. If you'll let that boy go with me, sir, it's my unvarnished opinion that he'll own more houses and lots in St. Louis in ten years, than you could shake a stick at in two weeks."

Henry now drove up with a flushed and happy countenance, while old Mr. Nelson stood looking over the gate, first at one and then at the other of them, in complete bewilderment.

"This is Mr. Sullivan, pa, of St. Louis; he has recently bought Flatfields," said Henry.

"Yes, yes, so he tells me. Come, in gentlemen—or rather Mr. Sullivan. Alight sir, and walk in. Henry, let Blaze stand and you see to the gentle-

man's horses till I can send Tony. Walk in, sir, walk in."

Mr. Nelson said all this in quite a vacant way, for the whole affair, and particularly Mr. Sullivan's somewhat eccentric manners, had considerably nonplussed him.

By this time, however, all the children had come running out, and Mrs. Nelson was standing on the piazza with her knitting in her hand.

Mr. Sullivan alighted and walked in, Tony in the meanwhile having appeared to take charge of his team.

Never perhaps was such a hubbub raised by a few boys and girls as was raised by those boys and girls over Henry's big basket of birds; but among them all, none seemed so proud of our hero's success as pretty Clara Wyatt.

Now that they were safe at home Henry no longer refused assistance, but permitted the others to lift the precious charge and place it on the front porch, where the entire family, servants and all, soon assembled to discuss the adventure in the most animated manner.

Excepting Clara Wyatt, not one was livelier or more enthusiastic than Mr. Sullivan, who narrated in dramatic style how he drove up in his barouche just in time to find Henry creeping up to the log, and how he reined in his horses to see what such strange proceedings meant. How he watched the tightening of the string, and saw the final jerk which effected the grand capture.

Henry was truly the hero of the day, and was for some time quite flushed with his success, but after a while he relapsed into his usual quiet manner, and set about making a more commodious cage for his birds in the front yard.

Mr. Sullivan watched him narrowly and with unfeigned interest until dinner was announced, when Mr. Nelson invited his guest in to partake of that meal.

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Nelson from the foot of the table, looking proudly at Henry, "you have kept your word; you have let us know all about it by Saturday at dinner time."

"Yes," replied Mr. Nelson, "he has really made good his promise, but beware, my son, lest your astonishing success should make you vain, though," continued the old gentleman, "that is a failing I can freely say I have never noticed in you."

Henry seemed embarrassed by the prominence he had obtained, and soon excusing himself, withdrew from the table.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER dinner was over Mr. Sullivan requested a private interview with his host, and the two gentlemen retired to an office in the yard, where Mr. Nelson was in the habit of transacting his matters of business.

Mr. Sullivan, as one might readily suppose, was not long in explaining himself, and the subject of that explanation was Henry. He wanted to take him to St. Louis and give him a situation in his own counting-room. "That boy, sir," he said, "is capable of great things. Aside from this bird business I have talked to him in a manner calculated to elicit his ideas, and my word for it, sir, he has a level head—an exceedingly level head, sir. Then this affair of the trap. The ingenuity, the perseverance, and above all, the systematic manner in which he worked the thing through stamp him as a boy who is destined to make his mark. Perhaps, however, I should not have made this overture without having first satisfied you with regard to my commercial standing. It is but right to see one's way clear in every transaction. If the young gentleman will accept the position offered—for of course nothing should be done without his free concurrence—I will go to St. Louis and return here in two weeks with my references."

"I have never yet parted from one of my children," replied Mr. Nelson, with a slightly tremulous voice, "but of course I wish to do what is best for all of them. I will leave the matter entirely with Henry himself, whatever he says I will abide by."

"Call him in," said Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Nelson stepped to the door, and catching Henry's eye, who was in the yard constructing his cage, beckoned to him, and in a few seconds the great trapper entered the office.

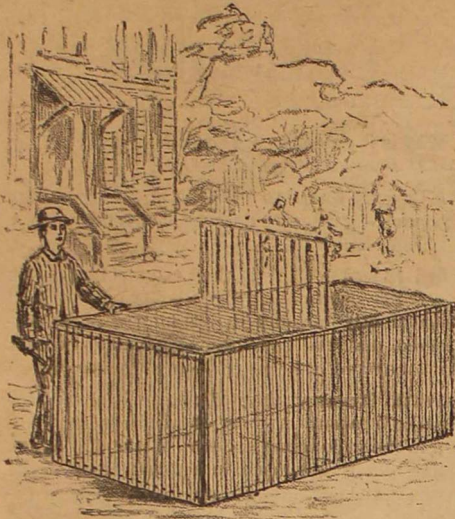
"Mr. Sullivan here," said Mr. Nelson, "has been talking with me about you. He says he thinks you an ingenious and persevering lad, and he offers you a good situation in his counting-room in St. Louis."

"If you please, what kind of business are you engaged in, sir?" asked Henry.

"I am a broker," replied Mr. Sullivan. "I deal principally in money and stocks with an occasional land speculation outside. It is a perfectly respectable business, and one in which the qualities I am confident you possess are certain to insure success."

"When do you propose returning, sir?"





THE CAGE.

"I shall take the 9.30 train to-night, and in the event of your acceptance will return in two weeks with a statement of my affairs and references. Then, if they are satisfactory, you can go back with me."

"I suppose you will remain to supper with us," said Henry, glancing at his father.

"Oh, of course," broke in Mr. Nelson. "You won't think of going to that rickety old hotel to wait till train time. Stay with us, by all means."

Mr. Sullivan bowed his acceptance, at the same time expressing his decided preference for the present quarters.

"Then I will let you know by supper time whether it will be worth while for you to return for me as you propose," said Henry walking toward the door. "You will please excuse me now, as I wish to finish my cage."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Sullivan.

"In the mean time," remarked Mr. Nelson, "if you have no objection, suppose we take a walk around the farm."

"With pleasure, sir," returned Mr. Sullivan. "Although no farmer, nothing pleases me more than looking over a well-regulated homestead."

The two gentlemen now departed on this mission, while Henry returned to his work.

When they got back, about an hour before sunset, they found that Henry had constructed a large cage, which he had separated into two divisions by means of movable slats, and in one of these divisions he had placed the basket sidewise.

Just as they came up he was cutting the strings from the covering of the basket with a knife attached to the end of a stick which he inserted through the slats for that purpose. Having severed the strings the birds rushed out with a great uproar. He now raised the slats composing the partition, and they hastened through to the other compartment, when he let the slats down again, and removing the top of the division containing the basket he took it out, replaced the top, and the birds were all safe in an airy and commodious cage.

All the family again assembled to have a sight of the birds, and truly, as Tony the hostler remarked, there were "gobs of 'em."

"Well, Henry," said Mr. Sullivan when the others had returned to the house, "I suppose you will now feast on bird pie for some time to come."

"I may eat a good deal of bird pie this winter," answered Henry, "but none of these will ever be used in that way."

"What do you intend doing with them then?"

"I mean to set them free to-morrow morning."

"What!"

"I mean to set them all free to-morrow morning."

"Wherefore?"

"Well, I can hardly tell; but I have concluded to do it. It is the biggest thing in the way of bird-trapping I ever experienced, and it is perhaps a greater feat in that line than any one in this country ever experienced. The other boys have been beaten, and that's all I wanted. I have been thinking about it ever since I got back home, and decided, even before I made the cage, to turn them loose again."

"Why, then, did you make the cage?"

"In order to see them all together, and to arrange some way for counting them. Besides, ma wants a fattening coop, and the cage will make an excellent one."

"How will you manage about counting them?"

"You know the slats in the partition can be raised and lowered at will. I will raise a slat, and let about a dozen at a time pass from the compartment they are now in to the empty one. Then I will count each batch, with Tony to keep tally, and let them entirely out through a hole now covered with a sliding door in the far end."

"Henry," said Mr. Sullivan earnestly, "you are the clearest-headed boy I ever met, and I hope you have decided by this time to accept the situation I offered you. You are destined to a brilliant future, if you will apply yourself and let strong drink alone. What do you say? Will you accept my proposition?"

"Not just yet, sir."

"Not just yet! When will you, then?"

"If nothing happens in the mean time to interfere with the arrangement, I will accept it in four years."

"Four years! What can be your reasons for deferring it so long?"

"Well, sir, you see," replied Henry, "I do not like to undertake anything unless I am properly fixed for it. You know I never would have caught the birds unless I had carefully prepared everything beforehand."

"True, very true."

"I am not well enough prepared to commence a business career. I want to go to Mr. Moreton's school two years longer, and then I want to attend a commercial college in St. Louis or Chicago two more years. After that, if you wish my services, I have never met any one with whom I would be more pleased to start in life."

Mr. Sullivan was evidently very much surprised and disappointed at this answer; but with all his chagrin there was manifestly an increased admiration for the youth in whom he had taken such a strong and sudden interest.

It was some little time before he spoke, and then he said:

"My dear boy, although I can but admit that I am disappointed with the result of your deliberations, I will also be candid enough to say that I think you are right. I trust that four years from now will find us as closely allied in business as I hope we are now in friendship. Here's my hand to the compact, and no man can say that John Sullivan ever forfeited his word."

Henry grasped his hand earnestly but silently, and they passed into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT night Mr. Sullivan departed for St. Louis, and next morning Henry began the task of counting the birds. As each little drove was separated and

counted it was permitted to pass through the end door, with an experience which perhaps taught them never again to enter any structure formed by human hands.

*There were four hundred and thirteen of them!*

Henry Nelson's feat was the talk of the neighborhood for several weeks, and then everything went on as quietly as before.

With a positive object before him, Henry was assiduous in the prosecution of his studies, especially mathematics, and at the end of two pleasant years, spent under good Mr. Moreton's tuition, he entered an excellent commercial college in Chicago, where he distinguished himself for his discreet deportment and studious habits. At the expiration of his course he returned home and wrote to Mr. Sullivan asking if the position tendered four years since was still open to him.

Instead of a letter, the next passenger train but two brought that gentleman himself, as nervous and impetuous as ever. He spent several days with Mr. Nelson's family while Henry's wardrobe was being prepared, and together they frequently visited the scene of their first meeting.

Mr. Sullivan had never disposed of the farm, and it was occupied by a thrifty tenant, who now used the goat-shed for its original purpose.

At last the day for the final parting came, and of course there was the full amount of crying generally seen on such occasions.

Henry proved indeed an important accession to Mr. Sullivan's office; so much so, in fact, that in about eighteen months the old sign was taken down and replaced by a new one, which bore in gilded letters these two names:



During the next Christmas holidays after this new arrangement, Henry went home to spend a few days with his family, and also for another purpose even still dearer to his heart. That purpose was to fulfill his engagement with Clara Wyatt, now grown to be a beautiful woman, the belle of all that region. To make a long bird story short, the two young people were married.

After a pleasant trip to Florida, Henry returned to St. Louis with his bride.

The firm of Sullivan & Nelson still flourishes, and ranks among the wealthiest in that thriving city. Henry is widely known as one of the most sagacious and enterprising business men of the great West, and Mr. Nelson is equally well known as a jolly, excitable, story-telling old gentleman; but there is no story he loves to tell so well as the story of

HENRY NELSON'S BIRD TRAP.



OLD BLAZE.



## Profit and Loss.

BY MARY B. LEE.

WHAT per cent. in advance of the cost must a merchant mark his goods, so that after allowing 7% of his sales for bad debts, an average credit of 9 months, and 5% of the cost of the goods for his expenses, he may make a clear gain of 20% on the first cost of the goods, money being worth 7%?

This is a test example in profit and loss, and a difficult one.

First, let 1 or 100% represent the cost. On that 100% he wants to make 20% clear profit and allow 5% for his expenses.  $100\% + 20\% + 5\% = 125\%$ , or 1.25.

Now the 7% for bad debts and the 9 months' credit are on the sales, not on the cost; therefore they cannot be added like the 20% gain and the 5% for expenses.

The 1.25 must be a percentage of the unknown marked price. What is the rate?

Assume the unit one again. What would become of mathematics without that convenient one on which we can always fall back, and from which we can always reason? Let 100% represent the sales on this occasion, then the merchant wants to allow 7% on the sales for bad debts, and also an average credit of 9 months at 7%.

The discount on \$1 at 7% for 9 months is .0525.

Then on each dollar of sales there is an allowance of  $.07 + .0525$ , or  $.1225$ . Taking this from 1.00 we have  $.8775$ , which is the rate. Thus,  $1.25$  is  $.8775\%$  of the marked price.  $1.25 \div .8775 = 1.42$  + the marked price. Taking away 1.00%, the original cost, leaves  $.42$  +, which is the per cent. in advance which the question calls for.

The plus sign after  $.42$  denotes that the division was not even, so in proving the example we must not expect an exact result. Of course we reverse the operation.

A merchant marked at an advance of 42%. He allowed 7% of the sales for bad debts and an average credit of 9 months at 7%. What did he gain on one dollar, letting the profit include his expenses?

First we take 7% on the marked price. 7% of

$$1.42 + = .0994.$$

$$1.42 + - .0994 = 1.3206.$$

The amount of \$1 for 9 months at 7% is \$1.0525. To find the present worth, divide the given amount by the amount of one dollar for the given time and rate,

$$1.3206 \div 1.0525 = 1.25 +,$$

which is \$1 plus the gain. Therefore the gain must be the difference between 1.25 and 1.00, or 25%, of which 20% is clear gain and 5% for expenses.

Always reverse your example if you wish to understand it perfectly. Make all the questions you can on one example. By so doing you learn the principles involved thoroughly and prove your first answer.

When you have solved a difficult question, make an original one of the same kind, and you make the principles your own. As the greater includes the less, one test problem of this kind includes many simple ones, and, well-understood, embraces the whole subject of Profit and Loss.

FOR THE KEY TO SUCCESS (on page 93 for February). See the Back of Loose Pattern Sheet for this month, March.



**Adaptability.**—He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

**Lights and Shadows.**—Rest is never so sweet as after a long struggle; strength is never so strong as through trial; joy is a blessed thing after sorrow; and the fair dawning of sunny days could never come if we had no night.

**The Greatest and Rarest Man.**—The greatest man is he who troubles himself the least about the verdict that may be passed upon him by his posterity, but who finds doing good honest work to the best of his ability, under existing conditions, "its own exceeding great reward."

**Under Government.**—We should rule ourselves with a firm hand. Being our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices, and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself.

**Work and Wait.**—He is the chiefest of fools and undeserving of the interest of a true man or woman who complains that he must tread the path which so many others have trodden. Who is there of the world's great ones who has gone on in a course of uninterrupted success? None; for, had fortune smiled and made their life an easy one, there would have been no need of endeavor and no reward for patient work and waiting.

**Christianity.**—Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the school-boy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work shall be well done.

**Think on this, Girls!**—A girl should hesitate to give her promise to any man for whom she is constantly making mental apologies. The manners which annoy her will not be altered by marriage; and, if she is ashamed of them, be the poor fellow ever so good, ever so rich, ever so commendable as an honest man, she will not be able to fulfill her vow of honoring him; and in the end she will not love him—for shame kills love, while pride in any one awakens it.

**The True Marriage.**—Marriage implies something more than two persons living together under one roof. It means mutual concession; it means mutual help; it means supreme loyalty to the combined interests of father, mother, and children; it means reverence for the happiness and sympathy for the trials of those whose happiness is dependent on love.

**To Poor Boys.**—Never sit down despairingly and say, "It is impossible for me to rise in the world. I am only a poor boy. There is no chance for me." Why, it is just such as you who have risen highest and become men whose names are known throughout the world, who thoroughly understood at the outset that their fortunes were in their own hands, and that hope and energy and effort were better than all the family influence in the world. Inherited wealth seems to be actually enervating. Talents too often lie disused in the hands of rich men's sons. What need of striving, they think; competence is theirs; and often such men squander the fortunes they have not earned, and lives that began in luxury end in beggary. Despair because you are poor? Why, that is the very reason that should bid you hope! The biographies of most great men, of most successful men, will tell you that, if you will but read them.



**Why is it vulgar to use a wooden platter for the loaf? Because it's so under-bred.**

**A Curious Question.**—Why is a Chinaman like a vegetable garden? Because he queue-cumbers his head. See?

**Sad Indeed.**—"This is a sad commentary on the boasted civilization and Christianity of our age," despondently murmured a tramp when he discovered that the ham he had stolen at twilight from the front of a grocer's was a wooden one.

**Truth Stranger than Fiction.**—It always appears to be absurd to hear the hero or heavy villain in the melodrama exclaim, at the footlights, before secreting himself in a musty closet in the castle, "And now—if—I—'m—dis—cov—er—r—r—red—I—'m—lost—I—'m—lost!" when the stupidest boy in the top gallery knows very well that if he's discovered he's found—he's found.

**Tit for Tat.**—A minister at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said, "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it."—To which malignant remark the groom pertinently remarked, "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

**The Difference.**—Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the process. "Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed." "No," replied the youthful son, "but your hair ain't fastened to your head."

**Pointed.**—"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern mariner, loving his little joke, promptly responded, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them."

**Wiser than he was 'ware.**—A young man having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honored toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from Scott:—

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued, in triumph:—

"But once familiar with her hated face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

**A Capital Safeguard.**—"How is it that you are never robbed, Joe?" "Simplest thing in the world. All you need is a little knowledge of human nature. Now, I'll bet there are three or four policemen in this house at the present moment. Let's go and see." And Joe led the way down into the basement, and the company peeped through the kitchen. Sure enough, there sat four officers. "Well, I'm blessed!" said old Willis, "how do you manage it?" "Easy as rolling off a log. I keep a pretty servant girl."

**Pertinent Queries.**—What does the billet doux? What check did counter sign? Who ever saw a hood wink? Who ever saw a pig iron? What does egg plant? Why did the thunder bolt? Who ever heard a foot ball? Why did the dew drop? Where does clock work? What did plow share? Who ever saw a wheelwright? For whom did penny weight? Who did tin foil? What did brandy smash? What did grass plot? What was it grape shot? What did the pick pocket? Who did the goose berry? Is it jokes that Jim cracks?



## What Women are Doing.

**Lady Anna Gore Langton** left a legacy of one thousand pounds to Girton College, Cambridge.

**Miss M. E. Gage** has opened a Ladies' Exchange at 71 Broadway, for a Ladies' Exchange for railroad and mining stocks.

**Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock**, the Quaker missionary of Michigan, says that of the 115,000 prisoners she has visited, 105,000 were brought to prison through strong drink.

**A young girl of seventeen**, a pupil of the Ecole Supérieure de Commerce, has just passed the examination of Bachelière-ès-Lettres after a preparatory study of only a year.

