

the front of the vehicle, which is drawn by two or three of the horses of the country. In spite of their intractable appearance, their speed is rapid, and one travels at a lively pace, at the expense, however, of being pretty rudely shaken. This is the carriage for a light purse. The natives like it so well that they consider it a treat to have a ride in it, and it is not rare to see them piling themselves in numbers before and behind, on the inside and on the roof, in a way that scarcely leaves them the power to move. In addition to this, a line of tramways, established in 1876, offers a more comfortable means of transit, at about the same cost.

Every five minutes these vehicles set out from the Place du Gouvernement, and go, one line as far as Hussein-Dey, passing by Mustapha, the Jardin d'Essai and le Ravin de la Femme Sauvage; the other line goes in the direction of Saint-Eugène and Pointe-Pescade.

The principal houses of the lower town are almost all built since the conquest, or remodeled and supplied with European conveniences. In setting out from the northern extremity, from the porte Babel-Oued, one finds on the left, at the foot of the rampart, the arsenal and the esplanade of artillery, between the road and the sea; then, on the right, on an elevated piece of ground, a public terraced garden called Le Jardin Marengo, in honor of the officer who created it—who transformed into a veritable oasis this bare and neglected spot, by employing, for this end, the condemned soldiers who were shut up in a neighboring fort.

Next to the Jardin are the vast and superb proportions of the Lyceum of Algiers. Walking onward through the Rue Bab-el-Oued, which runs from a little square near the Lyceum, one comes upon an old Moorish mosque, converted into a Catholic church, and then reaches the Place du Gouvernement, of which we have spoken. On the west it is planted with an alley of plane trees, running the length of a large row of high houses. The two largest are intersected with many passages, where the Moorish and Jewish merchants which inhabited the ancient bazaars have taken refuge. It is in the open stalls, under this, that are sold what are called native articles, tissues, carpets, small pieces of furniture, and especially jewels of small value. The greater part of the articles for sale, within and without these

booths, are too often of French manufacture. If we permit ourselves to be taken in by these counterfeits, we pay very dearly for objects that are really of no value. But there is one place where a number of curiosities of undoubted value can be procured lower than their real value, this is at the monthly sales of the Mont-de-Piété, a pawnbroker's establishment, where the lovers of these objects can buy, or have bought by an agent, haïks de Tunis, carpets of Mascara, the stuffs embroidered by the Arabian women, the rough trinkets and ornaments of Kabylie, and those more delicate of Moorish manufacture.

Crossing in a straight line by the Rue Bab-Azoun, we reach the Place Bresson, where the theater is situated. The exterior of this building is extremely elegant and pleasing,

and the more elevated ground which borders it on the right, is cut a way or trench, leading to a door, consisting of two high arches, which penetrate the ramparts and terminate in a drawbridge thrown across the ditch. This door, the outer road to which it leads, and the spacious street by which we pass to the end of the city, have all three received the name of Isly, in memory of the battle gained over the Emperor of Morocco by Marshal Bugeaud, one of the governors of Algeria.

In turning toward the interior of the city, in order to return by way of the Rue d'Isly, we come upon the chapel consecrated to the worship of the Church of England. This edifice, of small dimensions, but of a style elegant and church-like, has been constructed at the expense of the English society, which is quite numerous in Algiers, who have furthermore obtained possession of a part of the cemetery of Mustapha, contiguous to the city, the view from which embraces all the country situated between the summit of the towering hills and the sea, for a space of about six kilometres—about three miles and a half.

The visitor, on returning, encounters a wide street, planted with trees and already furnished, almost throughout its length, with European houses and industrial establishments, leading to a square, in the midst of which is erected on a pedestal of rose-colored granite the bronze statue of Marshal Bugeaud. Walking further, in the same direction, one reaches the end of the Rue d'Isly, which empties into the Rue Rovigo—so called for the name of another governor, Savary, Duc de Rovigo, one of the devoted servants of the first empire, who owes his fortune and his sad notoriety to the rôle played by him in the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien. Further on, we reach a large *place*, of which three sides are built, and the fourth is formed only by a parapet wall; in the center of this is an empty space, with a monumental staircase in stone, with double balustrades, which descends to a piece of ground situated at the back and on a level with the theater.

Thus on account of the unequal disposition of the land on which all this quarter has been built, it results that, placed at the outlet of the staircase, on the upper part, we find ourselves almost on the height of the roof of the theater, as it were, in the second story of the town.



ALGERIAN LADY OF RANK.

but the interior does not correspond with it. Further on, on the Boulevard de la République, already described, is the beautiful structure in which the offices of the treasury, post-office, and telegraph are all kept together. On the Rue de Constantine there are, on the right hand, a series of arches, on which is mounted a balustrade furnished with beautiful houses, the end of which is decorated with a beautiful palm tree. Opposite are the enormous buildings of the *Manutention militaire*, where the grain bought by the administration is packed away, ground, and transformed into bread and biscuit for the army. Then we come to the old Fort Bab-Azoun, built by the Turks, and serving to-day as a barrack prison for condemned soldiers. In front of Fort Bab-Azoun, between the earthwork of the wall of enclosure



HOTEL D'ORIENT, ALGIERS.

Out of this *place* run northward two streets; the first, called *Rue de la Lyre*, descends to the cathedral by a rapid declivity, between two ranges of arcades, surmounted by high houses, built with a certain air of luxury, as far as the place, where are situated side by side the cathedral and the palace of the governor-general.

The second, less sloping, called *Rue Randon*, rises gently, by a graceful curve, to the *place* of the same name, where the Jewish synagogue is situated. Nearly all the quarters mentioned above belong to what is called *La Haute Ville*. In that part of the Algerian capital which many still call *Old Algiers*, the European element of the population has only penetrated in certain scattered parts. There reign still Mussulman customs—the customs of the East—their narrow alleys, crooked and gloomy, often cut in *cascaters*, are buried between rows of irregular booths, without other exterior opening than a heavy door, and some sky-light, with iron cross-bars. Nearly all these overhang the street, and many extend across it. The difficulties which these steep and shattered ways present at every instant explain the wide berth given them by the European portion of the population; but they offer, on the other hand, to the traveler and to the artist in search of the picturesque, incidents and aspects both interesting and curious. One or two days

now converted into a Catholic church under the name of St. Francis de Paul. Right and left, in all directions, a number of passages are opened, from which others seem to branch out. We find here some Moorish houses, well-preserved in the interior, and all constructed on almost the same plan: An open paved court, elevated above the street, which is entered by doors of carved wood, decorated with wrought iron, and a straight and steep staircase, with high steps, covered with marble or glazed China, as are the walls, up to about breast high. On all sides of this court are columns of marble or stone, sometimes decorated with wreaths, flutings, and carved capitals—the work of Italian artists—sustained by arches *en ogive*, the whole forming a covered gallery around the court. Above is another similar gallery, with a balustrade of carved wood, decorated with light open-work; on that gallery, to which you ascend by a staircase ruder even than the other, open three

consecrated to an excursion among the ruins, still standing, of the city of the corsairs, will not be lost time to those who wish to acquire a correct idea of the races by which it was peopled in the time of its barbarous splendor. Above these old and partly destroyed quarters, situated on the height of the cone that the city forms, still exists the palace-fortress, the last refuge of the sovereigns of the Regency of Algiers from those despots chosen by a mercenary body of troops, who rejoiced in absolute power, regulated by means of revolt and assassination.

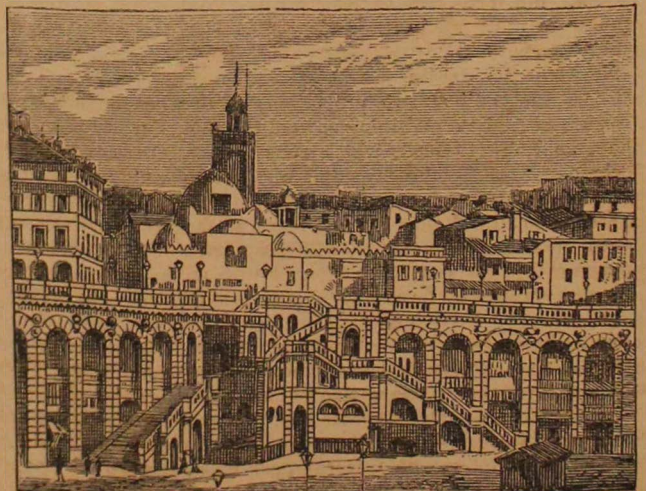
At this time the *Casba* has greatly changed its aspect, a public carriage-way runs through it and communicates with the outside by a door opening on the fields, at one time reserved for the inhabitants of the fortress. A portion of the building is used for the lodgings of the officer who has command of this dismantled fort. From thence a long and steep way runs precipitately into the heart of the city below, on the *Rue Bab-el-Oued*, at the corner of the mosque,

or four long chambers, which are, with rare exceptions, poorly furnished.

But it is not among the half-ruined masonry of the upper part of the city that we must seek the most beautiful and best preserved dwellings of Moorish architecture. Under the domination of the Turks, as well as that of France, the wealthier classes and the officials of all ranks dwell, by preference, where are situated, beyond the barracks of the janissaries, the true sovereigns of the Regency. In descending from the *Casba*, on the north side, after the civil prison, which is of European construction, and intended for the application of the cell system, we encounter nothing very noteworthy, with the exception of the Mosque of Sidi-Abderrahman, built on the tomb of the saint of that name, situated beyond the ancient rampart, on the side next the porte Bab-el-Oued, and above the Lyceum, which has been spoken of already. At a certain time of the year the Moorish and Arabian women go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy saint, where many pass several nights in the apartments reserved for this purpose.

Some account of all the important points of the city has now been given. As has been remarked, it is in the improved quarters of the lower city that the best preserved specimens of Moorish architecture are found. Among the palaces appropriated to the different uses of the Algerian government, we notice first the palace of the governor and that of the archbishop, both situated near the cathedral on the little place Malakoff; then in the neighboring street, called *l'État-Major*, is the ancient residence of the heirs of *Mustapha*.

It is in the interior of this palace, which is very well preserved, that the Museum and Library of Algiers have been reunited. This grand house contains also the audience-chamber of the Court of Assizes, and also, formerly, the barracks of the janissaries, situated on the *Rue Midi*, for a long time occupied by the artillery, then used by a college directed by the diocesan clergy, and devoted now to the military garrison of the Algerian army.



A STREET IN ALGIERS.

But we must pause here, for it is impossible to indicate in detail all the curiosities of this interesting city, this short sketch of which may be properly concluded by some observations on the different native races which make part of its population; on the variegated costumes; on the types, curious and varied almost to infinity, which at each step, and everywhere, in the streets, public squares, and markets come under the eye of the European.

THE MOORS.

The Moors, descended from the Arabs, who had conquered all the African coast and invaded Spain, are in general religious, honest, and peaceable. Being pious Mussulmans, they observe faithfully the commandments of the Prophet's law and the rites of the Hanéfite or Malekite sects. The Sultan of the Mogreb—West—the sovereign of Morocco—is their spiritual head. Those of the wealthy class—proprietors, merchants, and functionaries—wear out of doors a rich and elegant costume, somewhat resembling that of the inhabitants of Tunis, their co-religionists, consisting of a long cloth jacket of a luminous, or, at all events, showy color, ornamented with embroideries and decorations of a darker shade, over a vest of the same. Then, underneath a sash of rich silk, in mixed colors, and making several turns at the back, are enormous plaited pantaloons, which descend a little below the knee. The shaven head is covered with a *chachia*, a dark red bonnet with a heavy silk tassel, either blue or yellow. This bonnet forms the cap of the turban, which is of a white material embroidered with brilliant yellow silk, which makes several turns above the front, which it partly hides, the whole flowing into a burnous or capuchin mantle of a brilliant whiteness, embroidered and ornamented with silk tassels to match. (*See illustration.*) Except in the case of old men, or those who have become *francisés* (one cannot say Frenchified), the legs are bare, but these allow themselves stockings of cotton or wool, and a very open sort of shoe with a large round tip. Some of the old men wear long beards, and they sometimes have superb ones; but the greater part, and the young, always content themselves with a mustache. Of course the dress of the poor is much more modest. Their apparel, which is exceedingly light and summery, is composed of an ugly *chachia*, surmounted by a handkerchief of plaid or striped cotton, with a coarse woolen sash over a colored undergarment, trousers of yellowish cloth, and coarse old shoes. Such is the ordinary dress of those who exercise the manual professions. But, notwithstanding all this, they number among them skillful workmen, such as saddlers, embroiderers, shoemakers, and barbers. Unlike the men, the Moorish women, whether respectable or otherwise, all wear the same costumes out of doors, and are, in a fashion, masked from head to foot. The



OUT-DOOR APPEARANCE OF AN ALGERIAN MAN.

haïk, a long piece of white stuff, covers the head and body as far as the waist; a veil, more or less transparent, and tied behind, hides the lower part of the face in such a manner as to leave only the eyes visible. (*See illustration.*) In addition to this, enormous white pantaloons descend to the ankle, which is naked or clad in white or gray stockings. But if their street appearance makes the Moors look like great bundles of linen, their home apparel is most elegant and rich in the case of women of the wealthy class.

As for the Arab of the plain, he wears always the antique and supple vestments of the sons of Ishmael. The fashions which they observe go back to Abraham and the children of Jacob. An under-garment of coarse texture; a *gandoura*, a sort of long blouse with very short sleeves, made of wool or cotton, and a haïk of Tunis cloth, of silk or fine linen if the man be rich, coarse linen or cotton if he is poor; and over all, one or even two burnous of coarse wool of a brown or dirty-white color. On the shaven head a red cap, decorated with a great many ornaments, and covered with the upper part of the haïk, tied fast around the head by the numerous turns of a cord of camel's-hair, which varies in color from clear white to the blackest ebony, according to different localities.

The Kabyles, men and women, are clothed exactly like the Arabs, except that the women do not veil their faces, and their head-gear is different. In their case the hair is rolled in

cords round the head, a cotton tunic with short sleeves, a belt of cord or leather, horn bracelets, and a piece of cotton with which they envelop the upper part of the body, makes the costume. The men have the same white garments as the Arabs, but also, like them, they are of a dirty white.

Mulattresses and negresses are yet more curtailed as to their apparel than the Moors; a very short cotton tunic, a handkerchief on the head, no veil to hide their black or brown faces, an under-garment of Indian cloth, and above that a *meïa*, a large cotton cloak with squares of blue and white. (*See illustration.*) The negro contents himself ordinarily with simply a blouse and trousers; sometimes he adds a vest. For the head, an ugly cap and a cotton handkerchief compose a turban which he wears with an air of pride. But in general the whiteness of his costume is his tender point; he must have it of a fairness that cannot be doubted, and on *fête* days he is clad from head to foot in wool or cotton stuff of an immaculate whiteness. In Algiers the Kabyles exercise the business of porters, bricklayers, and, above all, water-carriers. To carry on these inferior occupations, and to travel to the country in the time of the grain and hay harvest, they descend in numbers from their mountains, whither they return when they have collected their slender earnings.

The Mozabites, who come from the Oasis at the South are ass-drivers, bath-keepers, and masons. Their costume is a simple woolen *gandoura*, white, with little black stripes. Though small they are robust, thick, and short, and very industrious; but they are heretics. They are true artists in their *rolé* as bathers, and they knead and work one like dough for the oven, a process which their Turkish bath nearly resembles.

But one finds still another type in Algiers, in a personage useful at certain times, but in general unbearable, a sort of lazzarone, who has so many brothers that they run over each other night and day. This is the *yaoulet*, literally young boy, belonging to some of the races which form the lower classes of the Algerian population. He is really the native *gamin*, the *royon*, the *gaaroché*, of all the cities of Africa—the jack-of-all-trades that pay; the boot-black, commissionaire, messenger; going, coming, fetching, carrying, obsequious, insolent, untruthful, rapacious, malignant, gay, or lugubrious.

Next to this special sort of youth—for the *yaoulet* is always young—comes the Arab beggar, who everywhere besets the passer-by; the beggar, ragged, tattered, hardly covered by the filthy rags he wears, which are wild and unseemly, and always of a filthiness which seems made to show to the age of civilized man to what an abject state humanity may come. It is among these that the realistic painter can find in abundance types beyond

anything the imagination of the Callots and Gayas have ever dreamed of.

Among the Israelites also there are numberless miseries, but also an active charity which comes to their relief. Charity is, among the rich, a duty from which no one is free, and these unfortunates are, without distinction, the objects of a charity as praiseworthy as it is splendid.

Intentionally somber, and neglected before the conquest, the costume of the native Jews is since modified without having changed its form, and is no longer invariably dark, especially among the young. Besides, nearly all those of the wealthier class have adopted the European costume, and some of them even exaggerate the newest French modes. Many young Jewish girls dress themselves exactly like Parisians. Nevertheless, the majority of them have preserved the derided sleeveless robe and silk handkerchief which their ancestors wore in the time of the Turks.

In that which relates to their alimentary régime, Arabs and Moors are generally extremely temperate. Their nourishment is simple, and consists mainly of flat paste-cakes of thin and brittle bread, and the *kouskous* made of boiled wheat and more or less seasoned. This admits of all kinds of seasoning—pepper, saffron, etc.; they accommodate to it grease, as well as sugar and honey. They have, in addition to these, fruits, all kinds of milk food, and mutton roasted or boiled, and, for their only drink, water. Thus we find among them no hoarse voices smelling of alcohol; the women especially are nearly all endowed with clear and silvery voices, and one rarely sees among them any deficiency as to the number or quality of their teeth.

On the other hand, in the low class of the native population, who have adopted only the vices of our civilization, there reigns in dress, as well as in the interior of their miserable dwellings, a moral and physical filthiness and squalor which surpasses anything that can be imagined.

Having now touched upon each of the various points of interest in Algiers, and given some account of the manners, customs, and dress of the types of men we meet with there, the present article has fulfilled its purpose, and must be brought to a close. But the subject is by no means exhausted, for one might, with advantage and interest, give some attention to the environs of Algiers, which afford the most numerous and varied objects of interest. The chief of these are Tixraïm, Staouéli, Palestro, Teniet El-Haad, Tlemcin, and the National Fort in Kabylie. Each of these possesses an individual interest, and, if space allowed, would merit a description.

J. M. FRASER.

A Legend.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

LIVED a race of strange dream-people,
In a country by the sea,
Far behind them lay the water,
Vast and vague as death may be.

BEFORE them stretched the desert
Foot of man had never crossed;
For the people had a legend:
"He who ventures there is lost."

OST amid the sandy mazes,
And the uplands, bleak and bare—
Nightly monsters, grim and eerie,
Hold their woful revels there.

H, who treads within its borders
Takes his risk at fearful cost,
All is death within the desert—
He who ventures there is lost!"

THROUGH the valleys and the uplands
Of that long and dreary way
Passed a novice, veiled and hooded,
Singing softly on her way,—

SOFTLY, lightly, oh, full sweetly!
All the people flocked to hear;
All the people flocked and followed
To her measure, falling clear;

LEFT their dove-cotes and their gardens,
Left their browsing goats and kine,
Followed, followed, till the glories
Of the evening round them shine!

ONE by one, its care forgetting,
Loosened many a weary hand,
And its gifts and stores down-dropping,
Fell upon that barren land.

AP a rugged steep the novice
Drew the people as she trod,
Till a shining gateway opened—
And the singer passed to God!

ALL the desert is a garden,
And a land of fruit and wine—
For the seeds the people scattered
Blossomed in that path divine!

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"ECONOMY."

PROBABLY there is no word in the English language that girls, as a class, have a greater distaste for than this one which I have quoted, and used as a text to build this small lay sermon upon.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred girls have had to practice economy all their lives; the word has been dinned into their ears, and made the basis of wearisome lectures until they are, oh! so sick of it. Besides, what does economy in the popular sense mean? Simply deprivation. It means that you are to have taste, and never to exercise it—wishes, and never to gratify them—

delight in whatever is beautiful, and sweet, and desirable, and never indulge it, or allow it to gladden your life. It means, as a rule, everything you do not like, and do not want. Darkness, harshness, dinginess, ugliness, narrowness, confinement within limits, and a treadmill round not only day after day, but year after year.

For the same conditions in most lives always exist, and if it is black alpaca to-day, it is black alpaca to-morrow, and so on to the end of the chapter, and the time never comes when we can take the colors which exist, and seem to brighten some other lives, and weave them into our own.

It is no wonder that girls are not much enchanted with this prospect. They are young; beauty invites them, softness allures them, sweetness captivates them, and the variety tempts them beyond mortal endurance, for the stoicism that withstands one charm yields to another. It is hard for them to see all that is dazzling, hear of all that is lovely and most attractive to the mind, as well as the senses, and still turn the grindstone to the same old tune, "saving," "economy," and the virtue of living and not spending.

The modern gospel for women is very different from this, and girls had better set to work to study it, if they would practice a true economy, which is to get as much of that which is best out of life as life can give them. It is not economy to sit down and mend an old garment, when you can earn the money for a new one in the same time. It is not economy to groan and grumble over the view of the back yard, when by the exertion of rising and opening the front door you can feast your eyes on a glorious prospect. It is not economy to starve yourself, when you can make the money by a little exertion to buy a good dinner.

Women have generally been accustomed to sitting still and *economizing* on the money that men were willing to give them, or performing in acknowledgment some such services as cooking, washing and ironing, mending shirts, taking care of children, and the like. Now, the world is open, and women will find there is more enjoyment, much greater advantage every way in earning the dollar, and spending it, than receiving a penny as a gift and saving it. Day by day art and science assist manufactures to fill the world with new and beautiful things, things we want, that our souls long for, and yearn after; let us work and possess them, that is the way; it is ever so much better than stifling all natural taste, desire, and instinct.

Suppose your tastes of to-day are not those of yesterday; what of that? Perhaps they will be different again to-morrow, stimulated by the new developments of competitive industry or your own enlarged opportunities; but must you starve to-day because you will have your dinner to-morrow? The beauty of to-day pines for appreciation and acknowledgment as well as the beauty of to-morrow, and we shall find plenty to-morrow who will enjoy what we enjoyed to-day. A grand picture gallery is not the work of an hour, it does not suddenly spring into existence; it is a growth, it is the result of years of accumula-

tive labor, of careful weeding out of what was inferior and not up to the highest and best standard. Yet the pictures that were ruthlessly expelled, sent to the auction-rooms, or given away to those who had none, had given pleasure in their time and have a place and value.

Do not think, however, that I am counseling foolish and indiscriminate spending; on the contrary, that is the only real extravagance. One may be as extravagant in spending pennies in useless and frivolous ways as in spending dollars on a coveted article of dress or ornament; more, indeed, for the first is only mischievous in its tendency, and gives us no permanent satisfaction, while out of the second we get at least temporary comfort and pleasure.

Moreover, it is not those who earn or have the most money who are most liable to spend it in foolish ways—increased opportunities, greater freedom, teaches wisdom in the employment of means; it is those who do not know how much more and how much better can be obtained for the money they expend who lavish it on poor and worthless objects.

Said a lady who had recently returned from Europe, and resorted to a much quieter style of living than that which she practiced before she went away

"Both husband and I feel like misers; we are not willing to throw away money as we used on expensive hotels, when we can live so much cheaper, and know how much there is upon which we want to spend money. Upon what we have been accustomed to expend uselessly we can go to Europe every year, see art galleries, cathedrals, the history of many peoples in their manners, in their living, in their magnificent architecture, in their accumulated treasures."

To Americans these are particularly valuable and interesting, because they can never have such historical associations as are to be found in Europe of their own. Castles are the remains of feudalism, and the great collective art centers, like the Louvre, only possible under despotisms that could convert the strength of a nation into resources for the gratification of luxurious and artistic taste. There are other ways also in which Europe feeds the craving of our souls; it is the home of our literature. But we are not considering Europe except as illustrating a point of true economy for those who wish for an experience abroad above every other earthly thing, and therefore cannot discuss it *in extenso*.

There are many other things which come for the majority of us before a trip to Europe. There are books, there are pictures, there may be a home in which to put them; there are father, mother, brothers, or sisters to help; there are clothes to obtain, there is desire for music, there are places worth visiting, and people worth seeing in our own land; and there are those who are making its history, and why should not we be among them? Life is here for girls, as well as for boys, and pulsates just as strongly within you; why should you sit down and spend your days in spreading thinly over the largest surface possible the little slice that is doled out to you, instead of

working vigorously for your own full share of it?

You have feet, and hands, and eyes, and brains. You can think, and plan, and execute. Do it.

If you make a mistake, retrieve it; if you fall down, get up again; but all the time keep a strong grip on something, and there is no danger of failure. But we have many steps to take backward before we can take one forward. Before we can have money to spend on what we do want, we must learn to economize time, as well as utilize our faculties, and save on what is unnecessary. The time of American girls, as a rule, is left quite too much at their own disposal, and no account of it being demanded of them no wonder they learn to look upon it as of little value. Even when mothers, acting from a dim sense of duty in this direction, endeavor to furnish them with occupation, it is usually of so desultory a kind and possesses so little motive as to inspire no ambition.

It is really curious how the possession of time is left entirely out of account in the catalogue of resources; we look upon a reserve in the bank, which may disappear with a defaulting clerk—upon railroad stock, which may be swallowed up in a "crisis"—upon houses, which may be filled by destructive, non-paying tenants, as values to be counted upon; but time, which is our own, which is always with us, which cannot be taken away from us, which we can put to such good and profitable use, *that* we waste recklessly, and without a thought of what we are throwing away with it.

Economy can only be exercised in the use, not in the abuse, or neglect of anything; and time is the most certain, the most precious, the most absolute of all our possessions. We talk about the advantage which a man has over a woman,—one of the greatest is the habit of making profitable use of time. Time can be turned into money, clothes, jewels, pictures, trips abroad, travel, and pleasure at home, but of course it takes time and some patience to do it. We do not start with the trip to Europe, or with making a purchase of a fine house, or a horse. We begin by economizing every moment of every day, and putting each one to the best and most profitable use we can; and we work up in this way until a habit of life is established, and then helpful things and circumstances gravitate toward us, as needles toward a magnet.

This is another way of saying that Providence helps those who help themselves; it is *how* Providence does help those who help themselves. It is in the natural order of things for a center to enlarge, and attract toward itself that which has a sympathy for it. We do not give our seed-corn to the winds, we drop it carefully in the furrow; and then the sun and the rain find it.

It is sincerely to be hoped that women in the future, will find some other way of economizing besides doing without. It is the poorest way of economizing in the world. It is often said that the rich are the only persons who can be truly economical, and the reason is that they can provide themselves with what is fitting for every occasion, and do not waste or destroy

by using what is unsuitable. But it is not necessary to be rich in order to accomplish this,—many a modest home, many a quiet, obscure little individual, who earns her own living, are more perfectly equipped for their needs than the mansion and wife of the millionaire; and a principal reason is that in the one instance the wants and their supply have been an outgrowth, an evolution, of gradually developing tastes, as well as necessities, supplied with exact knowledge and loving sympathy as expanding means permitted; while in the other case the work of supply is done by contract, in accordance with the general demand of society, rather than special proclivities. It is more economical to earn five dollars than to save one, but, if you cannot earn the five, try to earn the one, and see how cleverly you can make it do the work of five by putting a little of your time with it. There is nothing disagreeable about economy; on the contrary, it imparts beauty even to poverty, for it teaches neatness, and care, and the preservation of whatever comes into our lives that is good, and sweet, and wholesome. It is waste that is repulsive, that destroys even what is strongly desired, and most needed; not perhaps intentionally, but because wasteful people, like the wicked, know not what they do. It is criminal to neglect, disparage, or fail to put to the best use the possibilities of our lives, and to do this is to use the truest economy.

A Picture.

BY GRACE H. HOOD.

HUNGRY and pale and soiled and cold and poor,
A woman sat beside a rich man's door—
She sat and munched a dry and moldy crust;
She munched her moldy crust sprinkled with dust.

SHE did not whine to me, nor ask for alms;
She did not stretch to me her open palms,
But pressed a little creature to her breast,
And oh, how much those baby eyes expressed!

QUICKLY left behind the abject woman;
I passed as if she were not something human;
I did not like to touch my little store,
Although the Father well could give me more.

QUICKLY pass, but soon my steps retrace,
And look again upon the pauper's face;
I said, "Are you a beggar at this door?"
She only could reply, "This woman's poor!"

O poor in love and speech and food and dress,
Content, she hugged her baby to her breast!
She eat her crust, and told me o'er and o'er,
"This woman's poor;" just what I knew before.

O poor in words! Worse than I thought, said I;
So calm, yet speechless in her poverty!
I took the mites from out my little store,
And dropped them there, beside the rich man's door.

GENTLE dames, who sometimes breathe a sigh
If but a roseleaf rumple where ye lie!
Who thankless are for bounties heaven bestows,
Is this a lesson sent to you?—who knows?



My Sister Bell.

CHAPTER III.

IHAVE not said enough about Dr. Rossitur. He was father's oldest friend, they had been together in college, and the intimacy formed at that time had endured through their lives. He was Harry's godfather, and many were the scrapes he helped him through, although I doubt if Harry ever was called upon "chiefly to hear sermons" through Dr. Rossitur's influence. He had an easy, pleasure-loving nature, and he introduced the element of gayety among us, without which our household would have been gloomy enough. Father was incessantly occupied with his business, and our stepmother conscientiously avoided laughter, and considered all amusements wicked. What Bell would have done without Dr. Rossitur I do not know. He was her most appreciative audience when she talked nonsense, and her most sympathetic friend when she confided to him the boredom that she suffered from the complaints and sermons of our stepmother. He laughed at all her wild pranks, and contrived to aid and abet her in different schemes for her entertainment. I am sure he recognized the need she felt for a freer, gayer life than the one she was forced to lead, because his own tastes lay in the same direction. Having ample means, he indulged himself in a luxurious life, and one of his chief pleasures was to load Bell and me with favors. His was the brightest, happiest influence of our childhood. We loved him dearly, and made him our confidential friend. That he petted and spoiled us was universally conceded, but he was a privileged character, and he argued to father, that, brought up as we were, we actually needed a little indulgence from an outside, irresponsible party.

Irresponsible was, I fear, the right term to

apply to Dr. Rossitur. Notwithstanding his brilliant wit, his kind heart, his amiable disposition, there was something lacking. He had never cared to devote himself steadily to his profession, which at one time had interested him greatly. A growing practice was a burden to him instead of a pleasure, and he neglected it. It used to trouble me greatly, child as I was, to notice a lack of enthusiasm in this dear friend. "There are so many — so *very* many who need help," I used to say to him, "why won't you work for them, if you don't need money for yourself?" but I only got the name of "parson" for these attempts to reform him, and he would laugh me out of my serious thoughts for the time being. He was as great a puzzle to me as all the rest were. It seemed to me that life was a very real, plain matter, that there was but one right, and one wrong, and yet wherever I turned I was puzzled. Dr. Rossitur could persuade himself that anything was right that he wanted to

do. Bell was only too ready to adopt this theory also. My stepmother saw duty written everywhere, and yet she contrived to make mistakes at every turn, was rigid in her religion, meek in her philanthropy, and superficial in her knowledge.

Harry openly rebelled at her teachings, scoffed at her doctrines, and went his way sturdily.

Bell carried her perplexities to Dr. Rossitur, and between them they converted everything into a cause for mirth. And I stumbled along blindly, wanting to be true and good, but in constant bondage through spiritual fear.

Bell was my sunshine. I could see no wrong in her, although, as I say, I was puzzled by her. But I made up my mind that I was born puzzled. If Bell said a thing was so, then to me it must be so, no matter what my own heart said, the fault of understanding lay in me.

And when Bell told me the amazing scheme she had formed of marrying Dr. Rossitur in order to secure an agreeable home for herself, I accepted it with outward calm, although the tempest raised in my jealous heart was by no means allayed by the knowledge that her promise to marry Dr. Rossitur was not to be made known, and, in fact, that the whole matter was to be conducted surreptitiously. I could see no possible reason for this, and I urged Bell to be honest and open, and tell father. But she only grew angry, and when I saw that the effect of my preaching was to make her turn from me to Natalie, as her companion, I forbore to press the matter.

Matters went on in this way for a long time, for as Bell was considered old enough to go into society, father insisted upon it that she should be taken into the gay world, notwithstanding our stepmother's serious objections.

That good woman wept and wailed, and ordered expensive toilets for Bell, and declared it was worshiping mammon, and she groaned over Bell's accounts of her partners, and said her entire life was the crackling of

thorns under a pot. In fact, she gave in meekly to all the requirements of fashionable society, and yet never ceased to inveigh against it.

"She's struggling against the world, the flesh, and the devil," Bell declared. "I wish she would prevail," I cried. "Perish the thought," said Bell. "I never knew what life was till now. O Bess! it's heavenly to dance; it's ecstasy to flirt; I am as happy as the day is long now."

"It's more than Dr. Rossitur is," I answered, for my heart had relented toward him lately; I had watched him, and knew why that anxious look had crept over his bright face, and why he was so restless and impatient. He saw well enough that now that Bell had other young and gay companions, his own society was no longer essential to her, and although he could offer her much, others could offer more. He knew this was the reason she would not allow him to speak to father, nor announce her engagement. He felt that he was old, and my heart went out to him in pity as I watched him, for I began to realize that he really did love Bell with an exceeding great love. And so at last I spoke, and in words that were eloquent because they came from my heart, I begged Bell to be true to herself and to him. "What do you want me to do?" cried Bell impatiently, at the close of my harangue. "Let's hear the conclusion of the matter, state something clearly, and don't deal in glittering generalities. What am I to do first?"

"Let Dr. Rossitur tell papa that he wants to marry you."

"But I won't!" cried Bell, with decision.

"Why not?" Bell caught up a battledore and shuttlecock and began to play with it. She tossed the shuttlecock in the air, and caught it nine times, the tenth it fell to the ground.

"There!" she cried, "it's always so! I said to myself, 'If I catch it ten times I'll marry him; if I don't—I won't.'"

"You don't mean to say you are not going to marry Dr. Rossitur after all?" I cried, aghast.

"Not knowing can't say," she replied carelessly.

"But you have promised!"

"Pooh! what of that?" said Bell. Then I flung myself down before her, and leaned on her knees. I did this to keep her still, for she always tried to run away when I was serious.

"Oh, don't trifle so, dear," I cried, with tears in my eyes. "You are not a child any longer. Do be true, Bell; don't you see how miserable it is to be otherwise? Dr. Rossitur is an honorable man, and yet you are making him act a deceitful part, and you are deceiving father, yourself, and Dr. Rossitur. Now don't turn away and think I am jealous, and want to put a stop to it. Never mind me at all, but for your own sake, and for truth's sake, be strong. Dr. Rossitur is weak, and in his fear of losing you he forgets what is right. O Bell, what a fatal fascination you seem to possess! It is a terrible gift, this beauty of yours! You can use it for good or evil!"

Bell looked at me with saucy, smiling, triumphant eyes.

"No, no!" I cried, "don't be glad! Be sorry! You have the power to make a good man deceitful, and you are using your power to do so now, and yet you will break your promise to him as lightly as you toss the shuttlecock, and you will let a chance decide you!"

"So you advise me to marry him!" cried Bell. "Perhaps if I had known your mind before I would not have made you so jealous by going off with Nattee as I have lately. I thought you would tell me to give it all up."

I looked into her brown eyes till she dropped them.

"If I only could make up my mind," she said, uneasily; "but you see, Bess, when I promised I had not seen anybody else, and now I find that I can do better, and so I don't care so much to marry him as I did."

"Do you love any one else?" I asked.

"No," answered Bell wearily, "I don't love any one at all—except you—and you are all the conscience I have! Do you know, Bess, sometimes I really think I am like those Willies, those spirits that dance forever and have no souls. I believe I have no heart at all. I don't remember that I ever really cared about anybody—except you—and I love you because I depend on you. Now, you see, the trouble is I don't want to be really bound by an engagement to Dr. Rossitur. I may want to marry him to-day, and not want to to-morrow! And if I am engaged and have the full consent of all parties, as the saying is, it will be hatefully humdrum, and I shall wish myself out of it, and father won't let me break my engagement, and mother will quote that old saw about swearing to my neighbor and disappointing him not, and it will all be so horrid!"

Bell's voice was despondent, and she sat quite still thinking—a most unusual occurrence. Then she kissed me in a passionate way. "If I have got any heart, or soul, or conscience, or whatever it is that makes us go right," she cried, "*you* will be the one to develop it! But now do for pity's sake get off my knees," she added, in her usual light tones, "for I've got cramps in both, owing to your pressing attentions. Dear me! was ever a girl so bothered?" And she danced off singing, "Heigh ho, I am afraid too many lovers will puzzle a maid."

About this time my grandmother, who lived in the country, wrote a letter to my father urging him to let me come and stay with her. She was old and lonely, she said, and yet she knew she could make me happy. She begged so hard that father yielded, and I was told to go. But for leaving Bell I would have been delighted with the prospect, but Bell seemed quite overpowered at the idea of being left alone.

"But I'll write to you," she said, "and when things are very aggravating at home, I'll draw a face in one corner of my letter, and you'll know what I mean and send me good advice, and I'll sign my name Jerusha, for fear the dead-letter man at Washington will get hold of my secret."

"And you'll make up your mind to be strong and true," I begged.

"I'll be good if I can," said Bell, "but 'deed an' word' as Angelo used to say, nivr

a bit of goodness is there in me! However, I'll do nothing desperate till you get back; but remember, whenever you see a face drawn on the paper, it will mean that everything is horrid at home."

With this arranged we parted, and I left my home. Alas, that I did so gladly.

I had always been a favorite with my grandmother, and she welcomed me cordially. It was like heaven to me to be with her. The sweet quiet of the country, the lovely flowers, the beauty of the hills and streams filled me with a delicious sense of rest and peace. But the calm and even tenor of my life was what did me the most good. There was an absence of excitement that was very restful to my spirit. Here life was simple and natural, no perplexities arose. I waked up in the morning refreshed by sleep, and slept again at evening refreshed by the gentle influences of the day. Grandmother's kind words, leisurely movements, peaceful smile, and genial influence, were so different from the hurry and confusion of my home life, where one event followed another rapidly, and where at every turn conscience and reason jostled with affection.

For the first time in my life I took an independent position. I was not merged in another's life as I was at home, where Bell was all in all. I could study now, and I did study! Nothing distracted me; I could concentrate my attention on any subject that interested me, and I made wonderful progress. It was like drinking cold water when I was thirsty. I had always dimly seen, but had never realized, how desultory my education had been, till I reviewed it in this calm, steady light, but now I clearly recognized my need. Grandmother sympathized truly with me, and often I felt her dear hand smoothing my hair gently as I bent over some hard task, and heard her say "Poor child, dear little Bess," in her sweet loving voice.

I devoted myself to patient toil, beginning at the rudiments and working leisurely on the ground over which Bell and I had flown in our childhood. Now the meaning of things that had puzzled me became clear, and I began to think better of my own abilities. I had been in an almost hopeless state, for it seemed to me that I could never learn anything thoroughly. Everything had been so confused in my mind, but now light seemed to shine on my understanding.

My stepmother's system of relieving the needy had been all but fatal to me, and our professors and governesses, all selected with reference to their wants, and not to ours, had been engaged or removed as her philanthropy or prejudice prevailed. The few teachers who had conscientiously tried to instruct us had been baffled by Bell, whose quickness and brightness had been more than a match for their sober views of education.

And my stepmother's cramped and dark views of religion had indeed bound my spirit. I began to see more clearly, to breathe more freely, and to recognize the fact, that not only my mind, but my soul, had been a waste, with a river flowing by.

How can I tell of that time when I first began to be happy, when the truth gradually dawned upon me that the world was a

bright and beautiful place, ruled over by a loving and beneficent Creator? Oh! the joy and light that flooded my poor weak soul, and made me sing for happiness when I cast aside my gloomy fears, and came forth into the glorious liberty wherewith Christ had made me free! I cannot tell of it! That year at my grandmother's is a sacred memory of happiness that I cannot profane by describing.

But, hesitate as I may, I must touch on one point, for I cannot finish Bell's story without it.

When I had been a few months with my dear grandmother, she came to me one day with the only pucker of care I ever saw on her placid face.

"Bessie, dear," said she, "I am afraid it will trouble you to hear my news. A young friend of mine, Clinton Tremont, is coming to spend some months with me. He is the son of my oldest friend, and very dear to me. But he has been applying himself too much to his profession, and is a little run down. So he writes to accept an invitation I gave him before you came, and he will be here this evening. Shall you mind very much, dear?"

"Why should I, grandmamma?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Well, I thought—maybe—you would rather be alone," hesitated the old lady.

"Oh, that's no matter," I answered cheerfully. "He will not be in my way, nor I in his."

And it seemed as though my prediction was a true one. Clinton arrived that evening, while I was out strolling as usual, and grandmother had evidently apologized to him for my presence, as she had excused his arrival to me, for when I entered the room, my arms filled with ferns and green branches, I was met by a tall, fine-looking young fellow, who politely bowed, called me by name, and relieved me of my burden with the utmost decorum, and then with a few polite phrases bowed himself out of the door through which I had just entered, nor did he reappear at all that evening.

"We have finished tea, dear," explained grandmother, "and I saved yours. You've had a long walk."

"Yes, I found such quantities of maiden-hair and sweet clover. Oh, what has that young man done with them?" I answered, looking about for my treasures.

They had been carefully placed on the sofa when he had retreated, and I laughed as I said, "If he *only* won't be polite, grandmamma! Men are so tiresome when they insist on taking away all you want to keep by you, and think they have done you such a kindness! I do hope he won't be polite, but will let me alone!"

And I arranged my ferns, and thought no more of him till I met him at the breakfast table, where we were evidently much surprised to see each other, having mutually forgotten each other's existence. And Mr. Clinton Tremont was polite, and let me alone, for which I was truly grateful.

One day, as I was poring over my dictionary, I became aware of a pair of dark eyes watching me. I had not looked up, but I felt them, and at last I moved uneasily, and slowly met their steady gaze.

"You have studied two hours, without

stopping one minute," he said; "why do you do so?"

"Two hours is it?" I said, surprised. "I had no idea of the time! Oh, I'm so stupid—it takes me so long to learn! That's why—" I concluded suddenly, remembering he had asked me a question.

"Stupid? Are you?" he asked.

I nodded. "Very," I replied.

"Are you preparing for any examination?" was his next question.

"Oh, no."

"Then why do you grind so horribly?"

"Because I want to know, you know," I said, laughing.

"You have not spoken twenty consecutive words to me since I have been here," was his next remark.

"No? I had not noticed! Have I been rude?" My reply began rather dreamily, but concluded eagerly, as I thought how sorry grandmother would be if I were rude to her guest.

"Rude? Well, not precisely, but you have not gushed."

"I never do gush," was my reply.

"Why not? All girls of your age do," said Mr. Clinton Tremont, who had attained the great age of twenty-three.

"I don't know many girls," I answered.

"Have you no friends, then?"

"Yes, I have Nattee, but that's all. I don't care for friends, because there is Bell."

"And who is Bell?"

"My sister," I said with pride.

"A little girl?" he asked.

"No, indeed! Bell is in society; she is eighteen years old; she is—! Oh, Bell is—! Oh, I can't tell you what Bell is!" And I grew excited, as I always did when I spoke of her.

"An anomaly?" he asked quietly.

"A beauty!" I cried indignantly.

"Does she look like you?" said Clinton, with another long look at me.

The tears rose to my eyes, for I was sensitive about my appearance. Had I not been told for seventeen years that I was frightfully plain? Had not Harry often declared the only becoming thing I ever wore was a thick blue veil? But I was not going to let this young man see me cry because I was not pretty, so I winked away the tears quickly, and said quietly, "No; Bell and I are not at all alike."

"Come out, and let's take a walk," said Clinton hastily, and as I rose I thought I noticed a flush on his face. Was he pitying me? And was he sorry he had hurt my feelings?

"Never mind," I said, holding out my hand in token of forgiveness; "I don't care, and I'm quite used to it, you know."

"To what?" he asked, holding my hand for a minute in his.

"To being laughed at," I answered simply. His face wore a look of wondering inquiry for a moment, then he said quietly,

"To be forgiven so frankly, makes me regret less that you misunderstood me, Miss Bessie," and then we wandered out into the woods and forgot our embarrassments as we talked for the first time together of the lovely things around us, and I told him how I had always unconsciously longed for just such

a place as this, and for just such a life as I had with grandmother. And he told me of his college life, of his hopes and ambitions, and the afternoon wore away into evening, and still we strolled and chatted, till the darkening shadows warned us that we must return.

"Good-night, little comrade," said Clinton, as we parted that night; "are you sure you forgave me?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, and ran off laughing; after all it was but a mistaken idea of wit to compare me to Bell, and I bore no resentment. But I found on reaching my room that I had left all my books in the sitting-room, and knowing that grandmother liked everything kept in its place, I turned back. The door was half shut, and Clinton and grandmamma were talking. I heard him say, as I ran down stairs:

"What was there in what I said to hurt her?" And grandmother answered:

"She has never been appreciated in her own home; her sister has been the pet, and she has been completely overlooked."

"What a shame!" cried Clinton, indignantly. "Such a sweet, frank, intelligent girl, and she has such beautiful eyes!"

