

NO. CCXXIV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

[VOL. XIX., NO. 11.]

❖ SOME ❖ FUNNY ❖ FRUIT. ❖

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

Way down in the orchard there stands an
old tree,
As crooked an "apple" as ever you'd see;
Such buds as it puts forth in bright early
spring,
And such fruit as its blossoming promises
bring!

Well, beneath this old apple tree one sunny
day
A grandpa, with paper and brier pipe lay:
When, on looking above the smoke, what did
he see,
Way up on a branch of this very old tree?

Why, a scarlet striped stocking, one little
bronze boot,
And he knew very well trees ne'er bore such
queer fruit;
Above them a petticoat's white ruffle gleamed:
Not at all like an apple tree all this sight
seemed!

"What's this?" exclaimed grandpa—"a
strange sight indeed;
I'd very much like to secure the rare seed;
Why I believe I behold a 'round pippin'
up there
It's either a pippin or golden bright hair!

And a rosy cheeked 'Spitzenberg' there too
I see,
Or a very red flushing face too it may be.

And 'Russets' beside! why what marvelous
fruits
This old apple tree bears; or, are those two
bronze boots?

And a scarlet streaked 'Baldwin'—ah its
pardon I beg
If I make a mistake and it's but—a striped leg!
Well well," went on grandpa, "I really don't
know
But this tree to the great pomological show

Should be sent, for of all sights I ever did
see"—
"Please, Dranpa, don't stold; it t'aint
apples, it's me!"

And, like Newton's discovery, down at his feet
Dropped his answer—a little girl, rosy and
sweet,

As round as an apple, and blushing and red,
Because she'd been "caught" up above
"Dranpa's head,"

"Ha ha!" then laughed grandpa, to see her
affright,

"Ha ha, of this dumpling I'll now have a bite,

For a proof of the pudding's the tasting
you see,

And I really must test what has grown on
this tree!"

And he kissed her so hard, she was fain to
refute

His theory of thinking her some funny fruit!

AGATHE DE VALSUZE.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

BY M. D'ÉPAGNY.

(Continued from page 609.)

CHAPTER VIII.

ON BUSINESS.

WE are forced to leave the tower of Znaim and the sad dwelling of the Marquis de Valsurge, and to pass over at least six months. The marquis will rejoin us in time, at Paris, where we will now conduct the reader.

First, we must introduce scenes where several new persons will appear, and we need not regret the diversions that happier pictures bring in the details of this sad story.

Around the environs of the Madeleine, among the tumble-down hovels, and the lands which were, for the most part, open fields in 1814, a long extent was slowly built up from year to year, but without the luxury, the taste and the comfort of the modern buildings in this vicinity.

A stout man of fifty, fresh, well preserved, with a quick attentive eye, walked in morning dress before these erections began in this then miserable quarter. He held a carpenter's rule in his hand, and did not look unlike a head mason who had been taking some measurements.

"My dear master," said the stout man to a tall thin gentleman dressed in rather an odd fashion, "I beg you to take into consideration the advice which I give you for your own interest. It would be very pleasant to me to prove my gratitude to you. You are not rich enough, and here are opportunities. Let me act, and do not interfere."

The gentleman addressed was about fifty-five. His dress was a mixture of the middle class and the aristocratic costume, with some accessories of the fashion before the empire, noticeable from their old style. He wore turned over boots with short chamois colored corded breeches, silk stockings with blue stripes, a waistcoat of the revolution days, his hair crimped and powdered, a cocked hat with its steel loop, a dark blue dress coat with pointed buttons, and very fine linen.

His face was delicate and intellectual, but wore a slight expression of irony and pride. He had the projecting forehead, and the wrinkles between the eyes, which generally betoken repressed ideas, or in poorer organizations a strong dose of obstinacy. For the rest this individual had what one might call a grand air, and a high bred manner of his own, quite distinct from that of the crowd. The stout man who carried the rule spoke to him very deferentially.

"This is serious, my dear Bernard," said the tall gentleman; "but are you sure you do not mistake?"

"Impossible, monsieur le comte; will you allow me to prove it?"

The count made a sign of assent.

"Well then monsieur, you are too wise a man, too reasonable and too experienced, not to be on your guard against him; for it is already seven months since your Louis XVIII. returned—"

"Bernard, speak more decently. You mean to say—it is seven months since his majesty Louis XVIII, has ascended the throne of his fathers."

"As you will, monsieur; but if it is seven months since his majesty recovered his crown, it is also seven months that you have waited in vain to recover your property and the prerogatives of your rank."

The Count de Chamberceau silently bent his head.