**Mrs. Lydia Manning Grimes**, who has resided in Hounslow, England, for a great number of years, has left the sum of ten thousand pounds for the purpose of erecting a hospital for Hounslow and its neighborhood. After numerous other bequests, the remainder of her wealth is left to go toward endowing the proposed hospital.

**Miss Dods** gave a course of lessons on cooking at Albany, and as a result a permanent cooking school will be established in that city.

**Dr. Helen M. Bissell** has been appointed to the charge of the Woman's Department of the State Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo.

The great Episcopal church built at Garden City, Long Island, by Mrs. A. T. Stewart, as a monument to her husband, is to have the largest organ in the world.

**Mrs. Eliza Greator**, and her daughters, so well known and greatly beloved as women and artists, are permanently established in Paris, where they have won an honored place.

**Miss F. L. Peirce** has been appointed Professor of Vocal Technique in the National School of Elocution and Oratory, 1418 Chestnut Street. This school is the only chartered institution of the kind in the world, and holds an equal standing with the University of Pennsylvania.

**Wages of Factory Girls.**—The average wages of the girls working in the cotton-mills, in Lowell, Mass., are stated to have advanced from \$3.26 per week in 1860 to \$4.34 at the present time, while the hours of work are shorter by six hours per week.

**Young Lady Missionaries.**—There are twenty-seven young ladies from Mount Holyoke Seminary now engaged in teaching in various parts of South Africa. They are under the auspices of the Reformed Dutch Church. They use American text-books in their schools, and adopt the American system of teaching.

**A new Use for a Woman's Hair.**—A Naga woman recently arrived at Samaguting from Kohima, bearing a letter from the officer commanding, which she had brought concealed in her hair. The letter stated that not less than one hundred men should be sent from Samaguting to the relief of Kohima, as the Nagas were out in force, and had built stockades on every road approaching from Samaguting.

**Rosa Bonheur**, the distinguished animal painter, it is reported, has bought a magnificent lion from the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles, at the price of five thousand francs, and that she is painting its portrait in a picture intended for next year's Salon.

**Miss Emma Marwedel** has won a great triumph in the abundant success which has attended her normal kindergarten school, a system of education which she introduced to the Pacific coast.

**Miss Sophia Walker**, one of the three American lady students in the painting school of the Julians in Paris, of which J. Lefebvre and Boulanger are the masters, has been publicly com-

plimented for the great advance she has made in art. In this studio there are monthly concours for the prizes of a medal, and 100 francs.

The London University College Women's Debating Society held their last meeting of this term, the debate being upon the question whether the ideal style of art is superior to the realistic. The idealists gained a triumphant victory, as the realists found only three or four supporters. The president, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, has offered a prize of two guineas for the best essay upon the following subject, "Have the greatest things in art or literature ever been accomplished by a people contented with political subservience?"

**Mrs. John C. Green**, of New York, has given \$100,000 to the American Sunday-School Union, the interest only to be available. The money is to be devoted in part to "the development of Sunday-School literature of a high merit."

**Brentano's Literary Emporium** publishes Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's "Counsel to Parents on the Moral Education of their Children," a little volume full of wise suggestion and argument, all of which is timely, needful, and on the side of truth, health, honor, usefulness, and happiness.

**Miss Alice Le Geyt**, of Bristol, England, some years since founded a temperance café in that city. It has been successful in substituting coffee for beer among the poor, and upon Miss Le Geyt's recent departure from the place, she was presented with a silver inkstand in recognition of her efforts.

**Miss Bessie Minturn**, daughter of the late Robert Minturn, the philanthropist, who has been pursuing her classical and mathematical studies in Cambridge, England, for some time past, will take her degree, B.A., in the coming March, after which she proposes returning to New York to reside. Miss Minturn has lately given \$10,000 to Girton College.

**Mrs. Ella Duprez** recently appeared in Kansas City in the disguise of a male detective. When her sex had been revealed by some accident, she confessed that for several years she has been tracking a man who killed her brother, J. W. Laforce, near Houston, Texas, in April, 1874.

**Mrs. Malania Brown**, of New York, has purchased the whole of the 1,400 acres of the historic island of Jamestown, in the River James. A dwelling house and a paper mill are the only buildings on the island, which is covered with orchards.

**Signora Dal Cin**, who is famous in Northern Italy as a practitioner of surgery, is now in this country as the guest of General Woodford, of Brooklyn. Her mother was a bone-setter among the peasantry, and the signora was trained to her profession from early childhood.

**Mrs. W. Bright Morris**, a grand-daughter of Leigh Hunt, died on the 30th ult. at Highgate, England, at the early age of twenty-five years. Mrs. Morris was a writer of considerable promise, and had contributed stories to *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, etc.

**Drinking Fountains.**—Recently a drinking fountain, erected at a cost of about £800, "in affectionate memory of Mrs. Catherine Smithies, of Earham-grove, Wood-green, England, founder of the Band of Mercy movement, and presented by her family and friends to the use of the public," was opened at Wood-green, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who spoke at some length, referring to the late Mrs. Smithies especially as regarded her great love for animals.

**Lady Lindsay**, the wife of Sir Coutts Lindsay, the originator of the Grosvenor Gallery, is herself an accomplished artist, and exhibits every year some charming pictures. She is also a composer, several of her songs being popular. She is

greatly interested in a London society for the improvement of the people, and gives not only her sympathy and her money, but her talent to its aid.

**One of the women voters** at Lynn, Mass., was "Aunt Miriam," now near her eighty-eighth birth-day, and a woman whose whole life has been spent in a ministry to the sick and suffering.

**Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson**, whose conversational lectures upon the Literature and History of England have been given with great success in Boston, Cambridge, Concord, N. H., Portland, and New York City, has been engaged to deliver, in Arlington, Mass., a course of twelve lectures upon eminent English authors, taken in chronological order, from the days of Chaucer to the present time. These lectures are given without notes, and are highly praised by those who have heard them.

**Miss Merivale**, daughter of Dean Merivale, has just completed at Ely Cathedral the work begun by Alan de Walsingham many centuries ago. On laying the last stone of the new pinnacles, she said: "I lay this stone to the glory of God, to the memory of Queen Etheldreda, our foundress, and Alan de Walsingham, who commenced this work about five hundred years ago."

**Mrs. M. Bradford Sterling Clark**, sister of Antoinette Sterling, and descendant of Gov. Bradford, born and bred in Jefferson Co., N. Y., and author of some valuable Sabbath-School books, has built, by subscriptions obtained through great personal exertions, a beautiful church (Episcopal) at her home, Great Bend, near Watertown. She has organized a thriving church society, a Sabbath-School and temperance society, reads the service, addresses the people on reform topics, is deaconess in the church, "a lamp amid the night!"

**A dispensary** has been opened for women and girls at 42 University Place, under charge of Ella A. Jennings, M.D., where advice and medicine are to be obtained for the very small charge of twenty-five cents. It is not proposed to be a charity, but simply a low-priced dispensary, for the benefit of teachers, clerks, sewing-women, and all others who are self-dependent. Dr. Jennings bears excellent indorsements from the best people.

**Miss Faithfull's London Express** says: "London is not the only city which has gladly welcomed women candidates (on School Boards). Manchester elected Miss Becker three times; Brighton returned Miss Ricketts at the head of the poll; Bath in 1870 elected two ladies. Birmingham, Huddersfield, Oxford, Exeter, all followed this example. In Scotland a very large number of ladies were elected, and in subsequent elections many other towns and small country districts have raised women to this position of trust. Nor has this confidence been misplaced. They have shown themselves fully the equals of men in their business capacity, and their superiors in philanthropic schemes. Mrs. Buctan, in Leeds, organized a system of hygienic instruction by which poor women and girls have greatly benefited, and has introduced among other reforms flower culture exhibitions among the children. It was owing to Miss Chessar's efforts that swimming, a most useful physical exercise, was introduced into girls' schools. Other ladies have given their attention to the development of the Kindergarten system, others to the improvement of elementary needlework, others to practical instruction in cooking. The future artisans' homes of England will be brighter, neater, and healthier for the indefatigable efforts of this devoted band of laborers."

**At the recent close of the competitive year** at the Royal Academy in London, two ladies were among the victors—and one, Miss Edith Dely,



twice came forward to receive a medal from the hands of the President, Sir Frederick Leighton; once for a drawing from life, and once for a drawing from the antique.

The first *entrée* to the Royal Academy was achieved a few years ago by a young lady who sent in a specimen of her work to which was attached the initials only of her Christian name. It was accepted, but created intense confusion and dismay when it was discovered to have come from a woman. The Royal Academicians could not, however, go back on their decision, so the young lady was admitted as a student. It is also authoritatively stated that ladies are at length to be admitted to the honorary degree of R.A., and that Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler will be the first woman artist upon whom this distinction will be conferred.

**At a Meeting of the Society of Women Students of the Liberal Professions**, held at the rooms of the association in Paris, France, a vote of thanks was presented to Mrs. Dr. Mary Marshall, who has been foremost in founding and sustaining the society. This action was emphasized, and made all the more interesting by the fact that Mrs. Marshall had that day received her degree with such very high encomiums on her whole course of study that her friends were justified in ardent congratulations.

**A Lady Lexicographer.**—The Emperor Francis Joseph has conferred the gold medal for science and art on Mlle. Camilla Ruzicka Ostoic for a new Turkish and German dictionary, which the authoress recently published, with transcriptions of the Turkish words into Roman characters. That learned young lady had already distinguished herself in the department of Oriental Languages at the Imperial Oriental Academy at Vienna.

**Miss Genevieve Ward** terminated her provincial tour with *Forget-Me-Not*, at the Theater Royal, Manchester, where she had an enthusiastic reception. On Tuesday she was the recipient of a handsome writing-case bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Miss Genevieve Ward by the gentlemen of her company, in pleasant remembrance of *Forget-Me-Not* tour, 1879;" also of a beautiful white fan, hand painted, with *Forget-Me-Nots* and her monogram worked in those flowers.

**Wants a Wife.**—An economical gentleman inserts the following advertisement in a Manchester, England, paper: "Matrimony. Widower, aged thirty-six, with small family and no means, wishes to correspond with suitable domesticated female servant, with a view to matrimony. Write inclosing *carte*," etc. The *Suffrage Journal* says of this, "Here is a golden opportunity for a woman who desires an engagement of life-long servitude without wages." But it is fully matched by a thrifty "gentleman" of New York City who advertised recently for a "good, steady" cook, with a "hundred dollars in money," to go into "partnership" with him in opening a restaurant. A partner who would furnish the money, save the expense of a cook, and leave the "gentleman" to pocket the proceeds of the business, would really be desirable, and the idea is not only economical but ingenious.

**A Spartan Mother.**—A strong example of a mother's love was witnessed this week in the court-room at Missoulian, Montana Territory. Mrs. Adele Tebeau, who, at the advanced age of near seventy years, this season crossed the *Cour d'Alenes* over a rough, rocky trail, to be present at her daughter's trial for the murder of M. M. Drouillard, is a regular attendant on the court. She is tall and stately, and as she daily comes in and takes her place behind her daughter, is the cynosure of all eyes. A dramatic scene took place last Monday when the prisoner was called to an-

swer the charge against her. She hesitated, and the old lady leaned over and said in a low voice, but perfectly audible throughout the hushed court room, "Tell the truth, my daughter, if it takes you to the scaffold!" A thrill of admiration passed over the spectators, and the judge found it necessary to say, "Mr. Sheriff, keep order in the court."—*Territorial Enterprise*.

**The Way an Indian Girl Puts It.**—"You never hear but one side. We have no newspapers to tell our story. I tell you the soldiers do things with the prisoners or the dead as horrible as any Indian could think of. Then your people are almost always the aggressors. I'll tell you a case I know of. Two young white men met an Indian with a basket of potatoes. One of them said he would like to have it to say when he went home to the East he had shot an Indian, the other dared him to shoot this one. He drew a revolver and shot him. The Indian was an Omaha. Oh, I tell you, if he had been a Sioux or a Cheyenne you would have heard from it. But we knew we would gain nothing, and nothing was done."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"  
"I propose that you white people treat us on a platform of plain honesty, and let us be citizens. We now are farmers, and are doing well. We want to stay there, and want assurance that we can live like other farmers. We have deposed the chiefs, and want to be just like any other citizen of the State."

The young lady is a daughter of White Eagle, the old head chief, and no blood but that of the Omahas flows in her veins.—*Interview with Miss La Flesche*.

**The Femme-Culotte.**—The legend of the "Femme-Culotte," the virago who wielded an almost regal scepter in the Passage Trouillet, a stronghold of the chiffonniers, situated at the back of Montmartre, was only half credited by those whose curiosity did not lead them to verify the fact—a proceeding attended with unpleasant, if not dangerous consequences. It turns out, however, to be quite true, for the woman has lately died, and her curious history is circumstantially recorded. Besides, she leaves a tangible proof of her existence and importance in a fortune amounting to £80,000. This was amassed in letting out a crazy block of buildings into lodgings to the miserable inhabitants of that wretched quarter. But the most curious part of the story is that the woman—by name Mlle. Foucault—was a lady by birth, the daughter of a colonel and granddaughter of a general of the Empire. The former died, leaving her and two younger children utterly penniless. To earn bread for herself and her sisters she obtained employment at Dupont's printing-office, disguised as a boy, and remained there two years undetected; then tried in succession journalism, the stage, got copying work to do for old Dumas, and finally turned to her original craft, and gradually managed to hoard enough money to buy ground and commence building. Through all these vicissitudes she never abandoned her masculine attire, which she wore to the last.

**Mrs. Marshall**, who the other day received the diploma of Doctor of Medicine from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, is another of those who began the study of medicine at Aberdeen some years ago, and in consequence of the opposition there met with, had to begin *de novo* in Paris. She took as the subject of her thesis, "The Influence of Sex in the Production of one Form of Valvular Heart Disease," and by an elaborate analysis of facts she proved to the satisfaction of her judges that the disease in question, known as mitral stenosis, is greatly more common in women than in men. After the thesis had been accepted, Professor Hardy, the President, and the Senior Pro-

fessor of Medicine in the Faculty, warmly congratulated Mrs. Marshall on the share she had had in setting at rest the vexed question as to the admission of women into the Paris School of Medicine. The Professor concluded, by saying: "You, Madame, have helped to vindicate for all women their right to study medicine; you reply in your person to all the objections of your adversaries. I have seen you and watched your work for years, in the hospital, in my wards, by the bedside of the patients. I have seen the earnest work you have done. I congratulate you heartily, and I thank you." Mrs. Marshall is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Old Aberdeen, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Garrett Anderson.

**The London School Board.**—The list of ladies returned was as follows; those with an asterisk are new members:

*Miss Muller, . . . . .	18,864
Mrs. Westlake, . . . . .	14,466
*Mrs. Webster, . . . . .	12,588
Mrs. Fenwick Miller, . . . . .	11,250
Mrs. Surr, . . . . .	11,203
Miss Helen Taylor, . . . . .	9,942
*Miss Davenport Hill, . . . . .	6,713
Miss Nicholson, . . . . .	4,532
Miss Simcox, . . . . .	3,984

The Manchester School Board election took place on November 14th. The "Unsectarian" party gave six candidates, of whom Miss Becker, who has been a member of the Board since 1870, was one. All the six were returned, and Miss Becker obtained the second place on the poll; Mr. Birley, the chairman of the Board, polling 25,171 votes, while 22,692 votes were given to her.

**A Secret well kept.**—"Charley" Parkhurst, the famous California driver, the fearless fighter, who drove his six mustangs through a bevy of highwaymen, with his loaded pistol in one hand and the reins in the other, and shot the most notorious of the ruffians dead; "Charley" Parkhurst, a seat by whose side, on "a six-in-hand," was a place of honor to be striven for, and with whom all women wanted to ride because they felt "safe" under his protection; "Charley" Parkhurst, the genial, but always reticent companion, the industrious, thrifty farmer, the expert woodman, who went to California alone in the wild days of forty-nine, when murder and robbery were daily and hourly occurrences, who lived his life alone, winning the honor and respect of all who knew him, has died, and been discovered to be a woman!—a well made perfectly formed woman, originally, it is said, from Providence, R. I. But she kept her secret, till death told it, through all the agonies of a death by cancer.

**Miss Mary Stanley**, sister of Dean Stanley, who died suddenly a few weeks since, always took a lively and active interest in all projects of public and private philanthropy. In 1854 she shared deeply in the general enthusiasm of the women of England in behalf of the wounded soldiers in the Crimean war. After the first detachment of nurses and ladies, headed by Miss Nightingale, a second detachment of fifty was sent out under charge of Miss Stanley. She took them to Constantinople, remaining four months, first to assist in the naval hospital at Therapia, and then to establish a military hospital at Konlalee, in addition to the principal hospital at Scutari, which was under charge of Miss Nightingale. After her settlement in London she occupied herself in organizing numerous charitable institutions in Westminster, such as the large saving club and home for women, and a needle-work society, to which she gave almost daily attention. So unobtrusive was this life of practical benevolence, that it is remarkable how slightly it was known, even among her wide social acquaintance. Besides a small tract on Flower Missions, in which she orig-



inated the suggestion, now so widely acted upon, of furnishing flowers to the sick and poor, she also wrote a short and simple tale, entitled, "True to Life," which perhaps, by its very simplicity and truthfulness, attracted less notice than is often given to more exciting publications. Of her it may truly be said, that "when the ear heard, it blessed," "when the eye saw, it bare witness" to her, and around her memory shall fall "the blessing of those who were ready to perish." From her example women may learn how to be enthusiastic, without excitement; religious, without asceticism; intellectual, without desire for notoriety, and with the highest claim to the possession of rights, satisfied with duties.