I ran back hastily to my own room. The books might lie where they were! My heart felt as if it would beat itself to death. Who were they talking about? Me? Was I the sweet, frank, intelligent girl with the beautiful eyes? Impossible! The very thought took away my breath. But I thought I would just take one look at my eyes before I slept, and see what they really were like. I lit my candle, and held it before me, and gazed into the glass! Well, what did I see? Anything different from usual? "Pshaw! Bessie Beaufort you are a little foo-goose!" I cried, and blew out the light, to put a stop to such nonsense, and went to bed in the dark. I cannot tell whether it was pity or love that Clinton felt for me at that time, nor whether his feeling for me grew out of a want of companionship. He had come to the country to rest, but even when one is resting a certain amount of sympathy is needed. And he had been very lonely in those first weeks of his visit when he had been polite and let me alone.

Possibly he was a little piqued at my real indifference to him, for he had been used to the society of gay girls, who had flattered him I fancy, for he was young, handsome, and rich, and a great favorite in his own circle. It was a new experience to be in the society of a girl who neither blushed nor looked flattered at his attentions, but went her own way, heart-whole and contented. It had never occurred to me that any man could feel more than the slightest friendship for me, indeed the subject of lovers had never troubled me on my own account. Bell had absorbed all the attentions of our visitors, and no one ever had looked twice at me when Bell was in the room. So I had naturally never thought on the subject of a lover of my own.

Weeks flew by, and months passed, and Clinton's strength seemed completely restored (if indeed it had ever been impaired, which I doubted), and still he stayed on at my grandmother's instead of returning to his work in the city. He insisted upon helping me with

my self-imposed tasks, and constituted himself my tutor. I made rapid progress, and it was like the opening of blind eyes, for now I understood what had hitherto been confused, and I grew happy, glad, and gay, as I had never been before. My face lost its troubled expression and although I never looked at my eyes again, with the same keen scrutiny I had given them that night when Clinton called them beautiful, I saw well enough that they were clear and bright and happy, and for that reason pleasant to look at.

When the lessons in the books were all learned for the day, Clinton and I wandered together through woods and over hills, and rested by the brookside, where many lessons not found in books were learned by heart in those sweet sunny hours. It was Clinton's hand that held the delicious draught of life to my lips. Could I help loving him for this—I who was so thirsty? But I loved him unconsciously; "little comrade" was his name for me, and I thought of him only as a friend to whom I gave gratitude and love as naturally as I breathed.

And so it was with the utmost surprise that one evening, when, as usual, we were sitting by the chattering brook, I noticed that his manner was confused. He hesitated in his speech, and seemed to forget what he intended to say. I had never before observed any embarrassment in his manner, and it struck me painfully. Twice I spoke, and he did not answer, but seemed to be thinking of something far away. I felt a little nettled, for this was a new state of things; usually he was eager to listen and reply to my lightest word. I rose up to leave him, and became conscious of that sharp pang I had always felt when Bell made me jealous. I took a few steps and stumbled over a stone, then I became aware that my eyes were full of tears. What folly was this? I dashed my hand across my eyes, and in that moment felt Clinton's hand laid on mine. "Why are you leaving me?" he asked, holding me fast, and looking directly into my face with a singular expression. "I don't know," I stammered, "I thought it was time—I thought you were tired."

"Wait a few moments longer, Bessie," said Clinton, "the sun has not set, and I want to ask you something."

I sat down again on the mossy rock from which I had risen, and he stood by me, leaning against the great willow that shaded us both. I waited for him to speak, but he seemed to find it hard to do so, and I looked up at him with surprise. "What is it?" I asked. Then with a great effort he began.

"If any one had told me two months ago that mine was not a truthful nature, I should have been furiously angry, and I would not have believed it."

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, yes, naturally I dare say. But lately I have been looking into a nature that is truth itself, where not even a ripple of hypocrisy stirs the quiet depth. It is as pure and clear as crystal, and in its bright surface I have seen my own image reflected, and that reflection is a distorted one."

The muscles of Clinton's face worked painfully for a moment, and he paused. I look-

ed at him in astonishment. What did he mean?

He caught my wondering glance and smiled sadly. "Yes, Bessie," he continued, "I see a want of steadfastness in myself that I never recognized till now. As I contrast my nature with yours, I see my own fickleness and want of truth—compared to you, I am like a shifting, sandy river bed beside a rock."

"Clinton!" I cried in dismay, "you are beside yourself!"

"No, Bessie," he answered, "only just coming to a knowledge of myself. But," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it is something that I recognize my failing, and God knows I want to be true in all things! I love you dearly, Bessie, I never have loved any one as well! I need you, I want you for my own wife! Will you take me with all my faults, and try to love me, and help me to live the true life of which I have dreamed?"

I could not answer, but sat dumb in utter bewilderment, staring at his earnest face.

"I know I have spoken selfishly," he went on. "I ask you to help me, when I ought to say that I will be your support and guide. I ought to tell you that my one aim shall be to make you happy; but I know, Bessie, that all I have to offer in the way of worldly honors would not weigh in the balance with truth, and so I have confessed my weakness. But oh, Bessie, if you *can* love me as I am! if you can trust me!"

I put my hand out involuntarily, and he held it fast. "Tell me you love me, dear," he said very earnestly, "tell me you will be my wife."

I do not know what I said; I heard my own voice answering him as though it were another's; then he kissed my hands passionately as he held them in his own, and declared I did not know what I was saying, which was the exact truth. I only know that my mind was full of the thought that there had been some unaccountable mistake made somewhere, and that it was utterly impossible that Clinton Tremont should love me, ugly, awkward Bessie Beaufort!

"Hush! hush!" he said. "Hush, Bessie; you are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, for truth, and purity, and nobility are all stamped on your dear face, the sweetest, dearest face that ever smiled on a sinner!"

Ah! why should I give this scene in detail? It is enough to say that I promised to be his wife, and that I lived and moved in a new atmosphere, where all was love, and beauty, and happiness such as I had never dreamed of. And the weeks flew by, and we lived on in this dream. Happy, blissful dream that nothing can take away from me!

But I was awakened by Bell. One day I received a letter from home. Clinton brought it, and laughingly withheld it as he saw my eagerness to read it.

"It's from Bell," I cried. "And I hate Bell," he said laughing, "for I'm jealous of Bell; put it away and read it by and by."

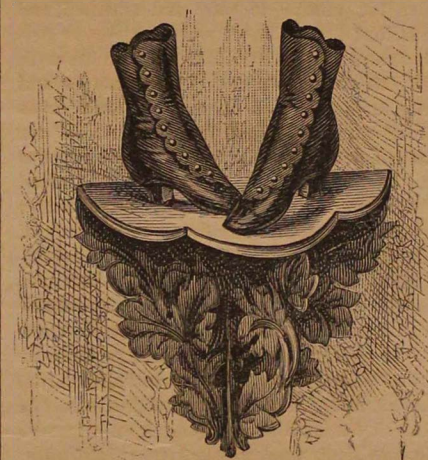
"No, no, Clinton, do give it to me, it has a face on the outside. Oh! I'm sure something is wrong at home."

Although he had no idea of what I meant by the face on the outside, he saw that I was

seriously disturbed, and he gave it at once. In place of her usual seal, Bell had drawn a grinning face on the envelope. I tore it open and read: "Do come home, Bessie, as soon as you can, or I shall die of terror and horror. Isn't it too dreadful that it should turn out so for me? But you won't care, you are so happy up in the country, in Arcadia, betwaddled with your lover! It drives me almost wild to think of you sailing along so prosperously, every one so pleased with your engagement, while poor I am almost distracted with my bad luck. O Bess, do put on your hat and start by the next train, for I am so miserable. Your afflicted Jerusha."

This letter was very like Bell, but it certainly conveyed little or no information, and I told grandmamma that I must go home at once, without being able to say why. She saw, however, that I was distressed, and hastened my departure, only begging me to come back to her again as soon as I could, for that she should be more than ever lonely without what she called my loving care. And so I left her and turned my back on my happy life, and Clinton took me home.

(To be continued.)



Centennial Shoes.

A LOVE STORY OF '76.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

CHAPTER I.



THEY were a pretty pair of kid boots once, although you never would think so, to look at their scratched, battered sides now, and see the round little holes worn in the bottom of their soles; but ah! what happy times those very scars tell of! Why they are like the scars on a brave soldier's face; each one has a separate history, and they all mark an eventful era in the life of the one who gained them.

It does seem ridiculous to keep them set up in state, too, on a bracket—an old pair of number two kid boots! But Algie put them there, and he says there isn't another such a dear pair in all the world. He does not mean expensive when he says *that*, you know, he means—well—oh! you understand what he means, of course.

I walked all through the great Centennial Exhibition in those boots, and I walked right into Algie's section one day, and—but I must begin at the beginning and not anticipate.

When the glad bells rang out, and the gay flags fluttered on the breeze that bright May morning of the opening of the great Exhibition, I buttoned up those pretty new kid boots and started out with the happy crowd to see the sight. Such a holiday look as everything and everybody wore; even the trees suddenly shot forth new buds that morning, and spring began in earnest. What a grand array of people it was, and the music of the bands how inspiring! and then the thousand-throated chorus, it sounded as though all the dead voices of the buried century had come to life, and helped us to shout out the glad jubilate. But of course we saw very little of the Exhibition that day; it was merely a bewildering maze of pageantry and people, marching to glorious music, and besides, my new shoes began to feel tight and uncomfortable from standing so long, and Roy grew cross, and we went home shortly after the opening exercises, and told all those who had not been out to the grounds that morning how grand the affair had gone off.

Even Roy acknowledged it equaled the foreign Exhibition of a few years previous, although he did so reluctantly. After his return from abroad, Roy was wont to decry everything American, except me of course; but as I was to be his wife, he *had* to except me, being *his* choice, you see. Papa used to say, Roy ought never to have come back to America, but should have remained in the foreign countries whose laws and ways he so admired and approved. I didn't like papa to talk so, for although it is said love is blind, my eyes were quite opened to all Roy's faults; but I wanted to hide and cover them up always, and could excuse and forgive his little peculiarities and wanted no one else to see them. Indeed mamma said I was *always* palliating Roy's queer whims and crooked fancies, and she wished I had chosen a more amiable man for my future husband. Mamma never was quite pleased with my engagement to Roy Rodman; she seemed to dislike him from the first, but papa said:

"Hettie says she loves him, and she shall marry the man she loves. Roy isn't a bad fellow, let's try to like him for Hettie's sake."

We went out to the Exhibition daily after; oh! how those poor boots tramped over the beautiful grounds, and up and down the long aisles of the magnificent Main Building; how they slowly sauntered over the marble floors of the Art Gallery, and tripped along between the whizz and whirl of the "wheels that went round" in Machinery Hall. Can you not see it all, in your mind's eye now? the strange foreign faces that flitted by you in the crowd; the Egyptians with their little

red fezzes set atop their swarthy faces; the slender, bright-eyed Japanese; the one beautiful Turk, in his pale blue turban, looking as though he had just stepped out some Oriental painting; long-queued "Ah Sin" in his gorgeous robes, sitting amid the ivory carvings and curious pungent-odored stuffs that hung under the golden dragon of the Chinese section; and then, further along the long aisle, the guttural German tongue, you recollect, used to jingle amid the Bohemian glass and rare bric-a-brac; and still further, the polite chatter of the French, the broad English, the crisp educated Irish, and coming down the aisle again, the soft murmur of the Italian greeted your ears. Ah, can you not see the glitter of jewels, the exquisite color and shape of the ceramics, the gorgeous green of the malachite, and the yellow gold of the rich stuffs of the Russian department; can you not hear the plash and tinkle of the fountain, the crash of the music as the band plays, the rolling chords of the great organ, and the peal of bells in the tower? Was it not all a glorious symphony in a happy key?

But to the day on which I walked into Algie's section in those dear old kid boots. Roy and I had been out since early morning; we had been through Agricultural Hall, from whose eastern door, you remember, there was such a beautiful panoramic view of the park. A sweep of carriage drive, the winding river, green hills, and leafy trees all set in a frame, as it were. We had lunched at Lauber's, that paradise of restaurants, where the waiters seemed to take an individual interest in each one's dinner, giving one an additional appetite by their delicious suggestions on the bill of fare. I was rested, and being in an amiable, *feminine* mood, proposed we should next "do" the Women's Pavilion.

"No," replied Roy, with a decided scowl upon his handsome face. "No, we will not waste our time there, there is nothing worth seeing," with a superior smile.

"But how do you know, if you have not seen? It is not fair to condemn without first inspecting," returned I quickly.

"I know about what women are capable of producing. We will not go there. Come, Hettie, put on your gloves, we will go see the Government Building now," he replied rising.

I did not speak for a moment. I was not only annoyed by his setting aside my pleasure, but provoked as well at the injustice of his words. I had complied cheerfully with all his desires that morning; looked at pipes when I wanted to admire laces, tried to assume an interest in machines which I did not understand, and detested, and now the first place I had expressed a wish to see he refused to take me.

"You may go to the Government Building if you like, Roy; I shall go to the Pavilion," I answered at length, rising also and putting on my gloves, my cheeks feeling hot with the heightened color I knew must be burning there.

"As you please, I will see you to the door," returned Roy, in that cold hard tone he was wont to assume at times.

We took the car then, and rode round the grounds to the Women's Pavilion. I fancy

that poor "Pavilion" must have been a bone of contention to most of the couples of opposite sex who visited the Exhibition, for I heard no less than four pairs of married folks having the same sort of argument over it, the men all unreasonably condemning what they had not seen, and were determined *not* to see.

Roy left me at the door, and giving a quick supercilious glance inside, said with a sneer: "Yes, I see, tidies and aprons!" I bowed, and smiled, and went steadily on in, determined I would not be laughed out of seeing our women's work.

There were "tidies and aprons" to be sure: why not? it was but women's exhibition of women's work; we do not pretend to build Corliss engines, nor make murderous machines for killing fifty people a minute; but ah! there were beautiful wood-carvings and exquisite weavings, and some wonderful inventions to save labor for tired women's hands and backs and feet; and though the paintings perhaps were not masterpieces, they portrayed the delicate fancy and soft tender touches of *mistresses* of the art. Has a man sculptor pray, given us anything more delicate and beautiful than the maiden who modeled the clay figure which graced one corner of the Pavilion? Is it not a very woman's "Eve," so chaste, so pure and ashamed, and beautiful?

It did me good, that little communion with the spirit of my own sex; I felt stronger and better for having beheld what we *could* do as well, if not better than our brethren; I was softened of too, toward the unreasonableness of man as a "superior being," and in that mood went over to the Government Building, where I found Roy intent in studying the efficacy of some murderous Gatling guns.

He was a trifle mollified at my coming to him, and greeted me cordially and without any allusion to our little disagreement, took me over to another part of the hall, where he showed with great pride a wonderful machine, that cut, folded, and stamped a great number of envelopes in a small number of seconds. How like man's work all those machines were, exact, precise, with not an atom of consciousness or disorder in their arrangement, nor was there any beauty or grace, it was all straight and rigid. As I stood there watching the wonderful monster, somehow it reminded me of Roy's character, stern, unbending, exact, and exacting. I actually started in a half guilty manner when Roy asked, watching the interest he imagined he read in my sober look,

"You *do* admire these things then, Hettie?"

"No," I answered quickly, "I do not; I detest such perfection; I like a little deviating, meandering grace; I like tidies and aprons best!"

When we started for home a heavy thunder-shower was looming up in the west, and it already rained hard, and as I was dressed lightly in one of the regulation navy-blue linen lawn Centennial suits, we ran for shelter into one of the open doorways of the Main Building.

Suddenly I recollected we were near a certain case of English waterproofs which I had intended to inspect with a view to purchase, and I said:

"I wonder, Roy, if we could not induce the exhibitor to sell us one to-day, at once; it certainly is *time* I had one. Let's go see," and I started on ahead and just reached the case as the tall young English gentleman in charge was coming out of his section.

(He says I rushed frantically up to him and begged for "pattens and one umbrell"; but I did not.) Roy followed me, and upon asking, discovered there was but one of the kind of cloak I wished left, and that it would not be possible for us to purchase it until the arrival of a fresh lot should supply the deficiency. "But," added the gentleman, seeing my chagrin and disappointment, "if you will accept of the loan of the cloak for your lady, you are quite welcome; the depot is some distance, and she will be drenched; you can return the article to-morrow." Roy made a motion of refusal in his cool, haughty manner, but I quickly spoke up then:

"Thanks," said I, as graciously as I could, then turning to Roy I went on, "I will accept the kindly loan, and to-morrow papa will return the cloak; we can leave a deposit now for the one I intend to purchase when the new lot arrives, and I may have my choice, may I not?"

"Most certainly," replied the gentleman with a warm smile. He had a very pleasant voice, one of those deep rich bassos which accompany tall men sometimes, and his speech had a peculiar little English "brogue," or intonation rather, which was very attractive. Off we finally started, I wrapped up in the pretty silk-lined rubber waterproof, and both of us under the umbrella the young Englishman had offered us as well.

"I go your way," he said, as we started down toward the train; "please accept the umbrella for your lady." He walked on ahead, his tall, straight figure looking very tall and very straight in the long, light ulster he wore.

He had secured us seats, we found, upon reaching the car.

"Not at all like the Englishman we read of, who would not save a fellow's life without being first introduced, is he, Roy?" I whispered, as we seated ourselves.

"No, he's very obliging certainly, but his attentions are unnecessary. I could have procured seats," said Roy curtly. Somehow Roy never liked to give one credit for anything; it was a blemish in his otherwise perfectly just character that I could not overlook. Perhaps it was because I myself am rather given to overdo things the other way. I believe as firmly in according merited praise. I do not mean the gorgeous poison flower of flattery which flaunts itself in society's garden; but homely praise, the pure, sweet blossoms of justice, which should perfume the daily hard walks of our lives. Upon reaching the city Roy offered to return the waterproof, but the gentleman refused to accept it, saying:

"Oh no, pray keep it until to-morrow, the air is chilly, and the lady may take cold."

Roy could not well urge the matter, particularly as I had made no motion of unbuttoning the cloak, but he gave his card to the young man, and said he would see him next day.

The gentleman handed his card as well to Roy, and with a smile and a bow left us.

"What is his name; do let me see the card, Roy," I exclaimed eagerly, as my lover put the bit of pasteboard into his vest pocket.

"How ridiculously curious women are; what is his name to you?"

"Why I'd like to know the botanical name of this English rose, which certainly has a sweet savor of politeness. Let me see his card," I urged.

"It is merely an ordinary business card," replied Roy, reading off the name as he pulled it out of his pocket, "Algernon Sidney Cooper."

"But surely no ordinary name," returned I; "why it's historical and poetical; Sidney! Algernon!"

"The man is neither a hero nor a poet, however, he is simply an English tradesman—"

"He might be both, Roy; for heroes and poets have been mechanics. Didn't Sir Walter Raleigh and Philip Sidney, one of this young man's ancestors, perhaps," I added with a saucy laugh, "both write verse? and Leonardo da Vinci was an inventor, and to-day isn't Earthly Paradise Morris a paper-hanger? so who knows but this illustrious name may be poetical as well!"

"He has an ardent admirer as a man, if not a poet, it seems, in one woman who never heard of him before, nor saw him until to-day. 'Woman thy name is frailty.'"

"Not at all, it is generosity; I am grateful for a favor, and—"

"Consequently gush after the manner of girls."

We had reached home at this stage of our argument, and mamma's fears for my health at finding me damp and in thin shoes put an end to further controversy upon the name and standing of the young Englishman, whose acquaintance we had made so singularly.

wear, and my poor boots felt very tight and pinched unmercifully. He was very kind, and so patient in explaining whatever mamma and I could not exactly understand, that I could not help but wish Roy was more like him in disposition!

"He is very gentlemanly, Hettie," said mamma, after he had seen us out of the building and put us in a car for home. "I never believed I should like a foreigner, but I do like this Englishman; now that Roy and he have exchanged cards and civilities, I wish Roy would bring him to call; we ought to be courteous to the strangers in our midst."

"Roy bring him to call! Why, mamma," I exclaimed, "I believe Roy would be furious if he knew that we accepted more from him to-day than the 'change' from our purchase; you know he disapproves of 'strange fellows;' we ought not to even mention to him the gentleman's politeness!"

"Hettie, mark my words," replied mamma solemnly, with one of her serious looks, "if you persist in marrying a man whom you feel assured is unreasonable and unjust in his character, and I dare say Roy would be, even about so trifling a matter as this, I fear for your future happiness."

Mamma never let an opportunity pass for a digression of this sort relative to Roy's disposition. Somehow I had no words of defense ready now. Roy was unreasonable and unjust, as well as exacting and overbearing in his character, but I had always found a plea for mercy for him in my heart when accused. I loved him; at least I thought it was love which caused me to answer "Yes" to his passionate appeal a year before. To be sure he was many years older than I, and very many of my older married lady friends had flirted with Roy Rodman in their day, but he was a lover to be proud of, because never before had any woman won his heart. But he

was very peculiar, and what people called "hard to agree with." I laughed when they told me we should "never get along." I was always called amiable, and never quarreled with any one; surely with the man I loved I could "get along." Papa was not quite willing to give his consent to our engagement at first. "Let Hettie wait a year or two," he said, "she is too young to choose yet;" but I protested that I loved Roy, and then papa said "Yes." Of late I discovered that I was continually making excuses to myself, as well as to mamma, for Roy's abrupt manner and imperious tones. He never appeared to think that I had any "rights" as a lady-love; the rights were all his, and he must dictate the laws and rules. I never pretended to belong to the band of down-trodden, strong-minded women who clamor in loud voices for "rights," spelled in large letters, but I did demand justice, and Roy was very unreasonable sometimes!

A few weeks after our first meeting with Mr. Cooper, Roy and I were out to the grounds one day, and passed him on the walk; he recognized us, and as I bowed and smiled cordially, he joined us, and asked if we had visited the English cottages. He had a pass which would admit himself and party, and would be happy to show us how the "squires at home lived." As it was somewhat difficult about that time to obtain admittance to these buildings, I immediately exclaimed with pleasure:

"O thanks! I should so much like to see inside those quaint houses!"

"I had no idea you were so curious to see them," replied Roy, looking down at me in a crushing sort of manner, and without acknowledging the gentleman's kindness. "I classed them along with our State buildings, of no interest whatever, save to the people of the different States; but if you are so desirous of seeing these houses, we will accept Mr. Cooper's invitation." How ungracious his

words sounded. I felt my face burn for him, and tried to make amends for his churlishness by being very talkative myself. Mr. Cooper walked on beside us, appearing not to notice Roy's curt manner. I was leaning on Roy's arm, talking across him, to the Englishman, when suddenly my foot turned, and I gave a little low moan of pain as it twisted under me. Roy stopped abruptly and asked in a quick, impatient tone, "What is the matter now?" I had stumbled once or twice before that day, and Roy had insisted that my boots were too small, and my heels too high, which was not so; they were a perfect fit, those dear old Centennial shoes!

"The lady has sprained her ankle, she is suffering. See! she is faint! Here! quick!" Mr. Cooper cried to a rolling-chair man who was passing. The man stopped, and without a word or look at Roy, Mr. Cooper caught me as I staggered forward in my swoon, and lifted me up in his great strong arms and placed me in the chair.

CHAPTER II.

THE following day Roy went out to return the borrowed waterproof, and reported that the gentleman had said the new cloaks would arrive in a few days, when I could select whichever I preferred from the lot.

Mamma and I went to the Exhibition not long after, and Mr. Cooper saw us immediately and hastened down the aisle to meet us. The cloaks were opened then, for the first, for my selection, and I chose a pretty black and white silk-lined one. Mr. Cooper was very kind and attentive to mamma, who was tired and warm, getting her a fan, a chair, water, and quite winning her heart by his devoted manner. After we were rested, he offered to show us some rare exhibits of jewels and bric-a-brac in his department, and upon our accepting his escort, walked us in and out of the Queen's possessions until mamma grew faint and



MR. COOPER CAUGHT ME AS I STAGGERED FORWARD IN MY SWOON, AND LIFTED ME UP IN HIS GREAT STRONG ARMS AND PLACED ME IN THE CHAIR.

"We had best go at once to the Medical Department," he said to Roy, "your sister can receive attention there, and it will be best to see to the limb at once; these sprains are dangerous things sometimes," and putting his hand upon the chair he walked alongside, wheeling it in the direction of the hospital. Roy acquiesced, but there was a dark expression upon his face; he was annoyed at having shown himself unfeeling and cross, and he scarcely knew how to resent the stranger's sympathy and kindness.

"Are you suffering, Hettie?" he asked, bending down beside me as he also wheeled the chair along.

"Yes, I—I am afraid I shall faint, please don't let me, Roy," I gasped. Just then we passed some of Roy's fashionable friends, a party of curious women, who looked at me with a well-bred stare as though wondering what sort of scene Roy Rodman was figuring in now. He colored with vexation. He disliked to be observed as an object of pitiful interest I could see, and several people had turned to look, for I dare say I was very white in my faintness. I was sorry to be the cause of his chagrin, and I faltered, "I am so sorry, Roy; I couldn't help it."

"I dare say not, one wouldn't sprain one's ankle from choice certainly," he laughed coldly. When we reached the building Roy lifted me out of the chair, and carried me into the room where the kind doctor soon appeared with Mr. Cooper, who had gone on ahead in search of a particular one.

"Which foot was it?" asked Roy as he knelt down to unbutton my boot. I could not reply for pain.

"The left foot," said Mr. Cooper quickly. Roy unbuttoned the innocent little shoe, and threw it down with a half-smothered exclamation over the ridiculous feminine vanity of wearing light shoes and French heels to walk through the Exhibition in.

While he was slowly drawing off, my blue and white striped stocking—and in spite of my pain I felt a pride and satisfaction in knowing my foot was white and plump and pretty, undressed—Mr. Cooper had picked up the poor unoffending little boot, and was holding it, caressingly almost it seemed, in his hand, and I was *not* sorry I only wore number twos.

What a contrast these two men were; how could I help but notice the different manner in which they both behaved under the same circumstance. Roy was only annoyed and provoked at the *accident*, and showed no sympathy whatever for my *suffering*, and he was the man I had promised to marry. The Englishman had been attentive, nay, he had been more tender, and observant of my slightest exhibition of pain; it was he who had called the chair to my aid, thought of the hospital, and had looked the sympathy he had no right to express, and he was a stranger to me. What did it all mean? *Was* Roy's a selfish, hard nature, with which my own loving, affectionate one would never assimilate? Ah! there was a bitter awakening from a dream stirring in my woman's heart during that short half day!

After some painful pullings and tender bathing of my swollen ankle, I was allowed to put on my stocking, but found it out of the

question to attempt getting on my boot. "I think I can procure a slipper for you in a few moments, if you will wait," said Mr. Cooper, who saw how impossible it was for me to wear my shoe. He left us and returned shortly with a little bronze slipper.

"Why where in the world did you find that?" I cried in surprise.

"Oh, don't you know ladies' slippers grow on the grounds? surely you have seen them in the flower-beds near Horticultural Hall."

"This one, however, came from a building closer at hand, the shoe and leather exhibit I should say," said Roy. "You are very kind," he continued, in a strained, polite tone; "you seem fated to protect this lady: first a waterproof, then an umbrella, and now a shoe!"

"Literally from top to toe," I laughed, putting out my two feet with their cunning, mismatched coverings; "but don't leave my poor boot behind, Roy," I said, pointing to the battered-looking object on the floor. "I should like to finish the Centennial in it, the pair has done me good service so far, as you see," I continued, pointing to the scratch just received. Roy pocketed the boot, and, after thanking the doctor for his services, we started for home, Mr. Cooper going on ahead of our chair, and securing us a carriage at the gate. Roy thanked him courteously as well, I smiled good-by, and we went on homeward.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS kept indoors several weeks in consequence of my sprained ankle, and it was a long time before I again went out to the Exhibition. I used to wonder sometimes, as I lay in my cool, darkened room, and heard the people troop by the windows on their way home at night, I used to wonder if the young Englishman would not like to know how I was, and I felt chagrined because he did not discover where I lived, and call to ask. I totally forgot that he knew neither my name nor address. Roy had said always "the lady" in speaking of me, and mamma called me "Hettie." How *was* he to know that I am Miss Henrietta Elliot, of West Greene Street, when he had not the slightest intimation of who I was. Roy went out to the grounds frequently, but he never met him he said.

I used to think a great deal about him; somehow I could not keep him out of my mind as I lay there through the long, hot days. I was not ill alone from the sprain. I had a touch of nervous fever as well. The doctor said I was "run down," "debilitated." I could not tell; I did not know what *was* the matter with me, but I was very miserable and unhappy. Roy was very devoted and kind as usual; he sent me flowers every day, and came to read to me once in a while, and was anxious to take me out to ride behind his new horse and pretty drag; but I did not care to go out, and his reading wearied me, and the scent of flowers annoyed me. I used to order the girl to put them out of the room when Roy left. Even Roy's presence tired me, and I would close my eyes when he came and pretend to be asleep, and indeed would often go

off in a trance-like dream while he sat beside me. In those strange dreams, sometimes, Roy would be changed into some terrible ogre from whose dreadful grasp I was continually being rescued by a pair of strong arms, but the face of my deliverer was always hid from me. One morning, during one of these dreams, and while Roy was reading aloud to me, he stopped suddenly and roused me from my reveries by saying impatiently, "Hettie, what *is* the matter with you? I do not understand you, you seem drifting away from me. You are changed somehow, what *is* it?"

My heart seemed to stand still for a moment, then it gave a great throb, and I knew; his words made it plain to me. I *was* drifting away, far away, from him. I *was* changed. I could not reply to his question, but I sobbed, "Oh, Roy, don't ask me, I am sick and cannot answer you now." Mamma came into the room then, and asked why I was looking so tearful and feverish. "So Roy troubles you, dear," she said, smoothing down my tumbled curls.

"Hettie is certainly the most ridiculously nervous person I ever saw in my life," replied Roy. "I think she needs a change, this close confinement is wearing on her."

"What is it that troubles you, Hettie?" asked mamma again.

"Oh, I don't know; I am 'ridiculously nervous' I suppose, as Roy says, but I cannot help it; maybe I do need 'a change,'" said I, pushing my hair off my hot face, and looking up in Roy's face.

"Well, I am going up to Cresson to-morrow, and will look out for rooms for you, Mrs. Elliot. I think perhaps some strong mountain air will benefit Hettie."

"Going away to-morrow?" I echoed, feeling a relief at the thought of his absence.

"Yes, I intended to have spoken of it before this morning, but you have been so *distracted*. A party of our club are going up for a week or so. Now that you are out of danger I do not feel any compunctions about leaving the city. I will return in a few weeks, and hope by that time that you will be more cheerful company; you have been very depressing of late."

"Will you come and say good-by before you start, Roy?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, yes, of course, I'll drop in a few moments to-night, and—"

"Pray don't let Hettie interfere with any of your pleasure plans or engagements, Roy," interrupted mamma, in her most sarcastic tones.

"No, I never do that; it isn't in my nature, you know," he returned with a laugh; "and so I will say good-morning to you now, as I have some errands down town to attend to relative to my engagements while away."

Mamma left the room with an expression of indignation on her face. Roy looked after her with a smile on his lips.

"What a charming mother-in-law your mamma will make, Hettie," said he. "I quite anticipate the delightful times we shall have together in the future."

"Don't laugh at mamma, Roy. She only loves me too well to see me troubled in the least, and she thinks I care about your going away."

"You ought not to care, Hettie. I am sure I have been sufficiently attentive during your illness and—"

"Oh, do not reproach me, I do not 'care' about your going, Roy."

"Well, then, I will say good-morning to you, little snow-drop. I will entreat the mountains to kiss some roses into those pale cheeks, as I seem to fail in doing so," he said, bending down to embrace me. "Don't worry over what I said a few moments ago, Hettie, about your being 'changed somehow,' I was only annoyed because you were inattentive to all I said and read to you while you were ill. I do not believe you are capable of change, such a true, stanch little love as you are."

"Good-by," I said, trying to smile at his words, but with a sharp pain in my heart the while. "Whatever I am, Roy, remember I cannot *help being*."

He came in again after tea, but I was asleep and they would not awaken me. He left a little good-by note for me saying he would write as soon as he reached Cresson, and would expect a line from me every day until mamma and I joined him there.

"Roy reminds me so much of Romola's husband, Tito, Hettie," said mamma; "he tries to slip away from everything disagreeable and unpleasant, and cares only for his own comfort and pleasure."

"Why, mamma," I exclaimed, "Tito's was an unprincipled, selfish, good-natured, soft, and easy sort of a character. Roy is surely none of these!"

"He certainly is not good-natured, nor is he unprincipled, but selfish to the core, and stern and exacting beside."

"O mamma, mamma, mamma! does Roy seem all that to you? Do you truly think he will never make me happy?" and I burst into a passion of tears, which so surprised and alarmed mamma that she begged my pardon for speaking so harshly of Roy's character, and said:

"Love, Hettie, endures all things. If you truly love Roy Rodman, he may be the only man in the whole world who can make you happy."

Shall I ever forget the agony of thought I suffered during the week that followed Roy's departure? Mamma's words, as well as Roy's curious accusation of my being "changed," haunted me. I was waking up to the knowledge that I no longer loved my lover. The question that tormented me was: *Had* I ever loved him, and was I changed? or, had something proved to me that love was a different feeling from what I had once imagined it to be? What was that something? I could not determine or define it. I had certainly met no one toward whom I felt a warmer affection. When I argued thus to myself, oftentimes the face of the kind English gentleman would rise up before me, tender and gentle, and with a trembling fear I would strive to banish it at once. Preposterous! to think at such a time of a strange man whom I had seen but once or twice in my life.

I grew weaker and paler every day. I had not the strength and courage to write to Roy and tell him how troubled I was in my mind, and ask him to release me from an engage-

ment I felt was indeed an unhappy one. Roy's sojourn in the mountains lengthened from two to three and four weeks. He had written for us to come up, and secured delightfully situated rooms, but I was too weak yet to take the journey. I begged him to wait until I felt a little stronger. I was too great a coward to meet the lover I no longer loved, and so I mused, and pined, and grew but the shadow of my once blooming self. One day papa was sitting beside my couch, and I felt he had been secretly watching me for some time; at length I asked laughingly,

"Well, what answer? You have been studying me as though I was a living problem."

"Hettie, my child," he answered gravely, "I see that you are troubled over something, and it worries me. What is it, daughter, that is wearing you so thin and miserable? Surely you may tell me; I will help you if I can."

O my dear, kind, good father! What a woman's tenderness he possessed. How quickly he saw into the depths of my girl's heart, and gently touched its quivering pangs! I looked up into his eyes and saw that he read it all—my doubts and fears; then I threw myself on to his bosom, and sobbed out all that had made my life so bitter for so long.

"Write at once to Roy," he said, when I had finished. "Tell him all that you have told me, and I am sure he is too honorable a man to hold you to a promise which your heart forbids. Girls do not always know their minds so young. I thought perhaps you were different, when you said you loved Roy; and, although I myself did not think his disposition one that would make a woman happy, still, I thought you loved him, and that was enough. Write to Roy at once, Hettie, to-night. I will mail it myself."

"And you won't tell mamma, until it is all over and settled?" I said, brushing away my tears. I was so sure mamma would give vent to so much bitterness against Roy, that—girls are perverse—I feared lest I might be willful enough to give up confessing my change of feeling to my lover, and go on *trying* to care for him as I knew now I *had* been doing all along. I should feel a tender pity for him, should I hear him abused. Papa promised that no one but he and I should know anything of the matter until I had written and received an answer to my confession. This is the letter I wrote that night:

"DEAR ROY:—The other day, when you said I had changed 'somehow;' that I was 'drifting away from you,' I realized that perhaps it *was* a change in my feelings that had made me behave so strange and cold toward you of late. I fear we have both made a mistake, Roy, and perhaps it will be best for us to agree to consider our engagement at an end. I have thought for a long time that you did not find in me all that you should find in a woman you wished to make your wife. I know I am foolish, and silly, and ignorant; and I see that all my shortcomings annoy, and make you impatient and unreasonable. If we loved one another as we *should*—O Roy! you would not be so impatient over my failings, nor would I feel as I do toward you about

them. You said you did not believe me 'capable of change,' and I answered you 'whatever I am, remember I cannot *help being*.' If I disappoint you now, remember, Roy, it is because I cannot *help* it. I do not love you as I ought, to be your wife; and, feeling as I do, I ask you to release me from our engagement. I will always be your friend, and I trust I may still class you among mine.

"Sincerely yours,

"HETTIE ELLIOT."

Papa mailed the letter that evening, and for the first time in many weeks I slept soundly that night. It seemed as if a load had been lifted from my heavy heart, and I breathed easier. In a few days the answer came. How plainly I could see Roy's face as I read it. He was chagrined, mortified, and astonished; no more. There was no deep grief or pain in his heart.

"HETTIE," it ran; "you prove the weakness, insincerity, and vacillation so well known to be the characteristics possessed by your sex. I blindly imagined you to be an exception to the general rule. I now see my mistake. You say you 'no longer love me as you ought,' to be my wife. Surely you do not think I would care to hold you to a promise which you already acknowledge you have broken! I accept your proposal, that we agree to consider our engagement at an end. I sail for Europe on Saturday. Any message sent to my office before that time will reach me. Hoping you may be more fortunate in your selection of a lover next time, I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROY RODMAN."

That was all. There were no wild protestations, no declarations that he would continue to love me as ever. I should have felt much worse if there had been. No; he was angry, chagrined, surprised, perhaps a little bitterness of disappointment with it all; for he had believed my youth made it impossible for me to be other than true—and so I was true, to my woman's *self*! I was glad he was going away. I dreaded to meet him again. I was a weak coward in his presence. I was only brave and could battle for myself alone!

Papa carried my ring, and all the presents I had accepted during our engagement, and the few love-letters Roy had written me, to his office next day, and had a few moments' conversation relative to our affairs with Roy.

"Did he seem sorry, papa?" I asked, when papa returned, bringing me my foolish little notes and letters.

He looked annoyed.

"Do not trouble yourself about Roy, Hettie. His is too selfish and cold a nature to allow an affair of the heart to mar his peace."

I shed a few tears over my childish letters—they were such childish effusions, I pitied myself for having ever written them—and then I felt better.

CHAPTER IV.

ROY sailed for Europe the following week, and papa, mamma and I went down to the

sea-shore. I gained health and strength rapidly, and was soon feeling and looking like my old self. We came back to the city in the early autumn, and I was once more able to go out.

My friend and schoolmate, Nellie Morgan, had returned from a trip abroad during my illness, and was now devoted in her attentions to me. She had heard something of my broken engagement, from mutual friends, but had forbore questioning me as regards the matter. One day, however, during a drive she was taking me, out in the park, she said, letting the pony walk slowly as we talked:

"Hettie, I don't want to pain you, but didn't you *think* you loved Roy Rodman—"

"Yes, I did until—I—"

"Ah!" she interrupted. "Then there is another lover in the case!"

"No, no; oh no, Nellie," I faltered.

"But I am sure there *must* be; tell me his name; let me behold him."

As she spoke, a runaway team passed us, and our pony taking fright, started to run. We both tried our best to hold her in, but were powerless. On she dashed down the river road, our little light phaeton swaying wildly from side to side. Suddenly a man rushed toward us, and catching the bridle the pony stopped.

"Why, Mr. Cooper! Where in the world did you drop from? How romantic and fortunate," cried Nellie, when she had recovered her voice and looked up to see who our gallant knight was.

Yes, it was he, my Englishman! I felt as though I was in a dream, and indeed I believe I did faint away for a minute, for when I recovered Nellie was bathing my face with a wet handkerchief, and still crying out, "Where in the world did you drop from? I don't understand it."

"I was walking home through the park, fortunately it appears. You see I am 'fated to protect' you once more," he replied, with a look at me.

"Then you know Mr. Cooper too, Hettie? Why, how strange!" said Nellie, looking mystified.

"Yes—no—I don't know," faltered I, confusedly.

"The lady has the advantage of me, at least, in knowing *my* name; I am quite unaware of what hers may be," said he, smiling. Then he explained our brief acquaintance in a few words, and Nellie made a great parade of formally introducing us, and it all came out that he and a German friend, one of the commissioners, had letters of introduction to Nellie's father, and they had called and grown quite intimate with Mr. Morgan's family during my illness. I did recollect then of Nellie's having written me something about a "handsome Prussian" she had met, but I was too sick to give the matter attention. Nellie was always



IT WAS A QUIET SPOT, AND I FELT THE NEED OF BOTH REST AND QUIET. I SANK DOWN INTO ONE OF THE GREAT ARM-CHAIRS AND LOOKED ABOUT ME

falling in and out of love, and I supposed it was one of her usual attacks.

Nellie brought both of the gentlemen to our house that evening, and papa and mamma welcomed Mr. Cooper very warmly, as the rescuer of "the runaways." Mr. Cooper came quite frequently after. Papa took a great fancy to him, and mamma always had liked him from the first, so he found a friend in her at once. Mr. Werner, the Prussian, did not visit us as often. When we asked Mr. Cooper "why," he replied, "Adolph is very much *engaged*," and Nellie always blushed.

The hot summer had waned now, and autumn colors flamed out on the trees and bushes in the park. Closing ceremonies of the great exhibition were being arranged, and the foreign exhibitors talked of "going home."

We were all sitting out on our cool piazza one warm evening in the moonlight, papa and Mr. Cooper smoking and talking, mamma and I listening, when Mr. Cooper mentioned having purchased his return ticket for home; he should start so as to be "home for the holidays," he said.

What a sharp pain the words sent through my heart! Should I *never* see him again? Would his good-by be a last farewell? The thought unnerved me, and saying I felt chilly, I withdrew into the little bay-windowed room that opened out on to the piazza, to be alone with my strange agitation. I was ashamed and frightened, but I could not control the feeling of wild grief that possessed me at the news of this man's returning to his native land. Why should I feel so deeply his departure?—he a man whom I had known but a few short weeks, when I had scarcely given a thought to Roy, the man I once believed I *loved*, since he had been gone! Ah! inexplicable and mysterious are the workings of a girl's heart!

There I sat alone, pondering over this problem, which I *dared* not solve, while they talked on outside. After a little while Mr. Cooper

rose to take his leave, and papa and mamma saying, "Hettie is inside, she will see you as you go down," bade him good-night, and retired to their room.

He came over to where my white dress shone in the moonlight and asked:

"Are you ill? you were so quiet. I will say good-night now, and allow you to get the rest I dare say you need."

I shook my head, and rose and gave him my hand. "I have a favor to ask, one, before I go home; will you let me show you our English houses? We started once, you recollect, and did not reach there."

I shuddered as I recalled the day. "I would like to have you see something of our ways in England, you have never been out to the grounds with me. May I take you to-morrow?"

"I have not been there since that time I sprained my ankle. I will be very happy to go with you to-morrow," I answered with effort, there was such a heavy weight upon my heart.

"Thank you, it will make me very happy," and with a kind-good night he left.

A bright sunny day dawned on the morrow, and once more I buttoned up those dear old boots and started out for the Centennial. We found Nellie and Mr. Werner at the depot, they, too, appeared to have an engagement for the day.

"We will try and keep together of course," said Nellie, as we entered the crowded grounds, which proposition I fancied Herr Werner did not find so pleasing; "and now the very first thing we do, let's show Hettie that wonderful piece of woman's work, 'Sleeping Iolanthe'; she missed seeing it in consequence of her long illness."

We wedged our way in through the mass of people, and for the first time I beheld the "Butter Head." Only a few milkings and churnings, some deft workings, and touches with a few rough implements, and the result, a lovely alto-relievo head—in May butter.

"What do you think of this bit of woman's work?" I asked Mr. Cooper, anxious to hear his opinion of what we could do in our feeble way.

"I think it worthy of high praise, this woman's work, all of it," he answered, looking round about him, "even this 'butter ball,' as I heard some one call it a few minutes ago, it is so peculiarly womanly, this 'bit of art.' In a marble piece one thinks of men's hands, of chisel and hammer, a dreary studio; here one imagines clover fields, sweet-breathed kine, milk, music on glistening tin-pail bottoms; why 'Betty' herself might have stepped down out of the pretty picture in our English gallery, and milked and churned and made all this!"

"You acknowledge it is 'art' then," I said smiling at his warmth, "even if it is butter—and woman's work?"

"I do indeed, but there is a vast deal of in-

genuity displayed in the inventions of women, mechanical inventions, as well as artistic beauty; the Pavilion was altogether a fine exhibition, and does you women credit, Miss Hettie, I assure you."

How kind his sweet praise sounded; how different from Roy's imperious denunciation. *Could* I help contrasting the two men? Was I "weak, vacillating, insincere," because of this feeling?

During our little conversation Nellie and Mr. Werner had walked on and got lost in the crowd.

"No matter," said Mr. Cooper, after trying in vain to distinguish them among the surging mass. "No matter, we will meet again at St. George's House. I told Adolph we should go there." Then he gave me his arm and we started for the English Cottage.

What a bright, fair day it was; how the sun shone, and the sweet air played over us. The cottages looked very beautiful as we approached, the great beds of yellow marigolds that surrounded their closely-shaven lawns flourished their golden spears, and the bright red tiles on the roof seemed to blush a warm welcome to us.