Bernard continued: "And so, monsieur, unless I am mistaken, you will regain very little of all you have lost."

"Nothing, perhaps," answered the count, in a resigned tone. "As for the prerogatives of rank, they are no longer to be expected. You know my opinion on this subject. The entire class of exiles has almost no chance in the future. The king is far from a state to indemnify anybody. There may still be positions to gain at court or palace, and a few may obtain offices. I might apply for a place—perhaps."

"No, monsieur, you will not do that," said Bernard; "you will rather do your old servant the favor to listen to his good and useful advice."

The Count de Chamberceau looked at Bernard half vexed, half pleased.

"I observe," he said laughing, "that Monsieur Bernard is going to lay out my political conduct for me, in court affairs, etc."

Bernard remained silent, and his master, no longer hearing his voice behind him, turned his head and saw him wiping his eyes with a checked red handkerchief.

"Come," said the count, "what does that mean?"

"It means that you grieve me, and that I do not deserve it; at least not voluntarily."

"Now, Bernard, could I wish to cause pain to you who followed me into exile and aided me to live? whom I treat like a friend?"

"No, monsieur, you do not treat me as a friend. No; when a man is treated like that he is allowed to interest himself in you; he is permitted to rearrange your affairs when he can improve them. A poor man like me who is indebted to you for his fortune and for the happiness of his family would not, if treated as a friend, be forbidden to make himself useful to you. You have a son, M. Adrien, who is certainly a good and handsome officer, and whom every one admires. Well! You know you will not be able to leave him much, and yet you will allow no one to meddle with that. I ask to speak to you of your dearest interests. Not at all. You wrap yourself in your pride, your rank, your will to owe no one anything. God grant you may not give up your rights in sacrificing to this feeling of your class. But—"

"Come, Bernard, let us understand each other. Explain yourself more clearly."

"I will explain myself, monsieur le comte, if you will permit me to talk without constraint; without thought of great men or little men; of things one admires or one blames; without your getting angry; because you know very well that Bernard is a good fellow who would give his life for you. You will allow me this freedom?"

"Yes," answered the comte, his curiosity slightly excited by this preamble.

"Just as you see me, monsieur, I am not more stupid than many, and I would not change myself into some other people, and by no means into one of those poor souls who have just come back to France where they recognize nothing, understand nothing, possess nothing, can do nothing, and among whom are those who—"

"Bernard! do you forget that I might resemble them?"

"No, monsieur le comte, I remember that it might have been so. However it is not possible; for you have there (he tapped his forehead), you have in there the best thing in the universe, the means of independence."

The count smiled and stroked his chin gently without replying.

Bernard had brought up a flattering recollection. At the epoch of his exile, the time when Condé's army was dissolved, finding himself without money and without hope of returning to France, the count discovered in himself and in his own knowledge resources which enabled him to exist, if not according to his habit, at least without privations, and without having to submit to the humiliation of living upon the insufficient help obtained from a foreign government, as did many of his companions in sentiment and misfortune.

The count utilized his mathematical studies. He had formerly been an officer of the engineering corps. The idea struck him to apply his knowledge to every-day affairs. Unfortunately prejudice did not then favor such an attempt, and the science of killing men was still the only one that a gentleman of high rank could follow without degrading himself. It was not that Chamberceau viewed matters in this old light, but as he found these opinions already established, especially in his own class, he respected them and did not leave them: so that, pushed by reason and common sense in one direction, and held back by superannuated customs in another, he had taken a middle course that gave him the advantages of which he had need without exposing him to inconveniences which he might dread; and this middle course was to put in his place Bernard, his *valet de chambre*, an intelligent man; but one who until now had known nothing beyond his duties of faithful servitude.

What resulted from this experiment? M. Bernard, the French mechanic, the skillful inventor of several kinds of machines, mills, etc., obtained before six months many orders, a large credit, and consequently a considerable sum of money with his master's brain; and soon, that is after three years, Bernard, being studious and intelligent, found himself with a large business which he was almost able to manage by himself.

Let us say here, to the praise of this honest and excellent man, that from this time he put the strongest ardor and interest into those works on which his master depended for his living, and he had not forthwith any other ambition than to remain in his service, nor any other fear than that of having to leave him if the count found himself obliged to part with him. Let us add—for this above all does him honor—that he hardly understood the advantages of his new profession than he loyally carried all the glory and the profits to Chamberceau, who laughed at both. Let us further say that, perceiving his master's intention to leave him the largest part of the emoluments, now grown im-

portant, Bernard in his gratitude constantly feigned an embarrassment, a complete ignorance upon all the things he knew perfectly, appearing afraid to venture without going to consult M. de Chamberceau, and laid himself open to be considered unskillful or undecided rather than undertake anything by himself. Having thus convinced his master that he could not get on without his advice he proceeded to render an account of the gains he owed to his pretended indispensable assistance. So it came about that this good fellow, happy in the ease and in the knowledge which gave his fortune a veritable consistence, could not resolve to enjoy it without making his benefactor share it, and toward this end he exerted every means to blind him.