**A Woman's Work in Paris.**—In 1861 a young English lady named Leigh, who was in Paris finishing her education, asked an English shop-girl to come on Sunday afternoons to the house where she lived, to read the Bible with her. The girl accepted the invitation, and was the first of the thousands who have since received food, spiritual and temporal, from Miss Leigh, in the rooms of the Christian Association for Young Women. In 1868 Miss Leigh was again in Paris on a visit. She and her sister wrote about a hundred notes, asking girls to their hotel to spend Sunday afternoons. One day, as she was out walking, she heard a girl say, "I don't care what becomes of me." Placing her hand on the girl's shoulder, Miss Leigh said, "I do, though," and gave her one of the little notes of invitation signed "One who Cares for You." The poor lonely girl was deeply moved. Four years later she gave Miss Leigh a franc. On the paper in which it was wrapped were the words, "A gift of faith and love." Little did she think that franc would lead to the establishment of "The Mission Homes of Paris." At first the work was carried on in a small and very quiet way. Word was one day sent Miss Leigh that an English girl had drowned herself in the Seine. She was asked to identify the body because her address had been found in the poor creature's pocket. She was recognized as one to whom admittance had been refused for lack of room; and from that hour Miss Leigh bent her energies toward buying the large house in a few rooms of which she worked. She has done so now, having collected and paid for it \$50,000. The house contains seventy rooms, and is a home for daily and unemployed governesses, shop-girls, nurses, and servants, for all of whom a free registry is kept. On the ground floor is a crèche. There are also soup-kitchens, sewing-classes, mothers' meetings, and night-schools—all founded and sustained by Miss Leigh's noble self-devotion. The home is quite unsectarian, to be in need being all that is necessary for admission, if there is room.

**The French,** favored by their climate, are the most active preparers of perfumes in the world, half of the perfumery used throughout the world being prepared by them. Nice and Cannes are the paradise of violets, and furnish about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms a year. Nice furnishes a harvest of 100,000 orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color, 550 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets, and 8,000 pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils—the smallest quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses—demands very careful treatment, and in this the French are unsurpassed.

## 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.)

**"AMATEUR."**—In regard to finishing the features: You will observe in the photographs of women that the necks are always much lighter in color than the faces, and that the pearly tints are seen in them to advantage; so use the flesh wash much lighter for the former than the latter. Note that the delicate blending of these pearly tints into the flesh and shadows gives a softness and rotundity to the work; for if the shadows be left hard against the lights, not being duly graduated into them with the pearly tint, your picture will appear crude and harsh, wanting that connecting link which they form. The palms of the hands and the tips of the fingers are generally of a pinky hue, and the backs are much the same in tone as the neck. In making them appear delicate, be careful not to keep them too white, as that will mar the picture. As a general thing, photographs are heavy and dark, and require to be considerably brightened up. In regard to the sharp, spirited touches which occur about the eyes, mouth, and nostrils, and impart life and intelligence to the whole countenance: If the original of the portrait be dark, you will use sepia and purple lake in nearly equal proportions for that purpose; but if you wish to represent a fair person, leave out the greater part of the sepia. The shadow which almost always occurs under the nose may be glazed with Vandyke brown; but be careful not to make it too heavy.

**2. HAIR.**—In coloring hair, never shadow it with the local color; all the shadows must be somewhat different; and the same may be said of the high lights. Upon brown hair they partake of a purple tinge, and the shadows are in general formed with sepia, or sepia and lake; and upon some particular kinds of flaxen they incline to a greenish color, which is produced by sepia. Burnt umber is most useful in brown and auburn hair, and here, again, the sepia and the lake form the best shadow colors. A good mixture for black hair is composed of sepia, indigo, and lake; or, lake, indigo, and gamboge; the lights slightly inclining to a purple tint, the blue predominating. Black hair is of so many different hues, that it is impossible to give one general tint which will do for all kinds; the artist must be guided by the originals in portrait-painting and try to match the colors to the best of his ability. Put in the general wash broadly, and bring it into form with the shadow color; then lay on the high lights and reflects with the proper tints, mixed with Chinese white. Upon flaxen hair you will sometimes be able to preserve them; but in consequence of the photographs being dark and heavy, you will generally have to put them on. Be very particular in keeping the hair in masses, and to assist in doing so, use a good-sized pencil to work with, and never fritter it away into little pieces, as if you had determined to show each particular hair. Before finishing the hair, it will be necessary to complete the background, so that the hair may not be interfered with by the background color coming up to or over it; but let the hair be brought over and finished upon the background in a light, feathery manner. When the background is complete, give the last touches to the shadowed parts of the hair, and lay on the high lights. Do not let the hair cut into the face as if it were glued upon it.

**3. GUM.**—If possible, it is better not to use gum.

However, if your work appears dull and spiritless in those places where it should be otherwise, a little gum may be used for the eyes, parting of the lips, hair, and eyebrows. You may either mix it in the color for the last touches, or use it by itself as a glaze, but much of it gives the picture a disagreeable appearance.

**4.** The best color for black hair is composed of sepia, indigo, and lake; or, lake, indigo, and gamboge, making the red or blue predominate, as it may appear in nature. Keep the shadows of a warm brown tint, and the lights cold, inclining to neutral tints. When the hair is exceedingly black and heavy, the lights are laid in with light red and Chinese white, being exactly the same as the lights for black cloth. For dark brown hair, use sepia alone, or sepia and lake, or sepia and burnt umber lights inclining to purple.

"Rustic" writes: "Please tell me what are meant by 'Apostle' spoons."

Among old English spoons none are so interesting as what are called Apostle spoons, which were of various forms, the handles terminating in sculptured figures of the twelve Apostles. Sets of thirteen were sometimes made, but only very few of these sets containing the "Master" spoon are known to exist, one of them being in possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, England. The figure of each spoon is recognized by some emblem, and the list may be of interest to persons who have a taste for these old treasures. The following are the emblems characteristic of each of the apostles:

1. St. James the Less, with a fuller's bat.
2. St. Bartholomew, with a butcher's knife.
3. St. Jude, with a cross, a club, or a carpenter's square.
4. St. James the Greater, with a pilgrim's staff and a gourd, bottle or scrip, and sometimes a hat and scallop shell.
5. St. Peter, with a key, or sometimes with a fish.
6. St. Philip, with a long staff, sometimes with a cross in the T, in other cases with a double cross or a small cross in his hand, or with a basket of fish.
7. The Saviour, or Master, with an orb and cross.
8. St. John, with a cup (the cup of sorrow).
9. St. Thomas, with a spear; sometimes with a builder's rule.
10. St. Matthew, with a wallet, sometimes an ax and spear.
11. St. Matthias, with an ax or halberd.
12. St. Simon Zelotes, with a long saw.
13. St. Andrew, with a saltier cross.

Apostle spoons are now classed among rare and valuable relics; they are found sometimes among the most prized contents of a bric-a-brac shop, but the most of those in existence are in the hands of private collectors.

"Butter-cup," ask us to tell her something about Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the famous English artist.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler is a native of Lausanne, Switzerland, but of English parentage. Her father was a man of independent fortune, who devoted himself to the education of his two daughters, living alternately in England and on the Continent. He made of them good swimmers, marksmen with the pistol, and brilliant players, and gave them general out-door accomplishments, training the power of observation amid the free, demonstrative Italian peasantry. Drawing was Miss Thompson's daily occupation. Her earliest sketches were always of action, horses running and men fighting being always the most intense. At fifteen she took her first lessons in painting, from private teachers. After several years she went to South Kensington, in the "life class," and at twenty-two took her most careful course of study under the great draughtsman,



Bellucci, at Florence. Her first picture sent to the Royal Academy was rejected, as was her second. The third year, the picture was accepted, but hung out of sight. The fourth year, her picture "The Roll-call" was hung on the line, bought by the Queen, and Miss Thompson was famous. In 1877 she was married to Major Butler.

PRICES FOR OLD CHINA.—At a recent sale of old blue and white Nankin ware, in London, veteran collectors were astounded by the prices given. Many single articles or pairs of the hawthorn pattern brought from \$150 to \$440; a table vase, \$590; a pair of ginger jars, \$2,150; a long-necked bottle, \$740; a ginger jar, \$2,500; a pot with cover, \$3,200; and its companion jar, the enormous price of \$3,450.

#### QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLUB:—I want directions for painting hair in the process of coloring photographs in water colors.

"1. Flaxen hair. 2. Auburn hair. 3. Chestnut hair. 4. Gray hair. 5. Hints on draperies, cloth fabrics, etc. ARTIST."

### My Collection.

#### AN INVITATION.

BY MRS. SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

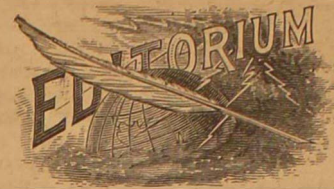
DEAR, come and see  
My pottery,  
My plaques and jugs,  
My cups and mugs,  
And all the thingumy  
In china, glass,  
Magoliceas,  
And faience fair,  
With other ware  
That here belong to me!  
For 'tis the rage  
Thus to engage  
In gathering up  
Each cracked old cup  
Of our grandmothers' sets;  
And costly are  
Ancestral jar,  
And tea-pot spared,  
As lawsuit heired,  
Or paying of one's debts!  
We seeking prow!  
Without a growl  
Through garret dust  
For flagons thrust  
Aside as out of date,  
And with cement  
And patience spent  
Each broken bowl  
Is now made whole  
With rarest style to mate!  
And fashion says  
That now-a-days,  
Or less or more  
Like crockery store  
Our parlors must be made;  
And so I fill  
Each shelf and sill  
With varied ware,  
And ask you there  
To see it all arrayed!

A YELLOW plaque  
Hangs in a rack,  
Whose leaves upraise  
Mid shining glaze

In autumn's changing state;  
And just near by,  
With laughing eye,  
A reaper fair  
With vine-wreathed hair  
Waves sickle in a plate!  
While in between  
A fish doth lean  
'Twi'x't crab and shell,  
Whose colors tell  
'Tis dish of Palissy;  
Then cups a pair,  
With parrots there,  
Real Japanese,  
Which, if you please,  
Just handle carefully!  
Next flowery bowl  
I must enroll  
On platter square  
Where blossoms rare  
Ne'er die, or fade away!  
With Wedgewood jug,  
And Canton mug,  
Whose melting blues  
Contrast their hues  
Upon a Dresden tray!  
Here's long-necked cruise  
None e'er refuse  
As Pompeian,  
Though each black man  
Grew there by Carib sea!  
And rich Sevres cup  
On hook tipped up,  
'Gainst saucer frail  
Beside a pail  
With marks unknown to me!  
Two pitchers gray  
Where Bacchus gay  
And satyrs queer,  
Do reel and leer,  
Half dressed, as bold as brass,  
And Solon vase  
Attract the gaze,  
In spite of hints  
Of rainbow tints  
In iridescent glass!  
And flagon bright  
Lined through with white,  
Whose royal show  
Of crimson glow  
Is like a robe of state  
In Venice worn,  
Where it was born,  
By Doge old,  
Ere Yankee gold  
Passed Salvati's gate!

THOUGH here I've got  
This mixed up lot,  
To show my taste  
And money's waste,  
I honestly declare,  
That still by far,  
The ginger jar  
On lowest shelf,  
Decked by myself,  
I think the finest there!

SO come and see  
My pottery,  
And hear me quote  
By book and rote,  
The lore too grave for rhyme;  
And when to all  
Both great and small,  
You've made your bow,  
I'll tell you how  
I caught the craze from Prime!



### "The Cross of Prayer."

THIS beautiful engraving is from a bas-relief by J. Bell. It embodies the leading features, or the six petitions, of the Lord's Prayer. In the first compartment is represented the "Invocation to the Deity." In the second a mother brings her children to the Saviour, in accordance with the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The uppermost compartment is a representation of complete submission to the divine will. In the left arm of the cross an angel brings bread to the hungry, in the right is represented a prayer for forgiveness of sin. The central compartment is most important of all. It embodies the last joint petition in the Prayer; evil spirits in a group contend for the possession of the souls and bodies of the human race. An angel with a flaming sword has struck down an assailant, and the hands of another good spirit are stretched forth to the rescue.

It is an inspired composition; the figure drawing is exquisite, and the expression of love, faith, hope, charity, the divine virtues, most powerfully portrayed. It is presented as a fitting tribute to the Easter season.

### "Where They Crucified Him."

THE original of this powerful and suggestive picture was painted by P. R. Morris, a student of the Royal Academy. In 1856 he obtained the silver medal for the "best drawing from life." In 1857 the gold medal was awarded him, for the best historical picture, "The Good Samaritan." In 1858 the gold medal entitling him to a traveling studentship, for the best scriptural historical painting, "Where they crucified Him." This picture is celebrated for its quiet pathos. It has been called "a sacred lyric on canvas." The time represented in the work is between daylight and darkness, the situation—Calvary. A workman has just lowered the cross on which the Saviour died a few hours before, and is reverently folding up Pilate's inscription, "This is the King of the Jews." Three children are grouped over the beam, two of whom are curiously examining a nail but lately drawn from the quivering flesh. A woman is beckoning to the third, who has one of the goats in a leading string, which constitutes the chief dependence of his family. The homely characters of these details are true to life and nature, and take away naught from the interest of the scene, or the grandeur of the underlying spiritual tragedy.

### A New Story by the Author of "Elizabeth," "Strangers Yet," etc.

We announce with pleasure that, simultaneously with the "Trumpet-Major," we shall publish a new serial by the popular author of the above, which have appeared in our columns. The author is a young American lady of distinguished Southern birth and parentage, and bids fair to more than rival Marion Evans in the actual character as well as the popularity of her productions.



## What We are Coming to.

THIS is a curiously active age, and it is perhaps as well that few realize the greatness of the dangers involved in the discoveries and applications of old principles to new ideas that are constantly taking place, for it would create a still greater feeling of uncertainty than already exists, and deepen the conviction in the minds of some that it is useless to do to-day what the invention of tomorrow may render unnecessary.

"Light, light, more light," light, as the antipodes of darkness, is what we have been all looking for, and it seems as though we were going to have it in a purer, clearer, finer, more truly incandescent form, than the world has heretofore dreamed of. The lightning, which the ancients personified as a revengeful deity, which was later considered an expression of Almighty will, an evidence of Omnipotent indignation, was first chained by wires, and made to act as an instantaneous messenger; now through a scrap of paper, it promises to pour such a flood of light upon the earth, as to illuminate its dark places, and make the concealment of crime, the hiding away of that which dreads the light of day, still more difficult.

The application of the electric principle to everyday uses has been achieved by no great scientific name, no Goliath, or body of Goliaths, whose aggregated wisdom had achieved the result; but by a simple little David; a young, somewhat raw recruit, who goes round without a collar (a colored handkerchief knotted doing duty as collar and necktie), who eats a supper of dried herring and bread, sitting on a barrel, or a bench, with his assistants, who starting from the work-shop, has, in the short space of five years electrified two continents, and won for himself imperishable fame, as well as substantial pecuniary reward. The medium through which the current passes is only a very small strip of baked paper, from which everything has been eliminated but its pure carbon framework. Through this simple medium is placed in a glass globe, and connected with wires which act as conductors to a little machine, which serves also as a lamp or distributor of a beautiful, clear, soft light, free from noxious gases, requiring no matches to start it, giving out very little of the vitiated warmth which renders gas so intolerable in summer, and perfectly free from the painful flickering which renders it so difficult to read or write by, and so injurious to the eyes.

Already the result may be considered accomplished, and the simplicity of the means is not so much a matter of surprise when we consider the relative size and obscurity of the organs through which the most important natural processes are performed. Look at the vocal cords in the throat, for example—not an inch in length, only the slenderest little scrap of tissue, yet capable of conveying sounds great distances, and out-sounding any stringed instrument in the world. But what will the introduction of electric light do for us? It will relieve us for one thing of the mischievous consequences of one of our "modern improvements," and do away with one of the most active promoters of disease in the poisonous exhalations from gas above and below ground. Few persons living along our main thoroughfares are aware of the dangerous elements confined beneath the pavement upon which they daily walk. Money-making monopolies, and corrupt officials care little for the health of the community, from which they are drawing the blood; and every fresh retailer of a "job" is entitled to a hearing, and if he can buy influence enough, to an opportunity, to obtain his share of the plunder. Thus along one thoroughfare alone will be found six or seven immense gas mains of different companies, which they have obtained from the corporation the right to lay down, and which in time create miasmatic

conditions scarcely credible until revealed by the turning up of the ground for necessary repairs.

Every one knows what the effect is when gas escapes from one little jet, or burner; what must it be when leakages take place, as they do constantly, from huge pipes and communicators?

Another great and most important advance, is that which is being made in the application of heat to dwellings, for the purposes of cooking and heating.

What we find on entering this world we readily accept as natural and inevitable, and the modern furnace, range, and steam pipe have been considered so wonderful an advance upon the separate fires, the troublesome methods of a preceding generation, as to leave nothing to be desired.

But after all, the furnace is very costly, and often inadequate, and the range a machine that needs much more intelligent manipulation than is ever given to it by the ignorance that presides over it. In its hands, it becomes a red-handed fiend, a mere destroyer of fuel, whose whole force not expended in spasmodic burnings and blazings is wasted, or returns to eat into itself. The cost of fuel for the furnace and range of a modern house is equal to the entire expense of supporting a small family in many parts of the world, and as this money must be earned, the strength and time required involves, just so much nerve and force wasted.

It has been demonstrated that heat can be conveyed and distributed like gas; that it can be turned on, and turned off; that not more need be used than is wanted, and that the supply can be obtained without the enormous waste, and cumbersome, troublesome machinery which has helped so largely to make life a burden. That this can be done has been proved; that it will be done wherever populations demand it, in the near future there can be no question; and when these two questions of light and heat are solved, they will go a great way toward clearing up the third, which is the question of health.

It is beginning to be pretty well understood now that drugs are a mistake, that medicine does not cure, but it is still taken from habit, by thousands whose faith in its efficacy was gone long ago. Climatic conditions, and dietary are the new agents, and the appropriation of proper foods for the building up of such tissue as is required. It seems strange that in the matter of food we should have been content to act in such blind ignorance. What "tastes good" is to the average man and woman still a suitable article of food, and the very fact of its tasting good is often accepted, even by physicians, as *prima facie* evidence of adaptability. Appetite, on the contrary, is the growth of habit and hereditary transmission, and as likely to be injurious as the indulgence in other inherited qualities; drugs are two-edged swords, they cut many ways, they never stop with merely curing the symptoms they are intended to alleviate, they create others, and there is no telling where the mischief they do will stop. A distinguished physician remarked recently, that it would be so long before people would relinquish quinine, and look upon it with as much distrust as they do now upon calomel.

Candy-shops are the nurseries of the drug-shops, and the universal cake-jar another great aid to the pill-maker and pill-dispenser. What we want is what will build us up, supply nerve tissue, brain tissue, muscle, bone, good blood, and fiber. It is our business to find out what we need most, what we waste most, and then keep up the supply with as little addition of the useless, mischief-making elements as possible.

It has been found that the greatest aid to health is reducing food to its lowest terms, prison fare, and one of the great difficulties of all hospitals

consists in the dainties sent or brought by the mistaken kindness of friends. Proper food and other suitable hygienic conditions will constitute the medicine of the future.