The great heavily-barred door opened and closed after us, and we stood in the dark wainscoted hall with its quaint tiled floor. At one end there was a hospitable-looking old oaken sideboard, at the other a fireplace; a flight of uncarpeted shining dark wood stairs led upward; through the open doorway ahead a glimpse of the green and gold brocade of the drawing-room could be seen, with also a sight of the brown furnished library. It was all so strange and different from our interiors; I felt somehow as though I had been carried ages back into the home of some rich country squire of the fourteenth century. There were few visitors at that time of day; indeed we seemed quite alone. I was indeed the sole guest of my English friend. After looking through the suite of rooms, Mr. Cooper said quickly:

"How remiss in me to forget you have been ill, you are pale and tired. Come, we will rest here and wait for the others." Then he drew me into the little room, you recollect, which led off the main parlor. It was a quiet spot, and I felt the need of both rest and quiet. I sank down into one of the great armchairs and looked about me. Opposite there hung a little cupboard with dull green satin curtains half-drawn, revealing some rare Wedgwood-ware. In the curious tiled fireplace there stood a pair of old-fashioned brass andirons, with huge sunflowers blazing upon them, and a pair of burnished brass shovel and tongs hung up beside them; on the mantel above, some odd-shaped bronze vases, and a picture of her Majesty looked down upon us from the dark-papered wall. How I noticed all those little things! Ah, they are printed on my memory in undying colors! What followed? Can I tell it all as it came? I do not know. What I *do* know is that the sun shone never so brightly as it did that day through those little leaded window-panes. Outside in the garden some English boys were playing "tennis," and their voices sounded happy and joyous: a

band of music passed in the distance, and the tender melody, "How can I leave thee?" came floating in to our ears. Then I remember there was a silence between us, a great hush as though each was preparing their hearts for the joy that followed. There was no one in the house but he and I; there seemed no one in the whole world but just we two, and he—he was going away, and I should never see him again! How I must have looked I do not know, but at that point when I was thinking I should never see him again, he told me the old, old story. I cannot repeat his fervid words, but he said he had loved me from the first day that he saw me; he had waited and watched for me daily after, that he feared Roy was my affianced lover, but had hoped it was not so. Then he had tried to crush out the love he bore me, remembering I was a stranger, a mere girl, and could never be his. The story of my broken engagement reached him through his friend Mr. Werner, who heard it all from Nellie. He knew Roy's name, but had never heard mine. He rejoiced when he heard the news, and was glad he had not known me before when I was another's, but could meet me now free to choose.

"I have been fated to protect you," he quoted, with a tender smile, "through storm and danger; give me the *right* to protect you the rest of your life. I have spoken to your father, Hettie, and given him all the necessary credentials to prove that though I be a stranger, I am an honorable and worthy suitor. I have his permission to speak to you; am I too hasty? Will you not give me a little hope even, Hettie?"

How the room danced! Why, the bronzes on the mantel laughed, and I am quite sure her Majesty smiled down upon my happiness.

I put my hand in his for answer, and I knew that he understood its mute eloquence. I was rested now, I had found my haven; all the sorrow and trouble I had had passed away in a great wave and left me safe. Though a stranger, he seemed nearer and dearer than all others; whither he went I was willing to go; his people should be my people; his God, my God! Ah, *this* was love! We sat there in the golden shimmering sunlight, forgetting there was a world outside to which we must return, until the great door opened again, and among the visitors who entered we found Nellie and Mr. Werner.

"Why, where *have* you been?" I asked confusedly, ashamed to remember that I had not thought of her existence for an hour at least.

"We walked down by the lake, and then Mr. Werner took me into the German Government Building to rest, and"—her blushes told the rest. Love is quick to recognize its soldiers in the cause, and I knew by the color in her cheeks and the light in her eyes that to whatever foreign building she had been the language spoken had been the very same as that to which I had listened, and responded—and so that day there were two American girls who surrendered their hearts and hands to foreign powers.

Algie went home for Christmas, but returned in the early spring, and when the May leaves and buds were blooming on the trees in

the park again, Nellie and I stood bravely up, and promised to "love, honor, and obey" those same two foreign powers.

When mamma gave her consent to my marriage she said:

"I'm sure I never thought I should willingly accept a foreign son-in-law, but I must confess I would much rather see my daughter the wife of a foreigner who honors and likes America and the Americans, than of a native-born American who condemns and denounces both."

Papa bought us this cosy little home, and we have tried to make it look as thoroughly like an English squire's as possible, you see, and this room, our pet room it is, is as near like the little room where we sat that sunny day as we could make it. You see the paper is the same, and the tiles, and the andirons, and shovel and tongs, and there is the picture of her Majesty smiling down upon us, just the same. And those boots set up there in state; ah! there was no such ornament in St. George's House, but Algie would have them, in this very room; why, he actually wanted me to be married in them, the idea! How would they have looked with a white satin bridal costume? But I did put them in my trunk when we went on our tour, and when we arrived at Niagara I put them on, and walked over the long bridge on to my husband's native land, as well as into his heart, in those very Centennial shoes.

We have heard through mutual friends once or twice of Roy Rodman. He is making a tour of the world, alone of course, and still unmarried. He will doubtless always remain a bachelor. His is one of those peculiar temperaments and dispositions that seem unfitted to a dual life; not that they are perfect and complete in themselves; ah, no! but a kind so strangely peculiar that another half will never be found to make the perfect whole. We speak of him occasionally, and I see him in my dreams sometimes, crossing the desert, scaling the Alps, or wandering along the Nile, and always alone, and stern, and cold, and I waken and wonder was I to blame for not loving him?

Have I wearied you? It is a long story, isn't it? but old-time stories are apt to be prosy, and this you know I *told* you was a love story of '76, and garrulous enough I am sure, about a pair of Centennial shoes.

THE END.

November.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

NCE brightly braided back, her hair
Streams on the wind in tangles now,
As in a voice of weird despair
She breathes some rash and rigid vow.
Her tears congeal and flow anew,
None stays them, though this lovelorn maid
One month ago with suitors strayed,
And dreamed the Indian-summer through,
As rosy as the fruits she bore;
In rich September tripped along,
Gay wreaths of flowers in June she wore,
In April sang with birds her song,
Yet now, forlorn, through storm she strays
Along the bleak, bare, beaten ways.

A Tale of Fifty Years Ago.

BY MRS. H. M. SLOCUM.



AUNT SARAH, why did not you and father bring up us children to use the plain language, and dress in the plain style of dress which you and he wear? You always look so nicely, and your 'thee and thou' sounds so smooth and pleasant."

"Well, my dear child," replied Aunt Sarah, to her inquisitive niece and namesake, "thy father and I learned many years ago that there was no religion in dress, and no special virtue in the plain language, though we consider both in excellent taste."

"Well, auntie, why is not Aunt Huldah a Quaker the same as you and father? I have heard you speak of birth-rights; she must have been a birth-right Quaker; why did she not stay one?"

"Thee is wrong, my child, in supposing that none are Friends except those who wear the peculiar garb. Thy Aunt Huldah is as worthy a member of our society as I know."

"What! Aunt Huldah a Friend? Why she dresses in elegant fashion, and she says, 'you' and 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.,' just like anybody else. I never thought she was a Quaker. Why does she dress so differently?"

"I will tell thee a little story, my niece, about some of the things which happened when thy Aunt Huldah and I were young girls, which will, I think, explain this dress question to thy satisfaction."

"Oh, that will be nice. Come, Georgie and Nellie, Aunt Sarah is going to tell a story—a true story too."

The young people gathered quickly around the venerable, though gentle-looking Quakeress, eager to listen to her tale of the olden time.

"It will be fifty years, I think, come next ninth month, since sister Huldah came to New York to attend school.

"Thy father, Sarah, had been married but a twelvemonth, and was just trying to get started in business in this city.

"Our mother had her heart set upon Huldah's having an opportunity to get a little more education, and upon one of Brother Jonathan's visits home, she insisted that Huldah should return with him and go to school from his house through the winter.

"But at that time father was not quite what he had been. He had grown into great favor with Friends, was an Elder and sat at the head of the meeting, and having become quite fore-handed, he entertained a great many Friends during monthly and quarterly meetings. At quarterly meeting time, especially, our house was always full, and our table bountifully spread.

"Though Friends' discipline was very particular to enjoin upon the members 'plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel,' and abstinence from intoxicating drinks, it took no cognizance of intemperate eating, as I sometimes thought it ought, and the table spread at our house at these seasons was supplied

with the best of everything that could be had in the country—and Friends generally were very good liver.

"These gatherings were looked forward to with great pleasure by us young folks, for they were our only recreation; in fact, most of the courting and getting married was brought about through the acquaintances made at quarterly meeting.

"It was at one of these that thy father, Sarah, met with thy mother. But I am making my story too long.

"As I was saying, father was much thought of by Friends, and he grew to be a little self-righteous, and being at considerable extra expense for entertaining so many Friends, he grew penurious with his family. Not but that he was a very good man in the main, and thought he was doing right, but he had not yet come to understand the pure, genuine spirit of Quakerism, as our mother had done, and he became church-proud, self-righteous, and somewhat domineering.

"I tell thee, Hannah," he said, "thee'll spoil that child. She'll come home with her head filled with furbeloes and the vanities of this world, and very likely make the acquaintance of some worldly young man, who will lead her away from our society."

"Mother was always quiet in her way, for mother was a Friend in spirit and in truth. She answered father gently, saying:

"Jaazaniah, thee should bear in mind that Huldah is not strong; she is not able to walk to school from here, the distance is so great, and there is no reason why our daughter should not have as good a chance for education as other Friends' children."

"She had spoken the right word. Father did not want it to be thought that he could not afford to do as well by his family as any other member of the Society could do.

"Let her go then," said he. "Let her go for three months, and then let that end the matter."

"Huldah was thought to be very well looking in those times. I suppose you young folks would say beautiful, and if any one ever was beautiful it was Huldah. We were all proud of her.

"I may go, sister Sarah," she whispered to me, "for father has said it," and she seemed to be very happy as she hurried to get herself ready.

"It was quarterly meeting time. Jonathan was home and was to take her back with him. The Friends had all left, and now Jonathan and Huldah were about to start.

"Jaazaniah," said mother, "I shall wish to write to Huldah, and she must have some money to pay postage with."

"Here," said he, putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a dollar. "Here is a dollar; see thee don't spend it for finery!"

"What is thee thinking of, Jaazaniah?" said mother; "that will pay but for four letters, and the poor child might be allowed a few pence in her pocket."

"That's enough! quite enough to fool away," he answered, and bidding them farewell, he turned and walked into the house.

Tears ran down mother's cheeks then, but dear brother told her not to cry, that

probably some of the Friends had said something to father that troubled him, and which made him a little cross.

"I will see the child has all the money she needs. Write to her mother, dear, and to thy son too, will thee?"

"Mother kissed him so tenderly then, and, pressing sister close to her breast, she bade them farewell. I did the same, and they started off.

"Mother and I had the house to set to rights, and we went about our work; but she carried a heavy heart though she spoke of it but once. It was when Huldah's first letter came, and father was very cross about the postage. It cost twenty-five cents to send a letter then by mail, and usually the postage was paid by the one receiving the letter.

"I think," she said to him, "that I brought thee money enough as my marriage dower, so that thee might afford to give me a little sometimes without finding so much fault about it. I would never ask thee for money if I desired it only for myself, but for the children's sake, Jaazaniah, I think I have a right to ask thee."

"It almost took my breath away to hear mother speak to father like that, for women were more timid in those times than they are now, and men were more stern. It took father by surprise, for he did not answer a word; but the tears dropped on mother's knitting work all that evening, and next morning she wrote to Jonathan that perhaps it would be best that Huldah should only write once a month as father felt as though the postage was too expensive. But Jonathan told Huldah to write once a week, and he paid the postage both ways after that, which was a great comfort to mother.

"The three months soon passed away, and quarterly meeting time had come again. Mother and I had everything arranged for company as usual, but our pleasantest anticipations were derived from the prospect of seeing dear Jonathan and Huldah. They were to arrive on third day, which was the day of the meeting of ministers and elders. Father was at meeting when they came. They had started on second day, and the ride was a long and tedious one, for we had no railways in those times. They had been traveling for several hours in a severe storm of snow and wind, and were very cold and tired. But we soon had them comfortably seated, warming themselves by the bright, crackling fire we had built in the fireplace.

"Huldah's hair, which never would lie straight, had fallen down on her face and throat; her cheeks were rosy, and her laughing eyes shone with delight at being home again. A bow of blue ribbon was fastened at her neck, and around her neck she wore a narrow white ruffle.

"You children would think such a dress plain even to meanness, but to our eyes it was very fine—too fine, indeed, for a Friend's daughter; but she looked so happy neither mother nor I wished to chide her. Indeed, mother did not care only that she dreaded father's anger; but she thought perhaps he would bring Friends home with him, and she knew his pride would prevent his saying anything before others. But he came home alone, and,

as he entered the keeping-room, I saw a frown upon his face. Something had gone wrong. His eye first rested upon Jonathan.

"How does thee do, Jonathan?" he said, in a censorious tone, and continued: "So thee's been introducing Huldah among the world's people, I learn. Letting her go to their places of wicked amusements with a young man who is not a member of our Society. What does this mean, Jonathan? Samuel Hoag has been telling me all about it, and a nice story this is to come before the meeting."

"Huldah has done nothing out of the way, father," he answered. "She has been waited upon by a very excellent young man—George Marshall by name—and I can assure thee his intentions are most honorable. He proposes to visit thee next week to ask thy consent."

"Huldah's face was scarlet at this disclosure, while mother looked aghast. Father, however, could hear to no reason at this time. 'My consent! he'll never get it then. Here's Josiah Hoag come to quarterly meeting on purpose to lay his wishes before me, with reference to Huldah; and now his own father comes to me with this disgraceful story from New York. Josiah is a young friend of most desirable connections, and he is in good standing with us; and, beside, is well-to-do in the world. It is one chance of a lifetime. Where is the huzzy?'"

"Turning round his eye rested upon Huldah as she sat trembling in the corner of the fireplace. The sight of her curls and her gay dress aroused his anger as I had never seen it roused before. 'Here thee is, the jade thee! What has thee to say for thyself? A proper young friend thee looks to be with thy finery and curls! But thee won't serve me like this again! I'll show thee.'

"'Father! father!' cried Huldah, 'please don't thee be so angry with me. I'll take off the ribbon and tie up my hair; it only fell down when I took off my hood.'

"'It won't trouble thee by falling any more,' said father, and before we could think what he was about to do, click! click! went the sharp shears, and one after another he threw her soft, long curls on the fire.

"'Oh, don't, father. Please don't spoil my pretty hair,' she cried, putting her hands to her head, but it was too late. The mischief was done, and the rich, dark, curly hair, of which mother had always been so proud, lay all black upon the back log.

"Father was not himself that day I am certain, or he could never have been so cruel; but somehow he had given way to his anger until he could not master it. I could not remember the time when he had chastised one of us, but now with his strong, broad hand he gave the poor girl such a blow upon the side of her head as nearly sent her into the fire. Jonathan caught her just in time to save her from being burned.

"'Jaazaniah, thee is beside thyself,' said mother, coming up and laying her hand upon his arm, but he would not allow her to interfere.

"'Be silent,' he commanded, shaking her off. As he approached Huldah the second time, Jonathan stepped before him.

"I shall never forget how grand our brother

looked then with his dark eyes fixed steadily upon father's, and his head erect.

"'Father, thee must not lay thy hand upon that girl again, I will not let thee.' That was all he said. None of us had ever dared to disagree with father before, and I was much frightened that Jonathan dared to do it, but I was very glad.

"Father looked at him for a moment, but Jonathan did not stir or move his eyes, and father turned away without speaking. Until that moment I think he had not realized what he was doing, and now was ashamed of it.

"Huldah started to go up stairs, and in doing so caught a sight of herself in the looking-glass, and cried pitifully,

"'Oh my pretty hair. It's all gone. What will George Marshall say? Oh, mother, this is too cruel,' and she sank upon the floor. Jonathan lifted her tenderly and carried her up stairs.

"All that night she sobbed and moaned. The pain from the blow was very severe. She was a sensitive child, and mother and I had always watched over her carefully, for we knew she was too frail to endure severe hardships; and now, when she was so filled with bright anticipations, to be so cruelly treated was more than her slender frame could endure, and when morning dawned she was in a settled delirium.

"Jonathan went for Dr. Cary. The good man said it was a very bad case, but watched her faithfully. Mother would not leave Huldah, and I waited upon the quarterly meeting Friends as well as I could. Father made an effort to be hospitable, but he told them his daughter was very sick, and they thoughtfully went elsewhere. He was in no mood for company.

"Josiah Hoag made a short call; but, finding he could not see Huldah, he went to Friend Smith's, whose daughters were well pleased to receive his visit.

"I hardly knew who should be pitied most—mother, who was so pale and calm, sitting by our dear one's bed; or poor father, who was so still and wretched. He loved his children with a deep love, when once his real feelings were reached; and now his remorse at the suffering he had caused one of them bowed him as with the weight of years.

"Jonathan's business required his attention, and, on the sixth day, he was obliged to leave us. And he went in great distress of mind, for the doctor gave us little hope.

"In Huldah's wanderings, she sometimes called for George Marshall, and grieved because he did not come—said father had driven him away. Then her mood would change, and she would think she had had a terrible dream. She had dreamed, she said, that her father had been very angry with her, and had cut off all her beautiful hair. The events of that sad, sad day were never absent from her mind.

"At last there came a crisis, and Dr. Cary said there was little hope that she could last through the night. I can never forget that night. It was the twenty-fifth of Twelfth month, and a stormy, bitter time.

"Outside the door of Huldah's room father's measured step could be heard constantly

pacing to and fro. He had not entered the room lest he might frighten her; but he had watched the rest of us as we passed in and out, and he had questioned the doctor eagerly and anxiously.

"When the doctor told mother that it was probably Huldah's last night on earth, she quietly left the room, and returned with father, and led him to a seat beside the bed. Then she knelt in supplication.

"My dear children, until that hour I had never known what prayer really was. I supposed I knew; but I had never heard a prayer like that. She begged that the Heavenly Father would spare her dear child—not for the child's sake; it would be well with her, whether she lived or died—not for the mother's sake, for she could be resigned; but for the sake of the dear father, whose agony was more than he could bear. She closed with these words:

"'Spare her, dear Lord, for her father's sake, for he has learned thy lesson well. Yet not my will, O God! but thine be done.'

"Father trembled like a reed in the wind; but he found voice. It was low, deep, and solemn. I remember well his few brief words, as he bowed his head and offered up his wail of distress.

"'Almighty Father, spare her, if it be consistent with thy holy will, and let me be the sacrifice. Take me to judgment! I bow to thy will—I only am guilty of wrong. Spare thou my child, and whatsoever thou bidst me do, I will obey thee!'

"It was a solemn hour; but, before its close, a joyous one, for Huldah opened her eyes, and knew us.

"'She will live,' whispered the doctor to me.

"There was never greater gladness than ours on that day's dawn. Father could not be induced to leave Huldah again until she was safe from danger.

"At length she was able to go down stairs, and, though she steadily improved, there was a sad, far-away look in her eyes. She was no more like our Huldah of old; but father was so gentle and kind, we all felt a great peace, except with regard to Huldah's sadness.

"One night, father told mother and me that we were to have company next day, and he hoped we would have everything nice. We could not persuade him to tell us who was coming; but I guessed in my own mind, and said nothing.

"I knew father had written a long letter to brother Jonathan, a few days before.

"The next day, mother and I made everything ready for dinner. The chicken pie was done to a nice brown. Mince pies, which had been frozen for a month, were thoroughly warmed through, and we began to think we should have our dinner without company, when who should come in but Jonathan, and such a well-looking young man with him. He didn't stop to shake hands with father or mother; but walked right up to Huldah, and took both of her poor little hands in his, and said, 'O my precious lamb!'—and then he kissed her, right there before father and mother and Jonathan and I, and he didn't act at all as though he thought he had done anything out of the way.

"I thought it was a little too much; but I saw mother looked so well pleased, I concluded it couldn't be so very bad; though I had never seen a young man take such liberties before.

"As for Huldah, she looked first so happy, and then so frightened, as she said,

"George Marshall, did father say thee might come?"

"Your father sent me a very kind invitation to come."

"And then such a look of satisfaction spread over her face that it seemed all aglow with light. The far-away look was all gone; but she only said,

"Father was very kind."

"And she spoke the truth. Father was never anything but kind after that. He was never quite willing to decide anything for us; but said we must use our own reason, and act according to the dictates of our own consciences in all things, and seemed even pleased to see the pale blue ribbon again in Huldah's hair, which grew more curly than ever.

"And one day when a Friend rebuked him for allowing his daughter thus to depart from the good order of the society, he replied in words something like these:

"Though the flowers of the field neither 'toil nor spin,' yet are they decked in gorgeous array. My daughter both toils and spins, and she clothes herself with the colors she loves. If our Heavenly Father disapproves, he will make it manifest in her own soul, I verily believe."

"They never said anything more to him upon the subject; for, about that time, Huldah married and left home, and soon after, father felt moved to speak in meeting, and, during the last years of his life, he became a very celebrated minister among Friends. He had reached the spirit of our religion through great suffering, and had become, in truth, as well as name, a Friend."

"Innominati."

IN Italian society there exists a fancy, making a point of etiquette which has a gracefulness and delicacy that recommends it to all persons of taste. It is this:

Among the flowers constantly sent by gentlemen of all nationalities who visit in the select society of such cities as Rome, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Bologna, there are always some bouquets, baskets, or single blossoms which come from those who, among a number of admirers, are suitors. Under no circumstances, not even though the wedding were set for the following day, will an Italian lady either wear a blossom in her hair or carry a bouquet in her hand which has been given or sent to her by an *avowed* suitor. It is considered indelicate for her to do so. These bouquets and baskets, blossoms and garlands, receive the name of *innominati* or nameless. The frequent reappearing of a peculiar flower, a rare exotic, in a lady's *boudoir* or *salon* will sometimes excite a smile of pleasure which there is no effort to conceal, and which is meant to be complimentary, "as who should say:" "Here it is again," but never will the name

be told who sends the flowers, and the unaccepted know when a choice is made that their flowers have never, as coming from *them*, been commented upon by the lady to whom they were offered.

Hetty's Thanksgiving Memories.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



DON'T think there was room in my heart for anything but downright misery on Thanksgiving morning a year ago. Everything was crooked. I hardly knew where our bread was to come from for the next week, and I had quietly given up butter and sugar for some time, because I knew how hard it was to pay for them. Yet the family were laughing and talking; Robin teasing me about my lack of appetite, Lucy declaring that she saw gray hairs already in my brown curls, and Bob fussing because his eggs were overdone just as usual. I sent mother's breakfast to her room, and prepared it as daintily as I knew how; but it came down untouched, and she told me afterward that she could not taste it, for the napkin on the tray had been used before, and she was almost certain that it had not been by herself.

"Really, mother," I exclaimed, "I try my best to please you, but you are never satisfied."

"I have never been considered exacting, Hetty," she answered in an offended tone. "I am sorry that I give so much trouble. However I will try, feeble as I am, to rise and come down to breakfast hereafter."

Now mother knew as well as I did, that to make such an exertion was wholly out of the question for her, yet she said it, as though she were a martyr, and I felt crushed. I set my lips together firmly and walked out of the room. On the stairs I met Cousin Richard, going down late. He is generally late. He stopped to inform me, with much circumlocution, that a nail was loose on the carpet of the third-story stairs, and that he had perceived a cobweb in the right-hand corner of the parlor ceiling.

"I would not mention these trifles to you, Hetty," said he; "but nothing shows deficiency in housekeeping as cobwebs do, and your mother might be annoyed were one to meet her eye; and Lucy is so nimble and quick-footed, she might possibly catch her heel in that loose place and be crippled by a fall. I do not mention these little things with any idea of finding fault, far from it, my dear. For a novice you get on wonderfully well; still, a hint now and then is valuable, and I speak that others may not criticise."

Then stroking my cheek with his hand in that peculiarly patronizing fashion which I despise, he proceeded to the dining-room. I always have been in antagonism with my Cousin Richard. Though he impresses others pleasantly, he stirs up all there is in me which is unlovely, and invariably I appear at my worst in his company. "Hetty has capacity," he says, "but she is so very ill-

balanced. She is governed by her impulses." He has certainly none of that blessed gift ever granted to man or to woman—tact.

Once, when a little thing, my mother had corrected me for some offense. The punishment was no doubt deserved by me, but I was a proud, though often a naughty child, and I never liked anybody to know that I had been in disgrace. On this occasion I was not allowed to leave my own room until tea-time, when I joined the family. Cousin Richard surveyed me with a smile as I was slipping quietly in:

"Why, here is our little Hetty once more! I am glad to see you. Poor little woman. The way of the transgressor is hard!"

How intensely I hated him just then no grown-up words of mine can tell.

Another time he presented me with a Christmas gift—somebody's advice to young ladies—and when I opened my book, lo! here and there were marked passages for my reading. Every such passage I felt to be an insult, for they referred to signs of ill-breeding, to personal untidiness, or to some real or imaginary fault of which Cousin Richard thought me an example. When I complain, as I sometimes do to mother or Lucy, of the trial it is for one like me to live in the same house, and sit at the same table with one like him, I am always hushed and bidden to remember how very good and generous he has been to us all.

"We have had no friend like him," mother will say, with tears in her eyes. "Who else would have found Bob a situation? Who would have bought Lucy a piano, and paid for her lessons? Who, indeed, would pay for this house if Richard did not? We could not afford such a rent. It is rank ingratitude, my dear child, for you to feel toward your cousin as you do."

And Lucy puts in her word: "Hetty is so unhappily constituted, so strange, mamma. If she would only take the happiness she might; but no! she must have a grievance, and perhaps one thing does as well as another. It is Cousin Richard now, and if it were not Cousin Richard it would be you or myself, so let us bear it calmly."

I admit that I am unfortunately sensitive, and therefore ill-fitted to reside here in this household, where the most open, incessant, and atrocious candor is the order of the day. Each tells the other precisely what each thinks of the other's deportment; each has his or her decided opinion about everything. Each takes the least thing in life in the most intensely serious manner, and is impatient of opposition or contradiction, and all are in awe of mother's feelings and of Cousin Richard's tempter. We all know that when mother is hurt she becomes depressed, and from that depression all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot draw her till she wears through it into clear weather again. We are all, even Lucy, aware that Cousin Richard is extremely arrogant in his tone, though kind enough at heart, and we hesitate about arousing his dictatorial mood when it happens to be quiescent.

In short, life in this house is not spent upon a bed of roses by any means, although we do love each other dearly, are very self-denying,

that we may be able to keep together, and are, I am quite sure, ready to die for each other were such a sacrifice necessary. We are capable of great endurance and grand heroism, I think, but we are not equal to the small and sweet and winsome courtesies which make every-day life pass so delightfully in some homes.

We were, like everybody, feeling the pressure of the hard times, and a year ago, Thanksgiving-day, affairs appeared to be approaching a crisis. Robin was out of a situation. Lucy's music scholars had fallen off, though she did not worry about it much, saying that was only temporary, and was a good thing, because she needed her time to practice, and needed also to rest somewhat, music teaching being so trying to the nerves. Lucy certainly takes trouble less to heart than any one I ever saw; but then she is just as happy when wearing my hat and shoes as if she has on her own, while I would rather go bonnetless and barefooted than be dressed in my sister's things.

I am the family dependence. I do not object, I felt, when years ago my father died, and I was left a little girl, but the eldest, that I must take his place, and so I have always tried to do. I am an artist. My panel pictures, my painting on wood, on china, and on silk find a ready sale. I illustrate books. I have a good deal of newspaper work. I receive fair prices for all I can do, and, Cousin Richard paying the rent, when Lucy and Robin are in funds to contribute something, and I am in fair working condition, we get on very comfortably indeed.

The trouble is, or was, though no one knew it, that I had not been in fair working condition for the past year. My hand seemed to be losing its skill. My head grew dizzy at times, and my fingers were often too weak to hold brush or pencil. My eyes were not strong, and often a dark mist came before them when I tried to sketch or to look steadily at one object. I could not make so much as I was absolutely obliged to make to meet current expenses respectably and honestly, so I had to draw my little sum of savings out of the bank, by degrees, to keep things going on comfortably. I could not retrench, for the reason that while we lived well we were always frugal, and no waste was allowed. None of us could eat coarse or ill-cooked food, and our table had to be kept up to a certain degree of excellence. A servant we must keep, and there was no economy for us in keeping one who was incompetent. Mother often said that she thought we might obtain help at lower wages, but I knew it was imperative for us to have a good cook and laundress, and she had to receive a good monthly stipend. I went to an oculist, who looked at my eyes, and at me, shook his head and was very grave.

"There was a little paleness of the optic nerve. He would give me a tonic, but the best medicine for me was rest. I was evidently overworked, and nature was demanding her penalty; do not be so ambitious, Miss Cavendish," he said. "You have already received gratifying recognition. I saw your last picture at the exhibition, and heard how favorably it was noticed by the critics. Now be content with what you have done, and lay all work aside for the next six months."

I paid the man his fee and left him. Of course I could not take his advice fully. I could rest a little, but to rest entirely was an impossibility. Mother would have said, "Do it, and let Lucy and Robin work harder;" but I did not see how they could, and to ask any further favor from our cousin was a thing to which I could not consent. He may leave us his money when he dies, but we have no right to use it all up, like cormorants, while he lives.

That night Roland Hastings called. Roland and I have always been devoted friends. I have known for many a day that life's cup would overflow with divinest nectar if ever the time came that we could sit at the feast and drain it together. But I felt perverse and dispirited and sorrowful that evening, and I was not kind nor even polite to Roland. Something in his look, in his manner, made me sure that he had come to ask me the solemn question to which there could be but one reply, and I bent my energies to keeping him from uttering it. Whatever happened, if blindness were coming to me, I could not be Roland's wife; his wife must help him up—not drag him down; and I, Hester Cavendish, would never be a millstone around the neck of the man I loved.

Loved! say rather adored, worshiped, revered, with my whole passionate heart. My husband should be the recipient of no languid esteem. I would give him of my best, front him with level eyes, put into his an equal hand, and expect from him the entire, unreserved, and enthusiastic affection, respect, and devotion of his manhood.

Roland left me, piqued, disappointed, and resentful. I went to bed and cried myself to sleep. I determined when I awakened in the morning to be candid and frank when I should next see him, and not to behave in a way unworthy of myself.

Next day passed; no word from Roland. The next, and he did not call. The third was Thanksgiving, and as we sat at breakfast the postman came, bringing me a note. It had been mailed from a western city. It was as follows:

"DEAR HETTY:

"I thought to have seen you once more before this time, but unexpected business has sent me away. I am now *en route* to San Francisco, and must go to China before I can see home and you again. In spite of your cold reception, and your puzzling manner, and all your recent mysterious difference from my little Hetty, I cling to the hope that you care for me, at least more than for an ordinary acquaintance, though I fear not as I care for you. The death of one of our house gave me no time to see you, dear; but I will write often, and I hope to hear often and kindly from yourself.

"ROLAND."

There was the state of the case a year ago. My work falling off; my eyes in peril; my Roland gone without a good-by, and with only my coldness to carry around the world as a present memory.

"Hetty," said mother one day, with the family bluntness, "you used to be pretty!

What has come to you, child? You are growing dreadfully plain!"

"Hetty frets," said my sister. "She shuts herself up and mopes; and she does not eat enough for a sparrow."

"The trouble with Hetty," said Cousin Richard, majestically, "is that she is lonely without the visits of that young man who formerly came here so often. I am told he has gone to China, a most unhealthy place everyway."

For once my mother was vexed.

"Neither of my daughters, Richard, is likely to break her heart or lose her good looks on account of a young man. No, something else bothers Hetty, and I believe it to be the housekeeping."

Robin just then entered jubilant.

"I've got a situation," he announced, "with Trotwood & Tompkins, in the tea trade, and it's all through Roland's influence; he's a trump, if ever there was one in the world."

The tide had turned; before the week was over Lucy had five new scholars. I decided that it was time to take care of myself a little. So one evening in mother's room, the firelight casting soft dancing shadows here and there, I took my family into my confidence. I told them how my receipts had fallen off, so that every time the basement bell rang I was afraid it was a boy with a bill; and every time I finished a picture I was in feverish haste to get the money for it; and the money was sure to be needed for the milk-man, or the ice-man, or the meat-man, and what with the terror of debt, and the almost impossibility of keeping out of debt, I had been nearly wild.

They were at once full of sympathy. Cousin Richard was, of course, not there, and I made them promise not to tell him anything about what I had said.

"You must take a little journey, Hetty," said mother. "You require a change. I am such an invalid, or I would have seen it before."

With Robin's and Lucy's increased salaries I felt that I could go, and so before long I started on a Florida steamer and went to Jacksonville for the winter. I did not seem to my own heart quite so far from China there as I had at home.

My eyes are growing strong again; I have plenty of orders. I am beginning to count the weeks before I shall see Roland. He and I understand each other now, and when we meet, it will be as affianced lovers, soon to be husband and wife.

I am ready to keep Thanksgiving this year with joyfulness. Perhaps it is wrong and sinful, but it seems to me that the trouble of honest people, who want to get along and live in comfort, when they have not enough money to meet their engagements, is the worst and most unbearable trouble in the world. Maybe dishonest people do not mind it; but it simply tortures me, and I would rather live on a crust in a garret, and know that I had enough pennies to buy another crust when I needed it, than to enjoy luxuries in a mansion and not see clearly how they are to be paid for. It is humiliating not to have enough for one's current expenses. Whatever happens to us, Roland and I will always keep out of debt.

The Sapphire.

BY RED-FERN.

THE ancients, curiously enough, called this stone male and female, according to its color—the deep-colored or indigo sapphire being the male, and the pale blue, approaching white, the female. To the sapphire also have been ascribed many magical qualities—among others that it was a sure preventive of evil thoughts, that it was a remedy against fever, and that if confined in a vessel with a reptile it would cause the death of the latter. The gem was also sacred to Apollo, being worn by all who inquired of the oracle at his shrine.

The sapphire is to all intents and purposes the same stone as the ruby, differing in name only on account of the color, which last varies from white to the deepest blue and black; but there are several varieties: the name sapphire being usually restricted to the blue varieties, while the bright red are called Oriental ruby, the amethystine Oriental amethyst, and the dull, massive kinds, corundum or emery. The sapphire is next in hardness to the diamond.

A most curious property of this stone is its difference in color in different lights. Thus, a sapphire which is blue by daylight, by gas-light appears to possess a variety of other tints; but a really good stone should appear blue in both lights. Tastes differ as to the shade or tint which is the most beautiful, but connoisseurs are generally agreed that a stone which approaches in hue to blue velvet of the shade called *bleu de roi* is the most valuable. It is worthy of remark that the name "sapphire" is one of the very few that appear in most languages with but very slight change in spelling—thus we have the Hebrew *sapphir*, the Greek *zaffiros*, the Latin *sapphirus*, and the Chaldaic *sapirion*, and so on; but the ancients applied the term indiscriminately to all stones of a blue color.

There are no sapphires of note in this country; but in Europe the different treasuries of rich gems, notably Dresden, possess many remarkable for their size and beauty. The late Mr. Hope, whose name has been rendered famous by the "Hope diamond," was the owner of a magnificent indigo-blue sapphire as large as a hen's egg. At his death this treasure was added to the Russian crown jewels, where it now is, in company with several others of exquisite beauty.

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."—Perspective is the art of drawing on a plain surface the true representation or appearance of any given object, as it would appear upon a pane of glass when held upright between

you and the object. The eye of a person when sketching from nature is presumed to be placed in the center of a circle of 360°, and the expanse of vision, while the eye is stationary, is an angle of 60°; in other words, the eye embraces a range of 30° on each side of a center. This angle of 60° has no reference to the length of lines on either side, since they are regulated by the assumed width of the picture proposed to be drawn; for instance, if your perspective plane be some distance from you, the objects would be larger; if nearer, the objects would be smaller, both pictures representing the same scene.

2. If a person standing on the sea-shore look far away over the expanse of water, he will observe the boundary line, the water apparently meeting with the sky by a well-defined straight line. This is called the *horizontal line*, and it is exactly opposite the range of the eye.

3. That particular point of the horizontal line to which the eye of the sketcher is directed is called the *point of sight*. If he ascend to any height on the shore, the line of the horizon must be placed higher in his drawing, because his eye is so much higher; and the axiom laid down holds true, that the horizontal line is that line exactly on a level with the eye.

A person looking on a straight road which continues into the extreme distance, may observe that the edges of the road appear to terminate in a point. A good illustration of this may be found on the track of a railroad, in a part where it is perfectly straight. The rails, as they recede into the distance, converge until apparently lost in a point, and at the same time appear to rise up, the extreme point being just level with the eye. Hence these elementary principles.

"I. The point of sight must be in the center of the perspective picture.

"II. All lines parallel to an imaginary line drawn from the eye of the observer to the point of sight must terminate or vanish in that point.

"III. The line of the horizon must necessarily rise or descend with the position of the eye, and consequently with the point of sight.

"IV. The base of the picture, or ground line, and all others parallel with it, must be parallel with the line of the horizon.

"V. The diagonal of the square, perspective represented, directs to a point on the line of the horizon, the distance from which point to the point of sight represents the true distance of the eye of the observer from the picture."

Strict attention to these principles will produce the most gratifying results in the progress of the learner. One rule the true artist should always remember, that is, never to carry the point of sight outside the picture. The eye naturally seeks a point of view in the picture, and the nearer this point is to the center of the picture, the greater is the harmony between nature and art.

All objects appear to diminish in proportion to their remoteness from the eye of the spectator. Hence, columns, posts, trees, etc., of equal height, will appear to diminish as they recede from the eye. The lines which govern their diminution in perspective drawing are called *vanishing lines*, and if perpendicular to you, vanish in the point of sight, or that point in the horizon exactly opposite your eye as you stand when sketching; if the lines are below the eye, they tend upward, as the rails of the railroad; but if above you, as the ceiling of a long corridor, they would tend downward toward the horizon.

The point of sight may be fixed at pleasure; and although, strictly speaking, the center is the correct place, it is generally better to place it a little removed from the center of the picture; for if the subject were a street or an avenue of trees, the perspective would be very formal, and the scene would thereby be diminished in interest.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS:—Can any one give me some good rules for sketching out of doors?"

STUDENT."

"COR. CLASS:—How can a drawing be enlarged or diminished?"

LETITIA."

"COR. CLASS:—In painting with water-colors, on drawing paper, I find the design to be rough to the touch. Will you suggest a remedy?"

LUCIE."

From another correspondent, who is a pupil of the Cincinnati School of Design, comes the following:

"AMATEUR."—In perspective drawing the person should be placed directly opposite the object or objects to be drawn, and should be no nearer to the objects than three times their greatest dimensions. He may be farther away, but no nearer. The horizontal line is called the "horizon," and is always placed on a level with the eyes, whether we are on a mountain or in a valley; and the point of sight is the point where an imaginary line, drawn from the eye, pierces the horizon. When looking in one direction all that the eye can take in is a circle, and this we call the "field of view," and the point of sight is the center of the field of view. Below the horizon line is another line called the "base line;" this is the line drawn across the plane on which the person is supposed to be standing. The horizon line, if placed on a level with the eyes, would, in the majority of cases, be about five feet above the base line; therefore we usually take five feet as the standard distance. This space between the base line and horizon represents the ground on which the objects must rest, and they must not project below the base line, as that is the limiting line. The line drawn from the eye to the point of sight is called the line of direction, and the points of distance, or vanishing points, are placed on the horizon line on either side of the point of sight, and at an equal distance from it with the station point, or place where the observer stands. If the station point is fifteen feet from the point of sight, the points of distance would each be fifteen feet from the point of sight. The vanishing lines are lines drawn from the extremities of any object to the point of sight or points of distance. If "Amateur" desires, I will give some examples. In our "School of Design" (Cincinnati) we use "Elementary Perspective," by M. J. Keller, which is the most simple method I have ever seen.—Pupil of "School of Design."

Designs for Panels.

To our young friends who are interested in decoration, the designs for panels are entirely new. They are both aquatic plants, well adapted for decorative purposes, and are correct drawings from nature.

The one with the arrow-shaped leaves is *Sagittaria variabilis*, or Arrow Head; the other is *Sparganum eurycarpum*, or Burr Reed. The Arrow Head can generally be found in the vicinity of ditches or running water; but the Burr Reed is quite rare, and, as far as we know, has never been engraved for any work in this country.

We think it better for art purposes to give a correct drawing from the living plant, and let students conventionalize them to suit their own taste.

For screens, or large work, these drawings might be enlarged to the natural size, and in that case the heads of the Burr Reed should be about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and the flowers of the Arrow Head about one inch in diameter, and the leaves enlarged in proportion.



SPARGANIUM EURYCARPUM, OR BURR REED.



SAGITTARIA VARIABILIS, OR ARROW HEAD.

DESIGNS FOR PANELS.



Thanksgiving.

THERE are few to whom the word Thanksgiving does not bring a host of pleasant memories, of family gatherings in well-remembered homes, of the interchange of sweet social sympathies, and a harvest, not of material things alone, but of all the joys that grow out of healthful and happy domestic life.

One of the chief advantages of the Thanksgiving festival is its root in the family circle. It belongs to it, and in this country could hardly exist without it. The Harvest Home of English tradition and poetry belongs to different conditions, and the less independent form of rural life and character than is found with us and in this age. Interests here are more individual and less common than in the old feudal days, and the family is really the only community of interests that exists among us. It is, therefore, in a very important sense, the center of all that is to be hoped for in the future, and whatever helps to establish it in the affectionate memory of individuals, or consolidate its claims upon their regard, is worthy of careful encouragement.

Old habits and old customs are apt to lose their strength with the new generation, and by the introduction of modern ideas. To some, even now, "Thanksgiving" is only a time when people justify themselves in eating inordinate quantities of turkey and mince-pie, and ought to be got rid of.

That the feast was an hospitable incident of the occasion, most welcome, and enjoyably anticipated in the generally hard and self-denying lives of our ancestors is forgotten, and also that in reducing our bill of fare to hygienic proportions, if that is considered desirable, we can still retain the love, the gratitude, the human sympathy, the kindness of heart, the fraternity and good-fellowship which, after all, made the real Thanksgiving.

So let us all celebrate the good old time-honored festival with rejoicing, and as much liberality as our means will admit. Life is not so full of sources of happiness, thanks to the numerous methods that have been invented for drying them up, that we should neglect those which lay close to our hands, and not only have their rise in the best instincts of our nature, but create a perpetual fountain of supply, which we cannot afford to disregard or discredit. One can risk even mince-pies for the sake of mutual kindness, brotherly feeling, and that harmony in social life which is a foretaste of heaven.

The Ethics of Work.

THERE is another side to work besides that merely hard and what is called practical style, which goes at it sledge-hammer and tongs, or that sentimental side, which looks upon it as a misfortune to be got rid of, and this is the ethical, or æsthetic side, which finds beauty even in its severest aspects, and loves it for itself.

This side only reveals itself to those who have an intimate acquaintance with work in some form or shape, and who have earnestly tried to put their best effort into what they have to accomplish. There is a depth of satisfaction in any work well

done, of which the poor superficial and unscientific worker has no conception. The simplest art or industry acquires dignity, and a certain nobility, if it is pursued with a strict truthfulness and a genuine love, and will gradually unfold to its disciples inherent laws or attributes which will lend distinction and superiority. The elements of beauty, of order, of form, of expression, exist in everything, and the development of them constitutes the essential difference between the ignorant and the cultivated worker. One can sweep a room, so that every stroke of the broom shall seem like a blessing. One can chisel a statue so as to destroy a grand idea, and perpetuate our own falsity and pretense in stone. The true workers unite the ethics of work in every stroke of the hammer, in every line of the pencil, in every touch of the fingers, and it is this good work which we should copy, separating us from the meretricious glitter of the mass of pretense by which it is surrounded, and willing to find reward in the ultimate recognition of honest and faithful souls, rather than in the present approval of those who work only for the applause of the passing crowd.

A Beautiful Gift Picture.

(See full-page Oil Picture, Frontispiece.)

OUR gift picture for this month is a portrait in oil of the lovely and ill-fated Mary Stuart, "Mary, Queen of Scots." Born in troubled times, educated in bright, sunny France, where most of her early life was spent, she was called to preside over the destinies of a kingdom at eighteen—a kingdom torn by internal strifes and disorders, peopled by a commonalty harsh, stern, rigid, though conscientious, and full of bitter prejudices, and by an upper class of nobles whose old feudal life was being broken up, and who were governed by their insatiate ambitions and domineering spirits.

Imagine a young, charming, inexperienced girl, caged in dismal Holyrood, the center of all the intrigues, conspiracies, demands, machinations, and wicked wills of scores of unscrupulous men! Poor child! No wonder she came to grief; and whenever you look at this picture think of a poor bird slaughtered by a seemingly splendid but pitiless destiny, and breathe a sigh and a prayer for hapless Mary, Queen of Scots.

Vacations.

THE majority of people do not die, and are not killed by the diseases which are set down in the catalogue of the hospital record or the daily paper. They are worn out by worry, by anxieties, by overwork, and the constant care incident to our crowded modern life. In all ages persons who have been pressed by heavy responsibilities have been tempted to relinquish worldly honors, and all the advantages which accrue from position, to escape the harassments by which they were accompanied, and obtain the longed-for rest.

The quiet life, the humble round of a steady occupation, which brings little change or excitement, has this great merit of being free from the pressure which weighs down the bodies and souls of those who live in the heat of contest. The only hope for them is in the occasional respite which comes from the brief vacation, and the entire separation for the time being from the ordinary routine. Were it not for these our insane asylums would soon be running over with those whose minds had been strained until reason snapped its cord and was gone forever.

As it is, the rapidly increasing number of sufferers from what is known as softening of the brain, is only another warning of the serious consequences likely to ensue if early and less potent ones are not heeded.

The vacation to the year is what the Sabbath is to the week, a necessary relief to the tired brain or wearied body, and should be respected as religiously. The mother who mends and makes, who pursues her daily round, month after month, needs it as much as the man who sits in his office, and feels its beneficent influence quite as strongly. For the dwellers in the city what a blessed change to see the green fields and take long walks or rides in the leafy lanes or breezy uplands of the country, while the bustle, the brightness, the activity of the city is no less refreshing and welcome to the residents of quiet rural villages. In each case the workers gain new strength by the fresh experiences, and usually return to their daily avocations better satisfied with their lot, and more ready to fulfill the round of daily obligation which duty demands of them.

Map of the World's Fair in New York in 1883.

(See four-page Engraving on Loose Sheet.)

WE are delighted to be able to present our readers with a map containing the general features of the site proposed for the World's Fair to be held in New York City in 1883; including the surrounding parks, boulevards, and avenues, as well as the principal buildings in the positions which it is proposed they shall occupy. It would seem hardly necessary to state why a New York World's Fair should be held in the city of New York—for,

- 1st. It is a city project.
- 2d. The business men of New York will be expected to contribute largely toward the expenditure, and will naturally expect to realize some advantage.
- 3d. The city also must be a large contributor, and has a right to demand that the undertaking shall result in the permanent elevation of its metropolitan character and standing, and the advancement of the public interests at large.
- 4th. New York furnishes the only site which possesses all the requisite conditions to make such an enterprise a great pecuniary, as well as national, State, and municipal success.

There are only a few sources from which contributions to a World's Fair are to be expected: one is from the Government of the United States, the second from the city of New York, third, from the entrance fees of visitors. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that the strongest motives should be brought to bear in every direction, and that the site chosen should be such as will admit of easy access from all parts of the country, and the surrounding neighborhood, that will allow the fair to remain open evenings, as well as in the daytime, and admit of such resources for warmth and comfort as will permit it to remain open late in the fall, or the entire year if desirable.

The site, as given above, furnishes the strongest motive possible to the city of New York itself, in the fact that the plan, as obtained from the very best sources from which our information is carefully gathered, will work in most admirably and economically with the completion of the great improvements upon the upper part of the island, upon which so much has already been expended, and which, when completed, will make New York more than a second Paris, the most beautiful city in the world.

The region which we present to our readers is almost as little known to New Yorkers as to the residents of Illinois. It consists of the high plateau between the Riverside and Morningside Parks, and north and south from One Hundred and Tenth to Manhattan Street, covering an area, including the parks, of three hundred acres. The boundary on the south is One Hundred and Tenth Street, which is eighty feet wide, and the only street that crosses the city from river to river above Fifty-ninth Street. The parks adjacent, namely, Central, Riverside, and Morningside, would be used in connection with the Exhibition, and afford most beautiful and picturesque walks, drives, river and city views in every direction.

The plateau is, as may be traced upon the map, a tongue of land, forming the northern end of the region west of Central Park, and known as the West Side—it being divided from the upper section of the city by Manhattan Valley.

The plan proposes to occupy the entire plateau, including the parks, as Fair grounds, with a broad esplanade or drive running around the crest of the ridge; thus, when finished, the grand drive will be from One Hundred and Tenth Street, over Morningside Avenue, through One Hundred and Twenty-second Street to Riverside Boulevard, down Riverside to Seventy-second Street, and through the latter street and Central Park to Fifth Avenue.

The Society of the New York Hospital for the Insane now occupies eight or nine blocks in the center of the plateau, between Tenth Avenue and Broadway. Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum also occupies three blocks at the south-easterly corner, between Morningside Park and Tenth Avenue. North of the Lunatic Asylum building is a very beautiful grove, extending from One Hundred and Eighteenth to One Hundred and Twentieth Street, and from Tenth Avenue to Broadway. On the west of the grounds is Riverside Park at its widest portion, and possessing wonderfully picturesque views up and down the Hudson River—Clairmont, at the extreme north, being at a grade of one hundred and fifty feet above tide-water.

Another very beautiful and extended view is found on the high ground of the same grade as Clairmont, lying directly east of the Lunatic Asylum building, between Tenth and Morningside Avenues. A most important consideration in addition to the great beauty and accessibility of the site, is the fact that the whole region has been thoroughly drained, and has been prepared for occupancy. Of the great drains, two are in Riverside Avenue, two in Broadway, one in Tenth Avenue, another in One Hundred and Thirteenth Street, and another is now being constructed in connection with the avenue on Morningside Drive. This drive, when completed, will be the finest, for its length, of any city in the world, not excepting the famous *Viale de Colli*, of Florence, which it closely resembles.

Morningside Drive is now being built, and will be completed within a year. Not, however, until these drives and parks are finished and open to the public will it be possible to form any adequate idea of the general plan of the originators of this project, which is at once so comprehensive and so minute, so complete in the adjustment of details of a progressive world's fair, so far-sighted in the provisions for the building up and completion of a city of which America might well be proud, and which, forming the entrance to its portals, and the seat of its largest commerce, should be able to rank in beauty and finish with the majestic cities of the Old World.

A point generally overlooked in the consideration of the desirability of the foregoing as a site for the Fair is the fact that the grades of the plateau are particularly well adapted for the convenient erection of the Fair buildings, the opposite grades on the Broadway Boulevard and Morning-

side Park being almost identical, the same seldom varying over five feet, notwithstanding the distance is nearly fourteen hundred feet.

It will be seen that the form of the court around which are arranged the buildings is a hollow square, which, according to the plan, is to be highly ornamented.

The whole area is abundantly supplied with water and gas for lighting, heating, sanitary and ornamental purposes, and it is further proposed in the plan which has been adopted, to close Tenth Avenue temporarily or throughout the duration of the Exhibition. Thus the general architectural idea is that of an open court, extending from Broadway to Morningside Drive, and from One Hundred and Fifteenth to One Hundred and Eighteenth Streets, the buildings, plaza, and surrounding esplanade thus occupying the highest portion of the plateau.

THE POSITION OF THE BUILDINGS.

The buildings and their position, as now presented on the map, must not be understood as final or complete, but rather suggestive, and indicative of the situation and of reasons for the location selected of the principal structures. West of the Broadway Boulevard, and between that and Riverside Drive stands the Main Building, with the façade facing the court. On the north are the present buildings of the Insane Asylum, to be utilized as offices for the Exposition. Farther north is the magnificent grove, above mentioned, while between the grove and One Hundred and Twenty-second Street is located Machinery Hall. South of the court is the Art Gallery on Broadway, and directly east of the Art Gallery, Horticultural Hall and the Floral Gardens, terminating in a Grand Conservatory on the esplanade of Morningside Park. Directly south of the Art Gallery and Horticultural Hall is stationed Agricultural Hall, and the Hall for the exhibition of Skilled Industries. The easterly end of the court, fronting on Morningside Drive, is terraced up by a retaining wall about ten feet above the drive, and here is located the great Music Stand. Terraces forming terraced gardens slope gradually down to the north, and terminate in the grove, while like terraced gardens carry the grade southward, terminating at Floral Hall. These terraces will afford the most beautiful views of the broad walks, and the picturesque life and activity of the entire scene. Morningside Drive, One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, Broadway and One Hundred and Tenth Street will also furnish a circular carriage drive within the grounds, while a circular railway can be arranged to supply a mode of conveyance upon the grounds, crossing Broadway from apex to apex of the high elevations, so that no impediment will be offered to pedestrians.

Other buildings can be erected and arranged as desired, ample space being afforded for all that may be needed. The buildings represented on the map are drawn on a scale much larger than those at Philadelphia—at least one fourth. Machinery Hall is so placed that the bulky machinery can be transported without difficulty direct through Manhattan Street and Tenth Avenue to the building.

The east and west sides of Broadway are connected on the map by bridges, and a boundary fence will extend along One Hundred and Tenth Street inclosing the grounds on the south. The westerly part of Morningside Park being so much elevated, in some instances more than a hundred feet above the plains, together with the nearness of the Hudson River, and Croton water-pipes in Tenth Avenue, gives a fine opportunity for the acquisition of large supplies of water; while it must not be forgotten, that though the grade at the lower end of Morningside is only thirty feet, on some portions of the hill on the west the grade is

one hundred and fifty feet, so that the most exquisite water effects could be produced with little or no difficulty. The high ground west of Morningside Park supplies a further opportunity for witnessing military parades or exhibitions of fireworks on the plains below, while the views at that point will take in the most picturesque part of the Hudson River, including the Palisades, Manhattanville, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Harlem River, the East River and its islands, the Sound and its shipping, Long Island, the whole of Harlem Plains, the Metropolitan Road, and the North end of Central Park. At present New Yorkers get only a slight glimpse of this beautiful panorama from the Metropolitan Road at One Hundred and Tenth Street, at an elevation about one-half the height of the hill.

HOW TO REACH THE FAIR GROUNDS.

Accessibility is the indispensable requisite of a site for a World's Fair, it being necessary to move expeditiously, and with the least possible trouble, expense, and annoyance, very large bodies of people, not less, at times, than two or three hundred thousand.

The grounds, as here presented, are in the center of the island, seven miles from the City Hall, which can be reached by the Metropolitan Railroad in thirty minutes, and by Tenth Avenue, Broadway Boulevard, Riverside Drive, and through Fifth Avenue by the way of One Hundred and Tenth Street. The Metropolitan Elevated Road runs directly to the grounds. Eighth Avenue cars, omnibuses, and carriages may all approach within, or to the very threshold of the entrances. The Hudson River cars from Thirtieth Street will also aid the usual lines in bringing visitors from the South, while from the North the Hudson River trains, the Harlem boats, the Metropolitan Road, and Hudson River boats will supply all the accommodation required. The Hudson River trains will land their passengers close to the Fair grounds, coming in at Manhattan Street.

Direct communication will be established with Harlem by the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street railroad. The resources for communication by water are unsurpassed, for all boats would land at Manhattan Street, where the largest ships can float, there being a depth of water of from forty to sixty feet, and there is ample room for dockage. To this point would run boats from Brooklyn, Staten Island, the Erie Railroad, Jersey City, lower New York, Yonkers, and up the Hudson, and from the Sound. A ferry has this spring been established at Fort Lee, which would connect all the northern railroads of New Jersey directly with the Fair grounds.

By much the larger number of visitors would come to the Fair from the North and West, and the Hudson River cars, and large steamboats from Albany, would bring down hundreds of thousands of passengers who could either be landed directly at the Fair grounds, or lower down in the city, as preferred. At night, visitors could either disperse through the city in a few moments, or find their way in large boats to the pleasant towns up the Hudson, whence they could reach the Fair grounds every morning in half an hour.

Our beautiful Hudson would, indeed, play no small part in the programme, for, during the entire season, it would be gay with excursion crafts, exhilarating music, and waving flags, engaged in the service of taking persons to and from the Exhibition, or taking them on trips to Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, Manhattan Beach, Long Branch, West Point, and other attractive places in the vicinity.

SALUBRITY OF THE SITE.

This is perfect. The thorough drainage, the elevation of the ground, the ample supply of water, the entire absence of malaria, the freedom

from all pests and annoyances—such as mosquitoes, flies, bad odors, and the rest—render it the one spot in an area of hundreds of miles which is fitted by nature and circumstance for healthful and agreeable occupation. A fine breeze from the sound on the east, and the Hudson River on the west, modifies the heat, and the atmosphere here is delightful on the warmest summer's day. The convenient proximity of the Hudson River for bathing, boating, and sanitary purposes, cannot be over-estimated. Nothing can be more desirable in a sanitary point of view than this location.

BENEFIT TO THE CITY.

The advantage to the city at large in carrying out the plan proposed, cannot be measured. Hotels, stores, places of amusement, summer resorts, boarding-houses, livery-men—all, and everything would feel the stimulus of a great movement, and not of a temporary character, but one contemporary with the building up and completion of the most magnificent portion of the city—one that would add to the population from fifty to one hundred thousand resident members. In the increase of the value of property and taxable real estate, the fair would be of incalculable benefit to New York both directly and indirectly. The money, therefore, spent by the city on the parks, would be no fruitless outlay for ornamental purposes, but a permanent investment, yielding a handsome and almost immediate return.

It is necessary, if not obligatory, that the parks (Riverside and Morningside) should be built in connection with the roads now being made, and if done as part of the plan of the World's Fair, they will be adorned to a much greater extent, and in such a way as to make them not only attractive, but a symmetrical part of a beautiful and complete design, and that without a dollar of final cost to the city itself. The work in which the city is engaged in reference to the parks and drives must be completed whether we have a fair or not, for it is under obligations to the property owners who have been assessed to complete the work, and the time will not be hastened in consequence of the approach of the Fair, for the parks will be finished in any event by 1883. It has been estimated that it will make a difference of at least five millions of dollars to New York whether the Exhibition is held on or off the island, and this without regard to indirect benefits.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The time for New York to take advantage of the returning prosperity of the country, and of the revival of all active interests to build up a really great city, and place it upon a permanent foundation for the future, is now.

At this moment with the works in progress which are to discover to its own citizens, as well as to visitors and foreigners, the great natural beauty which it possesses, a World's Fair would be most opportune, and not only appeal to every patriotic instinct, but make New York the peer of the other great cities of the world, a monument of the judgment and clear-sightedness of the present for the benefit of future generations. The history of the World's Fair, so far as the city is concerned, would be the history of Central Park repeated. It would be like bread cast upon the waters. Every dollar spent by the city would meet with a large return.

Of course the finest buildings belonging to the Fair would be permanent structures, and an economic point is this, that by holding the Fair on this spot, no debris would be left for removal, and no injury done to the property of the owners, the plan and arrangement being such that provision could easily be made to keep every inch of territory free from refuse and nuisance of all kinds.

This site of three hundred acres, half in and

half out of the parks, it should be remembered is classic ground, for it was upon this spot that the battle of Harlem Plains was fought.

THE ECONOMICAL SIDE.

The consideration of a World's Fair involves, always, the immediate disbursement of vast sums of money, which is usually subscribed by the public-spirited men of wealth of the city where it is held, and those who expect to be benefited. With one or two exceptions, great international exhibitions have been more or less a loss to the stockholders who have subscribed to them. The Centennial Exposition involved a large loss to its stockholders, and it is a question of the very greatest importance to those who are asked to contribute large sums of money for the furtherance of such an enterprise, how it can be most wisely and economically managed, and in what way a return may be expected on such an investment.

This view of the case renders it almost necessary that the World's Fair of New York should be held in the city of New York, for New York capitalists have no interest in belittling such an undertaking by selecting any less important location or building it up at the expense of the locality in which all their own interests are centered.

The great property owners, too, have a powerful motive in desiring the municipal authorities to be strengthened by every means in their power for the work of completing and adorning the parks, for which the city has already received four million of dollars, levied by special assessment for this purpose. Thus the most of the work of grading and preparation would be done by the city, without cost to the Commission, and as very little drainage remains to be done, the expenditures would be very greatly lessened. Besides, the location of the Fair in this central, most attractive and available spot would enormously increase the receipts, as well as render it possible to accommodate the poorer classes by keeping it open evenings at reduced rates, thus giving everybody a chance, and prolonging the duration of the Exhibition, if desired, by the aid of steam heat, throughout the entire winter, to the great and increased profit of the Commission.

The buildings at present occupying that section of the city are small, and of little account, with the exception of the Lunatic Asylum buildings, which can be used as offices, and Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum, also supported by the city, which may be left intact. The Fair being held in the city, visitors will have much more motive not only to visit the Fair but for a lengthened stay than if they found a mere Fair ground in some remote locality. Nor would exhibitors be stimulated to the same efforts were it held elsewhere. In fact, it is doubtful if foreign nations could be induced to venture at all upon a step in which their interests were involved, unless the honor, so to speak, of a great city was staked upon the success of the enterprise. So important is it to the interests of the city to carry out the project in the manner sketched, that it could well afford to pay the entire expense rather than have it fail!

An opportunity which deserves consideration from the economic point of view is that afforded by the offer of the Main Exhibition Building at Philadelphia, which cost one million and a half, but will be sold for one hundred thousand. It is stated also that the structures and parts of structures not permanent, of the Paris Exposition, including much rich glass and iron work, can be had for ten per cent. of the cost, the transportation and rehabilitation costing probably another twenty per cent., so that the whole outlay for restoration and purchase would only be thirty per cent. of the original cost. Still, cheapness is not the first or most important consideration, and probably it is desirable to have everything new and

novel, the buildings included. The spot we have shown and described is the only one left on this island for the present generation to beautify, and it should be done in a way to reflect the highest credit on the judgment, sense, taste, and liberality of those who will have the matter in their keeping, and be in continuation of the original design of the Park Commissioners.

The Fair can easily be ready for 1883, for the parks can be built at once, and independently of the Fair grounds, which will be organized in harmony with them. The movement toward this end should begin at once by the preparation of a bill, passed early in the session of Congress, authorizing and sanctioning the Fair, and providing for the appointment of a commission to determine upon the site and open subscriptions.

THE LEGAL ASPECT OF THE CASE.

It is also proposed that the Legislature of New York shall pass an act early in the coming session declaring the use of any land selected by the commission for the purposes of the Fair to be a public use, and authorizing its appropriation by the Commission for the period of the Fair's duration; providing for compensation in the usual manner. At least two thirds of the region required is owned by public institutions and a few large property owners with whom satisfactory arrangements can undoubtedly be made by the Commissioners; while awards to other parties would probably be small, taking into account the valuable improvements made in the vicinity. It is also essential that the Fair be held as early as possible in order that a too great loss may not be sustained by the owners, and the awards thereby largely increased.

Of course it will be necessary if this project is carried out to remove the occupants of the lunatic asylum to some congenial spot whence they would not be likely to return, the hospital, wherever located, at White Plains or elsewhere, receiving a handsome revenue from the rental of its property, and leaving the building in the future to be occupied as a normal school or museum of articles collected from the Exposition.

The Orphan Asylum is also a city institution, and its property would be largely enhanced in value.

Although it is understood that there are three different committees on the World's Fair in New York, viz., Judge Hilton's Committee, the Board of Trade and citizens Committee, and the West Side Association Committee, yet there is no necessity for any collision or hostility, nor is it thought there will be anything of this kind, as it is believed that a majority of each Committee are in harmony with this selection of a site, and it may be reasonably expected that after the Commissioners are appointed all grounds of difference will cease. It is therefore most desirable, in order that these forces may be utilized, that the act shall be passed, and Commissioners appointed as soon as possible.

It will be understood, as before remarked, that the map does not give anything more than the location and general outline of the Fair grounds and the suitable and convenient disposition of the buildings. While we do not believe a more beautiful or generally harmonious arrangement could be made, yet the details must necessarily be left to the taste and skill of the directors. Manhattan Square should be improved and made beautiful in accordance with the general plan, and the whole region, in short, made ready for the multitudes who are to occupy it.

By the completion of the project above advocated, the great west side would be built up at once into a new and noble section of the city, and the city itself, without fear of other rivals, be able to maintain its present supremacy as the metropolis of America.



Art—Educational.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY FLORENCE I. DUNCAN.

IN countries where standing armies are an institution, military men say that a soldier's son is born drilled. This significant observation may with as much propriety be applied to the son of the artisan as to the son of the soldier, ordinary military discipline being a mechanical art, requiring a low degree of skill for its acquisition. The continual observation of military manœuvres and the natural habit of imitation exert such an influence on the child of the camp that almost imperceptibly it becomes an adept in the discipline of death; and the comparative perfection of his movements contrast so strongly with the clumsy evolutions of the untrained boor as to occasion this aphorism.

If the son of the artisan were as public a character as the son of the soldier, there is little question but his attainments, in a popular point of view, would also seem constitutional. The mechanic guilds of the middle ages evidently thought so, for, notwithstanding the exclusive character of their crafts, they awarded the artisan's son peculiar privileges; they recognized him as a regular member of the craft. Though a stranger to the servitude of apprenticeship, he departed from his father's house to his employer's workshop a journeyman mechanic; and no instance is recorded where his deficiency of skill disgraced his privilege of caste.

Why is the skill of the English operative at a premium in every country on the continent of Europe? Solely in consequence of his peculiar training. There are few boys in the English manufacturing districts who have not acquired the elements of several arts, before they arrived at the age of sixteen, by assisting the skilled workmen. Indeed many manufacturing operations could not be properly performed by individuals beyond that age. Generally, before an English boy is apprenticed to a regular trade, he has passed through several degrees of an industrial education, acquired by working in several manufactories. Unfortunately this industrial skill is, in general, acquired at the expense of intellectual instruction; but, if both were combined, the efficiency of each would be incomparably increased.

As a mother's work of education begins as soon as her baby stretches out his hand for a red ribbon, the surroundings of the children in the furnishing of a house has no slight influence in imparting that assimilated essence of knowledge which we term culture. In the household era, the memorable weeks marked by the sway of that necessary evil the monthly nurse, anecdotes are related, cases are dilated upon of occurrences which "marked" Mrs. Blank's baby. Among this unfortunately ignorant class pre-natal influences are a part of their creed; they bring to bear their personal experience among families for the last ten years, probably among one hundred families; but it is always some terrible occurrence—a grievous blight that is dwelt upon.

There are those who believe that bright colors and graceful forms have just as beneficial influences as dreadful impressions have baleful effects. A young wife once entered the amateur class of the School of Design for Women during the first years of its adoption by the Cooper Institute, who

attracted the attention of the students by saying: "I have come to learn by watching. My hands cannot do much."

She asked one of the students, who had been instrumental in collecting a small art-library for the use of the school, and who was the voluntary librarian, to choose for her something on art to read.

"But in what direction do you wish to study? What do you intend to do?"

"I shall do nothing. I wish my child to desire refined things."

"How old is the child?"

"I am hoping," she said, with a strong German accent, "and while I wait these long months I wish to learn, so that it shall come with a desire to learn of paintings and books. My husband and I have money, and our child shall not live for money alone. It shall be an educated American; for that the child must be born with a wish for learning."

The first toys have an educational value, and should be selected of the best shape, though they need not be the most expensive. There are some toys which, although now cheap, were termed, in Maria Edgeworth's stories, "Philosophical Toys," as they illustrate some philosophical principle. A scrap-book is of the greatest assistance in entertaining children for an hour at a time. A good scrap-book may be bought for fifty cents, and the sheets of colored pictures which have been so widely and absurdly used in covering clay vases, may be had for five cents each. In these, animals, birds, insects, fishes, and butterflies, have their scientific names printed in small letters; the coloring is vivid but not flashy, and they are generally well drawn. Paste them, from time to time, in the scrap-book, and if you find a small picture in a newspaper well drawn and interesting to the child, paste that in also. Then, beside, there are pretty labels and tickets on muslins and dress stuffs. Use your fancy, never forgetting your common-sense, in the selection of the pictures for your child's scrap-book. Paste no caricatures in it; you are dealing with a more impressible substance than wax. In supplying amusements for your child—sights which sink indelibly in his brain—his eyes should not become acquainted with monstrosities drawn for political effect. It does not matter for what good end the caricature is done—it should be kept away from the children. A child cannot comprehend state events or political moves, but he does see the human face distorted, the human figure deformed. It is like allowing weeds to grow in your garden before your plants have large enough roots to get sustenance much below the surface of the earth.

If your child is a girl, you are anxious that her sense of color shall be sufficiently developed to dress tastefully, to furnish her house well when she is a woman. If a boy, it is important that his sense of color should aid him if he is to be a manufacturer, or a naturalist, or a geologist. In short, no better way for fitting children to be useful citizens, to work with head or hands, to preserve them from folly or wasted lives, is there than training their perceptions now, in their infantile or childish days. The sense of color is very active among children; it is partly owing to the defects of our primary education that so many men are color-blind. The sense of color and the perception of form are not the only good that can be given a child with a scrap-book. When he is old enough to paste the pictures in the scrap-book himself, you can develop whatever faculty of combination he has. Our Patent Office reports show the American skill in mechanical combination of several well-known objects for a new purpose. If the knowledge of drawing was as diffused as the understanding of mechanism—if the sight of statues were as familiar as steam-engines, mowing and

sewing machines—is it not reasonable to suppose that we would not stay behind, as a people, *all the civilized* and half the barbarous world over long? For we are now, be it remembered, *behind*. You wish your child to be on a level with a European child in this respect? No need to send him to Europe to accomplish this, but act on European ideas in art and education here.

A curious experiment was once tried in England, which illustrates the educational effect of scrap-books. When Charles Swain, the "Manchester poet," a little dazzled by the attention of lords and ladies, had let his printing establishment run down, he found it impossible to pay for a designer, and his chief assistant, an enthusiastic disciple of Robert Owen, proposed trying what could be done with boys. The designs were made by selecting from the numerous scrap-books belonging to the establishment, bits by bits, combining the forms into different designs, and employing a man who could draw to fill in the odd spaces. The boys were selected to paste as part of their training; the other labor of the printing-office was carefully divided, and, under the incessant generalship of Swain's young assistant, the time of debt and difficulty was bridged over, but not before "Swain's men" had become a popular puzzle to other Manchester printers. And it was found that the boy applicants who were selected and taught were all Irish. The English boys were dismissed, they did not learn fast enough. Quick perception and a natural love of beauty is a characteristic of the Irish and French. We know what the development of art and national taste has done for French manufactures, and we have read how their artisans in their government works have been educated, but the experiment alluded to was with uneducated boys in a lithographic printing-office.

The educational value of one or two good plaster casts in a house full of children is hardly recognized. In one of the best private schools in New York, where preparing young ladies to profit by a future visit to Europe is one of the objects of their training, there are plaster casts not alone in the hall and drawing-room, but in every classroom. The children learn the outlines of the human figure; they see that a woman's figure is beautifully delicate, a man's, strong and graceful; it cultivates a sense of form and a good foundation of modesty. Curiosity is the appetite of the mind, hide anything obviously and you provoke curiosity. On the other hand, do not run into extremes; nudity is not necessarily beauty. Sixty years ago a statue was exhibited in New York at certain hours to gentlemen, and at certain hours to ladies, *when the statue was draped with white muslin*. Now, some mothers, feeling the reaction against the undeveloped sense of beauty of half a century ago, have had their darling babies photographed with drapery only in the background. As a maternal souvenir this is one thing, but when their photographs are placed on tables in the drawing-room, and given to artistic visitors to admire, it becomes ridiculous; neither extreme is the proper atmosphere for a child. A statue worthy of the name is never a portrait of any one person's figure. It is a type of that style of beauty, just as *this type you are reading now is a kind of English letters. It is not a fac-simile of any person's writing*. We charge a child not to talk of family affairs in the street—it is unwise, improper; just so about the nude baby photograph. If you buy a plaster cast of some antique, explain to the child that the Greeks worshiped an unknown God. They considered beauty a manifestation of the unknown, not locating the soul in any special part of the body. An arm or a foot was the object of as much care to the sculptor as the head. When they forgot the ideal in the worship of the natural their art became sensual, and the best period of Greek art

was when the human figure was a symbol of the Unknown Source of all Beauty.

There are some children to whom the sight of a plaster cast is torture. The absence of color to them seems monstrous. They have not been accustomed to seeing casts at home, and it is almost impossible, and certainly unwise, to make them draw plaster casts when sufficiently advanced to do so at school. Photographs are a cheap educational medium, and serve the double purpose of furnishing the walls of the house, and awaking the ideas of the children. You know how fond boys are of building blocks at home, and of watching the masons at work in the streets; a photograph of the Greek Parthenon and the Roman Coliseum will serve to increase his knowledge. You thus point out to him the characteristics of Greek architecture—simplicity and beauty—and of the Roman—grandeur, pomp, and splendor. You may buy photographs of pictures of modern painters at any price from ten cents to twenty dollars. The antotypes and heliotypes from old masters are more expensive. A good plan is to have a specimen of the different methods of reproducing pictures on the wall, not only photographs and steel engravings, but wood-cuts, photo-, litho-, mono-, and chromo-graphs.

Few children, fortunately, are born bookworms, but all "want to see;" therefore the education which is observed through the eye has a large influence in individual development. If in the home the eyes have only uninteresting objects to dwell upon, it has the same effect on the eye as on the stomach if it has been fed with tasteless food. In buying books for children be careful that the pictures are well drawn and well colored. Instead of buying a multitude, which "it will not matter if the children tear," insist on books being taken care of by them in their infancy, or that dreadful trait of vulgarity—abuse of books—will mark the child when grown up.

Circulating libraries are good in their way, but no one road, be it ever so broad and well paved, can go in every direction; a library book is not of the same use to your sons and daughters as a book that you own, and may refer to at any moment, and the habit of comparing while studying or reading, or looking over the newspaper, is of great importance if education is to be a weapon of defense in the battle of life. Newspaper articles on art are only *one man's opinion*, and too often not only a not too well-informed man, but one not strictly conscientious. The articles on science used to be as unreliable as the most of articles on art and technical education are now, though we are justly proud of the American press.

The newspaper calls your attention to the events of the day; but bear in mind that there are more than one side to a question, and in order that children may not grow up one-sided, buy books.

It is often urged that if you attempt to sell books again you get little for them, as an argument against accumulating books. How much do you get for second-hand clothes? The clothes wear out, while books, with proper care, need not wear out. Is it not a fact that few families, where the daughters have a fifty-dollar dress once a year, buy a ten-dollar book after the Bible and the dictionary? The glittering generalities that mark men's speech is owing partly to this phase in our households. Teach the children by example that there are other books which help you, as the dictionary helps to express yourself, and to more thoroughly understand what you have seen or read.

Properly selected, the bric-à-brac at home gives interest to a geography or added zest to a chemistry lesson, for "China" and pottery represent the art-industry of different nationalities, and their attainment in chemistry as well as in manufacture. One of the most subtle powers of the human mind

is that of association. In order to give a man grasp of his subject he must not have isolated facts, but the power of grouping them together so as to associate them in the minds of his hearers with the idea he wishes to convey. The less you have traveled, the farther you are from a city where the shop windows vie with each other in products of different countries, the more is the need of a home growth of ideas. And the mother who lives in a city will wisely not enroll herself among those who behind their backs are called "studio bores," in her pursuit of art-culture. Artists are not always the best persons to help her out of preliminary ignorance; in fact they often laugh at the pursuit of art by women, forgetting that so long as motherhood is intrusted to women, just in proportion it is not a trifle to preserve the least flickering flame of taste which a child may inherit. If she asks for information honestly, she fares better with a scientific man than with an artist. The latter has the same qualities she has—quick perception, impressibility, imagination—but her ignorance perplexes him; there is no place for him to begin, no one spot of dry land; all is sea. Unless she is very pretty, and he is very patient, she has simply taken up his time. Another difficulty is that most American artists are self-taught, and they are unable to put themselves in her place. The scientific man is aware of the popular ignorance, and is pleased or amused at her rapid conclusions. Let her learn herself from books and from scientific men to say, "I don't know," and so manage that whatever the accessories beyond the necessities of life be in her home, they shall lead her children to "want to know," a power which must increase and multiply.

Novelties for Mantel and Table Decoration.

FOR some time past, art has turned to account the beauty of shells, and recent decoration of the conch and nautilus shell, as well as the common oyster and clam shell, with beautiful water-color landscapes and marine views, as well as delicate figure-subjects, has made many of these desirable for household ornamentation. But the latest importations are the most original and elaborate. These represent French peasants, a few inches in height and breadth, and colored with the utmost nicety, then set at half length into the hollow of fine shells, of which the spiral rests upon a pedestal, also, like the figures themselves, of highly tinted *terra cotta*.

Figures of *terra incotta*—which leaves the clay at its natural hues—are also imported, as well as tinted figures representing infant children seated in little straw chairs—which are however of the clay, as well as the comical dolls or rebellious poodles they are nursing. Larger figures, as high as two feet, and elaborately colored in full tint, represent ragged French soldiers or *Directoire* groups in costume.

Pomegranate "trees" are of silver, having six branches not unlike taper-bearers, but furnished with glass cups into which the ripe pomegranate is set. Out of the birds' claws which make the support rises a circle of silver, into which are dropped small, long-handled spoons, which are intended to scoop out the pulp of the fruit during the process of eating. Filled with either pomegranates or oranges, these "trees" are a pretty table-ornament, the idea of fruit-bearing being carried out by a cluster of chased leaves upon each embranchment of the support of the cups.

A similar idea is found in the silver-wire baskets for green figs, of which epicures are so fond, and

which are lately to be found on many tables, taking the place of Barbary figs. These baskets have an enwreathing of silver fig-leaves, and a plain cake-basket may be made to look as tempting by arranging the fig-leaves from the trees themselves above the fruit.

A beautiful fig-basket has a reclining figure of Cleopatra on the flat and heavy handle, and this is so placed that with one hand the fair Egyptian seems to be withdrawing a slender asp from the figs below. The basket is square, and supported on the back of a crouching slave.

A new pastille burner represents a laboratory furnace with an alembic of crystal. In the miniature alembic is placed the pastille, and below it a match will quickly give it fire. The perfumed smoke then rises through the glass and removes from the apartment the peculiar and unhealthy odor that will always be found where a house has been closed for any time, and which, it is said, is a frequent and often unguessed cause of typhoid and diphtheria.

FEATHER WORK FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The wonders of art in the specialty of their feather-work produced by the Indians of the Nacre tribe on the Magdalena river are little known. The marvelous correctness of proportion and of color, the poetic harmony of grouping in miniature landscapes, giving glimpses of quaint yet lovely spots in the scenery which serves these so-called savages as model, and their delicacy of manipulation cannot fail to strike the well-versed in art and the ignorant alike with absolute amazement. Fancy a landscape of some six or eight inches in breadth and in length, in which area willow, a lake, a sky, a stork, a butterfly and a humming-bird, all in correct color, correct outline, correct proportion and correct position, and made of feathers so minute that to manipulate one of the tiny plumes would seem to require the careful labor of at least an hour! These *savages* are certainly sentimentalists when they take up work like this to produce such indisputable perfection.

From the Emerald Mine vicinities come the superbly mounted butterflies—*Morpho Lulkowsky*—called Opal or Nacre butterflies, of a transparent color resembling mother-of-pearl in tone, and with widely expanded wings. But the most beautiful of the South American butterflies is the wonderful blue *Morpho Keppris*, found only near Bogota, in the Republic of New Granada. This insect, whose wide wings measure from three to five inches, presents a color at the same time transparent and vivid, of the most exquisite azure, and having a surface glittering as from high polish.

Enormous and superbly-hued beetles, mounted with rare skill and marked with singular beauty and variety, come to us from the same source, and are in their way as beautiful. Humming-birds, so mounted that their wings may be arranged as if pendant or upright, closed or expanded, and comprising the tiniest as well as the largest of a species never exceeding five or six inches in length to three in breadth, form a portion of the carefully selected collection herein described, among the wonders of which are feather-flowers, excelling any previously brought here from South America, yet never going beyond the model afforded in the vivid flora of the country from which they come.

Again, fans of white feather, upon which is laid fluffy and cloudlike plumage of an intensely bright scarlet, and upon that superposed a tiny bird against a group of flowers, also of feather, are rivaled only by splendid garlands of glowing birds and blossoms, all alike arranged with surpassing taste and skill.

Added to these South American marvels are Hindoo caskets of wrought sandal-wood, caskets of ebony inlaid with platina, a curious Oriental jewelry of shape rare and singular, rare agates, selected emeralds and dainty bits of *vertu*, all

alike to be found in this singularly choice gathering of objects, each one of which has required laborious research and long travel to bring to us.

The brother of the collector is now absent in South America, seeking other and equally curious novelties to add to the above for the Exhibition of 1880. So it would appear that then wonders will be exhibited which will surpass all that has heretofore reached the United States, of art in all its branches.

AUSTRIAN "GOLD-WARE."—Austrian gold-ware is a glass crackle veined with gold, on which is painted either a group of flowers or a single flower. The excellence of color is remarkable, and a relief-effect is produced by the throwing out of the painting against the transparent depth of the glass. Venetian, Florentine, and Egyptian forms are given in the beautiful vases, saucers, and jars of this effective ware, than which a more elegant shelf or mantel ornament could scarcely be found. Caprice has devised a new and striking means for the display of handsome vases of dimensions not too great. This is a curled fern of porcelain lined with filigree, and is attached to the angle of a wall, as a bracket would be. The curl of the fronds, being forward and under a support, is made in the curve upon which an ornamental vase stands firmly. The effect of the crackle above described, contrasting with the color of the fern and harmonizing in elegance of shape with its graceful support, is one of the handsomest of the novelties of the art ceramic of the season.

PRETTY THINGS IN CHINA.—Among the novelties in China-ware are entire sets for dinner, tea, coffee, and lunch service, decorated with figures unusually large, and representing figures of rabbits, butterflies, and dogs, treated in a style of broad humor. A rabbit terrified by the proximity of a huge beetle, another in a listening attitude, one ear up, and the other down—perhaps because there is an ear-ring in one of them—still another gazing in rapt admiration or horror at a tortoise, and all these in one service, form an amusing set-out for a dinner. If you prefer birds, here they are, on twigs, of many sizes, and with their heads to one side or under their wings, or perched up or flown down to the ground. A greater variety of color than even the birds afford—and they are gorgeous—is to be found in the butterflies, some of which appear to be pursuing comically terrified insects of a smaller size. As for the dogs, they are, in some instances, precisely such as one imagines Florence Dombey's Diogenes to have been, absurd in preternatural gravity and stillness, or ridiculously active in the ardor of unnecessary and ineffective pursuit. In fine, to be merry at meals is "in order."

EMBROIDERED AND PAINTED PIANO-CLOTHS.—"Painted piano-cloths," as the new covers are called, imported, and of a model entirely novel, are of the exact length and breadth of the instrument itself, and decorated upon the edge with a fall of short silk fringe, it being but about three inches long. The material, when painted in what is oddly called "real-painting," meaning hand-painting or water-color, is satin. When embroidered, these cloths are of fine satin reps or of velvet, and the design is a circle of autumn leaves in the center, or an extended garland of field flowers running close to the edge all round the cloth, to keep which in place and to avoid injury to the delicate work, little satin glands attached to a cord hold it at the four corners, and beneath, in the center, where the top of the piano folds back.

The designs of field flowers and those of autumn leaves are almost sure to contain tints which harmonize with the subdued or "dead" colors now so fashionable in furniture. To embroider or paint upon the prepared imported velvet or cloth a handsome design for a piano-cover, is a beautiful occupation for a lady's leisure hours.

A Lady's Jewel Box.

ONE of the most striking objects at the Paris Exhibition from this side the Atlantic, and at the same time the one most calculated to illustrate the almost boundless mineral wealth of the Pacific slope, was the jewel casket exhibited by Mrs. Sunderland, of San Francisco. This lady is so richly endowed with this world's goods as to be enabled to spend no less a sum than £6,000, about \$28,000, on a jewel casket.

These peculiarly feminine luxuries were interesting for their unique beauty, but also as showing the resources of the jeweler's art in San Francisco—it being the verdict that both the design and its execution were unsurpassed by anything shown from those centers of decorative art, London, Paris, or Vienna.

This casket was made entirely from gold and gold quartz rock from the mines of California, Oregon, and Nevada, and required for its completion the steady work of five skilled artisans for the space of six months. It rests on four feet of solid gold, measures 15 inches long, 10 broad, and 10 deep, and weighs nearly 14 pounds. Each of the four feet represents the symbolic female figure with the grizzly bear at her side that adorns the escutcheon of the State of California.

These figures are in full relief, beautifully formed, and are perhaps the most attractive part of the whole work. The sides and ends of the casket are composed of gold quartz, cut and polished, and embedded in a rim of solid gold. Those who are aware of the exquisite polish of which gold quartz is susceptible will be able to appreciate the beauty of these four panels. The base of the casket, and also the molding around the cover, is ornamented with graceful foliage carved in solid gold. The top is of solid gold, marvelously inlaid with gold quartz in the finest mosaic work, hundreds of pieces being required for the construction of this exquisite cover.

The most elegant part of the whole casket is the work on the inside of the cover. It is a pictorial representation of a buffalo hunt on the plains. The engraving of the landscape is very fine, the foliage and trees being in bas-relief. In the foreground is the railway track, with two buffaloes dashing across it to evade the hunters who are in close pursuit.

My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"Now please tell me," say I, taking my seat among the young ladies, "what is the business before the house for to-day?"

"Whatever you please," says Sophie Mapes.

"Not what I please at all," I reply. "You know in this class it is simply the teacher's business to answer questions, but the scholars must ask them. So become interrogative as soon as you wish."

"Well, I should like to ask," says Lucy Little, "whether it is as easy to keep a small house clean as a large one?"

"There can be only one answer to that question," says Miss Kitty Van Ransalae.

"And what, in your mind, would that be?" I ask, without doubting what answer she would give.

"A large house would be three or four times the trouble of a little one, of course," replies Miss Kitty, with an air of having settled the matter.

And most of the girls agree with her, but I see that Lucy still looks for my opinion, so I ask her what her own answer would be.

"Why, I think," she says with some hesitation,

"that a small house is really the most difficult to keep nice, because it gets dirty again so fast."

"Ah! I think I know what you mean," I say, "and it is true that if a house is really too small to meet the requirements of the family, it is very hard to keep it in order. The small closets overflow, and it is next to impossible to follow the good old rule of keeping everything in its place, when there actually is not room enough to have a place for everything. Then, too, in a small house there is such a constant occupation of all parts of it, that one has to be always at work clearing up. I remember being told by a tidy little English-woman, who lived in a tiny pigeon-house of a dwelling in Brooklyn, that it was a marvel how she could stow away her five sons and one girl baby, that she had to sweep her sitting-room at least five times a day."

"Once for each boy," remarks Jennie.

"I suppose so, although the baby must have been entitled to some credit in making work, for the sitting-room was nursery too."

"What dreadful lives some people live," says Miss Kitty, with a little shiver.

"There was nothing dreadful about this woman's life," say I; "she would have been surprised had you pitied her, and would not have given her little house and comparative poverty for your wealth and discontented idleness."

I half expected an outbreak of indignation at this perhaps too pointed remark, but Miss Kitty only looks very thoughtful and says nothing.

"I am glad," says a very quiet girl, who has listened attentively, "that you do think it is some trouble to keep a little place in order, for everybody who comes to see us exclaims, 'Oh, what a lovely little place, so easy to keep nice,' and we get no credit for all the bother we have."

"You do find some trouble then?"

"Oh my, yes," is the reply Miss Brown makes; "lots of trouble. You know we gave up our house and took a flat, principally because it was likely to be easier; but mamma and I have to work a great deal harder ourselves because we have only room for one servant. I can assure you that we keep busy, and, after all, I don't think the place looks particularly tidy."

"Then you are not altogether pleased?" I ask.

"Yes, I think I like it better than I did having a large house. I used to take care of the parlors then, but that was dull routine kind of work, not like doing a little of everything as I do now. I didn't use to feel any real responsibility then, for, if I neglected to dust, the housemaid was sure to attend to it; but if I leave anything undone now, mamma does it, and that makes me wretched. Another nice thing about living in a flat is, it gives me a chance to learn how to cook."

"I should think you might have that chance in a house of any size," say I.

"Perhaps so," says Miss Brown doubtfully; "but going down two flights of stairs to the kitchen seems very formidable."

"Yes," I say, "I think we should all be better housekeepers if our kitchens were nearer to our sitting-rooms."

"Why need everybody have their sitting-rooms upstairs?" asks Jenny.

"Custom sanctions the selection," I say; "but I really think that in city houses it is a mistake to devote a whole story to parlors. One would be enough for a drawing-room, and the other could be appropriated for a family sitting-room. It would certainly be much more convenient for the mistress of the family to be near enough to the kitchen to superintend the work that is done there, and the consciousness of her vicinity would be a wholesome restraint upon the people she employs."

"It is nice in the country," says Sophie, "where

people can step right from the parlor to the kitchen without any trouble."

"Yes, and clean up their own sinks like Miss Betsy," says Jennie, mischievously.

"I don't like dirty work in either city or country," says Sophie.

"That wasn't dirty work, as Miss Betsy did it," I say; "but I think you are right about country housekeeping. There are I suppose many difficulties about it quite unknown to the city, but there is compensation in the oversight of all the details that the plan of the house makes practicable."

"But people in the country have to work so hard," says Miss Kitty.

"Not all, by any means," I reply; "some very luxurious people live in the country, and keep house with less care and worry than those of the same class in town; although I grant you a housekeeper of moderate means is on some accounts at a disadvantage in a country kitchen, because, unless money is plenty, it will lack the appliances for making work easy that every city house is supplied with."

"I hate to have anything to do with the kitchen," one of the class says, rather inconsequently.

"I am sorry," I say, "to hear you say that, because being a woman it will probably be your duty to have something to do with it. Even riches will not absolve you. If you keep house properly you must know something of what is going on in your house. What kind of a farmer would a man be who did not go about on his land to see that his men were at their duty; or how could a merchant succeed if he kept aloof from his store? Responsibility is inseparable from power, and the position of the house mistress is a highly responsible one, and she ought to know more about her own business than her servants do, and be able to teach them. It is hard for an old housekeeper to confess herself ignorant of her business, and such a one is much at the mercy of those she hires to do her work, and often quite controlled by them. It is to keep you from falling into such a miserable state of dependence that I urge you to learn the proper management of a household while you are young. This is a very changeful country, and it is common enough for rich and poor to change places, and one of the best preparations for a possible reverse is a good knowledge of the best way to prepare food economically, and that can only be learned by actual experiment."

"A lecture delivered in London upon domestic science has such excellent ideas upon this subject that I wish I had saved it to show to you."

"Did you deliver it yourself?" asks Jennie, half saucily.