## No Holidays.

THE boys and girls feel cheated of their just rights, for, notwithstanding the extra day in this year, there were no holidays in February, Washington's Birthday coming on Sunday, and now there is additional wailing, for it has been discovered that the extra day in February brings Decoration Day on Saturday. Disgusting!

## Leap-Year.

We hear less this year of the special leap-year parties, and other embodied forms of joking on the additional day put into February than ever before. Perhaps it has ceased to be a joke, the changes have been rung upon it so often; still it is one of those perennial sort of things, like St. Valentine's Day, old, yet ever new, which revive with each generation, and bear eternal repetition without being worn out.

A rather clever leap-year trick was that played upon a party of married men who were in the habit of meeting for a supper and "a game of cards," which often extended into the morning, at least once a week. Receiving an invitation to sup at a well-known place, which was a fashionable ladies' and gentlemen's restaurant, they went as a matter of course, and to their astonishment found their wives assembled, and a gorgeous supper ordered. Accepting the situation with very good grace, they played the gallant to their own wives, and their wives, equal also to the emergency, and in their prettiest toilets, proved delightful entertainers, and sang, played on the piano, and chatted delightfully.

Who paid for the supper has been a mystery from that day to this; the gentlemen found, on inquiry, that all claims had been settled, but the ladies kept the secret well, and whether the necessary dollars were obtained little by little from the housekeeping or some other fund, remains untold. The evening was, however, so delightful that it is likely to become the foundation of the "Leap-year Club," composed of both gentlemen and ladies.

## The "What to Wear," and "Portfolio of Fashions" for Spring and Summer of 1880.

THESE publications are now so well known by the majority of our readers that we have only to call attention to their issue for the present season, and the continuance of the features which have made them so popular. No one who purchases paper patterns of the "fashions" can afford to be without the "Portfolio," which photographs all the leading styles with such clearness and distinctness that the full effect of the most intricate as well as the most simple costumes is obtained. Opportunity is also afforded for comparison, the only method of arriving at correct judgment.

As no one who uses paper patterns can afford to be without the "Portfolio," so no lady who makes clothing for herself or others, or who buys it, can afford to be without our "What to Wear." Its practical and comprehensive character recommends it to those who are obliged to look for the *multum in parvo*, the much in little. Price as usual, of either publication, Fifteen cents. Sent by mail on receipt. Postage paid.



## The Princess of Wales.

WE have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a worthy companion picture to Marie Stuart, in a beautiful portrait of the Princess of Wales—one of the most interesting women of the present time, one who bears well the light that beats upon and near a throne, and who is probably destined to occupy a most important place in the annals of the future.

The Princess of Wales, daughter of Christian III., King of Denmark, was born at Copenhagen, December 1st, 1844, and was baptized under the name of Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie. Her education was conducted under the watchful eye of her mother, and she grew up lovely in person, winning in manner, and highly cultured in mind.

The King of Denmark, though ruling over a very insignificant kingdom, and a poor man in purse, has, to his honor be it told, so trained his daughters that they have all made noble alliances—the Princess Dagmar having become Czarovna of Russia, Alexandra, Queen in prospective of Great Britain and Empress of India, and Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland.

The story is told of Alexandra that on one occasion, before her marriage, she had been reading Shakespeare to the Prince of Wales, and he, charmed by her voice and manner, remarked that he would be glad to have her read to him frequently; whereupon she piquantly replied: "My terms are twenty-five shillings—a sovereign and a crown!"

The Princess was married November 10th, 1863, by a curious coincidence both her birthday and wedding day falling on a Monday. The ceremony was performed at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the splendid old church has rarely witnessed a more stately or magnificent spectacle.

She has had six children, one of whom, Prince John, died in early infancy. Her living children are: Prince Albert Edward Victor Christian, Duke of Cornwall, who was born at Frogmore, January 8th, 1864.

Prince George Frederick Earnest Albert, born at Marlborough House, June 3d, 1865.

Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born at Marlborough House, February 20th, 1867.

Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, born July, 1868; and the Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria Augusta, born November 26, 1869.

The Princess is most devoted to her husband and children, and is regarded by the English people, high and low, by whom she is known as "*Our Princess*," with a love falling little short of idolatry, Tennyson having been almost prophetic in the closing lines of his "*Ode of Welcome*:"

"O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,  
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;  
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,  
Tenton, or Celt, or whatever we be,  
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!"

She is greatly beloved, too, by her royal mother-in-law, and the following pretty story is told of her winning way toward the noble dame. The Queen, for long after the Prince Consort's death, persisted in wearing the heaviest of mourning, and no one, even her own daughters, dared to remonstrate or urge a change. But one day, the Princess, being quite a skillful milliner, took her cumbersome crape hat, and removing some of its heaviest folds, returned it to the Queen. She observed the change, but made no remark save a quiet "Thank you, my dear," accompanied by a kiss. The amateur milliner afterward confessed to inward quakings as to what the result of her temerity might be.

The London home of the Princess is Marlborough House, but her favorite residence is Sandringham Hall, in the north-west corner of England. Sandringham is not a stately palace reared for ostentatious show, but a real English home designed to be lived in, its home savor beginning at the outer door. Just above the inner hall door is placed this inscription: This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870.

It was there that, eight years ago, the Prince had that sore struggle for life which awoke the sympathy of the world, Christian and Pagan. Dearly loved as the Princess had been since she left her Danish home, this trial only endeared her the more tenderly to the English nation by the proofs she gave in those dark days of wifely devotion and of simple, unaffected piety and childlike dependence on that One in whose hands are the issues of life and of death. But out of darkness came light, and we, Americans though we be, fondly wish that only brightness may be the portion through the years which remain to her of one who is in so many regards an almost ideal woman. L. P. L.

## Evenings with the Poets.

A WELL-KNOWN lady of high literary attainments and real culture has made a feature of a charming series of entertainments this season, announced as "Evenings with the Poets." The first one celebrated was Moore, the second Burns, and the entertainment consists of selections admirably read from the works of the poet, short, pertinent addresses by able men, and sometimes women, and songs selected also from the author celebrated upon the occasion, and sung by first-class artists. The gatherings have been composed of the most cultivated people in the city, and the "evenings" the most interesting and successful form of entertainment that has been introduced for a long time. After all, the dearth is great of social enjoyment which is stimulating to the intellect as well as the senses, and this idea has been so well thought out and so ably seconded as to have had the effect of decided novelty.

## Mr. Thomas Hardy's Story, "The Trumpet-Major."

THIS latest story of one of the foremost of English novelists increases in interest with its development, and will well repay attentive perusal. The *New York Herald*, in its literary notes of a recent date, says of this work:

"The advent of a new story from Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' has become an interesting event. As a novelist he is second only to Mr. William Black, and would not be so considered, even to this brilliant author, except for a certain determined realism which deals with characters found in common life, and detracts from the apparent, rather than the real refinement and value of his work."

The "Trumpet-Major" is published simultaneously in this Magazine with its appearance in England. The advance sheets have been secured by us from the author at great expense, and give to our readers, in addition to all other attractions, the latest work of a first-class novelist, in advance of all competitors.

## An Error.

By a simple error, "*to be continued*" was placed at the end of the closing chapter of "Little Oddity," written by *Elizabeth Bigelow*, instead of "conclusion," or "end." The story had reached its termination all the same, and we offer this explanation in reply to inquiries.

## Scientific Items.

**Benzoate of Sodium.**—Professor Klebs of Prague announces that the benzoate of sodium is the best antiseptic in all infectious diseases. The action of it is very powerful. It is claimed that a daily dose of from thirty to fifty grammes to a full-grown man will render the poison of diphtheria inoperative. The benzoate is prepared by dissolving crystallized benzoic acid in water, neutralizing at a slight heat with a solution of caustic soda, drying, and then allowing the solution to crystallize over sulphuric acid under a bell-glass. Large doses do not appear to be absolutely necessary. Good results may be obtained by the daily administration of about twelve grammes.

**Pine Fodder.**—In Styria, in the spring, fir and pine tree boughs are cut off while the young leaves are soft and of a light green color. They are then spread out in barns on the threshing-floor, and left well exposed to light and air until the needles fall off. The boughs are then put to firing or other uses, while the needles are collected in heaps and dried in ovens or malt kilns, after which they are ground to powder, or stamped small in a bark mill. To every twenty-five pounds of such mixture one pound of salt is added, and in winter a portion of the mixture is fed to cattle along with chaff. The animals soon become very fond of their diet, and it agrees well with them. It is said to have also a medicinal effect, being a preventive against lung affections and generally "bracing up" the animals in winter-time.

**Ventilation of Closets and Cupboards.**—The ventilation of closets is one of those minor matters that are frequently overlooked in the erection of houses, while the want of a thorough draft is apt to make itself unpleasantly apparent to the smell. The remedy of the defect is however very simple, says a trade organ. If possible, have perforations made through the back wall of the closet, and a few in the door; when the wall of the closet cannot be perforated, bore holes freely in the door at the top and bottom. To prevent dampness, with the accompanying unpleasantness and injurious effects of mildew in cupboards, a tray of quicklime should be kept, and changed from time to time as the lime becomes slaked. This remedy will also be found useful in safes or muniment-rooms, the damp air of which is often destructive to valuable deeds and other contents.

**An Improved Flower Pot.**—Mr. Peter Henderson recommends a flower-pot with holes low down in the side instead of in the bottom. We have, he says, during the past six months tried about a thousand, of sizes ranging from three inches to six inches in diameter, and find they are all that we expected of them. All cultivators know the difficulty experienced when the ordinary flower-pot is placed on a bench covered with sand or soil; the outlet often becomes completely closed by the washing of the soil through the outlet, and, being closed by the sand, the drainage becomes stopped as completely as if there was no orifice at all in the bottom of the pot. Again, worms breed quickly in the sand or soil, and seem to take a special pleasure in crawling under and through the holes in the bottom of the pots, to get at the rich soil which they contain. This improved pot is safe from the first difficulty, as the holes, being on the sides of the pot, cannot be clogged by the sand; while it is far less tempting to the worm, as a special effort must be made before the hole can be reached. Still another advantage is that, as these orifices are placed above the bottom, air is admitted more freely to the roots, a matter which is very essential to the well-being of plants.



**Prevention Better than Cure.**—Rust in wheat may be prevented by drenching the seed-corn with a solution of carbolic acid. For four bushels take four ounces of Cheeseborough acid; add two gallons of water; place the wheat on a sheet or tarpaulin, and water with a watering-pot, using the above; thoroughly turn over with a shovel, and sow next morning.

**Inherited Qualities in Work.**—Heredity is an important fact in Japanese labor. In many of the villages the crack workmen trace back their pedigree, both of skill and blood, from three to twenty generations.

**A New Table Delicacy.**—The Rev. J. G. Wood recently delivered the first of a series of lectures on natural science in Dr. Channing Pearce's Geological Museum, Brixton Rise, England. Having in the course of his lecture allude to the hedgehog and the squirrel, Mr. Wood observed that it was well known that these animals, when properly cooked, formed excellent articles for human food. Few people however were aware that, when similarly treated, the flesh of a rat had a finer flavor, and was altogether a greater delicacy than either of them. There was literally nothing of which he (the lecturer) was so fond of as a rat pie. This was a dish which frequently made its appearance on his table, and was greatly enjoyed by all the members of his family. He had several friends too who, like himself, had overcome their prejudice, and thoroughly enjoyed a good helping of rat pie.

## Domestic Science.

**New Use for Gas and Water-Pipes.**—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* states that he has successfully used the gas and water-pipes in his dwelling as a source of electricity for a microphone. He connects one of his microphone wires with the gas-pipe, and the other with the water-pipe, and finds the current ample, and of course constant.

**Cleaning White Furs.**—Wash in cold lather of soap and water, with a little soda and blue in it, then draw with the hand same as a flannel through several lathers until clean, rinse in clean water, shake well, and hang up to dry, frequently shaking up while damp.

**Method of Preserving Cooked Meat.**—A method of preserving cooked meat has been patented at Sydney by Mr. Edward Naylor. The meat, after having been boiled, roasted, or steamed, is packed in wooden cases, and is then covered over with stearine heated to about two hundred and fifty degrees. The advantages claimed for this system are that the meat does not lose any of its natural juices, and, as it has been deprived of most of its water during the process of cooking, the buyer does not lose so much by evaporation as he does in the case of uncooked meat. The stearine does not in the least affect the taste, and can be sold at a profit on its arrival in England.

**How to Restore faded Upholstery.**—To restore faded hangings, beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum water. When dry, the colors will be restored in their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery, they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water-colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum-water.—*Furniture Gazette.*

**Milk.**—To make cow's milk assimilate closely to the composition of human milk it is requisite to add only from ten to twelve ounces of water to the pint, and from one and a quarter to one and a half ounces of milk sugar, which can be readily purchased.

**Strained India-rubber.**—Professor Tait has found that india-rubber, after having been stretched for years and become permanently strained, or if it be stretched while warm nearly to rupture, will recover its former dimensions when it is dipped into hot water.

**Stooping at Work.**—The *Lancet* says: "The dangers which the seamstress, especially the young undeveloped girl, incurs by prolonged stooping over her work have been exposed by us on more than one occasion. Every practitioner will have been able to trace cases of deviation of the spine, uterine complaints, etc., to the bending of the back, and the crossing of the legs for so many hours day after day. Our object now is to record the successful attempt made by Dr. Malherbe to avoid these melancholy consequences of an industrious occupation. The new system employed is that of fixing to the edge of an ordinary table a sort of cushion on which the work can be easily fastened or spread out, and represents the seamstress' knees. A framework of the simplest description admits of the raising or lowering of this cushion, so that the work may be done either sitting or standing; but in either case the vertebral column is maintained perfectly straight, while the facility thus given to a change of position will tend to mitigate the fatigue a young person would otherwise experience. Recognizing that example is more forcible than theory when waging war against common routine, Dr. Malherbe at once sought an opportunity for making some practical experiments. He therefore introduced his contrivance at the Communal School of Nantes, and no objection was raised on the part of the pupils. Two among them had a slight tendency to malformation, which has been to some extent rectified since the introduction of this reform in the attitude of sewing. Evidently the remedy to a great evil is simple, practical, and should be made the subject of more extensive experiments."

**Charcoal,** laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial; and charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposing pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous, in its "minute interior spaces," it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away the dead flesh, reducing it one quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. I have seen mortification arrested by it. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoon of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, by pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. Charcoal absorbs a hundred times its weight of gas or wind in the stomach or bowels, and in this way it purifies the breath. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn.



HOUSEKEEPERS ARE SOLICITED TO SEND NEW AND INTERESTING RECEIPTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT.—EDS.]

## Alum in Our Bread.

*A Chemical Examination of Baking Powders, and its Results—The Use of Alum and its Deleterious Effects—Opinions of Medical Experts—Prompt Action of the New York and Brooklyn Boards of Health, etc.*

THE *N. Y. Evening Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the result of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people. From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are mainly taken:—Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it, to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda, and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking-powder manufacturers.

The *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect, when alum is used in baking powder, from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability: Dr. William A. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General United States, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking powder. "The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitably tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Dr. Sayre, former President of the Board of Health, said to one of the representatives of the New York press: "After the experiments in this line by Liebig and other distinguished chemists and vivisectioners, with alum on cats, dogs, and other animals, with the published results, we may well ask what is the use of such experiments if we do not apply them to practice in the preservation of human life and health? The Board of Health should see to this." Dr. Waller, Chemist for the New York Board of Health, when asked by a *Sun* reporter as to the injurious effects of alum, replied: "You know what the effect of alum is when you take some of it in your mouth; well, that is just the effect it has upon the coats of the stomach." The analysis of the various baking powders, as officially reported by the Brooklyn Board, reveals only two brands containing alum being sold in that city—"Patapsco" and "Dooley's." As to the cream of tartar powders, the same re-



port mentions the Royal Baking Powder as free from alum or any other injurious substance. There are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking powder manufactured in this country. Through Dr. Henry A. Mott, the well-known chemist, one of the most competent, trustworthy, and careful experts of this country, the following analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing, including Professor Henry Morton, President Stevens Institute of Technology; Professor R. W. Schedler; Dr. Stilwell, analytical chemist, this city.

Dr. Mott's report is as follows:

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analyses of baking powders procured during the past three months, in all of which alum was found as an ingredient:

- "PATAPSCO,"..... Contains Alum  
(Smith, Hanway & Co., Baltimore, Md.)
- "DOOLEY'S,"..... Contains Alum  
(Dooley & Brother, New York.)
- "CHARM,"..... Contains Alum  
(Robrer, Christian & Co., St. Louis.)
- ANDREWS' "REGAL,"..... Contains Alum  
(C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)
- "QUEEN,"..... Contains Alum  
(Bennett & Sloan, New Haven, Ct.)
- "VIENNA,"..... Contains Alum  
(Church & Co., New York City.)
- "ORIENT,"..... Contains Alum  
(Cronse, Walworth & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.)
- "AMAZON,"..... Contains Alum  
(Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.)
- "GILLETT'S,"..... Contains Alum  
(Gillett, McCulloch & Co., Chicago.)
- "TWIN SISTERS,"..... Contains Alum  
(Union Chemical Works, Chicago, Ill.)
- "INVINCIBLE,"..... Contains Alum  
(Snyder Brothers & Co., Cincinnati.)
- "KING,"..... Contains Alum
- "WHITE LILY,"..... Contains Alum  
(Jewett & Sherman Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)
- "MONARCH,"..... Contains Alum  
(Ricker, Crombie & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)
- "ONE SPOON,"..... Contains Alum  
(Taylor Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.)
- "IMPERIAL,"..... Contains Alum  
(Sprague, Warner & Griswold, Chicago.)
- "HONEST,"..... Contains Alum  
(Schoch & Wechsler, St. Paul, Minn.)
- "ECONOMICAL,"..... Contains Alum  
(Spencer Brothers & Co., Chicago, Ill.)
- "EXCELSIOR,"..... Contains Alum  
(L. E. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.)
- "CHARTRES,"..... Contains Alum  
(Thomson & Taylor, Chicago.)
- "GRANT'S,"..... Contains Alum  
(J. C. Grant, Philadelphia.)
- "GIANT,"..... Contains Alum  
(W. F. McLaughlin, Chicago.)
- "QUEEN,"..... Contains Alum  
(Star Chemical Works, Chicago.)
- "PEERLESS,"..... Contains Alum  
(Marden's, Rochester, New York.)
- "ZIETLOW'S" SUPERLATIVE..... Contains Alum  
(New York.)
- "RISING SUN,"..... Contains Alum  
(C. O. Strutz & Co., Chicago.)
- "SIBLEY, DUDLEY & CO.'S,"..... Contains Alum  
(Chicago.)
- "LAKESIDE,"..... Contains Alum  
(C. O. Perrine, Chicago.)
- "FRENCH,"..... Contains Alum  
(Thomson & Taylor, Chicago.)