"No, miss," I say, "I have not yet appeared in public; my efforts are all in your behalf, and for your benefit I have noted down a few points in the lecture I speak of, and I should like to read them to you: No lady is the less a lady if she can add to her other accomplishments a knowledge of household management. How many a young woman, well educated, as the phrase goes, has begun life with the happiest and best of prospects, and after spending the first few months of her married life in all sorts of blunders and mistakes and unpleasant differences with her servants, has had to learn, with dear-bought experience and sorrow, those things which ought to have been learned before undertaking the duties and responsibilities of married life."

"Perhaps we shall not get married," says Miss Kitty.

"Perhaps not," I agree; "but it will be a good thing to know how to keep a house in order and prepare food properly even if you never marry. A good many single women keep house you know, and as they do not always have a way to increase their incomes, it is doubly important that they understand how to avoid waste and extravagance."

Concerning a Certain Little Demon.

THERE is a certain little demon of our acquaintance who at particular periods of existence exercises over mankind a peculiar and decided power, which acts not only upon well-being but well-doing.

Not only kings and princes, but poets, philosophers, men of letters, men of science, and men of business have at times been possessed of this little devil; and even a great Greek teacher, Epicurus, stood godfather to a doctrine of which this demon is a disciple. His is an absolute monarchy: under his reign men lose all thoughts of love, honor, duty, and become rough of speech, forgetful of courtesy, neglectful of the rights of others. Ay, a demon indeed is the little imp who rules man on the throne of—an empty stomach! It is possible, however, thanks be to Providence, to appease the little monster, for he cowers at the sight of a well-spread table, and becomes an abject slave before a deliciously cooked dinner.

A hungry man is a pitiable object; as you value your dignity, well-being, and comfort, never ask of him a favor! A young lady once, in the absence from home of her father, had occasion to go to a gentleman friend of his to ask some advice and a favor. She had met the gentleman but a few times herself, but he had visited their house frequently, and as she knew her father had every confidence in his judgment and kind-heartedness, he was her first thought in her hour of solicitude. He was a man of position, a gentleman by birth, and had always appeared to be one in breeding; it was therefore with a brave heart and confident hopes that she went to his house and sent up her card. The gentleman made his appearance very shortly, and without recognizing the lady or her half-cordial manner of greeting, remained standing, of course obliging her to keep the same position, in his own house, and listened to her now timid and trembling appeal with a *distrain* sort of air.

"I am not quite sure I recall your name," he said at length.

"Why, General! you meet my father at church and prayer-meeting every week, and have frequently been to our house; you surely remember me? I am Miss Lyons, James Lyons's daughter. I certainly should not have come to you without feeling sure you would—"

Here a loud bell rang a peal through the halls, and the gentleman with a wild sort of look interrupted her sentence with:

"Will you walk into dinner with me, madam?" offering her his arm in a mad sort of haste, and making a movement toward the door.

"No, sir, I will not; nor will I trouble you further; I thought you were my father's friend, and—"

"Pardon me, miss, but if you will call after dinner—"

"Thanks, I will never call upon you again!" and the young lady quickly left the house, and the General retired to appease the wrath of the little demon over whom, notwithstanding he was a brave soldier and a winner of battles, he had no control!

I dare say it would not be venturesome to "guess" that half the rejected MS. which finds its way out of the sanctum of men of letters and back into the desks of bright, hopeful aspirants to fame—and checks—is due to the promptings of this little demon, who has begun to declare his authority about the hour of their reading; and surely all of the spiteful and ill-natured criticisms one reads in the reviews may be credited to the peculiar power which he exercises over his victims. Not only masculine but feminine nature comes under his tyrannical reign, although it is

sometimes much easier for womankind to assuage his ravings. Look at the faces of some of the fair shoppers as they toss over the pretty silks and ravishing muslins, which one hour or so before they were ready to pronounce "divine!" This one is "a fright," the other "hideous," and they nearly set the poor clerk wild with their unsatisfying demands and freaks; but oh, remember, kind sirs! it is high noon, and the little demon has ascended his throne and is rampant.

Even the good-nature of Mr. Paterfamilias goes down before the enemy, and when "papa" comes home at night sometimes, and the little ones cluster round him with their pretty prattle, he does not listen; he pushes one this way, another that. "Papa is tired," they say, and they wait until he has his slippers and supper before they find him the dear, good, kind papa again!

It may be, too, that mama is dull, and blind to the cross flag under which the little demon marches, and she asks some foolish question, or makes a silly remark—women do occasionally!—a curt, quick answer, or rude silence is her reply. Ah, the star of love is clouded over, the sky is darkened, the demon reigns!

Hark! a bell; a clatter of glass and silver; a faint, delicious aroma of dinner; the scowl on papa's face dissolves into a smile, the little demon cowers and lowers his flag. Ah, to paraphrase:

"Man may happily live without books, knowledge's grieving,

He may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
He can live without love, what is passion but pining?
But he cannot live amiably, can he? sans dining!"

Apron-Strings.

"YOUNG girls, what has become of the apron-strings of your mothers?" *Newspaper Query.*

What, indeed! Rarely does one see, nowadays, that beautiful solicitude and tender care of a daughter which characterized the period of our mothers' and grandmothers' days. Then, in order to make the acquaintance of a young lady, it was first necessary to be introduced to the parents, and if they saw fit, the young gentleman was invited to call. Now a girl has but to meet a young man once or twice at a friend's house, or on the street, perhaps, and she feels at perfect liberty to ask him to come and see her, and oftentimes the acquaintance is *not* made by the honorable means of an introduction either.

Mama may possibly ask the next morning after the first call: "Who was here so late, and laughing so loudly, last night, Minnie?"

And Minnie will unblushingly reply: "Oh, Tom" (his given name quite pat upon her giddy tongue), "Oh, Tom Collins, and he is just too lovely for anything; such sweet neckties and tiny little boots as he wears!" Mama smiles at the girlish enthusiasm, and with no more inquiry into his character or morals, Mr. Tom Collins is allowed to visit little Minnie. He meets her on her way home from school; carries her books, puts foolish thoughts into her head, and studious ones out, and in a short time he takes her to the theater or *matinée*, perhaps, with ice-cream or oysters after. This goes on, and before Minnie is out of the "Normal" she is engaged, surreptitiously it may be, but it ends in marriage with a man about whom her parents know little or nothing; or else results in some wildly talked about escapade which mars and soils the whiteness of her maiden plumage. Oh, girls, what has become of the apron-strings of your mothers? And yet should we condemn or blame the poor children of these mothers? Oh, no, let us rather find excuse and pity for them in our charitable hearts. What better do they know? Indeed the mothers of to-day—not all. Heaven be praised, else we might cry indeed with

bitterness, "O tempora! O mores!"—the mothers of "our girls" to-day are often as light and trifling as their daughters. What with their art of dressing and beautifying, and making youthful that which is *passée*, it is difficult sometimes to tell mother from daughter. Apron-strings, indeed! who hears of them now? It is jaunty hats, becoming costumes, and bewildering coiffures; as for strings, the only kind they think or prate of are those which tie their pull-backs and paniers!

Oh, mothers, pause an instant. To what end will this lax freedom in time drift your daughters? It is fair and pleasant and right to give them your confidence and trust; but, we pray you, put on some aprons once more, and tie our girls fast to obedience, duty, dignity, and honor. Let us have the old time reign and fashion of aprons—and apron-strings!

Blades of Grass.

BY A MOTHER.

DURING the week the thought occurs to me, Sabbath will be a long day, I will have leisure, I will read. This thought sends a flush of pleasure through me. Sabbath after Sabbath disproves it, I neither have leisure nor read. Shall I rise up and condemn the life that denies me the pleasure I'm fondest of?

There is a philosophy deeply ingrained in me. It is that in all things inexorable there lurks a blessing, if we have patience to pick it out.

Now in this life of motherhood that demands so much of sacrifice and exertion there is what many fret and struggle against as beyond endurance; it is the encroaching on time until all individual cultivation is threatened.

We fret for books. Suppose we, not being able to read, make what we might call a book of our children, and read and study it. If the mind be attentive it will find interest, instruction, great variety, and amusement. I hold there is no book that will so enlarge and ennoble the mind.

Do we pine for music? But surely the mastery of guitar, harp or piano, will not compare with the mastery of that heaven-made instrument, a child's voice! Devise ways to produce that most ravishing of all music, a child's laugh. A mother so accomplished is a rare mother and to be desired, with many she would be held of greater worth than the Nilssons and Pattis.

Society! Yes, we mothers confined so at home think longingly of social pleasures. But consider if there be any society more pure than that of children; exercise your wit to make a society of your family, wherein to practice all social amenities; it will prove more satisfactory than that of the world, because it is genuine and trustworthy.

Sometimes when life presses hard upon us, as though it were an enemy powerful, inexorable, and exhaustless of resources to wound and destroy, we feel ourselves on the verge of losing faith and enthusiasm, and entering that multitude in the great march of humanity, the negative and commonplace; wearied nigh to exhaustion we are tempted to accept disappointment, cease thought, prayer, and effort, drop hope, let faith sleep, if not die. God help us at such times, help us to continue to study, pray, and strive, to hunger, thirst, hope, and believe.

There are some who create their misery by conjecturing it, who hasten it by anticipating it, who confirm it by consenting into it.

There is such a thing as an intimate, enthusiastic faith in God. Obstacles and disappointments are eluded; the heart prays, watches, and will not let go, giving thanks for every indication of fruition, giving no heed to delay and seeming utter denial.

When we pray we *must* watch in the same with thanksgiving.

Hair-Pins and Boots.

"WHY is it that when a man prepares to retire, it is always his boots which he relieves himself of first, while a woman begins at her hair-pins?"

Newspaper Query.

WHAT HAIR-PINS HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Ah! that hot, crooked hair-pin! There! I hope I've thrown it where it will never be picked up! It's actually been buried in my scalp the livelong evening. What a relief it is to get down and off one's back-hair! What do I wear any for? Oh, yes, I dare say you'd like to see your wife going round with a little "wisp," as you called Mrs. Bald's *coiffure* the other night. Don't I wear all these puffs and braids and curls in order to do you credit? I'm sure it would be *much* more comfortable to go *au naturel*, and just twist up a simple knot with a comb and be done with it; but how you men would stare and hoot. "Don't make a guy of yourself, pray," you said yourself the other day, when I just innocently tried a Diana knot!—and so you see we women are obliged to be martyrs to puffs and hair-pins in order not to offend our husbands' tastes! Such a headache as I have got! I've been trying all day to "do over" in my mind last season's dresses, and I'm about crazy. When fashions have the hardihood, not to say cruelty, to jump from one extreme to the other, how ever is one, pray, to make ole clo' into new? No wonder my head aches. And then there are the children's school studies; what with Minnie's algebra, Bertie's Latin, and the boys' dreadful books—I declare it's positively cruelty to animals to cram and push children as they are doing at present. My head aches for them, and if we could only afford it I'd have them taught at home! Oh dear, my brain is in a whirl about to-morrow. "Sufficient unto the day?" Oh, yes, it sounds very well *quoted*, but if I *didn't* have a thought about to-morrow's dinner, what would you say *then*, hah? What am I worried about? Why, Nora wants to go to a funeral to-morrow, and no doubt will stay to the wake. Have the wakes before the funeral, do they? Well, she'll stay to *something*, and be gone all day, and the Drews are coming to dinner, you know, and Bridget is so green, and the dinner will be a failure. Oh dear, my head! No wonder we women "begin at the hair-pins!"

BOOTS' EXPLANATION.

Confound that stocking! I vow I'll never wear another darned pair. Oh, you needn't elevate your eyebrows, I put a proper consonant in the middle of the adjective *my dear*. Why can't stockings be mended smoothly? Actually there's a double rosette on the bottom of this one; how can a man be "amiable" who has walked on *that* in tight boots all day? Why don't I wear large, easy boots? Oh, yes, and if I *should* you would laugh and make all manner of fun of me, as you did of Mr. Pontoon. I keep myself *bien chausse* because you say you like to see a gentleman's feet look neat and trim. Been on the street all day trying to raise some money; never knew such tight times, tight as that boot—ugh—Never mind, it *didn't* hit the mirror! If I've walked one, I've walked fifty miles to-day, and my feet ache as hard as your head. You women, sitting at home in your easy-chairs, all crimped and puffed, have no idea how we men suffer, battling for your comfort, out on the street, earning by the sweat of our brows your bread and butter—and back hair—and in—ach—tight boots too! Toss my slippers, will you? Thanks, my dear. No wonder we men always "begin at our boots!"

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

MADAME LE BRUN.

AMONG the many illustrious names which Paris has given to the artistic world, shines brilliantly that of the admirable woman whose name heads this paper. It has been said of her that she secured more social triumphs and made fewer enemies than any other prominent personage of her time, and this in the face of the fact that she lived during one of the most troublous periods of French history, and that her own private life was not free from its unpleasantnesses. She had a reputation that was European—her work lives to this day in the galleries of Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, France, and England; and of her marvelous capacity for work we need do no more than state that she gave to the world no less than 650 portraits, 250 landscapes, and 15 *genre* pictures, and that at the age of eighty she painted a portrait of her niece which was fully up to the standard of her finest work.

Marie Louise Elisabeth Vigée was born in Paris, April 16, 1755, and died there March 30, 1842. Her father was a painter, a member of the Academy; of her mother little is known. When she was about twelve years old, her father, M. Nigée died, and shortly thereafter her mother married a second time, the gentleman being a wealthy goldsmith. The mother and daughter had been somewhat reduced in circumstances since M. Vigée's death, and the young girl had contributed not a little to their joint support by giving lessons in painting among their more intimate friends. The daughter, although not particularly liking the idea of her mother marrying a second time, thought that, seeing her step-father was so rich, she would be able to give up her work and devote her time to improving herself in her art. But it was not to be; her step-father proved to be of a most niggardly disposition—even to wearing the clothes of M. Vigée, which last inspired intense disgust on the part of the high-spirited girl; and the only thing he may be said to have done for her was the exhibiting her first portrait, which attracted great attention, in his shop window, whereby she became much sought after.

Possessing, as she did, undoubted talent, we are not surprised to find her making rapid progress in the favor of the brilliant society of the period.

She was introduced to the notice of the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, with whom her intercourse was of the most friendly and happy nature. Indeed, it was the misfortunes of the unhappy royal family, with whom her relations had been very intimate, that drove her to leave France at the commencement of the revolution of 1789.

Previously, however, she had met M. Le Brun, the celebrated art critic and amateur painter. He was much smitten with her beauty and accomplishments; for though during childhood she gave no promise of future beauty, but, on the contrary, seemed doomed to plainness, yet before she was eighteen all this was changed, and she was one of the prettiest girls in Paris. Partly at the solicitations of her parents, who thought the match would be a good one for the girl, and partly because she was, at that time, entirely heart-whole, she consented to marry M. Le Brun, which event took place in 1775.

At this time Madame Le Brun was well and favorably known as a painter, and her brush brought her in a very handsome sum yearly. But she seems, in two cases at least, to have been the victim of avaricious men, and this being the character of M. Le Brun, there is little wonder that the marriage

was an unhappy one. He made no scruple of converting her earnings to his own uses; on many occasions he would collect sums due her, and never tell her of the fact until she would find it out for herself by going to the persons with her bill. His plea always was that he was poor and greatly in need of money. One would think that self-respect would have forced him to leave her earnings at her own disposal. Except for a few years after their marriage, and for a short time after her return to France, they lived apart.

In 1789, the revolution having rendered Paris unsafe for all who had been known as friends of the royal family, she left France for Italy, and did not return for many years. While at Naples she painted a portrait of the notorious Lady Hamilton who so infatuated Lord Nelson, and she subsequently visited nearly all the countries of Europe. In Russia, particularly, she met with a most cordial reception from the nobility and royal family, and painted many portraits. In England her visit was equally successful. While in London she painted the portraits of the Prince of Wales and of Lord Byron. In doing the former, however, she incurred the enmity of the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, the lady whom the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., came so near marrying.

It should be mentioned that, just before she left France, she had been gratified by unanimous election to the Academy, to which honor but a very few women had been before admitted, and which was afterward denied to the sex. This honor was also accorded her by the academies of Rome, Turin, and Vienna. One of her best portraits, in the French National Gallery, is that of Madame de Staël in the character of Corinne. It is said that Madame Le Brun thought this her best effort.

Many are the anecdotes told of her and her friends.

While at Naples she painted a couple of panels for Lord Hamilton's summer-house, and presented them to that nobleman. What was her surprise, while in England, on a visit to a country house, to see these two identical panels, which it appeared Lord Hamilton, with a cupidty which is unexplained, had cut out of the door on which they were painted, and sold to their then owner.

Previously to her leaving Paris in 1789, the friends of the royal family were closely watched—oftentimes by those whom they supposed to be their friends, but who were in reality spies. Madame Le Brun gave a little entertainment to a few artist friends, gotten up in a very artistic style, but the cost of which did not exceed fifty francs. To her surprise, when in Russia some years subsequently, she was charged with having spent many thousand francs upon this same entertainment, and traced the scandal to one whom she supposed was her true friend.

She had difficulty in leaving France, as all the routes were watched by the Republicans, and all Royalists were stopped. On her arrival in Switzerland, however, what was her surprise and dismay to be accosted as Madame Le Brun. She was in mortal fear lest she was to be taken back to France, but her mind was soon set at rest on being told, what she had not suspected, that her reputation as a painter had preceded her so far from home.

Her only child, a daughter, who inherited her mother's beauty, and who was with her in all her travels, had much the same fate as herself in her married life. While in Russia she became infatuated with an attaché of one of the embassies, a man of good family, but very poor. Her mother, who could deny her nothing, deplored the attachment, but at last gave her consent. As a result, she had to support the young couple for many years, in addition to sending various sums to M. Le Brun, and providing for herself. Truly she may be said to have had her hands full.

The World of Science.

THE EARTH'S EIGHT MOTIONS.

BY L. P. L.

SEATED one Sunday afternoon by an open window overlooking the play-ground of the School of Saint Louis, Paris, I was startled from my reading by hearing my little boy exclaim: "See, mamma, there is a balloon!" It was indeed so near that it seemed in danger of brushing against the house-top, though men in the car were emptying out sand-bags in order to rise higher.

Its motion was very deliberate, yet it made me think of the balloon sent up from the same city immediately after the coronation of Napoleon. Released from its moorings at eleven o'clock in the evening, it descended at seven o'clock the next morning near Rome, Italy, eight hundred miles distant, having made an average progress of one hundred miles an hour.

The earth is not unlike a balloon in the way in which she is careering through the heavens, though her speed is as immense as her bulk is enormous, when compared with any gas-inflated ball.

However, contrasted with the sun and many of the planets, the earth is not large, neither is her progress rapid or steady. As she rolls along in her course, eight distinct motions are connected with her. To form an idea of the rapidity with which the earth is darting through space—more rapidly than the fleetest and most powerful bird moves through the air, more swiftly than the unseen rush of the two-thousand-pound shot at the moment when it leaves the mouth of the immense Armstrong gun at Shoeburyness—let us fancy ourselves on some planet which the earth is to approach closely, yet safely.

That small star shining in the sky is the approaching earth. It grows larger as it comes nearer; it swells to the size of the moon we have so often watched on a winter's night, or when flooding the world with her mellow light during harvest time; now we can trace the unfolding landscapes as the rich green of the tropics change into the more sober tints of the temperate zones and then fade away into the pure white of either pole, until lo! the whole heaven is filled with the mighty, noiseless, on-rushing mass, the sun is blotted from the sky, and in the blackness of darkness which follows we feel sure our latter end is come, and wait with awe-stricken hearts the impending crash.

But no collision comes, the sky grows light, the earth fades away, and we look after the twinkling star as we have often looked after a railroad train that has dashed by and become in a moment a speck in the distance.

The rate of the earth's motion is marvelous. Scarcely any comparison can convey an adequate idea to our minds. The flash of a sword-blade through the air is not so quick as the movement the earth has kept up from the hour of her birth.

Sixty-six thousand miles in an hour, eleven hundred in a minute, twenty in a second, is the rate the astronomer tells us of, but what distinct idea does it convey? It is about the same as the puzzling rapidity of electricity or of light.

The annual revolution of the earth around the sun is the first of the eight motions, and the most important, for by it the world continues to be what it was undoubtedly intended to be, the habitation of man.

The second is that which the earth makes on her own axis, as the next most important to her in her individual capacity, though to institute distinctions between these various movements is not absolutely, but only relatively, correct; for

should any one of the eight be disturbed or suspended, who can say what trouble might not ensue?

The diurnal motion we all rejoice in, as day and night succeed each other. The laborer is glad when the toilsome work of the hot day is over; and the young maid, full of life and spirits, feels her heart beginning to flutter within her, as the darkening shades of evening hasten on the hour for music and dancing.

This daily rotation causes the surface of the earth to move at a speed of twenty-five thousand miles at the equator in twenty-four hours, six teen thousand in the latitude of London, while at the poles there is, of course, none at all.

A third movement of the earth is called the precession of the equinoxes. The equinoxes are the points where the ecliptic, or the real orbit of the earth about the sun, or the apparent path of the sun in the heavens, crosses the celestial equator, which is the real equator of the earth extended into space. The earth reaches her position on the ecliptic a trifle earlier each year (about twenty minutes of our solar time), and this change is called the precession of the equinoxes.

Through this movement the terrestrial axis accomplishes a slow rotation, to end only in twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight years, and by which all the stars of the heavens seem to change their position, when, in reality, the earth is changing hers.

There is a fourth movement, about as grand, but more intricate and difficult of explanation, by which a gradual change is made in the position of the perihelion, or that part of the earth's orbit nearest the sun, and which has an influence upon the seasons. This motion requires twenty thousand nine hundred and eighty years for its completion.

A fifth movement is called a periodical change in the obliquity of the ecliptic. The orbit of the earth vibrates backward and forward, each oscillation requiring a period of ten thousand years; so that we have not yet swung out as far on one side as we can.

A sixth motion is called nutation, or nodding. It is as if the earth were balancing on a pair of well—legs. No other word is so appropriate to our purpose, for she seems to be standing now on one foot and now on the other, as we have all seen children amuse themselves. This is due to the attraction of the moon, although she is only one forty-ninth the size of the earth, and one eighty-first part as heavy. Luna, though so insignificant, influences her lord and master, as many a woman whom her husband looks down upon exercises sway over him which he little imagines, and which he would be slow to confess, though plainly discernible to the eyes of strangers. Thus the earth describes with the pole of the equator a small ellipse upon the celestial sphere once in every eighteen years and eight months.

A seventh motion is that wherein the earth pays deference to her brothers and sisters in the solar system, departing from her orbit a short distance, as if to meet them as they approach her, acknowledging their presence, and then resuming her regular course.

Science says these are perturbations, calculable beforehand in the curve our planet describes about the sun, now swelling it, now flattening it, as gigantic Jupiter approaches or as Venus comes more near, and with the other planets also, according to the variations of their distances.

These five movements last mentioned are intimately connected; some, indeed, are separable only in theory, and all combine to produce a wabbling or waving motion from side to side of the orbit.

And then comes the eighth and last motion of the earth—last of all, and greatest of all—wherein

she, with the sun, her ruler and guide, and all her companions in the mighty system, sweep away into space, as if reaching after and seeking for the unattainable.

The stars above us are suns shining by their own light. Our sun is but a star, and by no means one of the largest in the vast celestial host. There is a brotherhood among the shining number, and it would seem as if by some mysterious agency and appointment a relation existed among them, known by the term *primus inter pares*, or a chieftainship among equals.

All the denizens of the azure vault circle around one of their number, and in this mystic, marvelous movement our sun with his attendants finds place, dashing along at the rate of four hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles in the twenty-four hours—over twenty thousand miles an hour, and three hundred and thirty-three a minute. The direction of the sun at the present time is toward the constellation Hercules. The brilliant star Alcyone, the largest in the exquisite group of the Pleiades, is thought to be the master star to which all other stars are subject, and around which they are all revolving; but so vast and mighty is that orbit of which Alcyone is the center, that for the last hundred years the curve of our sun's path around it has been so inconsiderable as to permit astronomers to say it has moved only in a direct, unbending line.

[WRITTEN FOR DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.]

The Ammonite.

BY MARY ST. MAUR.

THE graceful Nautilus floats upon the wave unconscious that it forms a most important clue to one mystery of the past. It was an early inhabitant of the primitive ocean, yet it has survived whole ocean families that flourished for immense ages and afterward disappeared.

"Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
In the new created seas;
Thou wast with the reptile broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up Ammonite;
Thou surviv'dst the awful shock
Which turned the ocean bed to rock,
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms."

The points of resemblance are so strongly marked between it and the extinct Ammonite that the form and mechanism of the latter are easily explained.

This interesting fossil received its name from the coiled horn of the statue of Jupiter Ammon, a heathen divinity that had a human body with a ram's head.

In countries where they are found in great abundance the ignorant designate them as "snake-stones," for they imagine they were formerly snakes, petrified by the prayers of some patron saint.

They are classed with the family of Cephalopods, so called from two Greek words signifying head and foot.

These mollusks were generally attached to houses shaped outwardly much like the shell of a snail.

The body consisted of a bag, containing stomach, heart, and other organs. The large eyes protruded from a head, surrounded with tentacula

or feet; these each had a double row of suckers the entire length, which firmly held their prey after having seized upon it.

The mouth was furnished with a pair of nippers not unlike a hawk's beak, the whole forming a most destructive contrivance.

The abode of this creature was made of carbonate of lime, shaped into a hollow, flat, coiled tube, divided and strengthened by arched partitions into air-chambers, which gave it great lightness.

Through these passed a cord called a siphuncle, or little siphon, which was connected with the heart, being filled with air and a fluid, the former of which could be expanded or contracted at pleasure.

It was this hydraulic contrivance that enabled it to sink to great depths in pursuing its prey; few could escape its deadly attacks. Indeed, it seemed created to destroy the superabundance of life with which the ancient seas teemed.

Another terrible monster of the deep belonging to the same great family of Cephalopods was known as the Orthoceros, whose chambered dwellings differed from the Ammonite in being perfectly straight. They were often twelve or fifteen feet in length, and as large in circumference as a flour barrel.

These formidable denizens of the ocean ceased to exist before the earth was a suitable dwelling for man, and their remains are found in rocks that were once at the bottom of the sea.

Perhaps a sudden change of temperature ended their existence, and they sank beneath the waves. By some convulsion of nature these rocks have been thrown to the surface; here among other fossils lie the Ammonites in countless numbers, completely turned to stone. They are of all sizes, from less than half an inch to four feet in diameter.

The marl or clay which surrounds them is easily removed, and their coiled and fluted forms are disclosed as perfect as life.

Sometimes a piece of rock not more than seven inches by fifteen contains fifty small specimens. In most cases their dwelling, which was much thinner than that of the ordinary Nautilus, had entirely disappeared, leaving a perfect cast, while in others the slightest remnant of it can be seen, often showing that pearly iridescence which appears on the inner surface of many shells.

Lying at the bottom of the sea they were gradually filled with the most abundant mineral substance the water contained, generally it was lime, which took the various tints of buff, gray, or brown—each partition of the shell making a division in the filling, which evidently was very slow, as it took place through the siphuncle. This lay on the interior and outer edge of the coil, and the slender tube is often seen completely turned to stone—fossilized.

The rough exterior of the Ammonite gives no idea of the beauties developed by dividing it vertically and polishing; then we see those delicate markings which are a marvel to behold.

If the waters have contained iron pyrites in solution, each septa will be seen traced with a shining line.

Several hundred different varieties have been described, the largest and most perfect being found in the South of England.

When we remember that the Ammonite is only one of the species that inhabited the great deep, and there are besides thousands of fossil remains equally interesting, we are filled with awe.

Our minds cannot at once grasp all these wonders, only by patience and trust in His infinite wisdom can we come to a faint understanding that will help us to remember, "That the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that take pleasure therein."

What Women are Doing.

"Godwyn's Ordeal" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. J. K. Spender.

Mrs. Burnett's new story will be of American life, and will be called "Louisiana."

George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such" has reached its fourth edition.

"Pets and Playmates" is a new juvenile, by Miss Laura Edmonds, daughter of the late Judge Edmonds.

Of forthcoming volumes of poetry, one is "Her Lover's Friend," by Nora Perry; the other "Dramatic Persons and Moods," by Mrs. Piatt.

The "The Barn Beautiful" is a new play by Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, which deals with the modern decorative art mania.

The "Value of Life" by a woman, is in reply to a book by a man, "Is Life worth Living?"

"Women at Work" is a new publication edited and published by Mrs. E. T. Housh.

A new Illustrated journal has made its appearance in Paris, of which Mme. Olympe Audanard is one of the directors.

A Committee of Ladies in Paris have brought out "La Femme," but the articles are in bad taste, and show a lack of judgment; it does not promise success.

Rosa Bonheur dresses in semi-masculine costume in her studio, but Mlle. Bernhardt, who never does things by halves, "sculps" in actual trousers.

The Lebanon Society of Shakers has a member, Dolly Saxton, who has completed her 104th year, and is described as "happy and as lively as a cricket."

The "Worker" is a new co-operative paper, whose publisher is Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist.

"French and Belgians" is a clever, sensible useful little volume, by Phoebe Earle Gibbons.

A "Woman of Mind" is a capital English novel by Mrs. Adolphe Smith.

In two Volumes devoted to the life and works of Henry Merritt, who married Miss Anna Lea, artist of Philadelphia, his widow gives a long and loving memoir of her husband, which reads more like a romance than reality. C. Kegan Paul of London is the publisher.

"Dorothea Alice Shepherd" the author of "How Two Girls Tried Farming," is Ella Farman, the editor of *Wide Awake*, and not a farmer at all.

Miss Stanton, a daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is to be one of the lecturers next winter. Miss Stanton has had five years' training at Vassar College and two at the Boston School of Oratory.

Mrs. Morehouse, of Liverpool, N. Y., has bestowed \$30,000 upon Syracuse University.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, the authoress and anti-slavery agitator, is now seventy-seven years old, and lives at her old home in Wayland, Mass.

Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander is said to be an excellent woman of business. She has three pretty cottages with lawns terraced to the shore near Lynn—very valuable property.

Mrs. Augusta Webster, author of "Portraits," and several other well-known volumes of poetry, is a candidate for the Chelsea and Kensington Division of the London School Board at the forthcoming election.

According to the *Bakinskiju Izvjestiju*, a Russian journal, a charming young French lady, Mlle. Laligot, is accompanying the corps of General Lazareff against the Turcomans in the capacity of a war correspondent.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's first novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," was such an extraordinary success that people said it could not be re-

peated; but, unless we are very much mistaken, her second, "Haworths" (Charles Scribner's Sons), will find quite as large an audience.

Miss Helen Zummern, author of the "Life of Lessing," has written a paper on "A Gallician Novelist," in which she gives a striking account of Sacher-Masoch, a writer almost unknown to English readers, though a man of genius.

Mrs. Roe, a lady of literary attainments, has lately died at Sheffield, England. Her first book was entitled "A Woman's Thoughts on the Education of Girls." This was followed by "Sketches from English History," "A Book for Girls," and "Uncrowned Queens."

Mlle. Nathalie Sauteriau, otherwise *Sœur Adrien*, the *Infirmière* at the *Lycée Louis-le-Grand*, has been presented with the Academic palms decoration, consisting of a small branch of green metas, bestowed by the *Académie Française*.

The author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" seems to expand the greater part of her originality in naming her stories. The latest is "My Lady Green Sleeves;" the next should be "My Lord Blue Jeans."

Miss Ida Waugh, of Philadelphia, has a studio in New York this winter. Although she has followed art as a profession for several years, Miss Waugh intends to enroll herself among the pupils of the Art Students' League.

The New England Women's club has an educational department connected with it, and classes in botany, literature, and ceramics. The botany class is the most enthusiastic. It meets regularly once a week, and its studies are taking gradually a much enlarged field.

Miss Charlotte Bruce, living near Lexington, Ind., cut 100 acres of wheat with a reaper, keeping five binders, and some of the time six, "humping themselves," as she expressed it. She had six horses ready harnessed, and when one pair got tired took another. Fourteen hundred bushels of wheat on 115 acres is the yield on Charlotte's farm.

Miss Florence Rodgers, aged 18 years, residing in Smyrna township, has made a record which should render her an attractive object to young farmers, not to mention the beauty which she possesses. Her father was pressed for help to harvest his grass, and Florence came to his assistance nobly. She borrowed a three-year-old nag of Mr. William Rutledge, hitched it to a hay rake and started after the mower. She raked seventy-five acres before the harvest days closed, and attended to the feeding and harnessing of the young nag herself.

Mrs. Christine Olenson, of Chicago, has made nearly all the furniture in her house with her own hands! Standing opposite the door is a very handsome organ, the case of which is very finely finished in a variety of hard woods. Upon the case is a very life-like bird in the act of seizing a cherry in its bill. On a front panel is an East Indian, full-rigged ship, under full sail. The water, which is most exquisitely represented, is of a piece of dark wood whose grain is wavy, and which is neatly joined to produce the desired effect. A secretaire occupies the other side of the room, and is constructed of three thousand pieces of wood. A magnificent bedstead, and many minor articles, show her skill as a "cabinet" maker, a business which she learned of her father.

Miss Emma Abbott has achieved success in an amazingly short space of time, by the possession of intelligence and good sense as well as vocal and artistic ability. She is scarcely bigger than a bird, but she sings every night, and is never sick. She is manager, and responsible financier, as well as the prima-donna of her troupe; has brought out two quite new operas this season in a finished style very seldom seen on operatic boards, and

during the season has paid off money that was spent on her education abroad, laid in a stock of real diamonds, and laid by quite a little sum.

Twenty Women entered for the following examinations of London University last June: twelve for the first B.A., four for the preliminary Scientific Examination (part of that for the M.B. degree), and four for the 1st B.Sc. Examination. [B.A. (Bachelor of Arts); M.B. (Bachelor of Medicine); B.Sc. (Bachelor of Science).] Nine of the twelve candidates for the first B.A. passed, six in the first and three in the second division; all four of the candidates in the Preliminary Scientific Examination passed, and all in the first division while two out of the four candidates for the first B.Sc. passed, one in the first and one in the second division. Fifteen, therefore, out of the twenty candidates passed. It is interesting to those who advocate the capacity of women for science as well as for literature to note, that the proportion of those who passed is the same in both subjects, namely three-fourths of the candidates.

The four ladies who have passed the Preliminary Scientific Examination (M.B.), as the beginning of those which they will pass on their way to a full medical degree, are Miss Tomlinson, of Girton College, Cambridge; Miss Shove and Miss Prideaux, of the London School of Medicine for Women; and Mrs. Scharlieb, of the Madras University, and University College, London.

A Young Girl of fifteen, a Kentuckian by birth but living in Maine, has astonished her townspeople by her ability to do "men's" work. Two years ago she surprised her father by cutting a very large quantity of wood in a brief space of time. Last summer she began working at a Mr. Clayton's, in Hampden. One evening she started out after supper and put up forty-five bunches of hay and milked the cows before sunset. Although so young, she is very strong and muscular and does any farm work she undertakes in a very expeditious manner. The next day after dinner she had completed her work around the house and she entered the field again. She loaded three loads of hay, stowed them away in the barn, pitched a fourth load on to the rack and stowed that away. She then prepared tea for the family, served it, cleared away, and walked to the village (a long distance) to get herself a pair of shoes, returning home before dark. The young fellows do not care to try and compete with her, because she always comes out first best.

The "Ruth Burrage" room, in a piano manufactory in Boston, has two concert grand pianofortes, and a beautiful mahogany case containing every piece of music that exists for two pianofortes, two players, and for two pianofortes, four players (eight hands). Every symphony, concerto, overture, suite, etc., etc., to the extent in value of about three thousand dollars, is there, conveniently bound, with catalogues complete. Under appropriate rules for the convenience of the beneficiaries this room is absolutely free to all, even without the asking. That this wonderful place is in constant use from morning until night, and has been from the moment it was inaugurated until now (nearly two years), is a matter of course. Whence came it? A few years since there died in Boston a lovely girl of twenty-two (a fine pianist herself), a daughter of the Hon. A. A. Burrage, who, on her death-bed, expressed the wish that the little property of which she was possessed should be given under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang (the husband of her cousin), to deserving musical students. The before-mentioned collection of music was purchased with Miss Ruth Burrage's money. The piano makers allowed Mr. Lang to construct the room and to retain it free of rent for the purpose so long as they occupy the building; and furthermore, do generously supply, free of cost, the two grand pianofortes.

A Reading, Pa. Paper says, "Elizabeth Leibesberger, aged ninety-two, resides in Richmond township, this county, and is in all probability one of the richest maiden ladies in this county. She owns several beautiful farms in Richmond township, where she has lived nearly all her life. Her brother is also a large land owner. Miss Leibesberger is remarkably well-preserved. She has silvery gray hair, is neat and trim in appearance, and considering her great age is quite active and alert. A few days ago her farm-hands commenced hay-making. To their great surprise, the aged lady made her appearance in the field, rake in hand. She was suitably dressed for the occasion, and she said she was going to show them how to work. This was greeted with clapping of hands and cheers. Miss Leibesberger went to work in good earnest, tossed the hay over and over, raked it into rows from one end of the field to the other, and then helped to rake it in piles, and finally assisted in loading and raking after the wagons. It was an exhibition of old-time hay-making, the way 'they used to do when she was a young girl,' she said, 'before the patent machinery was ever heard of.' The lady worked in the field the entire day, and kept up her pluck remarkably well."

Women as Blacksmiths.—"Alice," writes a correspondent from a colliery village in England, "was a young wife engaged in blowing bellows, heating pieces of iron in a 'gleed' forge, and producing rivets from an anvil at the rate of three thousand a day. For this manual labor Alice, her father proceeded to tell me in her presence, gets 1s. 4d., out of which she has to pay for wear and tear of tools, 1d., carriage 1d., and a like sum for gleeds, a kind of small coke made expressly for nail and rivet forges. On Monday she does her washing, on Saturday her cleaning up, so that she only works at rivets four days in the week, and her gross earnings therefore amount to 4s. 3d. for forging 12,000 rivets. I have said nothing of rent which Alice would pay, and which might amount to one shilling a week. She was a sedate young woman, well-spoken, with very fair hair and a low, sweet voice.

"John Price (Alice's father) then, at my request, took me to see his neighbors, Edward and Phyllis Tromans, who lived and worked at making nails close by. Phyllis is a handsome woman, with beautiful white teeth and abundance of flesh, which Rubens might have painted, it is so plentiful and rosy. This woman was forging large nails; and the manner in which she made a nail with a point, and a head an inch and a half in circumference, fly off a piece of hot iron was marvellous to behold. She works from 8 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night, and in four days will forge 54 pounds' weight of clout nails, for which she will receive the wondrous price of 3s. 8d., out of which she has to pay fivepence for gleeds and twopence for tools. Her husband works 'as hard as he can drive' from 6 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night, and his week's wages amounts to 12s., from which twopence for gleeds and fourpence for tools will have to be deducted, to say nothing of rent. Edward Tromans was only 43 years old, but looked much nearer 70. Two other young women were hammering away at rivets in company with Phyllis; and never so long as I live shall I forget that little black smithy. I once traveled many miles to see 'Vulcan's Forge,' by Velasquez; but there was in that famous picture no figure equal to that of Phyllis Tromans, and I shall remember Phyllis to the day of my death. That such a woman should be slaving in soot—blowing bellows now with her left, and then wielding a hammer with her right hand—forging clout nails for twelve hours a day, in order to earn less than 40 pence in a week, is a phenomenon that I would never have believed as being possible in England if I had not seen it."

YOUNG AMERICA

Harry's Pets.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FIVE kittens new, and three old cats,
Were Harry's precious store,
And yet the loving little heart
Had room for many more.
But mamma said she never could
Allow them all to stay,
And Harry must decide to give
A few of them away.

JOHN THOMAS" was so great a rogue,
That he could well be spared,
While "Mrs. Puss," and "Mr. Tom,"
For their small children cared.
And counting o'er the pretty brood,
And thinking of the fun
They'd have together, he exclaimed,
"I must keep every one!"

UT mamma said, "You will not miss
This fellow, I'll engage,
And so we'll let the doctor put
It in the monkeys' cage."
Then Eddie Barret came for one,
And Harry said, "No! no!
I cannot let my precious pets,
My pretty kittens, go!"

UT mamma soothed the little lad,
And told him it was best
To part with one or two, and he
Could play with all the rest;
And he might choose which one to give
To Ned, who was inclined
To think that Harry was an age
In making up his mind.

DEAR little 'Tiger'! you're my pet!
I can't spare you!" he said;
"And 'Hunter' cannot go, of course,
Neither can old 'Big Head,'
Who is so awful nice; and there
Is only 'Pinky Bell,'
And she can't go away from home
Until her foot is well!"

UT mamma said, "My little boy
With some must do without,
For 'tis not possible to have
So many cats about;
And then if you are generous
Your treasures you'll divide
And please mamma; so let me see
How quickly you'll decide!"

SO Harry gave the kitty-kats
An extra hug and kiss,
And handing one to Eddie, said,
With quivering lip—"Take this!"
And when he saw his little pet
In Eddie's arms depart,
He wept on mamma's neck, and sobbed,
"It—al—most—breaks—my—heart!"

That Little Oddity.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XII.

"How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee anear?"

LILY, to Mis' Bumpus's great delight, had a very large wedding reception. Aunt John came in great state and dignity, and Mis' Bumpus found particular satisfaction in showing her that they "was of some account, after all, and knew how things ought to be done."

Mr. and Mrs. Gale Bearse were present, the latter in an amazing Paris toilet, and the former with a subdued and altered mien. It was easy to see that he had changed his mind about the "gentle and clinging" nature of his wife. Mrs. John Wentworth, who had turned the cold shoulder upon her son's wife at first, because she had no money, was all sweetness to her now, since her grace and "style" had made a sensation in "society."

To Penelope Aunt John was also sweetly gracious, and once Penelope overheard her say to Gale Bearse:

"Hasn't that girl blossomed out in the most wonderful way since we first saw her here, two years ago? She really has an air, and is not at all bad looking! If it were not that the associations of the shop would always cling to her, I should be tempted to remove her from it and take her home with me."

"She's a jolly little thing, but a whole team!" replied Gale.

Rose was very anxious to know why Stephen Ilsley did not come home, and "if he stayed away because he was dying for her still,"—information which Penelope was unable to give her. When Lily was gone, quiet and loneliness settled down on the Farm. The Squire's family tried to persuade Penelope to sell the Farm and go to the Crooked House to live; but she was attached to her home, and Mis' Bumpus and Joel were attached to it too. Besides, she wanted to keep a home for Gatty and Lily to come to at Thanksgiving and every summer, and she still liked the "glorious privilege of being independent," and the nearness of the Crooked House prevented the loneliness from becoming unendurable.

Her days were busy, too; it was only in the evenings that she had time to think whether she were lonesome or not. There was little work for the mill people, and much suffering among them, and now she had money to spare, and gave it freely, and gave much of her time also to looking after their needs.

The good times for which the Squire was looking seemed long delayed, but he never became discouraged, and now they had almost ceased to urge him to let them send for Stephen.

One October night Penelope wandered out into the garden in the sunset, and sat down on the rickety old bench under the gnarled pear-tree. It came into her mind suddenly that this was where she had sat when Stephen had shown her the two locks of red hair which he cherished, and made her promise "never to go back on him." Thinking of that, she fancied she must be dreaming, when a horse came tearing along the road, with a rider whose hair "glistened red in the sunset light," as none but Stephen's could glisten.

Over the fence he came, with the old, boyish leap, and stood before her—Stephen's very self!

"Not a word for a returning prodigal, Pennyroyal?" said he.

"I thought I must be dreaming! You wrote that you were not coming for another year, and I couldn't believe that it was you. O Steph, I am so glad!" and the tears came into Penelope's eyes, threatening to make them "match her hair."

"How glad they must be at home! And your father—"

"I haven't seen any of them! I came straight to you," said Stephen.

Penelope raised her eyes inquiringly to his face, and dropped them again immediately.

"I came home on purpose to tell you that I had been a fool."

"Was it worth the while to come so far just for that?" asked Penelope, mischievously. "Were you sure that I didn't know it?"

"Did you know it? Did you know that my feeling for Rose was a mad, foolish, boy's fancy, and that, in my heart, I loved you, and only you, all the time? Pennyroyal, did you know that my heart had always been anchored fast to my little crouny—that it was only my fancy that wandered?"

"No, I didn't know it, Steph! I think you loved Rose."

"I thought I loved Rose. I suffered when I heard that she was false to me, but more from anger and wounded pride than any other feeling. Then it came to me suddenly, like a flash, why I suffered no more—why the thought of you made me long for home, as nothing else did. I realized what husks I had been feeding on! But I would not come home until I was sure of myself. I called myself a weak fool, and said that this feeling might die like the other, but every day, every hour, strengthens it. Penny, do you care at all for me, or do you despise me for my weakness?"

Penelope thought she understood it all. He had discovered her feeling for him, and pity had led him to this! Rose and Lily had both guessed her secret; probably Stephen's sisters had done so too, and told him of it.

"Don't talk about my despising you, Steph! But I am not blind, and I don't want you to come and say such things to me because you pity me."

"Because I pity you? Why should I pity you?" exclaimed Stephen, in unaffected astonishment.

"Because you know that I—that I always have—" and then Penelope broke down utterly, and hid her face in her hands.

Stephen's mind seemed to become suddenly illuminated. He found a seat beside her on the rickety bench, and put his arm around her.