"DONNOLLY & CO.'S,"..... Contains Alum,  
Premium Yeast Powder (San Francisco).

"CHAMPAGNE,"..... Contains Alum  
(J. S. Taylor & Co., San Francisco.)

Yours, very truly,

HENRY A. MOTT, Jr., Ph. D., E. M.

New York, Jan. 5, 1879.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter called at the office of the Royal Baking Powder Company, No. 171 Duane street, the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder, a brand which the report of the Brooklyn Health Board revealed to be pure. Mr. J. C. Hoagland, President of the Company, gave the following replies:

REPORTER—"What is the cause of the present excitement about baking powders?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers."

REPORTER—"Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking Powder?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"No, sir."

REPORTER—"But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces."

REPORTER—"You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits?"

REPORTER—"Why, then, do you not use it?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health, that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking Powder."

REPORTER—"Can you give me any information in regard to cream of tartar, how and where you procure it?"

MR. HOAGLAND—"Certainly! There are several substitutes, or patent 'cream of tartars' on the market, made principally from terra alba, or burnt bones, the latter being treated with strong corrosive acids; but the cream of tartar we use is a fruit acid—it exists naturally in the grape—and during fermentation of the tart wines in France it is deposited on the sides and bottom of the casks. In its unrefined state it is called crude tartar or argol, and is taken from the cask after the wine has been drawn off. Each farmer has his crop of it, according to the amount of wine he has produced. This company is the largest user of cream of tartar in the world, and we have our agents in various parts of Europe collecting the crude material. It is imported into this country as argol, and then subjected to a higher process of refining, by which it is purified especially for our purposes, forming pure white crystals which we grind to powder, and in this form we use it as an ingredient of our baking powder."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder, and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.

By this exposure of the injurious effects of alum in baking powder, the public must not be frightened from using baking powders when properly made. In the report of Professor Elwyn Waller, Assistant Health Inspector of New York Board of Health, on baking powder, in 1872, the public are recommended to purchase one of the well-known brands of baking powder, in preference to purchasing the cream of tartar separately, as this substance was found in all cases to be adulterated. The inspector further states that when the mixture is made on a larger scale in a factory, and the baking powder is put up in packages ready for use, the manufacturer experiences no difficulty in securing good materials free from adulteration.

Dr. Mott, the Government chemist, in his review of the subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analyses of many samples that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form. The label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

THE following receipts are extracted from Miss Dod's excellent manual of cookery, recently published:

**Potato Saute.**—One quart of potatoes, one and a half ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoon of white pepper. Young potatoes should be used for this preparation, and should be first scraped, then thrown into boiling water and allowed to boil rapidly for ten minutes. Drain the water carefully from them; cover the saucepan, and let the potatoes cook in their own steam until a fork will pierce easily to their centers. When done, sprinkle over the potatoes the pepper and salt, throw in with these the butter, and shake the saucepan over the fire until the potatoes become a pale brown upon their surfaces. Serve very hot.

**Eggs au Plat.**—Eight eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt. Sprinkle half of the bread-crumbs upon a platter, sprinkle over them half of the pepper and salt, and distribute over this in small pieces two ounces of the butter. Break over this, one by one, the eggs, arranging them in a circle upon the bread-crumbs; sprinkle over them the remaining bread-crumbs, pepper, and salt; also distribute over this the remainder of the butter in small pieces, and place the platter in a hot oven for ten minutes. When done, the bread-crumbs should show a surface of pale brown, and the eggs be cooked rare. Serve upon the platter on which the dish is prepared.

**Ham Omelet.**—Eight eggs, one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoon of salt, two ounces of butter, three tablespoons of cold boiled chopped ham. Break the eggs into a bowl, and beat them with a wooden spoon until the yolks and whites blend. Melt one ounce of the butter in an omelet pan, stir into the beaten egg the chopped ham, pepper, and salt, and pour half of the mixture into the pan with the hot butter. Stir all until the omelet begins to set at the edges; draw all down to one side of the pan, and when it becomes firm on the under side, turn the omelet quickly over the other side of the pan without breaking its form, and remove the omelet to a hot platter. Repeat this process for the second omelet, the cooking of which should only consume about two minutes, and serve both as quickly as possible.



**Deviled Turkey.**—One pair of turkey legs, one half teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of pepper, one grain of cayenne. Cut the legs from a cold roast turkey, trim them neatly, sprinkle over them the pepper, salt, and cayenne; grease two sheets of letter-paper, and wrap each leg in one of these, twisting the ends of the paper to secure it. Place the legs thus prepared in a boiler, and boil them for seven minutes over a clear fire. When boiled, remove the paper, and serve the legs very hot.

**Veal Balls.**—One half pound of cold veal, eight tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed dried herbs, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful of grated nutmeg, two eggs. Put six tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs into a bowl, and chopping the veal finely, mix it therewith. Season this with the pepper and salt, adding the nutmeg, also the parsley and herbs, after which the whole must be thoroughly mixed together. To give this consistency, drop in the yolks of the two eggs, saving the whites separate upon a plate. Roll the mixture now into small balls, using an ounce of flour upon the hands to prevent sticking. Beat the whites of the eggs slightly, roll the balls therein, and placing the remaining bread-crumbs in a paper, roll them also in it. Throw them into smoking, clarified fat for four minutes, when they should be taken out and put to drain on kitchen paper, after which serve upon a hot napkin.

**Savory Hash.**—Three quarters of a pound of cold meat, one Spanish onion, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one dessert-spoonful of catsup, one dessert-spoonful of Harvey's sauce, one half pint of second stock, one carrot, one turnip. Clean, and chop fine both the carrot and turnip, when they must be put to boil in a small saucepan with boiling water until tender, which will take about twenty minutes. While these are cooking, melt the butter in a separate saucepan, brown in it the onion sliced, then cutting into slices cold roast beef, or beefsteak roll them in the flour, and, placing these slices in the butter with the onion, brown slightly also. Pour over this the stock, the Harvey's sauce, and catsup, stir gently until the stock boils, and season with pepper and salt. When the meat is thoroughly heated through, arrange them in a flat dish and pour the gravy over. Strain the water from the carrot and turnip, and pile them high on the top of the pieces of meat when ready for serving.

**Tomato Farci.**—One quart of fresh tomatoes, two Spanish onions, four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, three ounces of butter, one half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper. The onions must have been put into boiling water and soaked over night, and when required for the preparation they should be dried in a towel, and then sliced, making the slices about a third of an inch thick. Melt in a frying-pan an ounce of the butter, and when hot, brown on both sides in it the onion slices. Slice the tomatoes and arrange a layer of them in the bottom of a vegetable dish, and over this put a layer of the browned onion. Sprinkle over this a little of the bread-crumbs, season with the pepper and salt, and with these alternating layers proceed to fill the vegetable dish, leaving a top covering of the bread-crumbs. When the dish is filled, distribute the butter in small pieces over the top, and place all in a moderate oven to bake for three quarters of an hour.

**Potato Croquettes.**—One pound of mashed potatoes, one ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one half teaspoonful of pepper, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one grain of cayenne, one half teaspoonful of salt. First melt the butter in a saucepan, add to it the milk, and

bring them together to the boiling point. Pass the mashed potatoes through a sieve, and add them to the boiling milk and butter. Beat all well together until the potatoes are very hot, when the saucepan must be taken from the fire, and the pepper, salt, and cayenne thrown in. Drop the yolks of eggs, and stir until the heat of the potato dries the egg. Roll this mixture into small balls, using a little flour to prevent its sticking to the hands; beat up the whites of the eggs, and roll each ball therein. Place the bread-crumbs upon a sheet of kitchen paper, and, putting the balls one by one into this, roll them from side to side until covered with the bread-crumbs, when they must be put into hot, clarified fat, and fried for two minutes.

**Salmon Croquettes.**—Three quarters of a pound of cold boiled salmon, five tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, one half of a lemon, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, one half teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one salt-spoonful of grated nutmeg, one salt-spoonful of powdered mace. Shred the salmon with two forks, and remove from it the bones and skin. Place it, when prepared, into a bowl, and mix with it the bread-crumbs. Melt the butter, and pour it over this mixture, add thereto the pepper, salt, mace, and nutmeg, beat all together, and squeeze over it the lemon-juice. Add to this the anchovy sauce and the two eggs; stir all together, and form into croquettes of equal size about three inches in length. Drop, one by one, into hot, clarified fat or lard, fry for two minutes, then remove them from the pan, drain them, and serve in a napkin folded to form a basket.

**Rough Puff Paste.**—Six ounces of butter, eight ounces of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cold water, one half teaspoonful of lemon-juice, yolk of one egg. First sift the flour on to a mixing-board. Put with it the butter and chop this up roughly with a knife, mixing the flour with it at the same time. Make a well in it, drop in the yolk of egg, sprinkle over the lemon-juice and cold water, and knead all firmly together. Roll the paste out thinly, fold it together, and roll out again, reversing the order of rolling, and repeat this process four times, observing to change the direction of rolling each time. The paste is then ready to be used, and is suitable for the covering of either fruit tarts or meat pies. Put the butter upon ice before using it.

**Flaky Crust.**—One pound of flour, one half pound of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one salt-spoon of salt, one half gill of cold water, whites of two eggs.

Sift the flour through a sieve upon a mixing-board. Put the whites of eggs upon a plate, add to them the salt, and whip all to a light froth. Mix the flour to a firm dough with the froth of eggs and the cold water, roll it out very thinly, divide the butter into three pieces, and spread one of them upon the dough. Fold the dough in three layers, and roll it out thinly again, reversing the order of rolling each time. Repeat this process until the butter is all rolled into the dough, when the crust is ready for use, and may be used for meat pies or fruit tarts.

**Custard Pie.**—Three eggs, three gills of milk, one ounce of sugar, one half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Line a pie-tin with pie-crust, and putting the eggs and sugar into a bowl, beat them together until the eggs become very light. Add to this the milk, and pour all into the crust-lined pie-tin; place the whole in a moderate oven, and bake the pie for half an hour. When done, grate over the surface the nutmeg, and serve cold or hot as the taste may suggest, although custard pie should be cooled at once if desired cold, as the crust soaks and becomes unpalatable with standing.

**Lemon Sponge.**—One ounce of gelatine, one pint of water, two lemons, one half pound of cut loaf sugar, whites of three eggs. Put the gelatine into a bowl, cover it with cold water, and let it soak for twenty minutes. At the end of this time add to it the rind of the lemons, squeeze over the lemon-juice, throw in the sugar, and pour all into a copper or porcelain-lined saucepan, place the saucepan over the fire, and stir its contents until boiling, after which it must be allowed to boil for two minutes. At the end of this time pour the mixture through a sieve into a bowl, and let it remain therein until cold, but not long enough to set.

Beat the whites of eggs slightly, pour them into the mixture in the bowl, and stir all together, when all must be whisked until thick and white. Pour the sponge into a mold, stand it in a cool, dry place, and when "set," turn it out upon, and serve in a crystal dessert dish.

**Fig Pudding.**—One half pound of figs, one half pound of bread-crumbs, one half pound of sugar, one half pound of beef suet, three eggs. Remove the skin from the suet, chop it very finely, put it into a bowl, and, chopping the figs very finely, mix both together. Stir into this the bread-crumbs, beat in a separate bowl the eggs and sugar, mix this with the figs, suet, and bread-crumbs, and, greasing the interior of the mold, pour this into it, put on the cover, and plunging it into a large saucepan of boiling water, let it, with its contents, boil for two hours.

**Welcome Guest Pudding.**—Eight ounces of bread-crumbs, one half pint of milk, four ounces of beef suet, three ounces of citron, four ounces of sugar, rind of one lemon, three ounces of almonds, four eggs, one grain of salt. Place four ounces of the bread-crumbs in a bowl, and, bringing the milk to a boil, pour it over them. Cover the bowl with a plate, and allow the bread-crumbs to soak in the milk for ten minutes.

While the bread-crumbs are soaking, pour over the almonds some boiling water to blanch them, and remove their skins. Remove the skin from the suet and chop it very finely, and chop the almonds. Stir into the bowl with the soaked bread-crumbs the four remaining ounces of crumbs, add to this the chopped suet and almonds, also the grated rind of lemon together with the sugar and citron, cut into very small pieces. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs very carefully, drop the yolks one by one into the bowl, and stir all well together. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding the grain of salt. Mix this lightly with the other ingredients in the bowl, and, taking a quart mold, dry it thoroughly, greasing the interior with butter, pouring into it the mixture, and place securely over the top a greased sheet of kitchen paper. Place the mold, when filled, in a deep saucepan, containing enough boiling water to reach half-way up the side, and let the pudding boil therein two hours. When done, the mold should be removed from the boiling water, allow two minutes for it to cool, and then turn the pudding out on the hot platter. This should be served with jam, or lemon sauce.

**Lemon Sauce.**—One lemon, six pieces of cut loaf sugar, one teacupful of cold water. Pare the rind from the lemon, and cut this into strips the size of a straw. Put these strips of lemon-rind into a small saucepan, together with the lumps of sugar, and, covering these with the cold water, squeeze into the mixture the juice of the lemon. Put the saucepan over the fire, and stir the contents until boiling. When this takes place, cover the saucepan, and drawing it to one side of the fire, let all simmer slowly for twenty minutes. This sauce should be poured over the pudding with which it is served, in order that the straws of lemon-rind may garnish the top of the pudding.





### Narcissa Costume.

This stylish costume, suitable either for house or street wear, is made in *gendarme* blue woolen *armure*, combined with *damassé* goods of silk and wool combined, in India colors. The combination is very rich and effective. This design is also illustrated and fully described among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN  
THE BEST IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE  
PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE  
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## 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.

ESTHETIC dress, as it is called, has been the subject of much raillery and ridicule, and doubtless many absurdities have been perpetrated in the endeavor to work out very dimly understood ideals; but an effort (if it is an honest and sincere one) to illustrate a new idea, is always to be respected, and in this instance the work has had so many arguments in its favor, has had the assistance of names so well known in the fashionable and artistic world of London, that it has impressed its thought at least upon the fashions of the time in not only a restraining, but also in a suggestive and stimulating way.

While few ladies out of art circles would have the courage to attire themselves in the rococo style, which a few of the more courageous exemplars upon the inside have adopted, yet so marked has been the impression of strength and individuality, so great is the desire for novelty, that very many of the styles that have been adopted recently by leaders of fashion bear the imprint of "esthetic" taste, while it is responsible for a vast modification of previously received canons in regard to color.

In this respect the esthetic idea has done a real service, and it has also worked most admirably in the hands of women of intelligence, who used this new development of the artistic sense and desire for the beautiful in the adoption of prevailing fashions to their own personality. Fortunately, everything combines this season to favor experiments of every kind in dress. The color and combination of color in rich fabrics, the marvelous beauty in design, and the liberty allowed and even urged upon individual taste, to work out its own problems, has resulted in a variety and picturesqueness of styles in full dress and evening wear which produce brilliant effects in a large assemblage. Twenty-five years ago the low-necked short-sleeved dress of plain white, pink or blue silk was the regulation "evening" dress, and the first improvement upon it, or rather addition to it, was an overskirt, straight all round, and bordered with solid velvet, or something that would constitute an equally effective edge; the dress skirt cov-

ered a hoop four yards round, and all was stiff, crude, and conventional.

Now, irregularity, graceful lines, drapery, natural forms, and restoration of only what was beautiful in the past is the order, or rather furnishes the motives of design (which never before had an intelligent motive), and much of this we owe to the esthetic idea, which, after all, harmonizes with and admirably supplements the modern practical spirit otherwise in danger of becoming too severe.

One excellent result seems to have been achieved, and that is a suitable walking dress, and unlimited scope for originality, ideas in evening and ceremonious costumes. This is most fit and desirable. A dress for the street must be simple, serviceable, and unobtrusive; dresses at home and for evening wear, on the contrary, may and should constitute the medium for the exercise of individual taste; variety and suggestion in dress alone give life, color, and warmth to social intercourse. At one time black was almost a uniform of social gatherings—black silk or black velvet; then came a reaction, and for several years past white has been the insignia of elegance, not the "simple white muslin" of old, but the richest white satin, white brocade, and combinations of these with real lace. Now, as before remarked, stimulated by the revival of old colors, by the sudden irruption of color in fabrics, and the encouragement which it receives from art lovers and art itself, the highest and most striking shades are blended and massed with an effect which would be overwhelming did these predominate in quantity; but as relief, as contrast, to give variety, are most picturesque and charming. In an assemblage, for instance, mainly composed of ladies wearing satins, silks, damassés, and brocades of light tints, will be seen one medieval dress, the front composed of cloth of gold, the sides and train of maroon velvet, or another in the same style will show a petticoat of pink satin, fastened down with pearls, and train and bodice of garnet velvet, the former lined with pink satin, and strings of pearls upon the neck or in the hair. Over a white puffed skirt will perhaps be seen a coat, "Soudrière" or "Marquise" of old gold

brocade or poppy red satin, and velvets are no longer plain but embossed, and worn with rare old Russian lace.

Young girls may wear simple toilets, especially for dancing purposes, and a ball dress for a young lady who dances much should never be made with a long train, but if elaborate should carry out some pretty floral or other idea. For example, combinations of white silk, satin, or damassé, with lace or tulle, are very often made the foundation for profuse floral decoration in one kind of flower—daisies, buttercups, pansies, and the like. The flowers are usually placed in plaitings of tulle or lace, and are used as a heading to flounces, as trails for drapery, and as trimming for a square neck and sleeves. In addition to this, an immensely large pansy or daisy, the size of a tea-saucer, will be placed at the left of the corsage, and another will form a pocket on the opposite side of the skirt, or one alone will be placed at the left of, and near the lower edge of, the basque.

One feature of evening dresses deserves commendation, and that is the almost entire absence of the *décolleté* element. All bodices are high or square or shawl-shaped; a low bodice is so rare as to be most unpleasantly conspicuous.

## Models for the Month.

ONE important fact may be considered as fixed in regard to the styles of the coming season, and this is, that short costumes will continue to be employed for street, traveling, and all out-door purposes.

It may also be set down as a rule that the simpler styles are reserved for ceremonious wear, while the short dresses present the elaboration of design.

This is quite as it should be. The trained skirt does not require the addition of frills or puffing. Its lines are more graceful in themselves than any amount of overlaying trimming can make them. Thus, the effort for some time past has been to arrange the extra drapery upon elegant costumes in such a way as to preserve the flowing lines, instead of breaking them up into patches.



The short dress, on the contrary, is nothing if not trimmed, and the necessity, in this case, is to preserve the balance of parts, equalize the proportions, and make the base sufficiently strong to support the structure.

The weak spot about a short plain skirt is that the figure must look top-heavy, unless the entire suit, including the hat, is equally simple and severe in its outline and finish.

The "Narcissa" costume illustrates very well our idea on this point. It consists of a combination of plain material with a figured fabric. The latter forms a *casquin*, or jacket basque, and a bordering to the flounce, and drapery of the skirt. The draperies form three tiers in front, divided by shirring into festoons, and simple, lengthwise gracefully arranged puffings at the back. The whole dress is made out of fifteen yards and a half of one kind of goods, and is at once pretty and serviceable, suitable for all spring materials.

The necessity for elaborating the short dress compels the retention of the overskirt, and one of the most graceful and admired styles is the "Hermione." This design can be used in many ways, and applied to diversified fabrics. It is very handsome in plain black or dark silk, in cashmere or fine wool. It is also suitable for summer silk and grenadine, and may be prettily made over a skirt of lining silk mounted with a simple kilted flounce. The "Hermione" may be used for either a short dress or a demi-train. It is, in fact, more suitable for the latter.

The "Alida," on the contrary, is best adapted for a short costume, and is a very pretty style for cambries in a combination of plain with dotted, striped, or checked.

The polonaise finds its place, now that the short costume is revived, and becomes almost indispensable. The "Alcina" is a combination of a paniered basque, with drapery representing an overskirt. It requires the trimmed skirt below to give full effect to the design, which is very effective.

The "Faustina" is an illustration of the effect produced by the most simple means. The drapery is formed by a simple looping of the back breadth, and the turning back of the corners of the front breadth, so as to form part of the back drapery. Faced with a figured fabric, it gives to this little arrangement the force of contrast, as well as the charm of grace. A long pointed plastron of the figured stuff, and pointed pieces upon the cuffs, carry out the design, as far as the detail of the upper part is concerned.

The "Aleson" basque calls for no special mention, but it is an excellent and most useful design for a spring woollen costume. It is also effectively made in black silk trimmed with satin, or in any of the cheney or small figured silks trimmed with plain silk or satin.

The "Frederica" jacket illustrates the late models of walking jackets, which are cut in the form of a coat. The round, rolling collar, the double breast, the lappel seams, the cut across the skirt, all follow the form of the business coat, while the fit is almost as close as that of the tight-fitting basque. The narrow back is used, with side-form seams running into the arm-holes, and, altogether, this style of jacket is less adapted to women of middle age than to girls, who can carry it off with an air at once piquant and coquettish.

The "Princess" sleeve shows the tight-fitting coat shape, which is now fitted to the arm like another skin. Its closeness has revived the necessity for the gathering at the elbow, which has been obsolete for years, and the fit of the wrist makes even the introduction of a cuff next to impossible. In fact, the white linen cuff is no longer used with the fashionable coat-sleeve. Instead of it, any number of bangle bracelets clothe the wrist, or mark the line between the sleeve and the glove.



HERMIONE OVERSKIRT.

WEDDING DRESSES.—At a recent wedding, the bride's family being in slight mourning, the following dresses were worn by the bride and her mother. The bride wore white satin; indeed, satin has become almost obligatory on these occasions. The immensely long train was bordered with a coquille of satin, headed by real Alençon lace. The pointed bodice was gathered to the center of the chest, a jabot of Alençon lace at the throat, and a tuft of orange blossoms at the side. The hair was arranged in waved bandeaux close to the head; the wreath was fastened quite at the back, and a tulle veil enveloped the entire figure. The bride's mother wore black satin, embroidered with jet; a white satin bonnet, covered with network of black chenille and jet, and long black kid gloves, slightly embroidered with white.

**Hermione Overskirt.**—A novel and graceful style of overskirt, arranged with a double apron, having the under part draped low and the upper part looped in the middle and arranged at the sides to produce a *panier* effect. The back falls quite low and is draped in a *bouffant* manner. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully, and can be made very effective by having the under apron made of a contrasting material. This design is shown elsewhere in combination with the "Frederica" jacket. Price, thirty cents.

**THE PELERINE CAPE.**—This convenient little addition to a street dress has been revived, and will be fashionably used for spring suits and costumes.



ALIDA OVERSKIRT.

**Alida Overskirt.**—This graceful overskirt is extremely simple in arrangement. In front it is open to the waist, and falls away at the sides in two deep points. It is shirred on the hips, and looped at the back in such a manner as to give a moderately *bouffant* appearance. The design is suitable for all classes of dress materials, and is especially desirable for those which drape gracefully. The trimming can be selected to correspond with the material used; bands of a contrasting fabric graduated in width, as shown in the illustration, being especially effective. Price of pattern, thirty cents.





## WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A stylish costume, made of myrtle-green camel's-hair combined with cashmere of the same color embroidered with polka dots in silk of the same shade. The designs used are the "Alcina" polonaise and a short walking skirt, the latter trimmed with a plaited flounce in which both materials are combined. The body of the polonaise is made of the embroidered cashmere, the plain being used for drapery, and the front is trimmed with fringe. *Toque* of satin of the same color as the dress, trimmed with green velvet and old-gold satin, and handsome tips of the same colors. Po-

lonaise pattern, thirty cents each size. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—The "Frederica" jacket and "Hermione" overskirt are combined with a short walking skirt to form this becoming costume. The materials are brown *armure* silk, combined with India goods in oriental colors, the latter material being used for the jacket and bands on the overskirt. *Ecrû* chip hat, faced with brown satin and trimmed with brown, and cream-colored feathers. Jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Overskirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of skirt, thirty cents each size.

## The Patent Wood Set.

"A CHIP of the old block, the latest novelty for ladies' wear," is the description given of this new lingerie. The collar and cuffs, though literally of wood, are pliable as linen. They are almond or wood color, with a satin sheen, are bound with red ribbon, and painted with a graceful floral device in red. This invention is patented by a Belfast, England, company, and is one of those fantasies which testify to the ingenuity displayed in a continuous search after novelty.



## Bonnets and Hats.

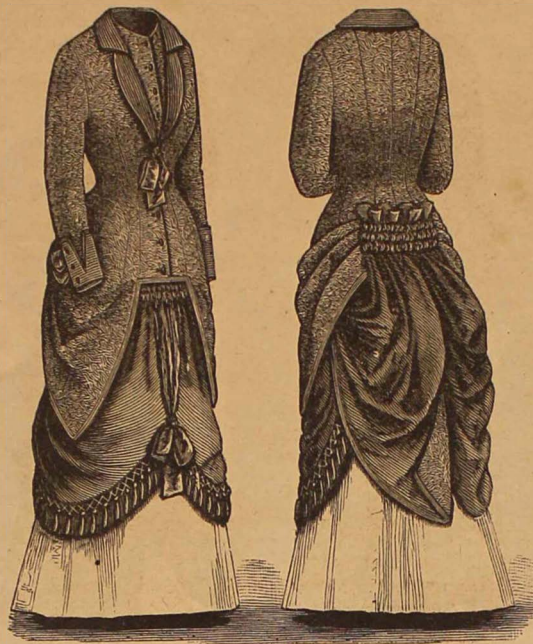
It is no longer possible to predicate any particular style of head-gear from the fashion which has preceded it, because styles are so varied that the entire gamut of design seems to be struck, if not exhausted in one season. It is not at all likely that the picturesque hats, which have proved so becoming to bright, dashing belles, will be given up or retired from active service. On the other hand, it is equally improbable that the useful and more unobtrusive bonnet will disappear. Both probably will be retained, and reappear with changes and modifications which as yet cannot be definitely stated.

One thing is pretty certain, and that is, that the convenient capote and round soft-crowned cap will still hold their place as a finish to complete suits, especially for spring wear. There is nothing so appropriate as these pretty and simple styles for the between seasons, when velvet and felt are too heavy, and straw and chip too light. Of course they need not and should not be expensively made. A small piece of silk and satin, or satin and brocade (*satin de Lyon* presents a less shining and obtrusive surface) of the same or matching the color of the dress, furnishes all the material necessary for the covering of the shape, and very little trimming is required—an exterior *panache* of feathers or flowers, or a band and bow, and a ruche or border of lace, beaded perhaps, and finished with a fringe of beads. A great deal of beading on colored lace will be done this year, and crowns and bands forming borders, which were new within a few months, and have been very popular, will find a much larger field for occupation in the colored nets and tulle lately revived in new shades, than in the strict black and white to which we have been for years principally confined.

No greater advance has been made in any direction, so far as dress is concerned, than in millinery designs and materials. It is not twenty-five years ago, when the choice in head-dressing was confined to one large, ill-shapen bonnet, denominated the "coal-scuttle." Young girls and old women alike buried their faces in its depths, and the hard inflexible crown, the stiff cape, made women of all ages look alike until a near view of texture of skin and feature revealed youth and its claims to beauty. The first round hat was crude enough, and only women of "liberal" ideas patronized it, but it was the foundation of all the innovations and revivals of the past two decades; for the idea being a good and convenient one, fashion went to work to improve upon it, and beautify it, and diversify it, and call the arts to her aid to render it picturesque and becoming; and so out of the little low crown, and straight uncompromising brim, grew the "Gainsborough," and the "Rubens," and the "Rembrandt," and the "Vandyke," and the "Reynolds"—styles which, with varieties and modifications, will probably retain their hold to the close of the century.

MME. DEMOREST'S "What to Wear," for the Spring of 1880, will be ready March 10. Price, fifteen cents, post-paid. 128 pages fully illustrating every department of dress. Address,

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17 E. 14th St., N. Y.



ALCINA POLONAISE.

**Alcina Polonaise.**—The front of this novel and effective design represents a deep *panier* basque, cut-away a little below the waist line, and falling in pointed shape over a draped apron, which is shirred at the top, and sewed to the opening in the front of the basque; and a shirred breadth in the back forms a very *bouffant* and irregular drapery. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side of the front, in the usual positions, and one under the arm; and has side-forms in the back carried to the shoulders. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress fabrics, especially those which drape gracefully, and is very desirable for a combination of goods or colors. The trimming should be simple and in keeping with the material employed. This design is illustrated *en costume* on the cut of "Street Costumes." Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



FAUSTINA POLONAISE.

**Faustina Polonaise.**—A long, pointed *plastron*, large *revers* turned up on the hips in *panier* style, and the graceful *bouffant* drapery at the back impart an especially stylish effect to this polonaise. It is tight-fitting, with two darts on each side of the front, side-gores under the arms, and side-

forms in the back rounded to the arm-holes. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, especially the dressy varieties, and is very desirable for a combination of materials or colors, the contrasting material and the bows furnishing all the trimming required. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

## Original Entertainments.

NEW YORK is rather famous for the original form of some of its great public entertainments, particularly those in which ladies of culture are interested, and which are devoted to a charity. Two of these are particularly deserving of notice, not only because of the excellence of the objects which they serve, but also for the imaginative beauty of the ideas which are put into them. One of these is known as the "Children's Carnival;" but it is, to all intents and purposes, a grand ball and spectacle, to which the children's part in it is merely preliminary. This part, however, which consists of scenes, tableaux, processions, dances, and picturesque groupings, is highly poetical, and reproduces some of the most charming of the fairy descriptions which delighted our childhood, and will that of many children yet to come. It requires, also, months of preparation, of elaborate rehearsal, of carefully constructed toilets, and is, therefore, not by any means an unimportant part of the pageant.

Among the features of the carnival of February 9th was a harvest festival, a representation of the four seasons, and twelve months, a procession of French peasant maids who danced the *sabot* dance, and the carnival procession headed by the prince in a chariot, who is received and welcomed by the Goddess of Liberty.

The regular ball is introduced by a Spanish dance danced by ladies and gentlemen in Spanish costumes, and the occasion is, of course, taken advantage of in the production of beautiful ball toilets.

Another interesting event is the annual "Flower Party," given by the Young Men's Charity Association, under the leadership of Dr. Ferdinand Seeger, and with the aid of an honorary president and board of lady managers. The results of this entertainment, which always takes place at Delmonico's, supports or aids in the support of the free dispensary attached to the Hahnemann Hospital. The idea of the "Flower Party" is quite original, and has proved so successful that it is now established on a basis of permanent recurrence. The number of tickets issued is always limited, and none are sold unless indorsed by the names of the manager and the purchaser. The price of the ticket also covers the cost of supper and flowers, souvenirs of which, in some pretty form, are presented to every ticket-holder.

A feature of the toilets usually consists of the flower dresses, consisting of compositions of white satin and lace, or tulle garnished profusely with the favorite flower of the wearer, such as daisies, pansies, and the like. The floral decorations are also beautiful and artistic.



## Outdoor Wear.

THE variety of outdoor garments is now so great that it is well to understand the minutiae of the different forms, and for what special purpose they are adapted.

It should always be remembered that fashions in the original form are invented for or applied to the use of persons who can afford a variety of garments, and who find a need not met by any which they possess. Thus a dozen different styles will be in vogue at the same time, several of which will be worn by the same person at different times, and the others will be suited to those younger in years, or to such as must make one serve many uses.

It is therefore difficult to state in a word whether "long" or "short" outdoor wear is most fashionable, which is a question frequently asked; because both are fashionable worn at different times and under different circumstances.

There is the very long dolman, which has been the height of fashion during the past winter for ladies of sufficient age and height, but is of a character which renders it unsuitable for the very young, the short of stature, or persons of only limited means. It is large, it is distinguished, it is striking in appearance, very graceful when gracefully worn, but conspicuously inappropriate and out of place when made in inferior materials or worn by the wrong person.

The dolman-visite, on the contrary, is better suited to the young and medium-sized than to the tall and middle-aged. The latter can wear such a garment by having it made *en suite* with her dress, so that the division in the costume is not marked; but the young and small can wear it in light colors, of a cloth different from the fabric of the dress, and it will still be fitting, and daintily adapted to the person.

The walking jacket especially adapts itself to the young and the slender, and the present styles, being somewhat fanciful in cut, look out of place upon the mature woman; the *paletot* is one of those adaptable garments that can be made to suit all ages, all conditions, all sizes, by shortening or lengthening, by cutting a little closer, or enlarging a trifle the boundaries. But for the very reason that the *paletot* is capable of such wide application, it is not a particularly dressy garment, or one that would be chosen for special purposes and occasions.

The round cloak always approves itself as a wrap—it can be made not only to cover, but envelop, without hardly coming in contact with the dress beneath. It is easily removed, readily replaced, therefore invaluable when comfort depends on celerity. It is never dressy, but it can be worn over elegant dress, and laid aside without being in the way. It is extremely useful, therefore, not only as a wrap, but as a water-proof, to protect the dress from wet if the arms and hands are not required for use as they often are. This brought into being the ulster, which is protective, yet leaves the arms and hands free; but it must be drawn closely over the sleeves and bodice of the dress, is not without difficulty removed, and is therefore less suitable for a "dress" wrap than the round cloak, which does not come in tight contact, and is thrown off at once.

There is a long coat fashionably worn by



NARCISSA COSTUME.

**Narcissa Costume.**—A skirt trimmed with a plaiting at the bottom, curtain draperies on the front, and a back tastefully arranged and slightly *bouffant*; and a *casquin* having the fronts draped in *panier* style, and the back in jacket form with plaits let in the side seams, are combined to form this elegant design. The skirt is short enough to escape the ground all around, and is cut with an apron, a side-gore on each side, and a back breadth. The *casquin* is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side of the front, in the usual positions, deep darts taken out under the arms, and side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The design is appropriate for all kinds of suit goods, especially for the more dressy varieties, and is very desirable for a combination of fabrics or colors. The trimming should be simple and in keeping with the material employed. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



ALESON BASQUE.

**Aleson Basque.**—*Distingué* in effect, but simple in design, the "Aleson" is tight-fitting, very short on the hips, and has pointed fronts with two darts in the usual positions, and ornamented with long, pointed *revers*; there are side-gores under the arms, and side-forms in the back extending to the shoulder seams. The back is in coat shape, with plaits let in the side-form seams. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials or colors. The *revers*, cuffs, and plaits in the back, if made of a contrasting material, furnish all the trimming required. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

very stylish girls just now, which is an English version of the ulster; but its neatness, its jauntiness, its broad collar of dark plush or fur, in contradistinction to the light mastic and brown tinted cloths of which they are composed, impart an air of "style," which is very taking, and make it *par excellence* the "walking coat" of the season.

The cape, or *pélerine*, single, double, triple, or more, real or simulated, is a revival of a very old fashion, that always remains in existence, is always being retired, and always revived. While it is new it is "stylish," when it becomes general it is "common," then it is allowed to hibernate again until another resurrection takes place.

## Hair Ornamentation.

THE RETURN OF THE JAPONICA—FEATHER BANDS FOR THE HAIR.—A caprice of fashion has revived the by-gone prestige of the japonica, a flower which was so fashionable at one time as to have given its name to the circles of high society, so that these were qualified as "Japonicadom." The *Camellia Japonica* is a convenient, though a cold flower for personal adornment. Cold or not, it is now worn again, and the popularity of red as a color causes the red blossoms to be most sought, while the beautiful variety which is half red, half white, and that still more gorgeous blossom which is dappled with the rich hue, are sold at very high prices. An exceedingly perfect and soft, though vivid, *nuance* is that of the "coral-pink" japonica, which usually shades to a deep tone in the center. The white japonica is hardly worn at all. The convenience of using this flower is found in the firmness of its leaf, which does not curl, droop, or scatter, its absence of any perfume which may not harmonize with that on the handkerchief, and the ease with which it can be arranged on the hair or drapery.

FEATHER BANDS for the hair are two inches wide, and have in the center an Indian ornament of shell. They are both single and double, and must not be laid perfectly flat to the head as the Greek and "Fontange" bands are laid, but with the upper edge set up and off from the hair, which is the easier from the fact that the dividing of the hair into a double front section enables a pushing forward and under-crimping of that portion to be effected, which keeps the bands up and in place. The same beautiful plumage is used for these bands as for hats: bluebird, pheasant, canary, duck, and peacock, as well as humming-birds' feathers, being sought for the purpose. There is no reason why the prediction that these bands will continue popular through the summer season, and at watering-places, should not prove true, for feathers are sufficiently light to harmonize with the most delicate dresses, while they have also the advantage of being weightless on the head, and not impaired by heat.