But she drew away from him, and gave her eyes a childish, defiant little rub, as one who bade farewell forever to all weakness.

"Steph, I want to be loved as you loved Rose! I don't care if it is weakness and folly! I don't want you to care for me because we have known each other since we were children, and have been cronies, and because you know I—like you! I know you wouldn't be happy! You will find somebody, yet, as beautiful and charming as Rose, and better and truer than she, who will make you as happy as you were when you were engaged to her; I remember it, Steph; you were a different-looking person from what you are to-day. We will be good friends always, and nothing more. No, I won't hear! I won't hear, Steph!" And Penelope put her fingers in her ears, and fled like the wind toward the house.

The young man hesitated for a moment, looking after her with a decidedly lowering brow, then, seeming to decide that discretion was the better part of valor, he leaped the fence, mounted his horse, and rode away.

It must be acknowledged that he had some reason for not feeling in the best of spirits. He had been perfectly honest in every word that he had said to Penelope—not influenced by any idea that she loved him. He felt that she was his "own

true love," and that no other had ever touched his heart, or ever would. He had gone directly to her instead of going home, though he had heard all about the family troubles as soon as he landed in New York, and he had certainly gone expecting a more flattering reception of his love tale. It is hard to say just what he did expect, since he said to himself that he had never been such a vain fool as to think she loved him. At all events he felt very much depressed in spirit, and decided that, on the whole, it was rather a pity that the steamer in which he crossed the ocean had not been less staunch, or the storms she encountered more severe.

He turned his horse's head in the direction of the mills. They were closed, and there was no sight or sound of life about them. Gradually the thought of his father's misfortunes drove his own disappointment from his mind. He was angry that he should have been kept in ignorance of his changed fortunes, yet touched by the devotion which had prompted it. He found his father alone in his counting-room, sitting before his desk, in a despairing attitude, his head resting on his hands. Stephen's entrance aroused him, but he dropped his head again, at once, with a groan.

"O Steph, my boy, to have you come to-day is the very bitterest drop in my cup! I kept them going until last night—God knows with what a struggle!—and I hoped to have them open again before you came back. Your old father, who would have given his life for you, has made you a beggar, Steph!"

All the cheer and encouragement that Stephen could utter had but little effect, and when they walked home together Stephen was shocked to notice how heavily his father leaned upon his arm, and how feeble was his gait. He dreaded to meet his sisters, fearing that their changed fortunes might have had as sad an effect upon them.

But he was happily surprised. He found as gay a household in the Crooked House, and received as hilarious a greeting, as in the old days.

"Why, if it were not for papa's feeling so dreadfully we should be perfectly happy, now that you have come!" Kitty announced. "We really enjoy earning our own living! I don't suppose we should have taken so easily to it, though, if Pennyroyal hadn't shown us that it wasn't a dreadful thing to work."

And that brought up the subject of Miss Prissy's will.

Stephen was not as curious as the girls were, declaring that it was only a freak of Miss Prissy, whom he had always known to be crazy. But the next day the will was opened, and it was discovered that Miss Prissy had left fifty thousand dollars—her whole fortune—to Stephen, on condition that he should marry Penelope Wentworth! Otherwise the money was to be used to found a "Home for Indigent Spinners."

"I always told you that Miss Prissy was crazy!" remarked Stephen, when, with a deep flush on his face, he told Kitty the news.

"She wasn't! She was a dear, sensible old thing!" cried Kitty. "I always knew that she loved Penelope better than anything in the world!"

"She took a peculiar way to show it," said Stephen, dryly.

"Steph, Penny loves you, and Miss Prissy knew it. I have always known it, but I wouldn't say it to you now if I had not suspected, since you came home, that you loved her. Don't you, Steph?"

"It makes no difference whether I do or not. Let us hope that the I. S.'s will enjoy their home. Pennyroyal refused me the day I got home."

"O Steph! But you will ask her again now, of course. It is your duty."

"Is it? Well, I won't flinch from my duty," said Stephen, and started for the farm.

Mis' Bumpus informed him that Penelope was in the barn. Pegasus was a little ailing, and she was feeding and petting him. Stephen found her standing in the great doorway, in a brown study. After Pegasus was comforted she had lingered there. She had had a childish habit of carrying all her griefs and perplexities there, and she had just heard, on her way home, about Miss Prissy's will.

"You wouldn't have me poor, Pennyroyal? Would fifty thousand dollars make any difference to you?" said Stephen.

"No; but I wish there were some other way for you to have it, Stephen."

"It is a pity that I can't, though rather good for the I. S.'s. It would lift me out of this poverty and give me such a start. I could set the mills to going again, too, and put an end to this suffering among the operatives."

"Yes, but you would have to have me too, Steph, and I should always be afraid—"

"Yes, I should have to have you; but, when a fellow is poor, Pennyroyal, an encumbered estate is better than none at all!"

Penelope laughed and looked up at this.

And, as she met his eyes, her doubts fled away forever.

(To be continued.)

New Zealand.

BY MARY B. LEE.

ABOUT 1,000 miles south-east of Australia, lies the British colony of New Zealand, consisting of three large islands and some small ones. These islands are in the South Pacific Ocean, extending from 34° 15' to 47° 30' south latitude, and between 166° 30' and 178° 45' east longitude.

The names of the large islands are North Island or New Ulster, South Island or New Munster, and Stewart Island or New Leinster. North Island is 500 miles long, and varies in width from 5 to 300 miles. South Island is 530 miles long, with an average width of 110 miles. Stewart Island is shaped like a triangle, and measures 36 miles on each side. North Island contains 48,000 square miles, South Island 57,000, and Stewart Island 1,000; total area 106,000 square miles. Like Italy, the three islands resemble a boot, the toe of which is toward the north. Cook's Strait separates North Island from South Island, and Forcaux Strait separates South from Stewart. The whole group has a coast line of about 3,000 miles. The best harbors are between North Cape and Cape Colville, including Auckland and other excellent ports.

The center of North Island is occupied by lofty mountains, which send off spurs in various directions to the coast. There are many active volcanoes among these mountains. The other islands are also mountainous.

North Island has many rivers and inlets of the sea, giving access to the inland districts. The Waikato is the largest river. Rising in Taupo Lake, near the center, it flows 200 miles northward, till it reaches the sea on the west coast. There are many lakes in the interior of North Island, one of which, Lake Taupo, is 30 miles long and 20 miles broad. Another, Rotomahana, is boiling hot in some parts. South Island has several extensive lakes.

The rocks of North Island contain sulphur, alum, manganese, obsidian, iron, copper, silver, gold, and other minerals. There are large caves in the limestone districts. There are many hot and cold springs impregnated with sulphur, iron and salt.

Gold, iron and coal abound on South Island, and copper, lead, tin, and petroleum are found. Earth-

quakes are very frequent in New Zealand, but the shocks are not violent.

Geologists love New Zealand. Dr. Thomson says of it: "New Zealand is an admirable geological school; there travelers may see the form of Vesuvius, the dome-shaped summits of Auvergne, the elevated craters of the Carácas, and the geysers of Iceland. Taupo, Tongariro, Rotomahana, Rotorua and White islands are almost unrivaled geological curiosities. Above the entombed village of Te Rapa, on the border of the Taupo Lake, basaltic rocks may be seen in the process of conversion into soft clay by heat and chemical action; where the Tongariro River falls into the lake, travelers may observe how rapidly pumice stone and other deposits are lessening the size of the inland sea. Grand and beautiful geysers ejecting water 2° above the boiling point, and holding various silicates in solution, are found around the lakes of Rotomahana and Rotorua. This water on cooling incrusts every substance it comes in contact with, and birds thrown into it are brought out like pieces of flint."

The flora of New Zealand is as remarkable as its geology. It has a comparatively large number of trees and ferns, few herbaceous plants, and hardly any annuals. There are 120 species of indigenous trees, and more than 3,000 species of plants, of which over 500 species of flowering plants are peculiar to the country. The change of season makes little difference in the appearance of the forests, as nearly all the trees are evergreens.

The natives used flax for building and thatching huts, for making sails, nets, fishing tackle, plates, ropes, baskets, medicine, and the chief part of their clothing.

Thirteen species of sea mammalia are found on the coasts, eight whales, two dolphins, and three seals.

Dogs and rats were the only native quadrupeds when the islands were first visited by Europeans. The native rats have been nearly destroyed by the Norway rat, introduced by the English settlers. The native dogs are now extinct.

New Zealand has 133 species of birds, most of which have plumage of dull colors.

Like Ireland, New Zealand has no snakes, and no toads or frogs were found till 1852, when a few small specimens were discovered. Six species of small and harmless lizards have been found. The natives hold them in terror, because they think the spirits of their ancestors inhabit them.

There are more than 100 species of fish on the coasts, the largest, the *hapuku*, often weighing more than 100 pounds. Eels, weighing 50 pounds are found in the rivers and lakes, and the *inanga*, a small delicate fish, is found in the lakes.

New Zealand has 110 species of insects. Mosquitoes, sand flies and spiders thrive in summer.

The climate of those distant islands is one of the finest in the world. The summer is longer and somewhat warmer than in England, and the other seasons much milder, with many more fine days. The average temperature of North Island is 57° and of South Island 52°. January and February are the warmest months, June and July the coldest.

Figs, peaches, grapes, nectarines, melons, and maize thrive in the open air.

Wellington is the capital of New Zealand.

The colonists are mostly engaged in agriculture and sheep raising. The exports are potatoes and other provisions and timber to Australia, and gold, wool, tallow, spars, flax, gums, and copper ore to England.

There are good schools in all the towns. A university has been established at Dunedin, and high schools in many of the towns. In 1872 there were 397 schools, 602 teachers, and 22,180 pupils.

In 1814 the church in England sent out the first missionary to the natives or Maoris, and the first bishop, the Rev. G. H. Selwyn, was appointed in

1841. There are now six bishops of that church in the islands. The churches are supported by home grants, lands set aside for church purposes and voluntary contributions. The Wesleyans, Scotch Presbyterians and Roman Catholics have many churches and adherents.

This sketch may give some idea of this flourishing colony.

How Little We Understand.

"I DON'T understand," says the student, when some new topic is brought before him.

Patience, and perhaps you will understand; perhaps the full understanding will never come in this life. Let us consider the matter. Do we ever understand any subject at the beginning? Does not the understanding come with time? Does it not increase with our knowledge of the subject? New ideas come. What seemed difficult at first becomes easy as new problems loom into view.

A little child begins to learn the alphabet. What does he understand of the great world of letters, the literature of ages to which these letters lead the way? Yet step by step, letter by letter, word by word, idea by idea, here a little and there a little, through primer and first reader, by pictures of cat, dog, and house, up to landscapes, showing mountains, rivers, and trees, he is led on and up unconsciously till he can read and partly understand the writings of the great minds of all ages. A child learns twice one are two, twice two are four, without knowing that he is beginning to study mathematics. What does he understand of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and the many more advanced branches of the same science? Grade by grade the pupil advances, still finding new worlds of problems to conquer. When he graduates he has learned enough to perceive how little he understands, and how much there is beyond him. If he wants to be a scholar he knows that he has only taken the preparatory steps. If he would excel in any one science he must devote his whole life to it, always finding new mountains of difficulty to climb, new problems to solve, new mysteries past his finding out.

We eat and drink. The greater part of mankind is engaged in planting and harvesting, and preparing food to keep the race alive. Does the wisest savant understand plant life? Can he understand how one seed produces wheat and another rice? Not in the least.

Do we understand the processes of digestion? Do we understand how the food we eat becomes bone and muscle, nerve and blood-vessel? Doctors study, dissect, analyze; but how little they understand.

A celebrated French doctor said: "A doctor is a man who pours medicines, of which he knows little, into bodies, of which he knows less."

St. Paul said it all long ago in the words: "Here we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Yes, the wisest only knows in part.

Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest of philosophers, said that the more he learned the more he found to learn.

Each advance in knowledge opens up new fields to be explored. We see the sun, we know light and heat come from that great luminary. But what is the sun? What are light and heat? Who knows?

As one of our great thinkers has said: "A child in the nurse's arms understands mystery as well as a philosopher, and that is, not at all."

Perhaps we shall understand when we reach a higher life.

Now we are told that light is a mode of motion, a vibration; but does that definition satisfy us?

Who understands the mystery of life? Nobody. We understand our present life and the life in store for us as little as the caterpillar understands the future in store for it.

The worm crawls about on the ground, or on a plant, for a time, then spins a shroud for itself, and goes to sleep. By and by a butterfly comes from the chrysalis, and lives an entirely different life. Does it remember the caterpillar existence? Does it understand the change?

So our present life is an unknown quantity. We do not understand ourselves. We know not what an hour may bring forth. Let us learn what we can and progress with the times.

Excelsior is a good motto.

Onward and upward is another.

Here a little and there a little. Don't be discouraged because you do not understand now, the understanding will come in time. A stone, a weed, a new planet will keep a scientific man busy for weeks. An etymologist will spend hours tracing a word to its origin. Plants, animals, rocks, stars, light, heat, color, life and death all teach us how little we understand, and how much there is to be understood. So chemists will keep on analyzing, geologists will continue to hammer and surmise, and we shall know in part till faith is lost in sight, and knowledge becomes perfect.

Demorest's Cabinet Game.

(See the two card sheets.)

This amusing game is presented to every subscriber with Demorest's Illustrated Magazine.

Detach the two cards from the book, and carefully cut each into five parts. First, cut off the large row of letters at the foot of the card. Second, the four rows on the left hand side, and separate the remaining portion into three cards of equal size.

Divide the eight left hand rows neatly into separate letters of twelve each, and then the two larger rows at the foot, keeping each style of letter (there are seven) separate.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING THE GAME.

The game can be played by from two to six persons. One of the players must be chosen as "caller," he takes the twenty-four large letters and places them in a bag, box, or anything else suitable for the purpose, and mixes them well together; each of the players (including the "caller") have one of the oblong cards with the corresponding set of twelve letters placed upon the table before them.

The game commences by the "caller" drawing one of the letters from the bag and calling it, each player then looks at his card, and if it has a square upon it containing a small letter as called, he covers it with the corresponding letter from his set of twelve; for instance, if A is called, he finding a square upon his card contains a small A, covers it with A from his set of letters. The game continues in this manner until one of the players has got one line filled up, that is to say, four squares in a row containing small letters covered in the manner here described. Only one square may be covered at a time.

It is most important in playing this game that each player's set of twelve letters, should correspond in design with those on his card, in fact the game cannot be played unless they are so sorted.

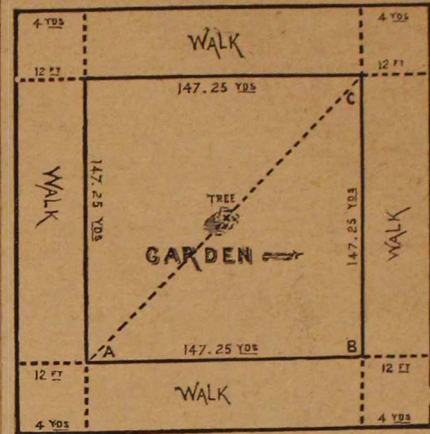
Answer to Illustrated Rebus in October.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

T. hares, men Y, a slip, between the cup and Tea. H. ELIP.

A Garden Problem.

A WALK 12 feet wide surrounds a square garden. The area of the walk is $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre, what is the area of the inclosed square?



First make a drawing. As the garden is square, the walk forms the frame represented in the drawing, consisting of 4 equal parallelograms and 4 squares at the four corners. Those who make patch-work, will find it the same as taking a square center-piece and sewing 4 long borders to it. The open corners have to be filled by squares.

Now as this walk or border is 12 ft. wide, we have the length of each side of each square. As 3 ft. make one yard, we can reduce the 12 ft. to 4 yards, making a smaller number to work with.

Next find the area of each small square. $4^2 = 16$ sq. yd. Each square contains 16 square yards, and the 4 squares contain 4×16 square yards, or 64 sq. yd. Now the area of the walk is half an acre.

Reduce an acre to square yards.

$\frac{1}{2}$ acre = 2,420 sq. yd.

Subtract 64 from 2,420 and we have the area of the four parallelograms.

$2,420 - 64 = 2,356$.

Since 4 parallelograms contain 2,356 sq. yd., one must contain $\frac{1}{4}$ of 2,356, or 589 sq. yd. Now each parallelogram is 4 yd. wide, and the area or surface is 589 sq. yd., so we obtain by dividing the area or product by the width, $589 \div 4 = 147.25$ yards.

Now the length of the walk between the corners is one side of the inclosed garden, or 147.25 yards. The area is found by squaring 147.25 yards.

$147.25^2 = 21682.5625$ sq. yd.

Reduce the area in sq. yd. to acres.

$30\frac{1}{4}$ sq. yd. make one sq. rd.

2168.5625 sq. yd. $\div 30.25$ sq. yd. = 716.77 sq. rd.

716.77 sq. rd. $\div 160$ sq. rd. = 4 A. 76 + sq. rd.

Ans., area of inclosed square, 4 A. 76 + P.

Many questions could be asked about this problem. Suppose a tree growing exactly in the center of the garden. How far from the corner A to the tree? Make two right angled triangles of the square by drawing the dotted line AC. Then $A^2 + B^2 = C^2$.

$A^2 = 147.25^2 = 21682.5625$ sq. yd.

$B^2 = 147.25^2 = 21682.5625$ sq. yd.

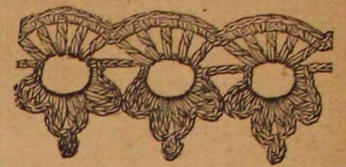
$A^2 + B^2 = 43365.1250$ sq. yd.

$\sqrt{43365.1250}$ sq. yd. = 208.24 yd.

Since the whole distance from A to C is 208.24 yd., and the tree stands in the center, the distance from A to the tree is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 208.24 yd. or 104.12 yd. Reduce 104.12 yd. to rods. 104.12 yards = 18.9 + rods. So the walk from A to the tree is 18.9 rds., and from A to C twice as far, or 37.8 rods.

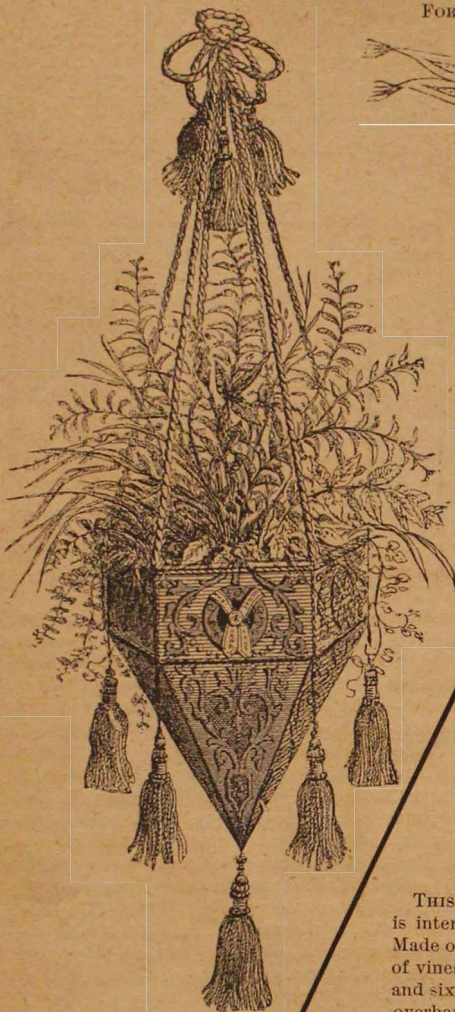
Following the inner edge of the walk, the distance around the garden is 4×147.25 yd., or 589 yards.

FORGET-ME-NOT design for corner of pocket-handkerchief.



Crochet Edging.

1ST ROW: 15 chain, close into circle, with slip stitch in 4th stitch, then in the circle 2 double, 1 vandyke of 2 chain, 2 treble, 2 chain, 1 double; then 4 chain, 2 treble drawn up together, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 treble in first stitch, 2 treble drawn up together, 2 chain, 1 double, then 1 vandyke as before, 1 double; repeat from *, joining as required. 2d row: 5 long treble, with one chain between each in the free stitches of the next circle. 3d row: 2 double in wing chain stitch; repeat.

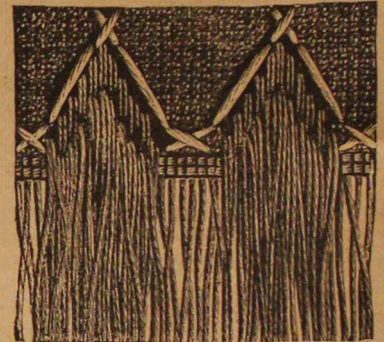


HANGING FLOWER BASKET.

Hanging Flower Basket.

This hanging basket is cut hexagon shape, and is intended to hold artificial flowers or grasses. Made of silver perforated paper, with fancy figures of vines, etc., pasted on. Cut six pieces of No. 1, and six of No. 2, bind each piece with ribbon, then overhand them together, to form the design. Put a wire round the top, and bend at the proper angles. This design is also effectively made of cloth, with *appliquées*. The tassels and cord are worsted to match the colors on the basket. Fill the basket with moss first, and then stick the flowers or grasses in it, and by that means all are held in place.

HANGING BASKET NO 2.



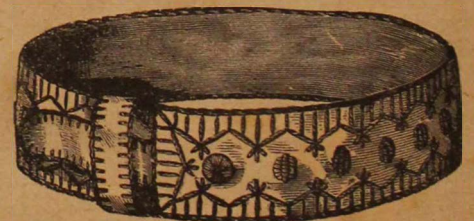
Pattern of Fringe.

This design for fringe is intended for canvas tidies, etc. Take the worsted double, and start your work from the under side. The fringe is worked in two shades of worsted and the heading of canary-colored silk floss.

In making the tidy or mat, no other work is necessary on the canvas, unless in the center is embroidered monogram.

New Book-Markers.

Some novel book-markers are made with inch wide ribbon, fringed, a small colored paper figure, such as are seen on crackers, being pasted on to them above the fringe.



Fancy Belt.

This belt is made of white velvet, worked with black floss. The pattern through the center is of jet beads. String seven beads and form a loop of it, and on each side string five beads, which gives it the form of a button. Line the belt with wiggins, and be careful to hold it a trifle tighter at the bottom, as it will fit the waist better.

Little Gifts.

In the way of little gifts, there are pen-wipers made of rounds of wash-leather, the outside a circle of dark morocco, with a floral spray, painted with gold or mixed colors. A parasol pen-wiper is also a pretty shape. It is made of bright-colored silk, attached to an ivory handle, and filled inside with cloth.

Baby Balls.

OVER the baby cots in the Nursery and Infant Asylum in New York are canopies of coarse mosquito netting which protect from the flies, and from the center of which hang large, soft balls made of colored wool, in scarlet or blue, with which a child will lay and amuse itself for hours.

Work Bag.

MAKE a bag of blue silk, cover the lower part with fancy straw braid, embroidered with blue chenille in feather and fancy stitch. Round the straw put a full ruching of satin ribbon. On each side of the bag, make a rosette of silk cord and chenille; draw the bag up at the top with a thick cord and tassels.

Hat Tray.

TAKE a tray of carved stained wood, make an embroidered border worked on canvas with yellow silk floss in cross-stitch; fasten the border to tray with brass-headed nails. This is very convenient for other purposes and can be varied according to fancy.

HANGING BASKET NO 1.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—*Hume.*

Judgments.—'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none are just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

Remember This.—The first time a man deceives you, the fault is his; if he deceives you the second time, the fault is your own.

Conscience and Prudence.—In matters of conscience first thoughts are best, in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

The Head that makes the Difference.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows of the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Folly.—After the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it too hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

Social Strength.—It is ignorance and not knowledge that rejects instruction; it is weakness and not strength that refuses co-operation.

Truth.—It is one thing to love truth and to seek it for its own sake, and quite another to welcome as much of it as tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

Activity, like zeal, is only valuable as it is applied; but most people bestow their praise on the quality, and give little heed to the purposes to which it is directed.

True Modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Happiness.—There is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

Words.—Swedenborg says "words are things." They are more; they are spiritual forces—angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

Misfortunes.—If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

Good Things in a House.—The blessing of a house is goodness. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

Affliction.—The truly great and good in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.

The Study of Literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement.

Dead Weights.—In this world of ours there are people who would make just as much stir, and do just as much good, and benefit society just as much—and we don't know but more—were they killed and stuffed.

Immortality.—A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

Conscience has a thousand witnesses. A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity

within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us.

The Good Married Man can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

Blessings in Disguise.—Every difficulty to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Don't Lose a Minute.—Keep busy. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do odd jobs as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow.

Light.—"A dark house," says Miss Nightingale, "is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula and rickets among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it."

Sincerity and Rudeness.—If you do not take care, you will fall into one of the most disagreeable errors in the world—which is that of mistaking rudeness of manner for sincerity of character; one the most valuable quality, the other the most disagreeable that can be imagined.

Egotism.—If you really want to be liked, keep your egotism in the background. You can think as much of yourself as you like, and be just as vain as you please, but do not allow the fact to peep out. If you are really anything or anybody, people will find it out in time. Sounding your own praises will scarcely help you much.

True Courtesy.—Nothing is a courtesy unless it is meant for us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers that they carry our boats, or winds that they be favoring and fill our sails; for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us; but they know it not.

How the World is Governed.—The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside.

Responsibility of Wealth.—There is no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than a rich man destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person.—*Dr. Arnold.*

THY WORK.

Make the path thy feet shall press,
Smooth for those who follow;
That their toil-worn feet may bless
Every hill and hollow.

ROSE GERANIUM.

Bright Places.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful.

Beware!—Flatterers are the worse kind of traitors, for they will strengthen your imperfections, encourage you in all evils, correct you in nothing, but so shadow and paint your follies and vices as you shall never, by their will, discover good from evil or vice from virtue.

Honest Enjoyment.—It is a great deal better to suffer and be honest than to enjoy and let other folk pay for your enjoyment. And yet there is a great deal of heedlessness on this subject, because

in business men are always borrowing and lending, and they take a generic view of it and say, "Everybody borrows; everybody runs into debt; everybody takes chances."

Marriage, says an enthusiastic votary of Hymen, is a state of which it is unnecessary to describe the happiness, for two reasons—first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

Power of Affection.—You can secure the endeavor, the courage, and the aspiration of a family of children by no means so effectually as by the power of love. Fear never made the childish nature good. March winds never made the buds blossom—only April showers; it is not the father's severity, but the mother's love that makes the child regret the wrong it has done, and resolve to do better in future.

Persons to Avoid.—No class of people can inflict such martyrdom on their associates as those who are given to the habit of reminding others of their failings and peculiarities. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your very best to please, and are feeling kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some bitter speech or sneer, but too well aimed to be misunderstood. Setting aside the unkindness of the habit, and looking at it entirely from a worldly point of view, it does not pay to say disagreeable things to those who love us, as our ill-nature will in the end recoil upon ourselves.

Hygienic Rules.—Never eat when much fatigued; wait until rested. Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise. Never eat while in a passion, or when under any great mental excitement, depressing or elevating. Never eat just before taking a bath, or just before retiring at night. Never eat between regular meals. Thousands of persons have been prematurely laid in their graves simply from eating heartily when the system was not in a condition to properly digest and appropriate the food. When the system requires food, and is in a condition to make good use of it, it will call for it in its legitimate way.

How to Treat One's Friends.—Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies—they are ready enough to tell them. Good breeding never forgets that *amour propre* is universal.

Value of Tidiness.—Did you ever observe that a tidy room is invariably a cheerful one? It is cheering to come into one's breakfast-room and find it spotlessly tidy; but still more certainly will cheerfulness come if tidiness is the result of our own exertion; and so I counsel you, my friend, if you are ever disheartened, vexed or worried about something that has gone wrong with you in this world, to have resort to the great refuge of tidiness. Don't sit brooding and bothering. Go to work and make everything tidy about you, and you cannot fail to recover your cheerfulness.

Value of Occupation.—It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour; and that is the man who will live longest and to most purpose.



Arabella consulted a physician, who recommended the seashore as likely to be most beneficial to her health.



Arabella at the seashore. The ball-room. Dancing every night till 2 A.M. (Strange to say, her health is no better.) She consults another physician, who recommends the "Springs."



Arabella at the "Springs." Round dances, ice-cream, salads, etc. Time 2 A.M. (Her health does not improve.) She again interviews a doctor, who advises her to go to the mountains.

SPICE BOX

That Depends.—A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

Guess This.—What is it which, though never lost, is constantly found?—A verdict.

Irrelevant.—"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired the good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman, ingenuously, "but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

Enough.—Governess (desirous of explaining the word "enough"): "Now, suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweet cake that she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity) "Kittens!"

According to the Dog.—"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" asks a paper. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back home from California; if it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.

The "Why and Wherefore."—A small boy whose record for deportment at school had always stood at a hundred came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked his mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful. "Been doing just as I have been doing all along—only the teacher caught me this time."

What He Wanted.—A countryman, seating himself in a fashionable restaurant, summoned a waiter and made known his purpose. The waiter skipped briskly away, and finally returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before the guest, who, pushing it away, scornfully observed, "Oh, come, now, you can't cram no literature down *me*; vittals is what I want—vittals, and pretty durned quick, too."

Wasn't quite Certain!—The following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics. He was asked "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he answered, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

No Doubt!—On a honeymoon tour recently, the young husband, going across from Dover to Boulogne, grew suddenly very strange. "Are you ill, love?" exclaimed the anxious model wife. "Oh, Alfred beloved, are you ill?" He was afraid of being doubted, and faintly replied, "I think the fish I had for breakfast this morning must have been alive."

Cruel.—The surgeon-in-chief sent for one of his junior assistants, who, hastening to his superior's assistance, found him just sitting down to a superb roast fowl and a delicious *pâté*. "Ah, Smith," cries the chief, "have you breakfasted yet?" "No, doctor," replies the assistant, radiantly. "Then go and get your breakfast, and come back; you will have lots of time."

His Bet.—A censorious tutor, in lecturing to his class "On the Vice of Betting," declared that under no circumstances could a bet be anything but a sin and a shame. "But you've always gone in for one kind of bet," exclaimed the irreverent pupil. The tutor was at first stupefied with amazement at such effrontery, but, recovering his self-possession, he blandly informed the student that if he could make his statement true he should have a holiday. "Well, hav'n't you always been in favor of the alpha-bet?" asked the student. The teacher "acknowledged the corn."



Arabella at the mountains. Hops every night, midnight suppers, etc. (Her health is no better.) A new physician is called. He sends her to a country farm-house for rest and quiet.



Arabella enjoying rest and quiet at a farm-house. Small, close, hot chamber, fighting mosquitoes, etc., at 2 A.M. A bright idea comes to her. S e—



Goes home. As it is out of season, there are no dancing, no amusements, no entertainments, consequently he has "rest and quiet," gets her natural sleep, appreciates the comforts of home, gains a pound a day, and gives a pound (£) (which it would have cost her if at a summer resort) to an association for carrying poor children into the country.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE

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.

It is wittily said that fashion has abdicated, that everything being fashionable, nothing can really be fashionable, and that, therefore, fashion no longer reigns. This statement is well enough for a joke or an epigram, but it is not so true as it appears to be. Fashion has, it is true, greatly enlarged her storehouse of materials, but the diversity does not prevent the rise, growth, and development of certain styles, or the extinction of others, and the absolute law will be found as strictly in operation, and even more actively, than when fashion had to do with a few crude colors and simple fabrics.

The great difference seems to be, that, as formerly fashion had to do with only a very limited number of persons—the few great ladies of a city or neighborhood—it is now a subject in which the masses have become equally interested.

The national costumes or accustomed dress to which the lower and middle classes were so long restricted, have now mainly disappeared, and though it may be regretted from an artistic point of view, yet it can hardly be expected, that, as ideas expand and education becomes more widespread, intelligent men and women of different countries will continue to wear their wooden *sabots*, or any other ugly and inconvenient article of clothing, for the sake of the æsthetic element in magazines and newspapers, any more than they will continue to live in dilapidated clay huts for the sake of putting a "picturesque bit" in the portfolio of a stray artist.

Fashion, which is essentially bright, changeful, capricious, and not at all infrequently very sensible, is, in fact, doing a great work—one full of useful ideas and intelligent suggestion—in educating the masses on the subject of dress. It gives them sometimes a bit of history, sometimes a bit of poetry, sometimes a study in gray, sometimes in blue, and, again, a charming sketch in black and white. It is a creature of moods. Why not? For beneath all its changefulness, its sentiment, and its romance, there is always a substantial basis of well-digested common sense, which those who cannot indulge in poetry, the sentiment, or

the caprice, may fall back upon them, finding just what they want in a form quite superior to any plan of their own.

Change is inevitable where there is growth and development, and the principal requirement of fashion is to adapt this change to the necessities and tastes of the majority of wearers. We do not know how admirably this is done by modern manufacturers and designers, until we come to compare all that is fine and diversified in the *répertoire* of clothing, with the hideous and restricted designs produced for less enlightened peoples. Take some of the great English firms, for example, that manufacture for the African trade exclusively, and note their large and bold designs, their simple combinations of high, striking color—brick-reds, glaring yellows. Place these by the side of the exquisite fabrics in fine dark shades and harmonious blending of color, demanded by refined and cultivated tastes.

Said a rather ignorant dealer the other day: "I don't see what is the matter; I can't sell any more light colors for the street, nor such patterns as used to sell first rate when I began the trade." His education had not kept pace with his years. He could not see that the tastes of the masses had been cultivated. But there has been a steady growth, from his youth, out of the light and many-colored street dress, into a dark, unobtrusive costume, more graceful, more feminine than that of men, but almost equally convenient and simple. The different styles of dress now touch almost the extreme of luxury and simplicity. The street dress, as worn by the wealthiest women, is almost conventional in its plainness; the in-door dress, on the contrary, may be as fanciful as taste can make it, and the society dress as varied and splendid as money can purchase.

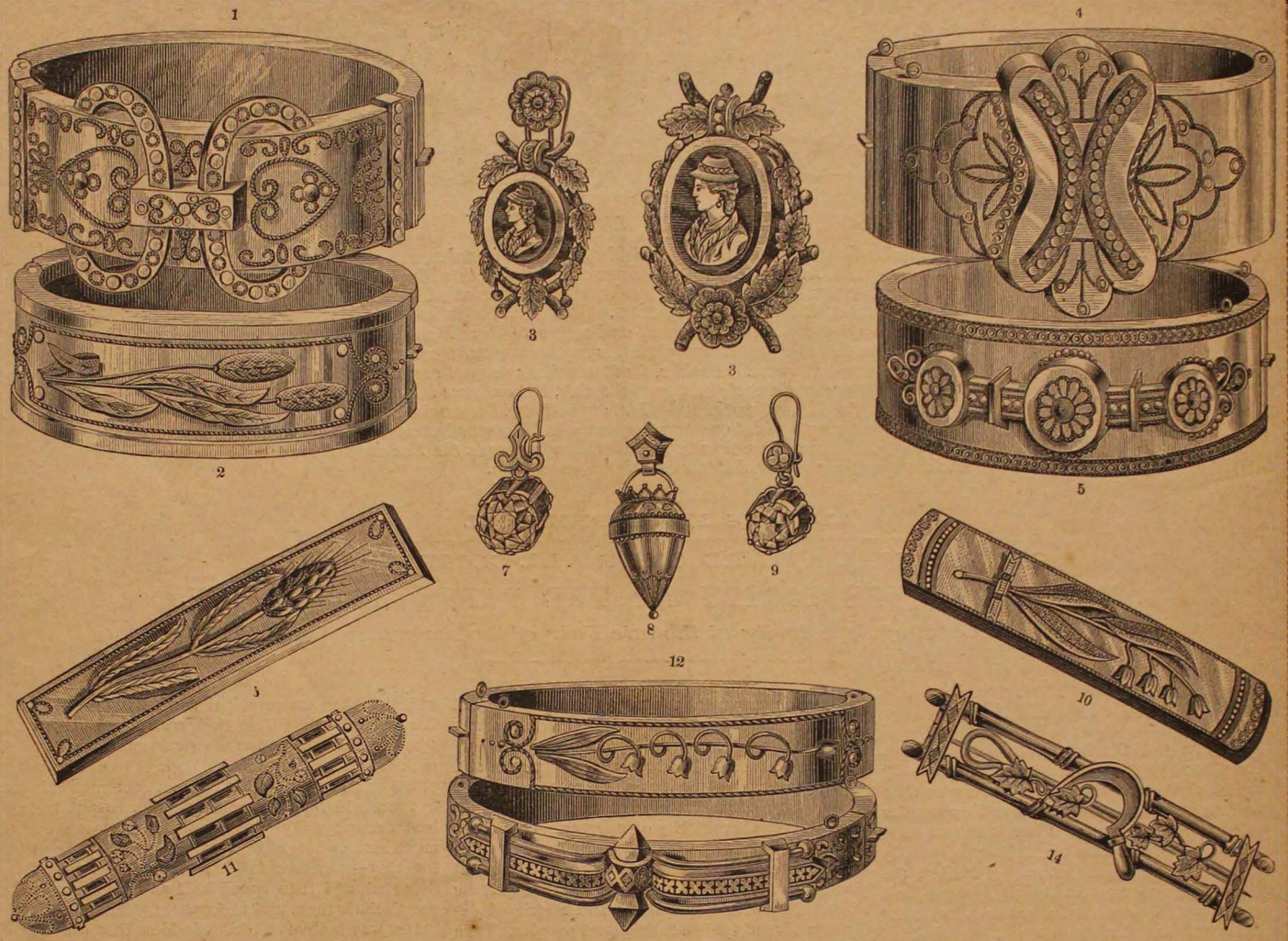
Beneath all the diversity, therefore, and all the luxury, there is an actual development of fixed principles in regard to dress, such as we have never seen so uniformly carried out before, and this result may be put down largely to the advancement of popular fashion, and the necessity of its meeting popular requirements. Fashion, strictly followed, is the least extravagant of purveyors, because one style always grows out of, or is in some way related to another, and can therefore be

utilized when its principal work has been done. It is persons who follow their own sweet will, and who consider all fashion as extravagant, who most recklessly sacrifice their belongings to a different phase or a new era. It is the most common thing in the world for economical women to put their best dresses away—dresses which have cost as much as the whole of the rest of their wardrobe put together—until the fashion of them has entirely departed, and then spend half as much more to re-habilitate them and make them wearable. The better way is to select from fashion that which is suitable for age and circumstances. Wear it with the respect due to a well-made fabric, and to our own sense of order, neatness, and refinement, but thoroughly enjoy it. Get all the good out of it that there is in it, and be ready to take equal pleasure in the next result of labor and skill which may make its appearance. The disregard of that which is good in human handiwork is not praiseworthy; on the contrary, it shows a lack of human sympathy, and the want of an essential element to a many-sided, well-rounded character.

Models for the Month.

Our illustrations for the present month comprise, among others, the "Honorina" train, which is an example of the newest design for dress skirts of the present season; that is, a long, straight, ungored train, and plain *tablier* of a contrasting material, over which is festooned a curtain-like drapery. Sometimes the *tablier*, instead of being composed of brocade, is made of shirred satin, but the drapery is of the same material as the train. About twelve yards of goods of the ordinary width are required.

The "Madelon" walking dress is a "Princess" design, consisting of a polonaise, at the back draped over the skirt, while the front is plain, and flounced upon the breadth which forms the gore. A shirred *plastron* or chemisette forms the upper part of the bodice, or rather covers it, the breaking of the line being concealed by a belt. About twenty-two yards of twenty-four inch material are required to make it.



BRACELETS, LACE PINS, ETC., Actual Sizes.

There are two walking skirts, one of which, the "Anabelle," is very novel and stylish. Its foundation is a plain skirt, such as we have alluded to in another column, and which may be composed of figured stuff, quilted satin, or plain velvet. The overskirt forms triple *paniers*, and slightly draped back, which is not burdensome, but, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful. It should be mounted, if at all, with the material of which the skirt is composed, and is suited for a combination of plain wool and figured silk and wool, wool and satin, wool and silk, or wool and velvet. Another design for a walking-skirt is the "Pepita," which is very effective, though easily arranged. The flounce, kilt-plaited, is headed with a festooned trimming across the front and sides, where it unites with the Arab drapery at the back. An apron completes the upper part of the front, which is raised high on the sides, and over the hips to the back, where it forms the side leaves to a pointed basque like the "Cornélie," for example, which completes this dress most beautifully.

Of outer garments there are several well adapted to early fall wear. One is the "Diantha," which may be very properly used to complete a combination suit, and the "Lorne," a neat design for cloth, "tailor" finished, and double-breasted, much used for the dark, clouded designs and armure mixtures, which have taken the place of plain cloths for day wear.

The "Félicie" visite is an adaptation of the

dolman to the present styles. It is very handsomely made in black camel's-hair, or heavy silk, and should be fully trimmed with cascades of lace and jetted *passenterie*. The pendant loops of ribbon should be satin, wide, and of rich quality.

Bracelets, Lace Pins, etc.

No. 1.—A particularly elegant bracelet in "rolled" gold, three-quarters of an inch wide. The body in Etruscan gold, satin finished. The ornament in front produces the effect of two oblong flat rings encircling the band, and united by a horizontal bar, both bar and rings being richly decorated with filigree and small polished *plaques*. Delicate filigree extends along the entire front, and is finished with a perpendicular bar at each end, embellished in the same manner as the rings. Price, \$14 per pair.

No. 2.—Novel and chaste, this bracelet is in "rolled" gold, three-quarters of an inch wide, with the body of Etruscan gold, having a narrow, raised, burnished band on each edge. The front is ornamented with delicate filigree work, enriched with small *plaques* of polished gold, which incloses a raised floral design of the reed known as "cat-tail," the leaves in light green gold, and the heads in red gold. Price, \$14.50 per pair.

No. 3.—This handsome set consists of a brooch and ear-rings in "rolled" gold, with real stone

cameos set in highly burnished gold, and surrounded by a chaplet of leaves and berries in frosted green and copper-colored gold, united by richly chased gold bands and open flowers. The band that surmounts the brooch is further enriched with three pearls. Price, \$7.85 per set.

No. 4.—A very handsome and massive bracelet in "rolled" gold, one inch wide. The body is in Etruscan gold, satin finished, enriched with delicate filigree, and the center of the front has a raised ornament embellished with two carved rows of polished gold *plaques*, placed together in reversed position, and the spaces between filled in with filigree. Price, \$18.25 per pair.

No. 5.—An especially handsome bracelet in "rolled" gold, seven-eighths of an inch wide. The body is of Etruscan gold with embossed edges, and has in front a raised bar of frosted gold terminating with scroll work, and in the center and at each end a medallion of polished gold, on which is a raised concave ornament of filigree, with a highly polished ball in the interior. Price, \$17 per pair.

No. 6.—A handsome lace pin of "rolled" gold satin finished, the edges surrounded by a filigree cord. In the center is a spear of wheat in polished and frosted gold, with slender green gold leaves. Price, \$1.35.

No. 7.—A handsome ear-ring of solid gold, the body of the ring daintily chased, and inlaid with a pure white stone that has all the brilliancy and beauty of a genuine diamond. The upper part of

the setting is finely cut and chased. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

No. 8.—This pretty ear-ring is in "rolled" gold, acorn shaped, and ornamented with filigree, and rings, bars and *plaques* of red gold, highly burnished. Price, \$1.50 per pair.

No. 9.—The same style as number 7, with a smaller stone surmounted by a round ornament in frosted gold, with a clover-shaped leaf, highly burnished, in the center. Price, \$1.75 per pair.

No. 10.—A simple style of scarf pin in "rolled" gold. The body is in dead yellow gold, and is ornamented with filigree, and two bars of polished red gold, separated by small balls of dead gold. The center is occupied by a spray of lily-of-the-valley, with dead gold stem, leaves in green frosted gold, and flowers in light-colored gold. Price, \$2.25.

No. 11.—A handsome lace pin of "rolled" gold, satin finished, and ornamented with small round *plaques* of polished gold, branches of filigree with green gold leaves and silver flowers, and polished bars connected with polished wires. Price, \$2.

No. 12.—A pretty simple bracelet in "rolled" gold, half an inch wide. It is in Roman gold, ornamented with filigree work and small *plaques* of polished gold. On the front is placed, in relief, a branch of lilies-of-the-valley, with silver bells, gold stems, and colored gold leaves. Price, \$12 per pair.

No. 13.—This elegant bracelet is of "rolled" gold, three-eighths of an inch wide. The band is delicately chased on a frosted surface, and the edges highly burnished. In front is a narrow raised strap of black enamel and gold, which has the effect of being twisted in the middle around a solid oblong, hexagonal-sided ornament, and the ends passed under bars. On each side of the strap, and curved like it, are slender wires, finished with small knobs. The ornament, wires and bars are all of highly polished gold. Price, \$11.50 per pair.

No. 14.—A stylish lace pin of "rolled" gold, the outline formed by two reeds in Etruscan gold, finished with solid gold at the ends, and united by plates of finely engraved, polished gold. The center is occupied by a bar of polished gold, curved at one end to form a crook, on the middle of which is a sickle in highly burnished gold, with tiny leaves of frosted green and red gold, \$1.85.