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### Spring Costumes.

THE remarkable character of the weather during the first part of the winter season of 1879-80, the entire absence of severe cold, and the prevalence of a temperature scarcely ever down to freezing point, discouraged the use of the usual winter garments, and stimulated the preparation of early spring costumes. Already the first designs for the approaching season have made their appearance, and indicate somewhat the direction which fashion will take in the near future. Short dresses for the street are mainly composed of a plain material trimmed with figured stuffs, with plain satin, striped plush, or with braids into which gold or silver is introduced. The latter are best adapted to light and dark cloths, and to observe a tendency toward giving a general tone of one color to the entire figure.

For example, a light cloth costume, trimmed with silk and gold braid, blended so that the harmony is perfectly preserved, is accompanied by a beaver hat, trimmed with braid also, and a *panache* of feathers, the whole matching the dress in shade, and leaving quite out the somewhat *bizarre* effects of the past season, when deep red was often made to form a fiery contrast to light brown.

There is a decided reaction, also, in favor of quaint colors in costume, such as *gendarme*, peacock, and amethyst blue. Olives are fully as much, perhaps more, used than ever; but with these a mixture of rich color is not only permitted but enforced.

Very new costumes take the "Directoire" shape: a long redingote, open upon the back to the waist, and accompanied by a triple *pelerine*. In fact the number of small capes, or simulated capes, sometimes reaches five. Of course the piling up of one upon another would be unendurable in warm weather, as it is burdensome even in the cold season. The method usually adopted, therefore, is to simulate the number of capes with rows of trimming, and it is a very effective way in which to use bands of feather trimming or rich braids.

The majority of spring suits, however, will consist of trimmed skirt, basque, or jacket, or simple skirt, polonaise, and *pelerine*, and ladies can select from these styles, with a certainty of not being unfashionably attired, until next autumn demands a complete change of clothing.

### A Novelty of the Season.

THE fashion of wearing muffs with evening dresses is both novel and original, and doubtless has been suggested by the small white lace muffs with a bouquet of flowers that have been recently seen at day *fetes*. Muffs are now worn with low dresses; sometimes they are carried in the hand, and sometimes they are in the form of a pocket, and attached to the dress, just as the *sporrán* is worn with the Scotch suit. These muffs are made of pale pink, blue, or white satin, and edged with white lace; a tuft of flowers to harmonize with the dress worn at the time is fastened to the top of the muff.



### House Dresses.

FIG. 1.—The "Oswald" suit, made in dark brown cloth, woven in invisible plaid, for a boy of four years. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Otella" costume, made in *gendarme* blue woolen *armure*, *pékin* goods, with the stripes alternately of blue velvet and old-gold satin and plain blue velvet. The back is quite *bouffant*, describes two deep points, and has a pointed basque falling over the drapery. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



FREDERICA JACKET.

### Spring Trimmings for Children's Dresses and Underwear.

THE old house of J. and J. CASH & Co., Coventry, England, have issued their spring card of novelties in the pretty and durable ruffling which has won so firm a place in the good opinion of those who have to do with children's clothing and ladies' underwear. A charming new design is called the "Castle" frilling. It has a deep, turreted edge, and its fineness, its beauty, and durability eminently fit it for the trimming of drawers, both for ladies and children. In the narrow widths, the same design is suitable for the trimming of many other articles, including chemises, night-dresses, and the like, so that whole sets can be finished to correspond.

The new colored embroidered ruffling is particularly pretty this year; the addition of a pearled lace edge adding to the beauty, and rendering it much more becoming. It is fine, worked in solid colors, and has the effect of embroidery. The greatest merit of these trimmings, however, is their standard excellence—the colors never start, even ordinary bad washing cannot injure them, they can be used upon the summer dresses of little girls with a perfect feeling of safety, and nothing is prettier than simple white dresses, trimmed with red or blue embroidered lace-edged ruffling.

**FEATHER-CLOTH.**—This is a kind of felted woven material, having the feathers of chickens, turkeys, and geese curiously intermixed with it. It is gray and drab in color, and adapted for ulsters by London firms, particularly such ulsters as are required *en voyage*, or for lake and mountain journeys. It has not as yet been brought to New York except by private hands.

**FREDERICA JACKET.**—This very stylish jacket is entirely close fitting, and slightly double-breasted, with the usual number of darts in each side in front, side-gores under the arms, a seam down the middle of the back, and side-forms rounded to the armholes. The back piece extends the entire length of the garment, but a separate skirt is added to the fronts, side-gores, and side-forms. The design is appropriate for all the materials used for outside garments, and for many suit goods. The cuffs, collar, and buttons constitute all the trimming required. The "tailor" finish, several rows of machine stitching near the edges, is especially stylish for cloth. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Hermione" overskirt, forming a very stylish costume. Price of pattern twenty-five cents each size.

DEMOREST'S "Journal of Fashion," for the Spring of 1880, will be published on March 10th. Price, five cents, or fifteen cents per year, postage paid. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th St., N. Y.



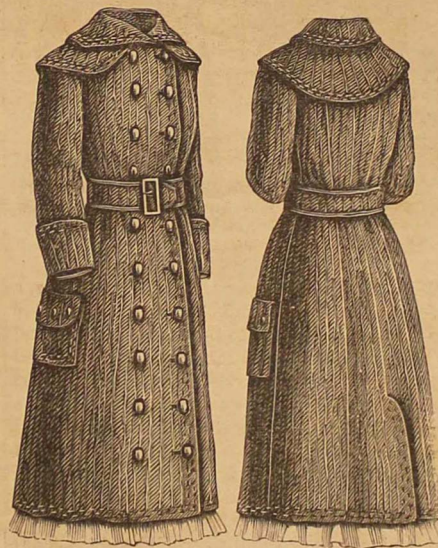
## "Depressed" Gems.

A FEATURE of what is distinctively called "art dress," is what is called the "depressed" setting of the more brilliant and costly stones, such as the diamond, emerald, ruby, and aquamarine, and also the finer qualities of topaz, a stone greatly sought by these art-seekers. The effect of the depressed setting, of which the gold rises above the stone, which thus shines up from a deep, hollow bed, is, it is claimed, to greatly increase its brilliancy, to prevent the scratching of the surface, and to secure it from that rubbing which sometimes results—especially with rings—in the wearing off of the finer points of the setting, and the consequent loss of the stone by displacement. Just now highly appreciated is the flat and plain gold headband called the "Brunehilde," having a single gem in the setting above described. A singular head ornament, greatly affected by esthetic ladies, is a flat headband of ivory set with square or round bits of rough metal, so jagged on the edge and so arranged that, by close examination, the Christian name of the wearer may be deciphered.



OTELLA COSTUME.

**Otella Costume.**—A tight-fitting polonaise, with a basque at the back falling in pointed shape over a *bouffant* drapery which describes two deep points, and the fronts ornamented with double *revers*, and having the skirt portion very much cut away and forming points at the sides, is combined with a gored skirt trimmed with two flounces to form this stylish costume. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.



ARGYLE ULSTER.

**Argyle Ulster.**—This comfortable garment is cut with double-breasted *sacque* fronts, slightly fitted by means of gores taken out under the arms; has a seam down the middle of the back, and side-forms extending to the shoulder seams. A deep, turned-down collar, under which a simple "Carrick" can be adjusted with buttons or hooks, large cuffs, pockets, and a belt complete the stylish effect of this design. It is suitable either for a traveling, driving, or waterproof cloak, or a duster, and can be made of any light quality of cloth, waterproof goods, or linen, either trimmed with narrow braid, or finished in "tailor" style, with several rows of machine stitching near the edges. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

## Our Purchasing Bureau

Is the medium through which many ladies and dealers in millinery and fancy or dry goods send orders to New York when it is not convenient for them personally to visit the metropolis. Our long experience and wide facilities enable us very often to suit the taste and meet the wishes of purchasers better than they can do it for themselves. Orders, large or small, are promptly attended to, and with the most conscientious care and judgment. The following are selected from a mass, for brevity only:

"MME. DEMOREST:—The hat for which I sent to you has been received. Allow me to express my thanks for the taste and care shown in the selection. I look upon the Purchasing Bureau as quite a boon to Western ladies, and in the future hope many times to avail myself of its privileges.

"With many thanks,  
G. H. T."

"MURFREESBORO, Jan., 1880.

"MME. DEMOREST:—My little daughter was so much pleased with the patterns you sent for her doll that she has requested me to send for another set, No. six, with the walking suit. Your doll patterns are a boon to mothers, as well as little girls. Mine has learned the whole art of dressmaking from them.  
Mrs. J. I. Y."

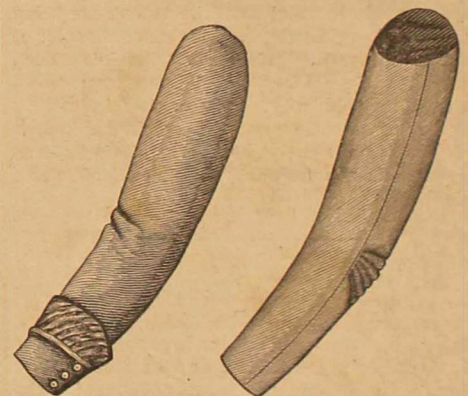
"TERRELL, Texas, 1880.

"MME. DEMOREST:—The packages sent by mail and express have been received. Every article gives entire satisfaction, and exhibits your rare taste and excellent judgment. Please accept my sincere thanks for your trouble.  
M. A. G."

"TECUMSEH, Neb.

"MME. DEMOREST:—Inclosed please find balance due you on my dress, which came to hand all right. The goods are splendid. The pekin much better than I expected. Accept my sincere thanks for your trouble and painstaking.

"Mrs. C. C. W."



PRINCESS SLEEVE.

**Princess Sleeve.**—An especially well-fitting style of coat sleeve, in which, by the peculiarity of the cut, the unsightly seam on the outside of the arm is done away with. The under side is cut very narrow, and the outer side is carried around to meet it, and gathered in to accommodate the elbow. It is adapted to all classes of goods for which a coat sleeve is appropriate. Any style of cuff or trimming may be added, but that illustrated is very stylish. Price of pattern, ten cents.

## Evening Toilet Worn at a Recent Ball.

**PENSÉE DRESS.**—A very beautiful and *recherché* evening dress was composed of pale pink satin of light texture, but on which a sheeny effect, similar to the whitish over-light on the *clair-de-lune* blue, is caused by the mingling of white threads. The novel feature of this *toilette* is the large wreaths of black velvet pansies with gold filigree centers, which, beginning at the waist, form the outline of the Marie Antoinette *small panier*—or what was called the "morning" *panier*, or *petit panier*—and, curving back to the belt after crossing the hips on both sides, fall again at the back in very long garlands which catch up the train, which, as well as the paniers of white tulle, is edged with what is called "invisible" ribbon, being a ribbon of tulle with a double hemmed edge, but so extremely light that against the light it is not seen at all. Little "wings" of tulle adorn the hair, and there is also a double cluster of pansies, which are laid flat upon the head, while the airy wings stand upright. The hair was arranged in the fluffy curls all over the head which this head-dress requires. This flattening of flowers to the head is new this season.

"SWISS" WAISTS.—*Corsages à la Suisse* are being revived for young ladies' home wear. The suitability of these waists to a youthful style of *coiffure* is one cause of their popularity. The Swiss waist is a corset-like black velvet jacket, having shoulder-straps of the same material, and is laced with black silk cord over a high *chemisette* of muslin, having half-tight sleeves and a frill at the neck. A gold or jet cross at the neck finishes this dress prettily, and, in fact, belongs to it, for this is one of those styles now called abroad *demi-costumes*, and which are simply modified national dresses, like the Polish style, for instance, which is very little altered and much worn just at present. The striped skirt, properly belonging to the Roman peasant dress, is associated with the pretty Swiss waist with good effect. Some young ladies add a black velvet cuff to the muslin waist, and the Alsatian bow for the hair harmonizes very well with this style. There is less variety than would seem to be the case in young ladies' dress, and a change like the above given is always well received. Linen cambric may be used for the *chemisette*.



## Percale Underwear.

EVERY one cannot afford *foulard* as a material for chemises, drawers, and waists, and for those who cannot, and for whom linen is too cool, and possibly also too expensive, percale is at once the finest, most agreeable, least expensive, and durable of all the better class of cotton fabrics used for the purposes mentioned.

Very cheap percale is, of course, but little worth, although even this wears better, and is more pleasant in warm weather than any other kind of cheap cotton; but taking it for granted that the reader has a fondness for nice underwear, that she makes it herself, perhaps knits her tatting, or lace, or edges it with fine, narrow ruffling, or delicate embroidery, we recommend her, if she has never indulged in percale, to give it a trial, and see how much she will enjoy it, how cool it will be, and how much more refined than thicker cotton.

Combination underwear is gaining ground, and is now made not only in good, well-fitting forms, but cut square or low, and with short sleeves, or no sleeves at all, so that a lady can wear it with the most elegant *toilettes*. They are charming in pale blue or pink *foulard* silk, trimmed with torchon lace, and almost equally so with silk-finished percale as a foundation.

## The Newest Colors.

For the novelties in color the names are, as always of late, very odd and original. "Water-nixie" is the loveliest and coolest of greens, and only applied to a light and very transparent sea-green, the very hue of the waves where they touch the shore. Hot and flaming, like the "Vésuve" red, is a new red called "Fabuleux," but this has an underlying suggestion of fire-rust. Some of the color-names are taken from favorite and rare wares, as the "Blue-after-rain," which is one of the Hawthorn patterns. "Austrian-crackle" is a light orange-yellow, and very fashionable, especially in ribbons and ties. "Eastern-yellow" is a marigold or *souci* yellow, but even warmer, if possible, in tone, and in silks is called "Sunset yellow." *Coucher-de-soleil*, which also signifies sunset, is also applied to a much admired orange-red, a shade in which artificial flowers are being fabricated. "Humberta" is the favorite color of the now favorite Parisian singer, and is a deep peach, while "Clary," a delicate straw-color, shares its popularity. "Amourettes" is, as may easily be guessed, a pretty *blush* pink, and its true shade has a suggestion of silvery white in its tone. *Pruneau* is the fashionable plum—a soft, warm shade.

## Furred Dresses.

THE costumes which have been sent out from Paris during the past three or four months have been better suited to the severity of an arctic winter than the exceptionally warm season with which we were favored. The unusual severity of the weather in Paris created a *fièvre* for furs, and fur-trimmed dresses, which it was supposed must inevitably extend to this side of the Atlantic, but which, unfortunately, found not the least sympathy. Many of these costumes were of the richest velvet, and enormously expensive; some had three to five capes, simulated by rows of raccoon fur, upon coats which reached nearly to the feet, and were lined and wadded. It is rather hard to pay from three to five hundred dollars for a dress and not be able to wear it.

## Russian Nightcaps.

A NEW feature in night toilet is the Russian nightcap. This is a loose cap of cotton-backed satin, shaped precisely like a Scotch cap, and with a band of fur which must be white. Swan's-down is also used for this band, but is too delicate for the purpose. The aim of the Russian nightcap is warmth, and the first was worn by a lady of the aristocracy of Russia, who, after a fever, became perfectly bald. The fashion, although prevalent in Germany as well, and to a certain extent adopted in Austria, is not general even in cold countries, but it is strongly recommended for those who suffer from neuralgia. There are three causes for that terrible malady—general debility, indigestion, or cold. Formerly nightcaps were knit of woolen. The fashion being unbecoming was given up, but nothing, unless indeed it should be a nightcap of lace such as some of our belles have of late years adopted, can be prettier in effect than the Russian headgear for the night. Red satin is used, and trimmed with soft bands of chinchilla. The whole cap is loose and easy, even the band not being tight for fear of impeding circulation. Those who are sensitive to cold will like the innovation.

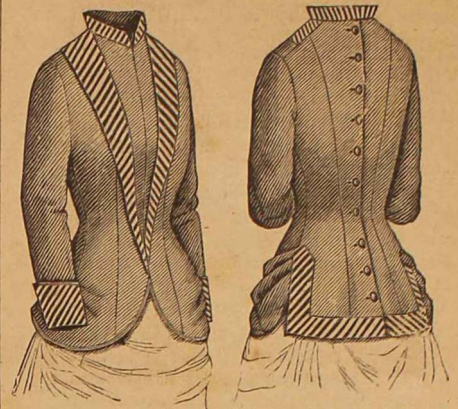


EFFIE DRESS.

**Effie Dress.**—To form this jaunty costume, a half-fitting, cut-away jacket is combined with a dress that is kilt-plaited to the throat in front, and has a plain waist at the back to which is attached a plaited skirt. The jacket is fitted with a dart in each front; has side-gores under the arms, a seam down the middle of the back, and side-forms extending to the shoulders; and the underwaist is cut with a French back and side-gores under the arms. The design can be appropriately made in all classes of dress goods, excepting the thinnest, and will look especially well made of contrasting materials. The trimming should be simple. Pattern in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty-five cents each.

**SATIN CASHMERE.**—Satin cashmere is the name of a new material recently introduced. It is twilled, and has all the gloss of the finest satin, although its foundation is cashmere wool. At present it is only made in black, and is somewhat costly.

**HALF HANDKERCHIEFS.**—The plush and *chenille* half handkerchiefs worn flat about the neck, over the dress, polonaise, or jacket, are giving place to some very pretty styles in satin and *satin de Lyon*, which are in lighter colors, and suitable for spring wear.



LINA BASQUE.

**Lina Basque.**—A simple, tight-fitting basque, having a single dart in each side of the front, side-gores under the arms, and side-forms in the back carried to the shoulders. It is fastened in the back, which is plain and square; and the front is ornamented with long, pointed *revers*, below which it is rounded away and looped in *panier* style on the hips. It can be suitably worn with trimmed skirts, or overskirts; and is a desirable style for most dress materials. A contrasting material will make the most effective trimming. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty cents each size.



CHILD'S GORED DRESS.

**Child's Gored Dress.**—A simple "Gabrielle" or "Princess" dress, cut with side-forms back and front extending to the shoulders, and without plaits in the skirt. The design is suitable for children of either sex under one year, and girls under six years of age; and can be made up in any goods usually selected for the dresses of small children, and trimmed in any style appropriate for the material used. It is especially adapted for washable fabrics, and if made in suitable goods, and simply trimmed, is also an excellent and practical design for an apron. Pattern in sizes for from six months to six years. Price, twenty cents each.