INDIAN JEWELS AND ORNAMENTS.—It would appear impossible to the untraveled that Indians, who have not had one single hint, nothing that can be called a lesson from those commonly supposed to be the only persons initiated in the jeweler's art—an art most difficult and intricate in all its progress and elaboration—could have made ornaments so wonderful as are an aigrette and pin just brought here from Peru. This aigrette is intended to imitate a wild flower resembling a star, for it has radiating points. These are of diamonds and pearls intermixed with exquisite art, the foliage being in native gold and in its varied shades, each leaf having a different color according to the natural hue of the metal used. This great variety in tint of different qualities of native gold sometimes causes discussion as to which tint the term applies to. It applies to a range of hue from a pale, almost white gold, to a rich, full-toned and handsome yellow. The aigrette, besides its foliage and its flower has a few buds of pearl. It is five inches high, and may be worn upright on high-dressed hair, or slanted upon a less elaborate coiffure.

Among the novelties recently brought from South America as accessories to ladies' toilet are the odd-looking pins formed of the heads of small alligators, dried and polished and set with diamond eyes, a collar of gold encircling the throat on which is the name of the Magdalena river where they were taken. These quaint heads are but two inches long and something less than an



Reception Toilet.

This *distingué* toilet is made entirely of plain black satin, with the exception of the apron of the train, which is of brocaded satin, the design in bright colors on a black ground. To form it the "Cornélie" basque is combined with the "Honoré" train. The train has *poisiers* at the sides, and the back is full and flowing. A back view of the basque is illustrated on a separate figure. Henri III. ruff of fine Mechlin lace, and frills to match in the sleeves. *Coiffure* of puffs, ornamented with gold combs. Pattern of train, thirty cents. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

RECEPTION TOILET.

inch wide. Other pins of the same eccentric kind have the jaw with the teeth in it of a *mamé*, a South American animal of tiny dimensions. These jaws and teeth are white and polished, and, after all, not nearly so hideous as the golden and platinum skulls, with flaring ruby eyes, still worn by eccentric beaux.

A beautiful hair ornament is the real dragon-fly of Peru, exquisitely mounted upon a golden wire. This would be but a perishable ornament were it not for a wire which sustains the wings and perforates the body, causing the first to be not only sustained but extended. Scarlet and black butterflies of rare beauty of "marking" are similarly mounted to ornament the hair. Necklaces of South American beetles, larger and more brilliant than any ever brought here, and in double rows, carry out the idea of affording full scope to the love of the peculiar in personal ornament, and are accompanied by combs of silver wire, upon which the beetles are set in rows of points, six in the

central projection, then five, then four, then three, two, and one, thus forming an arching shape, of which the effect in the hair is startlingly brilliant and elegant at night.

Among these beautiful ornaments is the entire garbure of a ball dress. It was made in Brazil, and consists of flowers of scarlet and white feathers, with leaves of greenish bronze. Among the magnificent garlands are placed humming birds, beetles, and dragon-flies in profusion, the intention being—although the dress is not a fancy dress—to give a suggestion of Indian wildness. The robe is of white satin and pineapple lace.

For the mantlepiece are figures a foot and a half high, made by the Naere Indians, and of red earth, baked and colored, relieved with gold filigree, and representing men and women of the tribe in all the savage brilliancy of their gorgeous attire, a far from tasteless *ensemble* of feathers, beads, and curious polished pebbles, from which a fancy dress of great beauty could well be devised.



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

Fashionable Millinery.

(See full page of Illustrations.)

No. 1.—Evening bonnet in *Directoire* shape, made of white *satin antique*, the brim faced with pink satin, and the outside trimmed with a garland of full-blown pink roses in foliage, and a full plaiting of white *point d'esprit* lace, which is continued in long strings that are tied in a full, loose bow.

No. 2.—A close-fitting bonnet, made of Rembrandt-green, uncut velvet, trimmed with narrow loops of silk of the same color, and a handsome natural plume in front, formed of breasts of shaded green feathers. Strings of serge ribbon, matching the color of the silk.

No. 3.—*Merveilleuse* bonnet, made of black satin and velvet; the brim of velvet and the crown of satin. The inside of the brim is faced with old-gold satin, a gilt cord finishing the edge. The crown is full, and encircled by a frilling of black Breton lace. At the front is a bow of old-gold satin, held in place by a handsome buckle of gold and cut steel; and at the left side is a cluster of three old-gold ostrich tips, which fall over the crown. Strings of double-faced ribbon, old-gold satin on one side and black *gros grain* on the other.

No. 4.—*Directoire* bonnet, of very dark wine-colored plush, trimmed with folds of satin of the same color, edged with black Breton lace, and two ostrich tips of a slightly lighter shade. The inside of the brim is lined with plush, having a narrow border of satin near the edge; and the strings are of serge ribbon, edged with lace.

No. 5.—A coquettish hat of light brown felt. The brim is carelessly turned up, at the left side only, and faced with brown velvet of a deeper shade than the hat, while a scarf of satin, in the same tint, is gracefully draped around the rather pointed crown, over which falls a long, brown-tinted feather, which is held in place by a *piquet* of red rosebuds.

No. 6.—This stylish design is made of black uncut velvet, with a brim slightly rolled over on each side, and lined with deep purple velvet, with a gold cording all around. A scarf of black tulle is draped all over the crown, which is ornamented on one side with a dagger in gold, and on the other with a long black plume.

No. 7.—A lovely hat made of black *satin antique*. The crown is high and square, and the brim, faced

with black velvet, is low in front and flaring at the left side, where it is filled in with a bunch of large crimson roses. A bias band of black velvet encircles the crown, which is partly covered by a handsome, very deep garnet plume, held in place with *coques* of velvet.

No. 8.—A simple, yet stylish shape in pearl-gray felt, to be worn very much over the forehead. It is trimmed with a light kind of changeable silk that is carelessly draped around and over the crown, with a metal ornament in front, and a large bunch of ostrich tips, in various tints of gray, at the back.

No. 9.—A stylish shape in gray felt, similar to that of No. 8. It is trimmed with a scarf of *pekin* gauze, blue and gold, and a brilliant oriole on the left side.

Winter Hats and Bonnets.

It is many years since beaver has divided the honors with velvet as a material for winter bonnets, but this season this is decidedly the fact, and its furry surface presents not only a novel and striking appearance, but is wonderfully becoming to the delicate complexions of the majority of American ladies. It is exhibited in two colors only, *écru* and black, and takes the form either of the large hat, with wide, soft brim, which may be turned up in any direction, or of the Queen Anne bonnet, with its low, projecting brim, brought close to, and straight over the face. The trimming is satin ribbon, and plumes usually matching in color, but the *écru* may be combined with ruby or wine color with very good effect.

Another novelty is the feather bonnet, composed wholly of small feathers, laid one over another, to form a smooth surface, the edge of the brim usually showing an inch or two of satin or velvet, which is embroidered with amber or dark iridescent beads, which match the shading of the feathers. A bird of different plumage, and a small plume of feathers harmonizing with a general effect, completes the garnishing, except the strings, which are very wide, and composed of rich ribbon or doubled satin, with ends of plaited lace.

Stylish felt bonnets show very little of the felt, beaded crowns cover the top, and the edge of the

brim is enriched with an embroidery of beads to match, executed in quaint arabesque designs, and sometimes terminating in a fringe, which falls over the edge of the brim, and droops from the back of the bonnet.

The great difference between hats and bonnets seems to be that the incoming bonnet is very small, the hats very large. The bonnet, also, has very wide strings, the hats none at all. The shape of the bonnets is verging toward the poke, without the curtain, and the next year may see a revolution in the flaring brims, and wide-awake styles which have been worn so long.

NEW FRENCH HATS.—The "Manon," for those who can venture upon it, is certainly one of the most becoming of all late innovations in head-gear for street or carriage wear. It has not yet appeared publicly outside of Paris, but the certainty of its successful effect may and probably will bring it here. It consists of a high and wide front like a reversed crescent. This, in the *bonnet de paysanne*, which is the model—a coil of the time of Louis Quinze—was of pure gold, and formed an important part of a bride's *trousseau*, the lace completing the head-dress being invariably furnished by the god-mother, and the golden moon-shaped piece by the father of the bridegroom.

Beyond the raised front is a ruffle of wide fluted lace so placed as to flare a quarter of an inch further than the front. This ruffle extends to a narrow back which passes under the hair at the back of the head. Here, again, is a second upright and flaring ruffle of fluted lace which encircles the hair and decorates it. Between this second ruffle and the first is a narrow strip of velvet setting close to the head. The whole effect of the "Manon" depends upon the boldness of the flare of the fluted lace and the correctness of the distance at which the raised front is set from the fluffily curled front hair. At the back the hair must necessarily be high for this *coiffure*, and in puffs. A pendant loop and ends of the same velvet as the front garnishes the back. On the left side is a single flower without foliage laid flat against the lace. This bonnet should never be attempted except by a tall person.

The *Chocolatière* is simply an imitation of the peasant's cap. It is a hat with four depressions. One of these is above the brow, two are over the ears, and a third indents the back of the shape. The effect of the loosely waving hair, appearing and disappearing under these depressions and looped low at the back, is very good. The crown bulges and is round. The trimming is a broad ribbon, edged with lace on both sides, and to its entire length, a buckle set with jets and a small curled feather, or, if preferred, a single flower.

Like the "Manon," the "Chocolatière" is becoming, requiring a full face and a picturesque waviness in the hair of the wearer.

HONORIA TRAIN.—A particularly elegant and graceful train, having the front and sides cut a comfortable walking length, and the back falling in a long, flowing train, that has the width of three full breadths at the bottom, slightly sloped toward the top. The front is made of contrasting goods, and the short apron, draped over it, forms full *paniers* on the sides. The design can be made up in a great variety of dress goods, and is especially desirable for handsome fabrics and a combination of materials. If different goods are used, their contrast, with the fringe around the *paniers*, and a narrow ruffle or plaiting around the bottom will afford the required trimming. This graceful design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Cornelle" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



HONORIA TRAIN.



STYLISH WALKING COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—The “Anabelle” walking skirt, and the “Diantha” jacket are combined to form this stylish costume. It is made in Rembrandt-green diagonal serge, *momie* cloth, and velvet of the same color. The plain underskirt is of the *momie* cloth, which is also used for the *revers* and bands on the drapery, and for the jacket. The vest and drapery are made of the cashmere, and velvet

forms the *revers*, collar and cuffs on the jacket, and the bows on the skirt. Hat of dark green felt, the brim faced with green velvet and edged with a gilt cord, and the outside trimmed with velvet, green and old-gold colored plumes, and a gilt ornament. Both the jacket and skirt are illustrated among the separate fashions. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of jacket, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Costume of black silk, completed with a *visite* of black camel's hair. The skirt is made after the design of the “Pepita” walking skirt, trimmed with plaitings of silk and bows of satin. The “Félicie” *visite* is of black India camel's hair, trimmed with French lace, jet *passementerie* and a sash of satin ribbon. Both the *visite* and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere. Bonnet of black

plush, trimmed with a band of fancy feathers, the edge of the brim finished with a gold cord, and the inside faced with shirred, old-gold colored satin. Skirt pattern, thirty cents. Pattern of *visite* in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—This figure illustrates the front view of the "Madelon" costume, made in wine-colored *armure*, combined with *broché* goods in India colors, and wine-colored silk. The *armure* comprises the greater portion of the dress, the *broché* being used for the front, the bands on the flounces, the cuffs and pockets, and the silk for the bows and plaitings. An India shawl is used as a wrap for the street. *Merveilleuse* bonnet of pearl-gray felt, faced with wine-colored *satin antique*, and trimmed with gray satin, piped with wine-color and gray plumes. The double illustration of this costume is given among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Some Wedding and Reception Dresses.

AMONG the rich *toilettes* prepared for weddings and private entertainments which are to take place shortly, or which have already taken place, was one of *écru* satin, and *satin antique*, with shawl-shaped bodice, shirred at the back, and trimmed skirt very closely draped upon a small round train. The *balayouse* of this dress consisted of six plaitings laid one over another, the three lower ones edged with fine *torchon* lace, so that only short skirts were required.

Another dress consisted of a white satin front, upon which autumn leaves were embroidered in all their shades, and starred here and there with

tiny forget-me-nots in china blue, and daisies in buttercup yellow. The shading of the leaves was from palest pink to deepest red, and from darkest brown to delicate *écru*. The train was of pale blue brocade, with a full *jabot* of gold-colored satin. The side panels were composed wholly of waves of Brussels lace, which was carried over and laid upon the train, forming drapery which nearly covered it. The bodice was trimmed shawl-shape, with plaitings of Brussels lace to match, and the elbow sleeves were composed of it wholly, the arrangement being not plain, but in waves. Two thousand dollars' worth of lace was used in the trimming of the dress, independent of the cost of material and embroidery, which was five hundred dollars.

A very handsome bridal dress is a combination of *satin antique* and brocade, garlanded across the front with a deep fringe of clematis and orange-blossoms, and trimmed with a profusion of beautiful Brussels lace. Six bridesmaids accompanied this bride to the altar, each dressed in white India mull, garnished with masses of plaited Breton lace.

A beautiful dress worn at a wedding was composed of dark olive velvet, with facings and trimmings of *satin antique* of the same shade. The buttons were pearl, carved and tinted to form exquisite raised landscapes, or rather a suggestion of a landscape, upon the delicate surface. The lace scarf, which formed a *jabot* for the neck, was of *point Duchesse*, fastened at the throat, and again at the waist, where the ends were concealed by a bouquet of flowers.

An elegant all-black dress has a satin front almost covered with fine jet *passenterie* and fringe. The train is plain, except that the coat-basque descends upon it, and is so intermixed with a broad satin sash as to form a sort of dra-

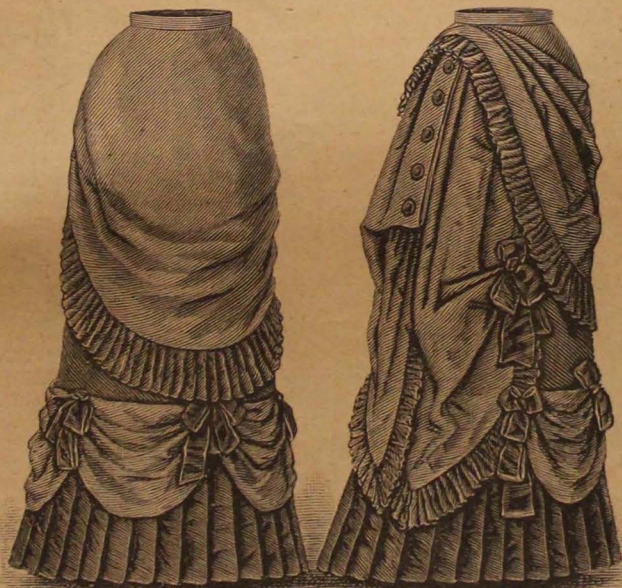
pery. The bodice is shawl-shaped, and richly trimmed with lace and *passenterie*—the sleeves to the elbow, and composed of lace and *passenterie* only.

A quaint dress of rich black figured silk has a square bodice, a very short waist, held by a broad belt fastened by a large square buckle, scant puffs for sleeves, finished with band and ruffle of black lace, and long plain skirt; the train very moderate and perfectly straight; the front shirred a little at the sides over the hips, but otherwise perfectly plain. The neck is finished like the sleeves, with a ruffle of black lace; but no white is employed, either interiorly or exteriorly.

The all-white, the all-black, the all-amber, or the all-red dresses are considered the most distinguished, provided the materials and ornamentation are rich and effective.

A superb shawl of yellow crape, worked with marigolds in their own color with gold-thread-tufted centers, the green leaves being also wrought in yellow silk instead of the color of the real foliage, is part of the *trousseau* of a young American lady who is about to marry abroad, and was embroidered by a Frenchwoman who has studied this art in the Orient and attained a great perfection. She understands that *understuffing* which is one of the great secrets of this beautiful art.

A CARRIAGE DRESS—A very beautiful and somewhat novel carriage or walking dress is a garnet-colored silk of a warm shade, with two side-pieces dependent from the waist almost to the hem of the skirt, and extending back over the hips, where a curve begins that forms an encircling of the whole figure, arching in such a way as to give immense flaps on each side, while they make a basque in the contour. These flaps are but a quarter of a yard wide at the termination of their fall, and a yard and a half in the encircling of the



PEPITA WALKING SKIRT.

Anabelle Walking Skirt.—An overskirt having a deep apron, two *paniers*, and very *bouffant*, gracefully arranged back drapery, renders this walking skirt as *distingué* in effect as it is novel in design. The underskirt is perfectly plain, and should be made of a different material from the drapery. The design is appropriate for many classes of suit goods, especially the more dressy varieties. The *revers* and bands on the *paniers* can be, as illustrated, of a contrasting material, to match with the fabric of the underskirt. The style of trimming, however, is optional, and must be decided by individual taste and the material selected. This design is shown in combination with the "Diantha" jacket on the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



ANABELLE WALKING SKIRT.

Pepita Walking Skirt.—Dressy, without being extremely elaborate, this stylish skirt is short enough to escape the ground all around, and comprises a gored walking skirt, trimmed with a kilt-plaited flounce of medium depth, headed in front and at the sides, by a curtain drapery, and an overskirt, the apron of which falls moderately low in front, and is carried to the back where it is looped quite to the waist line over *bouffant* drapery that is arranged in novel and irregular manner. The design is appropriate for all classes of dress goods that drape gracefully, and can be either trimmed with side plaitings, bows of ribbon or silk, and buttons, as illustrated, or in any other style to correspond with the material employed. This is illustrated on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Félicie" *visite*. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

hips. A very broad garniture of cream-colored satin—four inches in width at least—encircles the flaps. The sleeves have a Louis Seize ruffling of lace beyond a fluted ruffle of silk and a band of the satin. Medium-sized buttons covered with the satin garnish the waist and cuffs. A peculiarity of this dress is, that the satin instead of stopping where the wide division of the flap occurs at the waist, runs up half the length of the back with a novel effect, which is probably intended to diminish the waist in appearance.

The skirt is covered with flounces alternately large and small, the small being in clusters of three, and the wide ones not more than an eighth of a yard wide.

A COMPOSITION DRESS.—A dress in one of the "composite" styles, so called as describing a garment into which are brought peculiar features from distinct epochs—is a reception dress of dark *scarabée*, over the shoulders of which are laid two broad bands of white hand-painted satin corded with a material into which what is designated as "gold flat" is woven, this being like gold thread, but much broader and firmer. It can be bent back and forth like flat wire, and is found in the mediæval material which the ladies of the olden time used to unravel. The material into which the "gold flat" is woven is like a firm silk lace. This is used throughout to cord the dress. A second band, upright and similarly corded, surrounds the neck, in which is set a small ruff of double tulle worked with gold thread. The shoulder-bands are midway between the neck and the shoulder, which is the innovatory feature of the dress, and reach down, forward and back, four inches. Another is the introduction of similar hand-painted but narrow bands along the contour of the very deep basque, and between these bands a puffing of gold-worked tulle. The cuffs are puffings of tulle with the bands as on the edge of the basque. These puffings are Catharine de Medici, and the bands *Haute Régence*, though not hand-painted, but embroidered in the olden time. The effect of this dress, of which the skirt is severely plain, having three rolls of silk at the head of a shallow flounced half train, is very elegant.

THE ORIENTAL "FOLD." THE ORIENTAL BOW.—The Oriental bow and the Oriental "fold," which have partly taken the place of the Alsacian and Normandy bows, and of the striped headkerchiefs, are the most elegant and becoming head ornaments that fashion has for a long time offered. Their costliness will probably prove no obstacle to the wearing of them with us, while the fact that there can be no possibility of a cheap imitation of these beautiful novelties will undoubtedly be looked upon as a great recommendation by those who wear only what is strictly *bien porté*, not everywhere seen.

The Oriental bow is composed of thick strips of Eastern brocade, upon which a selvaige is added. This material is stiff with gold thread, and overlaid with superb Oriental colors as close as in a Persian carpet. The upright effect

of the Alsacian bow is aimed at. A center and sides wrinkled into a joining, and equally wrinkled cross-piece give a rich *ensemble*.

The Oriental fold is a still more gorgeous affair, fit only for balls or large receptions. It consists in single piece of satin of *Canaque* red, Lulu red, or Oriental gold-wrought brocade, made like a child's paper soldier-cap with the projecting peak pushed in. All along the lower edge are hung real Oriental coins depending from a fringe of gold thread about two inches long. At the back two gold balls fall from at least four inches of the fringe, but twisted into a cord. In placing this head-dress upon the hair, the exact center of the head should be avoided, as it should sink a little to one side. With a velvet dress and a necklace of coins similar to those upon the "fold," the richness of effect is thoroughly Eastern, but the dress should be dark, much darker than the hues in the fold.

Contending with Lulu and *Canaque* reds is the new yellow, *souci*, or marigold. Marigold entirely supersedes the pale yellow which has had a reign of many months, and has carried the day against the "*jaune d'immortelle*," a very beautiful shade.

Decorative Buttons.

BUTTONS are, this season, among the most important of dress trimmings, and a great deal of money is sometimes expended upon them. Painted buttons are a rage among the young ladies, who paint sets for themselves, and consider them among the prettiest and most tasteful gifts to a friend. The designs employed are delicate little flowerets, or leaflets, or grasses, with a bug upon them, a tiny Japanese fan, or a minute figure of a child swinging upon a gate. The most skilled artists also try pugs' heads, or ruminative cats in a sitting position.

Great artists abroad do not disdain to enrich the enamel of buttons made of the precious metals with their work, and it is said that one lady displays a set of eight solid gold buttons, the enamel of which was decorated by eight different artists, all known to fame, and each one of whom appended his name to his button.

The most elegant and fashionable buttons of a less expensive sort are of carved or inlaid pearl, some of which are worthy of being mounted as jewels. The cost is from three to ten dollars per dozen, and they are handsome enough to constitute the principal decoration of a rich velvet suit.

There are an infinite variety of pretty novelties in inlaid pearl, iridescent pearl, and other compositions of a cheaper sort; but it is well, when a particular style of button is desired, to select them when the opportunity is afforded, as the choicer designs are in great demand and easily exhausted.



CORNÉLIE BASQUE.

This style of basque is especially adapted to be worn with the *pailler* draperies on skirts and overskirts, it being short on the hips, and pointed both back and front. The front is shown in combination with a train having *paillers* at the sides, on the figure which illustrates the "Reception Toilet." Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

White Kid Hand-Painted Belts and Bags.

WHITE kid hand-painted belts and *amunières* are a costly but beautiful addition to a lady's toilet, the designs upon which are varied in accordance with the style of garment which they are intended to accompany. A very elegant design has three broad stripes painted upon the three-inch-wide surface, and upon this are small Egyptian silhouette figures imitated from plates reproducing forms familiar to all observers of art-work, to wit, water-carriers, contortionists, etc. Upon the clasp, which is very large, are two heads of Cleopatra, one in profile, in the other full-face. This belt has no bag.

Another very elegant belt with the *amunière* attached has mediæval figures in colors resembling those used for illumination. These are pages and ladies, knights and king's train-bearers, court-fools and dwarfs. The bag has a curious head of a child with golden hair, and above it an extravagantly ugly bird, which seems to be about to set its claws into the superabundant locks below. This design is copied from a quaint old-time design on the exterior wall of an old English manor. Shells and gnomes' heads are another quaint and curiously arranged decoration of a similar belt and bag.

The "Lorne" Jacket.

A STYLISH and practical design for a street garment, about three-fourths tight, slightly double-breasted, with cut-away fronts fitted by a single dart in each, and the back cut with a seam down the middle, and side forms rounded to the arm-holes. This style is desirable for either *demi-saison* or winter wear, and is suitable for all qualities of cloth and many kinds of suit goods. For cloth, the "tailor" finish—several rows of machine stitching near the edges—is the most appropriate, and if made in suit goods, the trimming can be made to match with that of the rest of the costume. The one illustrated is made in deep plum-colored diagonal cloth, finished in "tailor" style, worn as an extra garment over a costume of plum-colored cashmere and *pékin* velvet. The double illustration, showing the arrangement of the back, is given elsewhere. Price of jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Félicie Visite.—An exceedingly graceful garment, having sleeves cut in a peculiar and novel manner, inserted in dolman style, and forming *paniers* at the sides. The body of the garment is in sacque shape, with loose fronts, side gores under the arms, and the back pieces joined by a seam down the middle, slightly curved to the figure. The trimming at the back is arranged to simulate a *plaque*, narrow at the waist, but widening toward the top, and is carried around the neck, giving the appearance in front of a deep collar. The design is particularly desirable for *sicilienne*, *drap d'été*, cashmere and similar goods, and can be appropriately trimmed with lace, fringe, *passenenterie* and bows of ribbon, but any other style of trimming can be selected, suitable to the material employed. The back view of this stylish design is illustrated *en costume* on the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



LORNE JACKET.

Consolation.

REINHART'S popular picture entitled "Consolation," reproduced in oil colors by a process of printing by one of the most successful art publishers of New York, is one of the latest surprises to the lovers of the beautiful, and its subject appeals to the best sentiments of the heart. The subject represents a mother's grief at the loss of her darling child, assuaged by the assurance that it is conveyed by the angels to the better world; the picture represents the prostrate form of the mother in the immediate foreground, the child is confidently resting on the arm of an angel while an attendant throng of the shining host are hovering around. Its reproduction is a marvel of beauty, interest, and artistic excellence that does credit to our national reputation for taste and progress in the arts.

Madelon Walking Costume.—Particularly novel and effective in design, this costume is in princess style, and short enough to escape the ground all around. The upper part of the front is ornamented with a shirred *plastron*, covered at the waist line with a belt that holds the sides of the front together; and the skirt portion gives the effect of a plain dress open over a skirt trimmed with deep, full flounces. The back describes a princess *polonoise* fully draped in *panier* style, over a plain skirt that is simply trimmed at the bottom with a narrow plaiting. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each side form of the front, one in the usual position, and the other under the arm, and side forms in the back rounded to the arm-holes. The design is especially suitable for handsome fabrics, and is desirable for a combination of goods or colors. The trimming should match the material employed. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



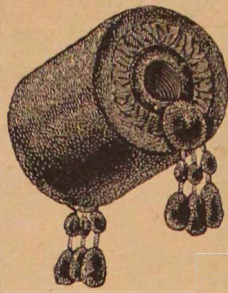
FÉLICIE VISITE.



MADELON WALKING COSTUME.



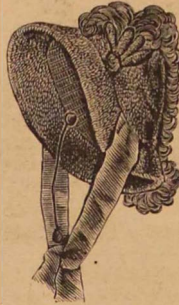
SEAL SKIN DOLMAN.



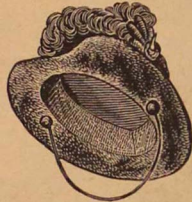
SEAL SKIN MUFF.



SILVER FOX MUFF.



SEAL SKIN BONNET.



SEAL SKIN HAT.



SEAL SKIN TURBAN.



FUR-LINED CIRCLE.

Fashionable Furs.

THERE is a great diversity this season in furs and fur garments, as well as in fur-trimmed garments, and they well deserve serious consideration on the part of ladies who expect to purchase an expensive design. For winter wear, in a cold climate, nothing can equal in distinction a rich fur or fur-trimmed cloak. They are a badge of nobility, almost, when the fur is genuine, of fine quality, and the style elegant and ample. The most fashionable fur garments are the long dolmans in seal-skin trimmed with sea-otter, or in heavy silk with ermine lining and silver-fox or chinchilla trimming. The style of these garments is such as to confer distinction. The narrow, close back, which so gradually widens, the length, and graceful outline of the sleeve, the perfect contour of the entire garment mark it as the cloak, *par excellence*, of the lady. The seal-skin sacque is very beautiful, and very becoming also, particularly since they have been cut long, and shaped in to the form, but because they are more quiet and more adaptable, they are not marked by the supreme elegance of the



ERMINE-LINED SILK CLOAK.



FASHIONABLE FURS.

long, rich, fur-lined and fur-trimmed silk dolmans.

Our illustrated designs, furnished by Messrs. F. Booss & Brother, 449 Broadway, will easily demonstrate what we mean. Mr. Booss is well known, not only as one of the oldest fur manufacturers of New York city, but as most enterprising in the development of fashionable styles in this department, while the excellence of his taste can always be relied upon. Nor does he confine himself to one or two models; being a very large dealer, he can afford to indulge in a great variety of styles in very costly garments, and a lady can therefore have her choice in several different shapes of sleeve in a dolman, and also of fur trimming, lining, and the like.

The silk circular which we illustrate is of thick *gros grain*, lined with *whole* Siberian squirrel, and trimmed with silver fox, the lightest and most exquisite of furs. A lovely silver-fox muff is illustrated to match.

The dolman is a dark, fine seal-skin, and trimmed with pointed otter; the points are sewed in, and light up the smooth rich fur very effectively. The seal-skin dolman may be

considered the newest thing in handsome fur garments.

Muffs are made by this house to match all dolmans, but the seal-skin muff illustrated, being of an equally choice quality, may be considered a suitable accompaniment either for the dolman or jacket, which is well shaped, and forty inches in length. This is about as long as jackets are made, but the circular has a depth of 50 inches, and the seal-skin dolmans range in length from 43 to 50 inches.

The variety in the shape of hats and bonnets of seal-skin has become almost as great as in silk, satin, and velvet. We have illustrated some of Mr. Booss' designs, each of which is perfectly distinct and quite different from the other. The bonnet is of the cottage style, and is becoming almost any way it is worn, whether pretty well back or far front. The others consist of a "walking" hat, a "Derby," a round turban, and a helmet shape, which last is perhaps the prettiest and most becoming of all to the majority of faces. The finish is, as usual, in strict harmony with the quiet, rich character of the fur. Ostrich feathers matching in shade, small birds made of seal-skin, with the long fashionable beak; satin lining, and satin or *gros grain* strings.

Upon the saques seal buttons and pendants are used, with a little mixture of fine crocheted *passementerie*. The collar is round this year, and plain, not cut in like the coat-collar, as formerly.

The fur-trimmed garments will undoubtedly be more used this year, as they have been for several years preceding, than all-fur cloaks and jackets. Seal-skin must, however, be made an exception, as its prestige does not seem to have suffered any diminution. Mink furs are still worn to some extent. The minor fur articles are almost confined to muffs. Fur-trimmings have displaced boas, and rendered them unnecessary, and cuffs are now trimmed on cloth jackets, as are collars also. And here it may be remarked that the most stylish winter cloak for a young lady is a cloak of handsome mastic cloth, with broad fur collar and cuffs to match; it is much more effective than any mounting of plush, corduroy, or even of velvet. The principal fur trimmings used are Russian sea-otter (with white points), silver fox, chinchilla, and, in the cheaper kinds of fur, black, brown, and silver coney. This begins as low as thirty-five cents per yard, and ascends in price according to width. Very broad bands are most fashionable this season, or broad round collar and cuffs, without bands at all.

There is no reduction in the price of furs; on the contrary, there is an advance in the cost of skins which is not at present adequately represented in the prices of the made-up goods. Should the winter prove a severe one, prices will "go up" undoubtedly.

THE world's model magazine, "Demorest's Monthly," yearly, \$3; single, twenty-five cents, post free, contains a grand combination of interest, usefulness, beauty, and fashion—altogether the largest, cheapest, and best magazine published; also a splendid prize, worth \$10, to each subscriber, a perfect copy of Reinhart's great picture "Consolation." This popular picture is reproduced in all its original beauty, richness of color, and artistic excellence, so that artists cannot distinguish them from the original. This magnificent and popular picture represents a mother's grief consoled by an angel surrounded by a heavenly host conveying her child to a better world. It is full of sentiment, and so artistically beautiful as to call forth exclamations of admiration from every beholder, and is a perfect gem for the parlor. Size, 20x30 inches. Mounted and sent free of transportation, fifty cents extra, or a choice from twenty other valuable premiums. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

Fashionable Lingerie.



No. 1.—An elegant cravat in Renaissance style, made of white India muslin and Breton lace. It is to be tied in a bow in front, and has shirred ends finished with two plaitings of Breton lace placed over one another. Price, \$1.85.



No. 2.—A most effective jabot, made of white India muslin, Smyrna lace, and narrow, pale blue satin ribbon. It consists of a pointed *pouf* of muslin, on each side of which the lace is disposed in a very full *coquille*, ornamented at the middle and top with dainty bows of ribbon. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$1.50.



No. 3. An elegant *jabot*, especially suitable for young ladies. It is made of "point d'esprit," net, Breton lace, and cardinal *gros grain* ribbon. Two pieces of the net, trimmed with lace, are laid in plaits and mounted on a ribbon which is to pass around the neck and be tied with long ends at the back. A dainty bow of the same ribbon is placed on each side of the *jabot*. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$1.50.



No. 4.—A *Duchesse* cravat, consisting of a straight piece of white India muslin, trimmed with Breton lace all around, and disposed in fine plaits. It can be tied in front in a large, careless bow, or the two ends can be loosely thrown one over the other, and the knot ornamented with a bow of ribbon, as illustrated. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.50.



The Instant-Fastening Glove.

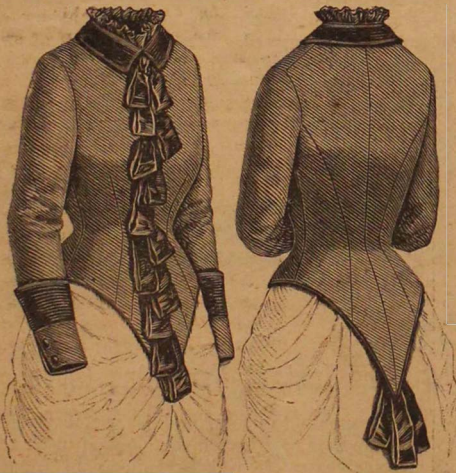
In response to many inquiries we may state that the new American invention known as the "Foster" patent, by which kid gloves are fastened without buttons, or button-holes, in an instant of time, and with most perfect neatness, is undoubtedly the greatest improvement that has ever been made in kid gloves, and must shortly supersede entirely the old method of buttoning. Ladies who go much into society, and dramatic artists who have to dress quickly, and who must be gloved with nicety, find the simple beauty of the new mode of fastening an enormous relief from the vexatious expenditure of time and fear of accidents which attended the old method. The cut which we append shows the shape of the "Foster" glove, and the ornamental character of the fastening. The latter is fine, close, and holds perfectly; the former is long and slender, though so flexible that it adapts itself to any hand; and molds it and the arm faultlessly. As now manufactured it is a fine glove, and not exorbitant in price.

The Cloth Cloak.



DIANTHA JACKET.

Diantha Jacket.—Decidedly stylish, yet practical, the "Diantha" is of medium length, and about three-fourths tight, with loose fronts over a vest that is fitted with a single dart in each side. The back has a seam down the middle, side forms rounded to the armholes, and plaits let in the side-form seams, which impart a graceful, easy fit. Wide *revers*, a deep collar and cuffs add to the general stylish effect. The design is appropriate for all the materials that are usually selected for out-door wear, and is particularly desirable for suitings, and a combination of colors or materials. The front view of this jacket is shown on the full-page engraving in combination with the "Anabelle" walking skirt. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



CORNÉLIE BASQUE.

Cornélie Basque.—A simple, tight-fitting basque, with long, decided points both in front and at the back; a design which is admirably adapted to be worn with a *panier* overskirt or trimmed skirt, as it is cut very short on the hips, allowing full effect to a *bouffant* drapery beneath. It is fitted with two darts in each front in the usual positions, has side gores under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes; and is ornamented with a *jabot* of ribbon loops down the front, and a bow at the back. This design is appropriate for all classes of dress materials, and, if desired, can have additional trimming to suit individual taste, and correspond with the rest of the costume. This design is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Honoria" train. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

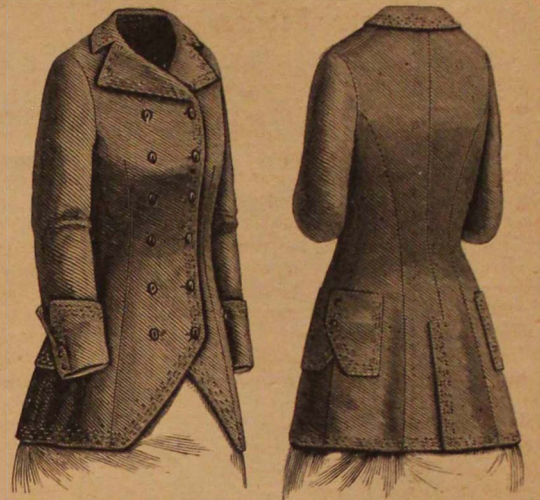
For general purposes, the cloth cloak is a much more useful and serviceable garment than one of silk, which requires expensive lining and trimmings to be handsome. Silk will do for southern climates, or for spring and fall wear, when a pretty wrap adds so much to the dressy effect of dark, or black silk toilets; but for winter, where winter means ice, and snow, and wind, and long continued cold, there is nothing so serviceable, and at the same time so protective as the new cloths, fur-lined, and fleece-lined, which require no additional lining, and but very little trimming; only that which a contrast of

material gives in the mounting, or an addition of numerous rows of narrow braid, or satin pipings. This last style of ornamentation is a very neat, and at the same time a very effective one. The finer and more numerous the pipings are, the more elegant the garment. It is a trimming extremely well adapted to middle-aged ladies, and also to elderly women, who can only afford one winter garment, and wish to have it at once handsome and durable, yet comparatively inexpensive.

Doubtless the long dolman cloaks made of rich, heavy silk, lined with ermine, and trimmed with broad bands of chinchilla, or silver fox, are more distinguished, better suited to a costly toilet, but they are adapted only to those who can afford variety, and who expect to pay from one to two hundred dollars for a best garment; there is nothing less elegant than a flat, scant jacket, or saque of plain, cheap silk. The cloths of the present are ridged or ribbed, or finished in tiny block or armure patterns, universally. There is an almost infinite variety in the style of trimming or mounting, embroidery and braiding being sometimes resorted to, a great deal of rich *passenerie* used on black cloaks, and fur upon gray cloaks. The mastic cloths are the fashionable material for young ladies' jackets, and instead of plush, imitation seal-skin and fur being employed for collar and cuffs. Corduroy, and velvet or India brocade are the goods preferred. Corduroy, which is ribbed velveteen, is very much in vogue, both for trimming and entire suits; it is made with a plain skirt cut, walking length, a polonaise with side *paniers* (very flat), or cut away from the front, and jacket with simulated vest. The buttons constitute the trimming.

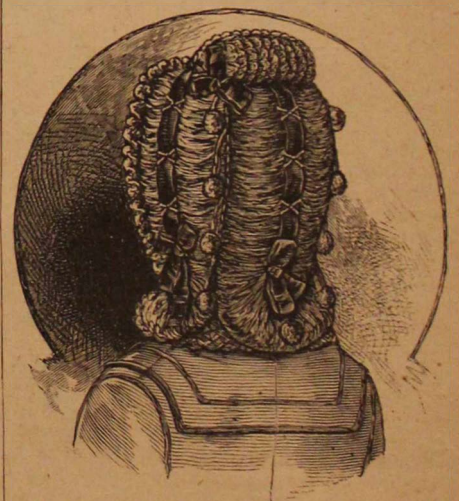
Cloth being used for medium purposes, and weighty in itself, is never cut into the very longest cloaks, at least it ought not to be so, excepting in the case of ulsters, and round cloaks used for wraps. The long *paletot*, or jacket is the proper style.

The edge is better faced on the under side with a heavy silk, a linen-back satin, or "farmer's satin," at least three inches deep, the rows of "tailor" stitching holding it without hemming down the upper edge, which is apt to show, or "draw" the cloth. Five rows of stitching are the minimum number for a cloth cloak, or jacket which has no trimming save collar and cuffs of velvet or corduroy. The buttons may be engraved or enameled metal, dark, smoked, or amber pearl.



LORNE JACKET.

Lorne Jacket.—A stylish and practical design for a street garment, about three-fourths tight, slightly double-breasted, with cut-away fronts fitted by a single dart in each, and the back cut with a seam down the middle, and side forms rounded to the armholes. This style is desirable for either *demi-saison* or winter wear, and is suitable for all qualities of cloth and many kinds of suit goods. For cloth, the "tailor" finish—several rows of machine stitching near the edges—is the most appropriate, and if made in suit goods, the trimming can be made to match with that of the rest of the costume. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



The "Sleighting" Hood.

Our illustration gives us a remarkably pretty and warm hood, which is specially adapted to skating and sleighing purposes. The foundation is executed in a close, pretty stitch, and over this is a lace-work of the wool in single threads, with an insertion through which ribbon is run. There is a little puff composed of small loops of the crimped wool at the top of the crown, which raises it, and its sides are ornamented with pendant balls of wool. The border for the face is composed of a shell-like ruching, which becomes a ruffle at the back. The price is \$4.50, which seems high for a knitted hood; but this is hand-work, and contains a good deal of fine wool.

Winter Fabrics.

THE most conspicuous novelties of the season are the rich, hand-embroidered satins and velvets used to form the drapery, or a part of the drapery, upon trained evening and reception dresses. Some of these are imported in the piece, some in lengths of four yards or less, the price of these cut lengths varying from seventy-five dollars to one hundred and seventy-five dollars each.

Next to these come the India stuffs, in cashmere colors, of silk, silk and wool, or all wool. These also are used exclusively for trimming purposes, or as the contrasting material in the composition of a costume.

Of the pure woolen materials the finest is *côte-line*, an imitation in fine wool of old-fashioned dimity, with its rather broad, clustered rib. This material is usually combined with figured velvet, or the striped and brocaded velvet, and together with fine woolen armures constitute the choicest dress materials that we have, the principal difference between them being that one is ribbed and the other woven in a small, self-colored figure.

Satin has taken its place as one of the most important of rich dress fabrics. Many all-black dresses, and some all-white ones, are composed wholly of soft, thick satin, enriched with black or white lace, and quantities of jet or pearl *passementerie*.

Satin antique is called a novelty, but it is in reality our old satin levantine, with a more decided twill, and rather more lustrous surface. This is greatly used for bonnets, and also in combination with satin for dresses, it being much more effective than *faille*, yet offering a decided contrast to the glossiness of smooth, shining satin.

The variety of striped and figured trimming stuffs is endless, both in silk and wool, and these have taken the place of the braids, figured galloons, woolen fringes, and other trimmings which a few years ago were used so profusely upon woolen costumes. Scotch plaids are made up without trimming, or with only pipings, buttons, or bows of dark olive or blue, mixed with red or amber.

Plain woolen suitings are now manufactured in as fine qualities here as abroad, and in rich mixtures of dark, almost invisible color. They are very reasonable in price, and make excellent polonaises for street and house wear over silk and velvet-teen skirts.

Corduroy is not a novelty, but it has come to the front as a trimming material in the place of the plush which was used last season. It is also employed for short suits and children's clothing.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST is increasing so rapidly, and is already so large, that new subscribers are requested earnestly to send in advance of the holidays, so that there may be no delay in the reception of Magazines and premiums.

Children's Fashions.

THE clothing for children, like that of their elders, has taken on more color and more variety this season. The princess styles are not so strictly adhered to, while the mixture of color in fabrics, such as cloths and suitings, the employment of wine-colors, of garnet, and even of ruby, in the construction of complete costumes gives a very rich effect to materials not particularly costly in themselves, such as corduroy and the like.

Light colors have been quite superseded by the dark shades of *prune*, olive, bronze, Bordeaux, myrtle and brown, excepting in cloth, which is still fashionable for jackets in the mastic shades. A very dark color is rather too somber for the entire dress of a little girl—at least many ladies think

so—and a cloth jacket in a mastic or light *écru* shade, with collar and cuffs of the rich dark brown or wine-color of the dress, is a relief, to say the least.

Some very pretty suits are made of olive wool, with deep square vests, and trimmings of small figured brocade in vivid colors. These should have felt hats to match, with folds or soft twisted bands of brocade for trimming, and a bright wing or red bird at the side of the front or back. A beautiful dress made recently for a girl of six, was of ruby velvet with square vest of satin, and trimming of antique lace. The hat was quaint and three-cornered, the brim faced with ruby velvet, the ivory exterior (*satin antique*) enriched with a bunch of three ruby-colored ostrich feathers. This style will doubtless be repeated in other colors. Many pretty dresses are made of an all-wool material and trimmed with a Scotch plaid. Undressed cashmere, flannel, and the worsted fabrics in heather mixtures all trim prettily in this way. The dark "Forty-second" plaids are selected when the dress is for day or school wear, the brighter ones, such as the "Victoria," the "Marie-Stuart," when it is to be used for skating, for riding, or out-door amusement of any kind. The hat for wear with the dress may be dark straw or felt, according to the climate, and all the trimming needed is a band of the plaid and a little cock's feather.

Our illustrations of children's patterns of the fashions will show the change which has been effected in the princess dresses. The "Rosina" costume, for example, gives us a skirt and polonaise, which is a princess to the edge of the basque part of the polonaise. Here trimmings are put on, which consist of small side *paniers* and a draped puff at the back. The side piece forms pretty strap pockets, and the whole is worn over a perfectly plain striped skirt, the same material being used for the mounting of the polonaise, such as collar, etc.

Another dress is the "Juliet." This is a genuine princess, the skirt partly formed by a deep, kilt-plaited flounce, and the drapery at the sides being added to produce a *panier* effect. The trimming outlines a jacket, and is carried round the edge of the *paniers* to the back, where its termination is concealed under a series of loops, headed by a buckle.

The "Glencora" polonaise is a pretty princess design for a plain skirt, and would be very suitably trimmed either with brocade or plaid. Five yards of twenty-four inch wide material would make one for a girl of twelve years, and a yard of plaid or brocade, same width, would furnish the trimming. So many of the new woolen materials are now made forty-six inches wide, that it may be as well to state that owing to the advantageous manner in which this wide width cuts, half the quantity may be calculated for, that is required



JULIET DRESS.