**MORNING DRESSES.**—The Princess style is still in vogue for morning dresses, but they are belted in broadly, and accompanied by deep collar and cuffs of linen or needle-work. The front is finished with *flocs* of ribbon, or ribbon and lace, as preferred. These can be attached to cambries, or other washing dresses with small safety pins, and removed for washing.





OSWALD SUIT.

**Oswald Suit.**—A novel and stylish suit for little boys under six years of age, consisting of a half-fitting "Princess" dress, having long, loose fronts, side-gores under the arms, and short side-forms in the back rounded to the armholes, and the back pieces continued in coat shape. A box-plaited flounce is joined to the bottom of the side-forms and carried under the back pieces, and the effect of a cut-away jacket is imparted by the addition of a second skirt across the front and sides. The pointed *plastron* on the front adds very much to the general stylish effect. The design is appropriate for the various qualities of cloth, velvet, poplin, corduroy, and all other fabrics usually selected for the suits of small children. It can be trimmed with braid, or simply finished with rows of machine stitching near the edges, according to material used. This design is illustrated on the cut of "House Dresses." Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

## Children's Fashions.

WHATEVER may be the opinion regarding the use of colors for grown women in their attire, there can be but one so far as children, and certainly girls, are concerned. Solemn black, sorrowful gray, or pure white have their place, but only as constituent elements in the clothing of boys and girls.

The love of color is as natural as life to the young, and while masses of crude color undoubtedly vulgarize the finer shades and deeper tones, as certainly impart a sense of life, warmth, and beauty to these human flowers.

Blue and red always reappear in some form in children's costumes, and the new blues, such as the *gendarme*, and some shades of peacock, are particularly well adapted for association with bright geranium or poppy-red in not too large quantities.

Flannel is now very largely used in the making of children's dresses, and a pretty style comes in *gendarme* blue with plaited *chemisette* of red, cut square, and a red plaited ruffle between two of the blue upon the skirt. A red bow at the back, made also of the plaited material, completes the *basque*, and a little plaiting of the same assists to form the cuffs upon the sleeves.

Flannel costumes are the most useful for country wear, especially by the seaside, upon the borders of the lakes, or in the mountains. Cotton dresses, under such circumstances, are worse than useless, while a couple of serge or flannel will last the entire season for rough, every-day wear. The new striped woolly flannels are not near so good

for this purpose as the plain washing flannels, in the darkest shades of blue, or the Russian gray flannels trimmed with red. It should also be remembered, in trimming children's clothing with contrasting colors, that where the deep tones are used the corresponding tones in the contrasting color should be employed; as, for example, geranium or poppy-red with the lighter shades of gray, but crimson, maroon, or garnet with iron or Russian gray.

There is very little now to be complained of in the dress, even of girls. Of course it is possible to costume them in the most luxurious style, and a great deal of elegant dressing is exhibited at the balls and parties, whose influence, on this and other accounts, is very questionable. But it is not necessary for children who do not frequent these places to dress in this style, and it is a subject for congratulation that in all the essentials the dress of the children of to-day is protective and healthful.

Very pretty dresses for early spring wear are made in delicate shades of wool, pink, blue, violet, amethyst, and rose, trimmed with upright insertions and deep ruffles of *torchon* lace. This latter is not put on continuously, but fills in the plain spaces of box-plaited flounces made of the material of the dress. The quantity of lace required, therefore, is small, and the arrangement very effective. The design may be equally applied to silk.

The spring *paletots* are fashionably made of light *armure* cloths, tailor-stitched, and finished with buttons, but without contrast of color. Many of them have no collar, excepting a narrow standing one at the throat, but with them are worn very large collars, forming small capes, of Hamburg needlework which are fastened in front with long loops of ribbon or tied with cords.

Small bonnets to match the dress, or picturesque hats of beaver, or felt lined with satin, accompany these *paletots*, which button over at the throat but are slightly cut away at the bottom of the skirt.

A pretty little dress for a girl of six years is the "Effie." This consists of a half-fitting cut-away *paletot* worn over an underdress, which is kilt-plaited to the throat in front, and attached to the box-plaited skirt by a plain waist at the back. The collar, part of the pockets, and the cuffs are of the plain material. This design would be pretty in a combination of red and blue, the red being used for the underdress and the mounting of the *paletot*.

The "Otella" costume is more elaborate, and is designed for girls of fourteen or sixteen years of age. It consists of a *polonaise*, cut out upon the front, and forming leaf-like draperies, which are repeated in the *basque* forms at the back. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, the plain one kilt-plaited and the gathered one in a contrasted material. This trimming fabric is striped, and forms a long pointed vest, a border to the overskirt, and puffs upon the sleeve. A plaited *plastron* extends from the throat to the point of the vest.

The "Argyle" ulster is a useful model either for traveling or street wear. It may be made either in linen or waterproof cloth, and affords complete protection, while, at the same time, it is very neat, and even elegant in its appearance.

The "Lena" *basque* is a very pretty design for a spring suit. It is easily trimmed in some contrasting material, and is cut so perfectly as to require very little trouble in fitting. Combined with a trimmed skirt it makes a complete dress.

The "Child's Gored Dress," is one well adapted to flannel or any simple material. Used for linen or white *piqué*, the dress of the summer would be

excellent as an apron for winter. The trimming may be Cash's new embroidered and lace-edged ruffling, which is advantageous in colors, because it washes so perfectly.

The "Oswald" suit is a stylish little Princess dress for a boy. It gives the effect of a coat in front, and a *paletot* at the back over a box-plaited skirt.



"COTTONWOOD."—If you could send a brief and more practical letter, telling just what your life is, what its duties, what its pleasures, what the *living* actually is, in a "digest," etc., we might use it.

"MRS. M. M. C."—Your windows would look better without lambrequins, provided your curtains were suspended from bars by brass rings, which is the latest and best method of hanging them in artistically furnished houses. Antique linen and lace make very pretty and not very expensive curtains, and the creamy tint is not only more elegant, but shows dirt less than the clear white. All colors of furniture coverings and carpets are *mixed* nowadays, and the most fashionable combinations are in browns and greens, with olive, red, peacock blue, and gold. Heavy raw silk is used.

Make the garnet silk with trimmed skirt and *basque* and trim with garnet, and blue and gold brocade, arranged as vest, cuffs, and side-pieces, or straight panels.

"S. S. S."—There is no significance attached to a wedding anniversary of seventeen or eighteen years. Fifteen years is the "crystal" wedding; twenty years, the "linen" wedding. Once in five years is, surely, often enough for a wedding anniversary of this description.

Parting cards are left, or sent by mail, with "P. P. C." in the lower left-hand corner. We cannot supply the "Easter Dawn."

Mrs. D. L. C. writes:—"I would like to say to the housekeepers, that copper utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, with the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless domestics. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or brass."

"C. C."—Have the white alpaca made up with demi train skirt, high *basque*, cut a low but narrow square, and long sleeves. Trim with garnet velvet and white lace, and it will be very handsome for dinner or evening wear.

"N. N. S."—The remains of General George Washington rest at Mount Vernon. See the story, illustrated, in February number. The statement that the longest day is two minutes longer than the seven days before, and seven days after, is absurd, as almanac statements usually are. The lines melt one into another with a difference that is almost imperceptible, until time has increased the general average.

"PANSY."—Gentlemen do not introduce *themselves* to young ladies, they ask some friend to perform this service for them. Of course you repeat the same formula with some little variation.

The shade of green inclosed is one that no fashionable color used now could be combined with. Chintz-satine is a summer fabric, and will doubtless reappear with the advancing season.

"Mrs. J. I. Y."—We receive postage stamps as payment for fractions of a dollar.

"FADED BLACK CASHMERE."—If you do not wish to rip the breadths apart, brush the skirts perfectly free from dust, and then sponge them on the right side with clear, cold coffee, and iron with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side, or using a woolen fabric to iron on. White goods will lint it. To restore a dress that has turned brown, cut the seams open close to the sewing, to save the trouble of ripping, and brush them free from



dust. Then take two spoonfuls of the extract of log-wood and two spoonfuls of the crystals of copperas, and put them into three or four gallons of boiling hot suds. Put in all the pieces of black you desire to color over, and let them boil five minutes. Take out and rinse in warm water with a stick, lifting them up and down. Do this thoroughly, and iron on the wrong side before they become too dry.

To restore faded drabs and slate colors :

Save the tea leaves and cold tea for a few days, then boil in some water and strain from the leaves, and treat as described above.

"LINDEN."—One of the most celebrated and interesting objects in Oldenburg, Germany, is the remarkable linden tree in the cemetery. Its branches have all the appearance of roots, being gnarled and inclined downward. It is from eight hundred to a thousand years old, and stands on an elevation just inside the cemetery. The legend of this tree is, that a good and beautiful young girl was unjustly accused of crime by a young nobleman who could not win her affections, and to revenge himself, secured her condemnation to death by false testimony. On the spot of her execution she broke off a switch from a tree, and, inverting it, stuck it into the ground, and said that, as it would finally become a tree, and its roots would grow above ground, so would it be a constant witness to her innocence. Her last words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which are now inscribed in large gilt letters on one side of the gateway of the cemetery. The nobleman, after her death, repented his crime, declared her innocence, and died of remorse. His last words were, "Oh, eternity is long!" which are inscribed in similar characters on the other side of the gateway. The two inscriptions are very prominent, and meet the eye of every one who enters the cemetery.

"E. J. R."—A polishing iron can be obtained at almost any hardware store in a city. They are used by heating an interior roller very hot, and thus retain for a long time a moderate degree of heat, which, together with the additional weight, renders them most effective in polishing linen shirt-bosoms and the like.

"O. L. W."—The figures were a typographical error, and related to the yield of the entire area planted, which was four or five acres, instead of one.

"E. M. G."—"Demorest" is pronounced *Dem-o-rest*, as spelled.

"N. E. B."—No.

Dolls heads are not numbered. You will have to fit a head to the body.

"SCOTT."—The best way *would* be to get an entire front, reaching back to the crown of the head. They are made very light, on lace foundations, and can be arranged so as to almost defy detection.

Always remove it at night, wash your head with water and a little bay-rum, and thus give your own hair a chance to grow. In sending to a firm in a distant city for articles of which you do not know the price, it is generally well to limit the order to the sum you are willing to pay, and inclose a certain small percentage as a guaranty of good faith. The goods will then be sent, so that the rest of the cost can be paid on delivery.

"C. M. T."—A dolman would be suitable for a lady of sixty years, and a large cape mantlelet, or jacket, for the younger lady. Nothing in the shape of woolen dresses is now made *long*; but for elderly and middle-aged ladies very short dresses are not becoming. Trimmed skirts and basques are the most fashionable for dresses that are intended to preserve a dressy appearance, but the long redingote is much used for walking suits, and the polonaise for in-door purposes over skirts of a different fabric or design.

"A. W. M."—Wash your glass in a solution of oxalic acid.

"Mrs. C. L. T."—Fur is sometimes trimmed on as a collar, but boas and separate collars are very little used. Handkerchiefs have taken their place, and the prettiest are of dark plush or brocade silk. With the coming of a warmer season white ties with plaited lace ends will be worn again, and probably handkerchiefs will be trimmed on many of the basques and jackets used to complete street suits.

The pattern dresses popularly used for spring suits are in dark shades of camel's-hair, with a trimming of cashmere in India colors and patterns. These make very pretty and useful suits both for church wear and visiting. The redingote or polonaise is a good style for a growing girl, because it so readily adapts itself to various purposes, and can be worn with a make-over or sham skirt, so that the costume is not expensive.

"Mrs. B."—Make the skirt of your black silk dress

a demi-train, and trim it with scarfs of figured silk. Our illustrations will furnish a model, or at least some suggestions. Fringes are very fashionable as a finish to the drapery; but the new styles are costly, and used only in small quantities. Make a high basque and long sleeves, outlining the neck to the waist with a broad band of the black figured trimming silk, and using it also for bands at the wrists, which should be cut a little short, and finished with a daisy plaiting of plain silk.

"RUTHVEN."—The house No. 6 Bloomsbury Square, London, in which Benjamin Disraeli was born, has lately been turned into a boarding-house for boys attending King's College School. As a child he ran about the Square under charge of a Jewish nurse-maid. When old enough he was sent to a school kept by a Unitarian minister, where he kept his school-fellows awake at night by telling ghost stories. When fifteen he renounced Judaism, being baptized in St. Andrew's, Holborn. He spent a year or two in a lawyer's in Old Jewry; and then, before he was twenty-one, astonished the world by editing a radical journal and publishing the novel of "Vivian Grey."

"ALICE."—1. The gambling establishment known as Monte Carlo is at Monaco, near Nice. It is now the only place of the kind in Europe.

2. The fumes from the smelting of lead ore are now passed through a very long line of pipes and woolen bags, and again condensed into lead as steam is converted into water. The lead thus obtained is a powder of exceeding fineness, which makes an excellent blue paint. An intense heat melts this powder, and by a similar process of catching the fumes, a white powder is obtained which makes a superior white paint.

"HISTORICUS."—During the six months' campaign from the beginning of August, 1870, to the end of January, 1871, the Germans took or forced to surrender twenty-six French fortresses. Of these, two—Metz and Pfalzburg—fell because the provisions of the garrison and inhabitants were exhausted. Hunger and the devastation wrought by a partial bombardment caused one—Paris—to capitulate. Thirteen were reduced by bombardment, namely, Lichtenberg, Marsal, Sedan, Toul, Soissons, Schélestadt, Verdun, New Breisach, Diedenhofen, La Fère the citadel of Amiens, Montmedy, Mezières, and Peronne. One—Strasbourg—was taken by a regular siege, while two—Vitry and Laon—surrendered upon a bombardment being threatened. Two fortresses—Bitche and Belfort—invested early in the campaign, held out until the preliminaries of peace had been concluded. The longest resistance was made by Paris, the siege of which lasted for 132 days. The siege of Metz lasted 69 days, of Strasburg for 48, and of Verdun 45 days.

"CURIOSITY."—1. France has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen. It is said to have been commenced with a capital of one franc by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoners. It is now worth \$160,000. This establishment has 300 girls from 6 to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five Sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to the establishment at Dametel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm-managers, dairy-women, and laundresses. Each girl has, on learning, an outfit and a sum of money earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can return to Dametel.

2. The polygraph is an apparatus invented by a Russian. By means of it sixty copies of any written document or drawing can be made in an hour, and the cost of material for the sixty copies is two cents.

"GEOGRAPHER."—The opening out of a sea route from Athens to Corinth and to the Adriatic is contemplated by M. De Lesseps. This is a matter of extreme importance. It may alter the direction of much English traffic. One of the first results anticipated is a great increase in the importance of Corinth.

"STUDENT."—1. Archaeological treasures are now taken from the ruins of Pergamos. At the instance of the German government about 200 statues and sculptured pedestals have been dug up and sent to the Berlin Museum. They belong to the best period of Greek art; among them are a beautiful figure of Eros, a colossal Laocoon, and some richly ornamented friezes.

2. Bas-reliefs and statues, one of them of colossal size, have been found near Marathon, at the site of the Temple of Nemesis.

"LOUISE."—1. The quotation is from Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels."

"True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice."

2. The lines,

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt,"

are in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure."

3. The quotation is from Cartwright's "Lady Errant,"

"Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves,  
There is a nobleness of mind that heals  
Wounds beyond salves."

4. Is by Middleton.

"A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's."

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Seal brown will be rather dark for June, especially as you cannot elegantly trim it with anything but satin and satin loops and bows of same shade; still it will look well and be suitable, particularly if the month should be cool. A capote to match will be the proper bonnet for it, with a little pale blue in the finish, and the same at the throat. You should have one or two handsome black as well as dark silks, and we advise one well made and really good grenadine made over foulard, with basque, Hermione overskirt, and satin or broche trimmings as well as lace. It is most useful for many occasions. The cream-colored "matinee" should be trimmed with white woolen or terehon lace, as it is opera flannel, and finished with flots of cream satin ribbon. The most suitable "breakfast" dress at a hotel will be your seal brown, if your stay is temporary; or you may have a pretty and not expensive dress made of a combination of plain peacock or gendarme blue silk and chintz foulard. This will be very pretty and not very expensive. You will want a couple of pretty chintz wrappers, a walking dress of thin summer camel's-hair and silk, a light shade, and one evening dress of silk muslin in combination with silk, either pale blue, pink, lemon color, or white. Morning caps are still fashionably worn, though less so than last season.

"Mrs. M. F. G."—Any good stationer can supply you with "Mark Twain's" scrap-book. They are exceedingly convenient for picture preserving.

"Mr. G., Cook Co., Texas."—Mr. Worth has no house in New York; he has only one, and that is in the Rue de la Paix, Paris.

"L."—What possible impropriety can there be in the performance of so simple an act as depositing money in a bank, or drawing the interest? Thousands of women do both, and many more would be only too happy to do it if they had the money.

A very good black walnut marble-top chamber suite can be purchased for from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

"SISTER MAGDALENA."—Gather your hair at the back, and fasten it with a comb, allowing the curls to fall upon the neck. No other way can possibly be so becoming to you, as it best harmonizes with the natural waviness of your hair. You need not be afraid of it being too youthful, for Elizabeth Barrett Browning wore her hair in natural curls all her life. With your complexion you should be able to wear all the fashionable colors and mixtures of color—the mastics, the dark blue, the olive-brown, and the blendings of these, with dashes of red, peacock blue, and buttercup yellow. The office of the "Quarterly Elocutionist" is 35 Union Square, and the price one dollar per year, or twenty-five cents per number.

"A. E. R."—Your curtains should either be of lace, with seal-brown lambrequins trimmed with crimson, or they should be seal-brown rep, hung from bars and bordered with crimson. A clock, a pair of brass candlesticks, or candelabra, should ornament your mantel, and small, light baskets for flowers the corners of the piano, if anything at all. But it is really better not to put anything on a piano. White ties are not now fashionably used. What are called chair-scarfs—consisting of pieces of embroidery, or squares with Japanese centers, enlarged by borders of velvet, or wool, or silk worked in Persian—worked in colors are the most popular. When white ties are used at all, they are of antique lace to match the curtains.

"Mrs. MATTIE B."—Do not put anything on your piano; close it when not in use, and dust it carefully yourself, the keys lengthwise, with a soft silk or linen cloth. Nothing can prevent ivory from turning yellow with old age, but with care it will keep white for many years. Do not allow any drumming upon it, or any sudden jerk in moving.

"SYDNEY HOUSEWIFE."—From thirty-six to thirty-eight inch bust would be a well-proportioned measurement for a twenty-two or twenty-three inch waist. All that you require to do is to send your waist and bust