A TIGHT-FITTING, princess dress, with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce added to the bottom, and having extra fronts, which are held together by bows, and looped high on the sides to form full *paniers*. The outer fronts can be omitted, if desired, and a plain Gabrielle dress, finished with a kilt-plaited flounce, will be the result. The costume illustrated is made in Rembrandt green, camel's hair and silk. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years of age. Price, twenty-five cents each.

of twenty-four inch fabrics. The "Clytie" jacket is a very good model of a useful double-breasted garment for school or out-door wear. One yard and three-quarters of double cloth will make it, and only buttons and facing are required for finishing.

The new hats for girls are large furry beavers, with wide brims and medium crowns. They are trimmed with a band of satin ribbon with bow and long ends, no feathers. The ribbon should be black or mastic to match the hat.



GLENCORA POLONAISE.

Glencora Polonaise.—The peculiarly graceful arrangement of the drapery, which is *bouffant* at the back and forms *paniers* on the hips, and the cut-away fronts, impart to this polonaise, which is quite simple in cut, a particularly stylish effect. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, one in the usual position, and the second one under the arm; and has side forms in the back, carried to the shoulder seams. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.



JULIET DRESS.

Juliet Dress.—Simple, and easily arranged, but especially stylish in effect, the "Juliet" is a tight-fitting princess dress, with a deep, kilt-plaited flounce added to the bottom, and having extra fronts, which are held together by bows, and looped high on the sides to form full *paniers*. The dress proper is cut with side forms back and front extending to the shoulders, and the outer fronts

with gores under the arms. The outer fronts can be omitted, if desired, and a plain Gabrielle dress, finished with a kilt-plaited flounce, will be the result. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods, and is particularly desirable for a combination of materials or colors. The trimming can be selected and arranged to correspond with the goods used. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.

Satin and Velvet Walking Skirts.

SHORT skirts of satin or velvet, cut to clear the ground, and made up without flouncing or plaiting, are one of the features of the season. Made of velvet they are quite plain, but satin is usually quilted or paneled, and sometimes arranged with a shirred front. A deep princess basque with long square vest and paniered sides completes the dress, which is very suitable for house or walking costumes.

What the Press say of us.

"Among the paper pattern openings of the week the Demorest exhibit stands at the head of the now flourishing trade. The patterns of this house are gotten up in a superior style. They are reliable, and possess an artistic finish that cannot be found in other pattern modes. The Demorest 'What to Wear,' 'Portfolio of Fashions,' and their famous Magazine contain special and novel news in the department of fall and winter dress." —*Journal, Jersey City.*

"To such as are obliged to do their own dressmaking Mme. Demorest's famous establishment at No. 17 East Fourteenth Street offers superior advantages. A long line of patterns, so constructed that they can be easily understood and followed by even the inexperienced, are exhibited, at prices ranging from 10 to 30 cents each.

Very useful for ladies will be found a valuable book of some 100 pages entitled 'What to Wear,' which is sold at Mme. Demorest's, together with other fashion publications that every lady should consult if she desires to dress well and economically." —*Evening Mail, N. Y. City.*

"The dress models described were among those in the exhibition of Paris and New York fashions at Mme. Demorest's in East Fourteenth Street, at the regular fall opening yesterday. Life-sized wax figures ingeniously decked out in costumes of tissue paper representing plaids, fringes, laces, etc., gave ample opportunity to see the effects of the principal styles of ball, reception, and walking toilets. Models of wraps and jackets received special attention. These showed that half-fitting jackets made of all medium qualities of cloth, and finished in tailor style and trimmed with handsome buttons, were the favorites for autumn wear. The choice appeared to lie between those made entirely of one material, and those having the collars, cuffs, and pocket-laps of velvet or plush. The 'Lorne' was one of the most pleasing designs, and the 'Derby coat,' which boasts a waistcoat, was another. A new design in wraps is a *visite*, a combination of a dolman and *sacque*." —*World, New York City.*

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, the world's model magazine, single copies, twenty-five cents; yearly, \$3, with the most marvelous, beautiful, and artistic oil picture (worth \$10) to each subscriber: Reinhardt's great picture, "Consolation," reproduced with matchless excellence. Size, 20x30 inches. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 E. 14th Street, N. Y.



CLYTIE JACKET.

Clytie Jacket.—A jaunty, but very practical street garment, with loose, double-breasted fronts, and a partially fitting back, having a seam down the middle, and side forms rounded to the armholes. A collar with *revers*, deep cuffs and large pockets add greatly to the general effect. The design is desirable either for *demi-saison*, or winter use, and is particularly adapted to cloth and similar goods, and some of the heavier varieties of suitings. It is most appropriately finished in "tailor" style, with several rows of machine stitching near the edges, but any simple, flat trimming can be used that may be suitable for the material selected. Patterns in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each size.



ROSINA COSTUME.

Rosina Costume.—A tight-fitting polonaise, cut short in front like a basque, and having *paniers* at the side, and a long, graceful drapery at the back, is combined with a gored skirt of striped or a contrasting material to form this *distingué* costume. The polonaise is fitted with a single dart on each side of the front, deep darts taken out under the arms, and side forms in the back rounded to the armholes. The size for fourteen years requires five yards and a half of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards and three-quarters of striped to make as illustrated. Pattern in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

What the Press say of us.

"MME. DEMAREST.—Among the fashion openings of the past week, none attracted more visitors than that of Mme. Demorest. The hold upon popular favor that this pioneer house in the cut paper pattern business has is indeed marvelous. None but a master mind in the art of organization could have built up such a business. The thousands of New York women who flocked to the opening in East Fourteenth Street last Wednesday and Thursday are but a small proportion of the numbers that on these two days, throughout the civilized world, went to the Demorest pattern openings. For in every principal city and town of Europe and America, and even in Asia, Africa, and Australia, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week the various branch houses and agencies of the house of Demorest held their openings. The Demorest 'American Costumes' and patterns are in demand in Algiers and Cape Town, in Africa; in Yokohama, Japan; Sydney, in Australia, and in Russia, Austria, and all the kingdoms of Europe, as shown by the list of agencies and branch houses published in their truly magnificent 'Portfolio of Fashions' for the autumn and winter of 1879-80. From the same source we learn that, in addition to a hundred agencies and depots in England, Ireland, and Scotland, there are an equal number in Canada and the other British possessions on this side of the water, including Vancouver's and Prince Edward's Islands; and in France itself there is, in addition to the main establishment in the Rue Scribe bearing the name Mme. Demorest, thirty-one agencies embraced in the principal provincial cities and great maritime and manufacturing towns."—*New York Sun*.

"A COLOSSAL PATTERN BUSINESS.—The Maison Demorest has now agencies throughout the whole civilized world. The number of packages shipped by this house exceeds those of any other. Their orders for envelopes for their paper patterns for dresses amount to millions at a time, and their printing matter in eight different languages employs over twenty-five fast steam presses, and consumes five thousand reams of paper per annum. A recent shipment to a single agent in London amounted to eight and a half tons in one order. There are several members of the family actively engaged in various parts of the business of this house, which now numbers over two thousand agencies. The magnitude of this business is one of the most certain and definite illustrations of the progress of our civilization, and certainly there is not another line of business that so silently and efficiently contributes to the development of taste and economy among the people as that done by the house of Demorest."—*Continental Gazette*, Paris, France.

"NEW YORK, September 12.—The female mind may always be exercised on the subject of dress, therefore, dress let it be. Women are beginning to traverse the streets in twos and threes, to assemble in crowds at the cheap lunch tables which some of the proprietors of the Sixth avenue and Eighth avenue shops provide for their customers: circumstances indicative to experienced eyes that the season of 'openings' has begun. Three days of this week Mme. Demorest's handsome show-rooms have been thronged with perpetual streams of anxious seekers after new designs for skirts, basques, polonaises and the like, showing that theories may come and theories may go, but the feminine interest in dress goes on forever. The 'opening,' it is announced, takes place in London, Paris and New York on the same day, and it is a fact which seems almost too strange for belief that the demand abroad is rapidly acquiring the dimensions of the enormous distribution at home. The ready welcome accorded to American patterns of the fashions in such cities as Berlin, Vienna and Milan, as well as Paris, exceeds the most sanguine expectations of the founders of the enterprise. Popular taste finds in these cut out and illustrated designs a new expression, so well thought out and plainly put before them that it can be seized without any effort of the imagination, and does its own share afterwards in educating the masses to ideas of form which they had not previously connected with the subject of dress. From the principal establishment eight and a half tons of matter, consisting of patterns and periodicals, were sent last week to European agencies by one steamer alone, and this vast amount will probably be duplicated within the next few weeks."—*Special Correspondence Baltimore American*.

"We went down Fourteenth Street to attend the first grand opening of the season, the paper pattern exposition at Madame Demorest's; not that she could possibly use American patterns when her dresses were all

sent out by Worth, but she confidentially whispered to me, who knew what a fortune Y. had made in his pork and lard contract, it made her think of the times when she used to rock the baby's cradle with her foot and cut her pretty calico gowns out by a borrowed pattern, and 'the languages' might as well have been Choctaw or Hindoo for all she cared, in the first sweet wholesome days of her happy married life.

"THE PAPER PATTERNS.

"But Mrs. Y. was quite reconciled to see the paper patterns when she met so many of her fashionable friends there. I also informed her that on that day, the 10th, similar openings took place at Madame's agencies in England and France, Algiers and Cape Town in Africa; Yokohama, Japan; Russia, Austria; Sydney, in Australia; and all the other kingdoms in Europe; one hundred agencies in England and Scotland, also in Canada, Vancouver's and Prince Edward's Islands, and I thought after Zululand was conquered some of the pretty women agents would plant their little feet there, and initiate the Zulu maidens into the mysteries of the American paper patterns.

"I saw Mrs. Yellowplush afterwards in a corner surreptitiously buying a pattern for her maid to make, so she explained, but I have no doubt that she overlooked the cutting out, and occasionally took a stitch, usually for the sake of 'auld lang syne.'"—*New York Correspondence Detroit Free Press*.

"AUTUMN OPENINGS.—The Autumn openings begin to-day with a display of the novelties in design at Mme. Demorest's Magazine of Fashion, No. 17 East Fourteenth street. As usual, the throng has been great, and the exhibition of styles most varied and attractive. The 'opening,' takes place simultaneously in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin and New York, besides numberless agencies throughout this country and Europe. The designs include reception dresses, overskirts, basques, jackets and complete costumes, and some lovely designs for walking dresses with plain skirts. The panier styles seem still to maintain a vogue, but one elegant model showed a perfectly plain train with only scarf drapery across the top of the front. Mme. Demorest multiplies her complete models by using a vast number of miniature figures, each dressed in an entirely distinct and always tasteful and effective style, and which furnish valuable ideas to those on the lookout for suggestions. The reproduction in paper of novelties in fabric and trimming is perfect, and the use of color as striking as in any assemblage of genuine costumes. Eight and one-half tons of paper matter (patterns and periodicals) were recently shipped by this house to Europe by one steamer."—*New York Graphic*.



"MARY L."—A close-fitting sacque coat, of mastic-colored beaver would be suitable for your little daughter—plain collar and large pearl buttons.

"MRS. SALLIE B."—Get dark paper for your parlor wall, with a small leaf pattern upon it and veining of gold. Have a carpet, also, small figured, and in dark, bright colors upon a lighter ground if you choose, but well blended. Inside shutters are a great comfort, but are not essential if you have outside blinds. Lambrequins you can dispense with. They are used now mainly in chintz for chambers. Parlor curtains are hung with brass rings upon a rod of wood, or bronze, and we should advise, for winter use, curtains of some plain wood-colored stuff with broad border of garnet or dark crimson, and for summer, chintz, or figured muslin, tied back with ribbon. Have a bracket or two for any bits of china, especially old china, you may happen to have; and get a pair of panels for either side of the mantel-piece, with stalks painted upon them, or long grasses. If you use your parlor every day, the best thing would be to have a deep lounge, and chair frames made and covered with chintz, which is easily renewed and not expensive.

"ETIQUETTE."—Ladies use plain, medium-sized cards, with name upon them; address in the lower left hand corner, and the day of the week upon which they receive, in the lower right hand corner. If you wish the civility to include your husband as well as yourself, it would be proper to leave his card with your own. In making calls, the visitor sends her card to announce her arrival; if the person or persons whom she wishes to

see are at home, they retain it, if not, she simply leaves it at the door with the servant, to be given to them on their return. You do not leave cards at a reception. Ladies attend the receptions and dinners alone, but only when they can go and come in a carriage, unless the reception is an informal one, or takes place in the afternoon; then they can attend in handsome walking dress, without carriage or escort. You should go outside the room to speak to your servant, excusing yourself to your company. Rich ribbed and armure silk is more fashionable for cloaks than plain velvet. Invitations should be sealed up, like all other private communications.

"MRS. BELL W."—A page portrait of Mr. and Mme. Demorest was given in the September number, 1877.

"LUCIE."—"Bell and I" is a very clever sketch, and your appreciation is creditable to your judgment. Vassar has been very fully treated in the Magazine, in answers to correspondents, and in separate articles, but "Demorest," you know, keeps always talking about one thing. "David Copperfield" is considered the most popular of Dickens' works, and the one he himself best liked. There is quite a distinction between a yard square and a square yard. The first represents a square of precisely a yard on all its four sides, the second is applied to fabrics of more or less than a yard in width, and the square in this case would perhaps require a yard and a half to make it complete. In calculating the price, however, the reckoning would be made according to the number of square yards, and not of yard and a half squares. The autumn leaves which turn, do not all lose their color at the same time. Some begin much earlier than others. The sumach begins to change in August, the silver maple changes early. The beech and chestnut are probably as late as any.

"LITTLE BUTTERCUP."—It would be very hard to say which poem of Tennyson's and Longfellow's, and which of Shakespeare's plays is considered the best. "Hamlet" is probably the one of the latter which is the best known, and has been the most quoted. Of Longfellow's poems, his "Evangeline" is perhaps the one which appeals most strongly to the popular sentiment, while of Tennyson's, it is hard to distinguish between his "Princess," his "In Memoriam," and his "Idylls of the King," all being so exquisitely true and tender in their way. Your handwriting is not elegant, but it shows an honest "Little Buttercup."

"ROSA R."—Pure gold is changed in color, or rather in tint, by different kinds of alloy, as deep red gold for instance, which is alloyed with copper, and the green gold with native copper. Etruscan gold is deepened in color by immersion in a strong acid, which also roughens it, and prevents it from being polished. The old-fashioned pale gold is alloyed with silver, but this is now only used to produce effects of blended color in wrought gold work. You should be able to answer your other questions yourself. To make hair look nice under the circumstances mentioned would be very difficult.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB."—"Sylvania" wants to hear how I am progressing in farming. I think I am doing very well, altho' the drought has lessened my crops of wheat, rye, and oats. My grain is now in the stack; when it is threshed I think I shall have two hundred bushels of wheat, five hundred bushels of oats, and twenty of rye.

Rain has been abundant this month (August), and I believe I shall have one hundred and fifty barrels of corn. I owe one hundred and twenty dollars for fertilizer, and fifty dollars tax. I shall keep my wheat until there is an advance in price. This reminds me that I have had a new granary built—and I owe for the nails it was built with. I will also have to have a new barn built. There is plenty of timber to build with, but labor costs, and it will take all I shall make this year to put suitable buildings on the farm. From my dairy of eight cows I have made considerable, although butter has been fearfully low. I do really make sweet and beautiful butter, even during these dog-days; it is firm, golden, and keeps pure and sweet, yet my grocer in Washington City only allows me seventeen cents per pound; it is printed nicely too, stamped in half-pound prints with a bundle of wheat. I take it to the city. Go in a buggy, drive to the grocer's door, he comes out and takes the box of butter. Sometimes it is thirty pounds, sometimes more. I give him my order for groceries, and drive on to the "Livery," where my horse and buggy are taken. I am then free to spend a few hours as I like. I call at agricultural warehouses, call on buyers of grain, and sellers of seeds and guano, chat, and find out the prices, etc.

I make the trip to Washington, thirty-six miles—eighteen to go, eighteen return—in a day. Dolly is a good horse. Strong and fleet, of Hambletonian blood, and can outtrot any other horse in this country. It was behind Dolly Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood was trotted into Fairfax C. H. when she was admitted to the bar there in July.

While Mrs. Lockwood was visiting me we went out riding. I kept the lead. On our return she asked me, "Can you milk?" "Yes, just as well as I can ride." This letter is getting too chatty. I will return to business.

In regard to laborers, I certainly do know how much labor should be performed in a day in these fields. I have many times to stay all day in the fields to get that labor performed, and I am often very tired at night. With me this knowledge of work, this power to control and direct others must be a gift from my Maker. As to the selling of crops, the little I shall have to sell will be the amusement of farming; you see when I go to sell my butter I will bargain for the sale of my grain, and send it in by wagons. Apples and peaches have been so low in price this summer, that it would not pay to send them to market. I have been feeding them to swine.

I must go to bed, I have to get up at dawn. To-morrow I have a long line of crooked "old Va." fence to make, and two men are coming to build a poultry house; and when they have finished the henery, they will get ten thousand shingles to cover this old leaky house. That is the way the money goes—and no nice dresses for me. Ah, me! The printer made a mistake in my initials, they are not M. J. H. I was *née* Johnson, and my full initials are

"M. A. J. H."

N. B.—Demorest is one of my blessings. I am correspondent of some farm journals too, which instruct and amuse me.

"A SOUTHERN GIRL."—You could not have laid your foundation better than in the dresses you already possess. Your gray diagonal is exactly what you want for one office suit, and a plain indigo blue, walking length, and untrimmed except with stitching, will make the other. Both should have jackets to match, lined with farmer's satin, and they will then be warm enough for such ordinary winter weather as is found in Washington. For very cold days and for storms, a dark tweed ulster, water-proofed, would be the best and most useful addition to your stock of wraps, and all you would need for street or office wear; but for dining, visiting, theaters, and so forth, you should have a round cloak, which can be thrown off without injury to the sleeves of the dress. The soft furry cloths, that need no lining, are the most useful, the fur lined silk being heavy as well as expensive. The only furs you will need is a muff. What are called "gauze" flannels are quite heavy enough for the climate, and are just the protection needed from the frequent chilly dampness and changes of temperature. You should also use light flannel petticoats, and, during the winter, a dark navy blue or garnet flannel skirt for every-day walking wear. You will need a dinner dress and one handsome theater dress. The first might be one of the pretty new armure silks, in dark cashmere colors, trimmed with plain satin, or satin finished silk, which is newer. No fringe, only buttons and interior plaitings of Breton lace, or the new *point d'esprit*. For a theater dress, a combination of wool with velvet, over a plain velvet skirt, walking length, is always handsome, but one more generally useful and suitable to the climate would consist of a short plain skirt of narrow striped satin, with an all-wool overdress mounted with satin to match, finished with buttons. This can be made inexpensively by facing a skirt of silesia or coarse empress cloth with the satin. If you need another evening dress, make it of dotted white muslin over pink lawn, with belt and long wide sash at the back of pink ribbon.

"HENRI WILLISS."—Your walking dresses should all be made short, quite sufficiently so to clear the ground. It is a simple absurdity for a girl of eighteen to have woolen dresses made with trains, and just now even middle-aged ladies have them made short. Cut your alpaca dress short, and make it over with the superfluous material. We do not know exactly what "Columbia" plaid is, but if it is in dark colors, and will wash like calico, it will make very suitable school dresses. A waterproof made in neat ulster style is what you need in addition to your cloak. Of aprons you have enough. Plain camel's hair, seal brown, or invisible green, mounted with cuffs, collar, and panels of narrow striped velvet or woolen brocade will make you a pretty and

serviceable Sunday suit. It will serve also for a nice street dress. A flannel wrapper is a great comfort at school, for mornings and evenings, and a dark, wine-colored cashmere, trimmed with fine knife-plaitings of the same, with deep, plain basque, would be a pretty indoor and evening dress. You will have no use for a light dress at school; dark colors are more becoming and more fashionable. Cut the ends of your hair with regularity, use no oils or pomades, and wash the skin of your head once a week with soft water into which a few drops of ammonia have been put. Dry thoroughly. Writing and composition are both defective for a girl of your age. It is a great thing to be as "proud as Lucifer," and we are curious to know what a girl of eighteen can be, or have done to justify a feeling which the most distinguished men and women consider unseemly, and to be repressed. You should be very handsome from your own description of yourself.

"H. E. P."—Cashmeres are always fashionable. This year they are combined with hair striped satin and velvet, the stripe forming a plain, short skirt or facing of the skirt, and a mounting for the over-dress. Make your black silk with a plain demi-train, a basque cut deep upon the back, rounded up somewhat upon the side, and a trimmed tablier. Use satin or damasked silk for the ornamentation, and repeat it upon the basque in the form of flat, round collar and cuffs, with narrow plaiting upon the edge.

Will some of our clever correspondents whose ivies and geraniums thrive, tell what they know about them in reply to the following very good and sensible letter:

"NEAR ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS CO., MO."

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—Won't you pardon two young girls—one twelve, the other fourteen—for wanting to enter the 'Ladies' Club?' Mamma has taken the 'Monthly' four years, and its pretty stories and nice patterns for fancy work please us very much. We read the first and try to copy the last, and papa always says: 'What have my daughters learned this month from 'Demorest?'' We always learn something, and it pleases him very much. We always read 'That little Oddity' first. 'Penny' is so nice and independent, just like all young girls should be. We have tried some receipts, and can make three kinds of cake, one pudding, and a custard that are very good, so mamma and papa say.

"We are growing some flowers, and want to have them bloom in the sitting-room this winter, and when 'Busy Bee' wrote about 'Gardening,' we were in hopes that she or somebody else would give some good directions how to raise *geraniums* and *ivies* and other nice flowers, but she did not, and there was nothing in the September number about them. We wish we knew what to do with our three *geraniums*; the leaves turn yellow and fall off.

"Mamma has no time to help us, as she has twin babies eight months old, and we have three more little brothers and sisters, and so she said she thought you would help us by telling us what to do in your Magazine.

"Hoping that you will not throw this, our first letter, into the waste basket, we are,

"Yours very respectfully,

"FLORA AND NELLIE 3."

"STELLA."—A handsome camel's hair in dark wine-color, trimmed with brocade in which the olive and gold shades were introduced, would make you a very handsome and fashionable winter suit. Bunting is hardly suitable for a traveling dress in winter. Beige would be much better for a dark woolen suiting. It should be made up plain, and finished with paler stitching and handsome smoke-pearl buttons. Mme. Demorest's corsets are from \$2.50 to \$5.

"MATTIE VAN."—You could have your lithograph varnished so that it would not need a glass, but it should be done by a picture framer. You could not color hair a dark brown, so that it would look well. Better exchange it for the shade which you require. You had better use plain black with your striped goods, using the stripe for a front of a short walking skirt, and also for trimming—the plain black for jacket and drapery. Little girls either wear very dark colors or white. White flannel makes pretty house dresses, made sailor fashion, or mounted with dark blue or garnet. Dark, plain colors are fashionably made as Princess suits, and trimmed with plaid or brocaded stuffs. A little *toque* cap of velvet or satin with feathers is the prettiest head dress for a little girl. Or she may wear a cream felt, trimmed with tinted satin and feathers, or with dark velvet and feathers. For every-day wear, a dark knitted hood, brown, garnet, or blue, with ribbon bows, is suitable, and well-worn. Get a yard and a half of striped satin to put with your Princess polonaise; make a vest,

cuffs, and collar of it, leaving a broad loop for the drapery at the back.

"AMY."—Wine color is rather an old color for a child of fifteen months old, but it would look well, and should be made in a simple Princess style, with only buttons and a little kilting set in the back for trimming. Of course, it would wear white aprons over its dress, and over this a sash of wine color might be placed, but it would not be necessary. The better way would be to tie in the apron at the back with broad wine-colored ribbons. The shoes should be black, the hose wine-colored to match. Heavy cloths are much used for cloaks, and also corduroy velvet. Ribbed or roughened materials are more fashionable than goods with a plain surface. The second syllable is the one that is accented in Valenciennes. Robert of Lincoln was written by William Cullen Bryant.

"MYRTLE."—We should advise you to use satin and lace as a trimming for your black silk, and a wool brocade in India colors, as a trimming for your cashmere. Wine color would make you a handsome second cashmere dress, and this you could trim with a narrow striped satin or velvet, in wine color and brocade. A large hat, with plumes, would be desirable for street wear, and a smaller bonnet for dress. White ties are indispensable, either of muslin or lace, or both, and of gloves you will require some light ones and some to match your dresses. Fringe is not essential as a trimming.

"ELIZABETH."—Trimmed skirt and basque would suit your mother's age much better than polonaise, and is also much more suitable for a nice silk dress. Black satin should be used as trimming, with interior plaitings of Breton lace or *crêpe isse*. Make the basque deeper at the back, and also in front, than on the sides.

"X."—The principal European languages, apart from dialects, are French, German, Spanish, and Italian; with French and German, in addition to English, one can travel all over Europe. But it is also very useful to be acquainted with Italian. There are several positions in modern dances which are very disagreeable to modest girls, notably the one assumed in the new "Kangaroo," or two-step waltz, which presses the young lady so closely to her partner that she can hardly breathe, and actually suffers physically as well as mentally.

"SUBSCRIBER."—India ink is, of course, much the finer medium for making pictures. Crayon is used to give boldness of outline, and shading to pictures already executed by other processes. Prices differ so much we cannot give you an estimate.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB:—Please say to M. J. H., in July No. of Monthly Magazine, that I was very much interested in reading her letter of her farming experiment, and would be glad to hear from her again. I do not think there is any danger of her growing a barbarian. I cherish pleasant memories of paternal acres in dear old Westmoreland, and wish her success in the cultivation of the acres that have fallen to her. E. G. T."

"CONSTANTZA."—It is proposed to convert Manchester, England, into a seaport for the largest steamers, at a cost of \$16,000,000.

2. A French physician, Dr. Companys, who had charge of the sanitary arrangements of the Suez Canal works, has been sent to Panama to study the subject of health regulations for laborers on the proposed canal. De Lesseps will get the men from South America.

"STUDENT."—According to the new German law court regulations, which are to come into operation on the 1st of next October, German will be the only language which can be used before the tribunals of the empire. Interpreters are to be allowed when one or the other party before the court does not understand German, but all papers and proceedings must be in the German language.

2. The strong point of Mr. Gladstone's government was finance. While in office he remitted taxes to the amount of £13,000,000, reduced the national debt by over £26,000,000, and left his successor a surplus of several millions. Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, has imposed taxes to the amount of £5,233,000 over the amount remitted, and created a deficit, not including the Zulu account, of £4,250,000.

"HISTORIAN."—Next year will witness the celebration of a jubilee festival in Bavaria, for which the history of the world probably furnishes no parallel. The fief of Bayern was granted to a Wittelsbach in the year 1180, by the Emperor of the Holy Roman Realm, so that a year hence, in 1880, seven hundred years will have elapsed since the lineal ancestor of King Louis of Bavaria first assumed the ducal diadem, which has within the last century, been converted into a regal crown. During the interim one Wittelsbach has succeeded another as Duke,

Electors, or King, with unbroken regularity. The Wittelsbachs were Counts of Scheuern before they became sovereign princes by the acquisition of the Bavarian Duchy; and it is proposed by the Historical Society of Upper Bavaria to hold the contemplated festivities at the Monastery of Scheuern. This was formerly the feudal castle of the Wittelsbachs, from which they took their first territorial title, and in the crypts of which one hundred and twenty male members of the family lie buried.

"JESSIE."—Your quotation is by Byron:

"Sleep has its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep has its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy."

"MARIE."—The Dance Mac'aber means the Dance of Death. Accent the first syllable.

"CURIOSITY."—The largest furniture manufactory in St. Louis is a co-operative concern, each of the one hundred and ten skilled workmen being a holder of at least one share, and not more than twenty, at \$25 each. They are chiefly German Socialists. Only ten per cent. of the capital was paid in at first, credit being obtained for about \$20,000 of wood-working machinery, and the dividends have since been sufficient to meet assessments as they fell due. The men receive ordinary wages for their work, and thus far there has been no serious dispute in the management, which is vested in a committee.

2. Seventy-five sculptors sent in designs for the statue to be erected to Thiers in France. The successful young artist, whose work was unveiled on August 3d, is Ernest Charles Demosthenes Guilbert. At the first drawing school which he entered he carried off all the medals, and in 1873 he secured the grand prize. He exhibited "Cain Cursed" in this year's salon, obtaining a third class medal.

"SCHOLAR."—Statistics show that the number or private letters annually sent through the post is, at the average, in England, 34 for each inhabitant; in Italy, 21; in Germany, 17; in Holland, 16; in Belgium, 14; in France and Denmark, 12; in Turkey, 5. As to the number of post offices, there is in Switzerland one post office to 2 square miles; in England, one to 13 square miles; in Holland, one to 17; in Belgium, one to 33; in Germany, one to 43; in France, one to 62; in Italy, one to 63; in Austria, one to 70; in Spain, one to 132; in Russia, one to 384; in Turkey, one to 743 square miles.

2. The couplet is in Young's "Love of Fame:—"

"Commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun."

"Mrs. R. B."—We are not in possession of the detailed facts in regard to the Loudon Co-operative Dress Association. It is impossible to send samples of ornamentation on linen.

"K. P. MacC."—The handsomest afghans are made in stripes, an emb ordered stripe alternating with one of solid color. A very rich and unusual design consists of, say, a stripe of purple, a stripe of gold, and a stripe of brown. The alternating stripes being worked with the different shades of the solid color on a tinted ground. It is better without fringe.

"M. N."—It is possible to dress neatly, and in a very lady-like manner, yet inexpensively, if you make your own dresses. You should wear dark gray with crimson bow at the throat (not scarlet), garnet, or wine color. Trim your black alpaca with velvet. It will soften its harshness and make it more becoming. With your wine color, or garnet dresses, you should wear bows at the throat of cream-colored lace or satin ribbon. You can get these colors in all-wool materials at from forty to sixty cents per yard, or forty-eight inches wide for one dollar. These make handsome and serviceable dresses, and will clean or make over.

"M. M. M."—Olive green corduroy will make you a very stylish and not at all expensive winter suit. But a better way would be to have two suits, one of all-wool trimmed with corduroy, another of narrow striped velvet combined with armure cloth, the velvet forming a plain short skirt, and the mounting for the over-dress. Large beaver hats of the kind you so much admire are very fashionable. They are not turned up at the side, however, but exhibit a somewhat broad open brim, and are trimmed with many plumes. We cannot answer questions by letter.

"ALETHEA."—We do not furnish estimates of office prices. The price should be marked upon the MS. with the address of the author, whether a letter is sent or not, and it is then accepted upon approval or returned provided stamps are inclosed for that purpose. Narrow manuscript paper should be employed, and the parcel made flat.

LITERATURE

All about Fish.—"Fish Hatching and Fish Catching" is the title of a little book by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of New York, author of "Game Fish" and other works, and Seth Greene, Superintendent of Fisheries of the State of New York. All that there is known in regard to fish culture in this country is contained in this volume, which is written in a clear, plain, practical style, which renders it interesting to the most ordinary reader. The work is illustrated with pictures and diagrams of the New York State Hatching House, and Seth Greene taking spawn from the salmon trout. The details of sport are given with such exactness as to make the book a valuable manual for amateurs in that line, and supplies a want in American fish literature which has long been felt.

New Books.—Messrs. LEE & SHEPARD will immediately publish Jules Verne's new book, "The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China," which has just appeared in Paris. The book is intensely interesting and amusing, and many of the popular features of the day, such as the phonograph, Capt. Boyton in his rubber suit, life insurance companies, banking speculations, advertising schemes, and various other eccentricities of the times are woven into the narrative.

Jenny Lind.—Mr. Saalfeld, the music publisher, who during the spring endeavored to bring Jenny Lind to this country to assist at his future ballad concerts, has just received a final decision from her, in which she seems to regret as much as he the impossibility of her undertaking any professional journey to the United States. She concludes her final letter in reference to the subject with:

"The kind feeling which you were pleased to tell me still continues toward me in America, notwithstanding the lapse of time since my departure from that *youth-inspiring country*, can only fill my heart with still *deeper gratitude* toward that *great continent* where I received such warm hospitality and met with such appreciation of my cherished lot.

"Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,

"JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT."

Mr. Saalfeld's concerts will take place early in November (probably semi-monthly), and negotiations are now pending between some of the most prominent artists in this country as well as in Europe to assist at them.

An Autograph Album.—A little manual of selections for autograph and writing albums, has just appeared from the press of Charles A. Lillie, which is most timely, in view of the present rage for autograph and written sentiments. The authors are the best, and the selections have been made with excellent taste; the following specimens will give an idea of their character, and show that they are not commonplace:

"I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

TENNYSON.

"With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee, when I am far away."

WORDSWORTH.

The same publisher has issued a manual of etiquette for ladies and gentlemen, which covers the ground more thoroughly than many more pretentious works, and includes the famous maxims of Washington in regard to behavior which Mr. Sparks has given in his life. Anniversary weddings, visits, the etiquette in weddings, balls, calls, engaged couples, conduct at table, and other constantly recurring incidents of social life are explicitly treated, and generally in a common-sense manner. The price of these manuals is only thirty cents each.

"The Radical Cure for Intemperance."—M. L. Holbrook & Co. have published a clever little work, by Harriet P. Fowler, on "Vegetarianism as a Radical Cure for Intemperance." The argument is based on a scientific statement of facts, and is aided by a vast amount of valuable information in regard to the nutritious quality of vegetable matter, and its action in the building up of a human organism. That the quantity of food we eat, and

its methods of preparation stimulate unnatural appetites is undoubtedly true, and those who wish to simplify their habits may obtain some excellent hints from this little work.

"Mark Twain's Self-acting Scrap-Books."—The publishers of Mark Twain's self-acting scrap-books have added to the ordinary scrap-books a new art work for the preservation of unmounted pictures, little scrap illustrations, photographs, or anything of this description which should be preserved. The whole surface of the page of these books is gummed with an invisible preparation, which does not change the tint of the paper or stick to the fingers; and which requires no preliminary manipulation. A plant-book is to follow the art-book, accompanied by full directions, and thorough opportunity for classification, analysis, and description. These books are so popular that Mark Twain considers time wasted in adding writing to the blank sheets. Daniel Slote & Co. are the publishers.

Magazine of Art.—This publication, issued by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., at the low price of twenty-five cents per number, is to be enlarged, and its already interesting pictures improved, without increase of cost. Its great popularity here, as well as in England, speaks well for the good taste of the general public; for, though comparatively inexpensive, its methods and management are marked by the best possible taste. It has more local and contemporary interest than any other of the art journals, and thus keeps its readers and subscribers informed in regard to the work of the incoming artists as well as those who have lived in the past, and makes them acquainted, more or less, with all subjects of art or archaeological interest.

Holiday Books.—This English publishing house of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. also announce a brilliant series of juvenile holiday books, which, besides excelling in the beauty of pictures, are also remarkable for the good taste that characterizes their covers. Among them are "Pictures and Stories for our Darlings," "Little Folks for '79," "The Three Brown Boys and Other Happy Children," "Sunny Days for Little People," "Little Playfellows," and "Childhood's Happy Hours." All these are American. New editions are also brought out of "The Little Chatterer," of the handsome "Little Folks' Picture Gallery," now in its twenty-sixth thousand, and of the latter's companion volume, "Picture Album for Little Folks." Something unique and taking is "The Little Folks' Painting Book," a volume which collects Miss Edwards' charming pictures, and, giving a specimen page of colored illustrations, leaves the others for the children to paint for themselves. Moist colors are furnished with the book for this purpose.

Robinson's Epitome of Literature.—This is a publication somewhat after the manner of a publisher's "Review," but of a superior character. It has not been very long in existence, but it has already made a mark, and furnished a vast amount of information in regard to literary matters, which is of real interest and value to book buyers and book readers. A very readable series of articles has been devoted, during the past year, to the private libraries of Philadelphia. One of these gave a full account of that of Mr. George W. Childs, the well-known publisher of the *Ledger*, and which is particularly rich in original manuscript works, some of which are most curious revelations of authors' methods, as, for instance, the "skeleton" of Charles Dickens's novel. The "Epitome" is also an excellent guide for book buyers.

New Music.—Among the recent publications of William A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, is a grand military galop entitled "The Charge of Cavalry," which has been arranged for the pianoforte as a four-hand composition, by Mr. Charles Wels. The music is very stirring, and well adapted to the ball-room.

The "Honorine Waltz," by Charles Carroll Smith, is dedicated to Mme. Honorine G. Vail, and furnishes a charming addition to the dancing *répertoire*.

Of ballads there is "My Own, My Bright, My Beautiful," inscribed to Signor P. Brignoli, and a pretty aria for a soprano voice, "The Alpine Ballad," with flute or violin accompaniment.

A new hymn anthem, entitled "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken," is by Mr. Albert J. Holden, the well-known organist of Dr. Chapin's church, and also widely known as the composer of some of the finest devotional music in existence, "Nearer my God to Thee," "Hear my Prayer," a solo for soprano, arranged from Mendelssohn, and his anthems for Christmas and Easter.

The Musical World, published by S. Brainerd Sons, Cleveland and Chicago, comes to us with a quantity of very excellent music, in addition to a great deal of gossip about music and musical artists. The August number had a song and chorus, a *pol-pourri* from "Fatinitza," a "Summer Night's Reverie," or song without words, and additional songs and ballads.

Richardson's "Musical Hours" is a monthly collection of new music without additional letter-press.

REINHART'S great picture, "Consolation." The picture represents a mother prostrated with grief but consoled by a group of angels, one of whom bears her child in its arms. The picture has been reproduced with such fidelity and artistic excellence, both in color and drawing, that they cannot be distinguished from the original, and, artists say, the best reproduction ever published. Size, 20 x 30 inches. Given as a premium to each yearly \$3 subscriber to "Demorest's Monthly Magazine."

ALL THE YOUNG FOLKS, and all the old folks, will want to read Miss Louise M. Alcott's Christmas story in the December number. Miss Alcott has a way of walking into the hearts of people that is exclusive to herself, and we gladly enroll her among our list of contributors.

OUR PREPARATIONS for the coming year are on the largest scale. We intend the MAGAZINE in every respect to be in advance of any year preceding, excepting the price.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME OF MARTIN LUTHER.—Our illustrated sketch of the home and family life of Martin Luther, which will appear in the December number, has particular features of interest, including the Symbolic Tree, out of which has grown the many-fruited but less significant tree of modern times.

Prospectus for 1880.

AMERICAN prospects for the year 1880 are brighter than have been known for the entire period since the war, the bulk of our commerce has enormously increased, and the balance is all in our favor. Our crops have been good, and the prices, though comparatively low, only favor our interests by enabling us to compete with producers abroad. No country in the world is so rich as America in resources of the most diversified kind, and now that energy, skill, and capital are turned toward their development, instead of being wasted in devastating war, or in the effort to recover from its dire consequences, we may expect a period of almost unexampled national prosperity.

To represent the activity, the intelligence, the diversity of interests, the growth, the advancement in art and literature, as well as taste, is the object of this Magazine, and no effort will be spared to render it valuable to every woman as a true friend, upon whose counsel she can implicitly rely; an interesting companion, whose every word is worth listening to; as representative of the broader world from whose attractions the busy wife and mother is largely shut out.

Those of our subscribers who have been our friends for many years will know from the progress made in the past that when we say still greater improvement will be made in the future, that we mean it for literal truth, and not empty words. In literature as well as art, we have without any regard to expense availed ourselves of the best that can be obtained, and whatever changes, improvements, or enlargements are made or contemplated, will be done without additional charge to subscribers.

In the literary department we have to announce as a new contributor MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT, who will furnish a Christmas story, followed by a

serial, which the gifted author herself describes as one of the most "dramatic" she has ever written. It is the story of a woman artist, who, out of her own life carves a more beautiful statue than any she can make out of clay, and is divided into three parts,

"CLAY," "PLASTER," "MARBLE."

We are also in negotiation with one of the most distinguished English novelists, for a simultaneous production of a forthcoming novel in this and a leading London Magazine; and with "*Jennie June*," who still continues her editorial connection with this periodical; *Miss Julia Magruder*, author of "*Elizabeth*," etc.; *Auber Forrestier*, author of "*Mistland*" and other works; *Neil Forrest*, author of numerous popular stories; *Margaret E. Sangster*, *Mrs. Fanny Barrow* ("Aunt Fanny"), *Mrs. Augusta de Bubna*, *Miss H. M. Haven*, *Philip Marston*, the English author; *Edgar Fawcett*, *Mrs. Lizzie P. Lewis*, author of "*Sketches from Abroad*;" *Mr. Henry Fountlevoy*, *Mrs. Hungerford*, *H. V. Reddall*, *Miss Margaret Lee*, *Mr. George N. Bungay*, and many other artists and authors who are occasional contributors, we present a galaxy of diversified talent not surpassed by any purely literary periodical.

For the art department we have secured a series of the finest engravings ever published, of choice works, the subjects and their treatment being of the very highest class, and certain of approval from the most refined and cultivated. We have also the loveliest oil-pictures in preparation that have ever appeared in any periodical, and with our illustrated sketches from abroad, and many minor art features, will constitute a programme of brilliant entertainment, unrivaled by any other publication abroad or at home.

All the popular features and departments will be continued, including the "LADIES' CLUB," "HOUSE AND HOME," "CORRESPONDENTS' CLASS," (which affords an opportunity to young ladies for art, study, and improvement), the biographical sketches under the head of "WOMEN OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY," the useful "DOMESTIC SCIENCE" department, and the interesting one to juveniles of the family, of "YOUNG AMERICA."

The "FASHION" department will, of course, maintain its unrivaled excellence, aided by all the resources which constant communication with every great capital in Europe affords. Its illustrated designs are accepted by the best classes of Paris, London, Vienna, and Berlin, as well as New York, and its articles may be relied upon for their practical good sense as well as absolute accuracy in the information they convey.

In the conduct of a magazine specially devoted to the many-sided interests of the home and the family, we desire especially to avoid nambypambyism, and weakness, these having been usually considered the inevitable characteristics of such a periodical. Our aim is to make it strong and human, helpful and sympathetic with whatever is truest and best in life and work.

We have the good fortune to offer as an inducement to single subscribers, in addition to the actual value of the Magazine, a work of great merit, entitled "Consolation." This picture has been reproduced in oil, from the celebrated painting by B. F. Reinhart. Its beautiful and touching sentiment, no less than the meritorious character of the work, commend it to the judgment of the most critical; while its freshness, its originality, its purity and elevation of tone render it a most rare and unusual acquisition. Our purchase of the copyright withdraws it from circulation. The few pictures remaining in the hands of dealers bring their original price of ten dollars each, so that each copy presented to subscribers is worth more than three times the yearly cost of the Magazine.

A Great Premium.

It is with no ordinary feelings of pleasure and satisfaction that we announce to our readers and subscribers the successful termination of negotiations, for a considerable time pending, in regard to a new, very beautiful, and valuable premium, which we shall be able to offer to every subscriber at three dollars per year for 1880.

The object of our efforts and our hopes is the celebrated picture of "CONSOLATION," painted by Mr. B. F. Reinhart, the well-known artist and famous figure-painter, which attracted so much attention, and won so largely popular sympathy, that it was almost at once made the subject of a very fine and faithful reproduction in oil, which for several months has been selling for \$10.00 per copy. Of this picture, by large outlay and personal effort, we have secured the copyright, so that excepting those remaining in the hands of dealers, and which are held at their original price of ten dollars each, no copy can be obtained, except by means of a subscription to this Magazine, with which it is offered as a free gift.

It is a very well-known fact that publishers can rarely obtain the copyright of a valuable picture until it has been a long time before the public. In this case we have the good fortune to offer a marvelously beautiful picture that is perfectly fresh and unhackneyed, that has a deep and tender human interest, which at once excites popular sympathy, and can only be obtained at nearly four times the yearly cost of this Magazine. We have the satisfaction of knowing that this marvelously beautiful picture, "Consolation," will prove a joy to many thousands of new and old subscribers.

Our readers will therefore please bear in mind that these pictures were originally published on a contract with the dealers that every copy should be such accurate reproduction of the original painting, that artists could not detect the pictures reproduced from the original when placed side by side at the ordinary distance of hung pictures.

This contract was faithfully carried out, and the pictures were accepted and sold by the dealers after being subjected to this severe test, so that every possessor of one of these pictures will have all the beauty and artistic excellence of a masterpiece, except the fact that it is not the original painting, which is worth a small fortune; and certainly a much better and more pleasing ornament for their homes than a great many real oil paintings costing thousands of dollars.

As these oil pictures are now in the hands of the public, there will be no delay in supplying the demand, especially as we have completed arrangements to use some of the pictures already published, and will have a new supply to follow, so that we are confident that we shall be prepared for any reasonable demand that may arise between now and the holidays.

Any person, therefore, wishing one of these pictures, can send on their subscription, to commence with the new year, or with any other number, and the picture will be forwarded to their address immediately.

"Consolation" Abroad.

A SPLENDID reproduction of Reinhart's great American picture, "Consolation," representing a stricken mother in an agony of grief by the loss of her darling, and consoled at the appearance of an angelic host bearing the child to its heavenly home, has recently been published in Germany and America. The accurate and artistic reproduction of this beautiful picture is one of the marvels of this age of progress, and does great credit to the enterprising publisher. It is sold at all the principal art stores at 50 francs.—*Paris Paper.*