This went on until the consulate. The count then, having returned to Paris, discovered with extreme surprise that according to Bernard (who did not however tell him the whole truth, and who continued his business at Paris), he had to share with his former *valet de chambre*, a sum of two hundred thousand francs; "and that," added the brave old servant, "without counting the income of the present year." This was a great happiness to the count, who was a married man, and who with this sum could advantageously buy back some family land which was not yet finally sold, but only held as public property.

From this moment the count wished to accept no more from Bernard; but he, persistent in his project of re-establishing his master's fortune, had found a new pretext for continuing to keep him as an associate in his business gains. "If you wish to oblige me," said Bernard, "and to allow me to achieve my own fortune, you must leave the capital I owe you in my business. I must stop unless you do. I will pay



BERNARD AND THE COMTE.

the interest owing for your new gains, while waiting for the settlement I shall make later on."

The count could not refuse him, but he did not understand, like Bernard, that there should be any partnership, and it was that he scrupulously declined.

Although he was not experienced in commercial transactions, he at last believed he saw the part poor Bernard was playing, and he reproached him keenly.

"Do you think that under pretense of gratitude, you have the right to make me presents, Monsieur Bernard? What do you mean? Do you wish the Chamberceau family to be humiliated by going into commerce, and, what is more, a commerce where it runs no chances? Explain yourself."

"Yes, monsieur le comte," said Bernard, taking his own part, "I will explain myself, and I begin by saying that I never gave you presents which did not belong to you by right; for I owe you what I possess, and I am to-day worth five hundred thousand francs. That need not surprise you. I shall double it in the coming year if you do not oppose me. Allow me to finish what I have to say: you see all these lands covered with ruins and rubbish? I foresee all the value they are soon to have. Fashion and good society are coming to locate here. I have rented them at a low price and for a long term, and if I construct light buildings, the revenue of which will pay my disbursements, I can before long, in parting with them, realize enormous sums; but if you deprive me of your partnership—"

"But I am no longer your partner—"

"Pardon me, you are until the end of this operation. If not, I am ruined."

"How ruined?"

"For then I must settle with you, and if I yield up the capital, half of which is yours, my credit is gone."

"But I do not believe that you owe me anything; and even if you do, who forces you to settle? Can not I wait to accommodate you?"

"No, monsieur, it is I who am not willing you should wait; it is I who would force you to receive your funds, and I would give them away rather than keep them. I would like to know," continued Bernard, in a more animated tone, but in a voice changed by emotion, "why you have always the right to make sacrifices, and why he whose fortune you have made may never render you anything to show his gratitude? It is as much as to say that because you are a great lord, you only have the right to be generous, and the folly to remain unfortunate, when by chance there happens an honest man, and a good occasion to retrieve your fortune. *Morbleu!* monsieur le comte," added Bernard, half scolding, half crying, "there will soon be plenty of men occupied with their own welfare, and believe me, it will not be the best or the most deserving who will gain the largest share. I know what you are going to tell me—gentlemen of rank must not go into trade; but this maxim comes from a past time, a time when gentlemen of rank were very rich gentlemen. But to-day, monsieur le comte, wait and you will see gentlemen of the highest birth admit that under this new system we ought all to work, high and low; and if the great men do nothing, the little men will acquire all, and will in their turn become the only great, since soon the great will be the rich! Do you hear that, monsieur le comte? Think of it. Since twenty years the French have all become *workers*; those who have not worked have fought, and gained foreign gold by this sort of military trade. This habit of conquering, gaining, enlarging one's welfare is part of the new order; it becomes general. Soon all who can enrich themselves will not only not look too closely, but will not even be too particular about the choice of means. It would be astonishing if you could wish to ruin me by simple vanity, all because you wish to owe me nothing. Observe, that if I had greatly wished it, I might have

gone back to your service as *valet de chambre*, and that you would not have been in the least shocked by it, although you have a friendship for me. Now this same man whom you would allow to go back as your servant, who would seem in his proper place brushing your clothes, you find him exacting, impertinent—what can I say? because one morning he happened to believe himself a little raised, and that he has the right to behave, I do not say nobly, but honestly, and as he feels obliged to act from duty and affection."

After these words Bernard stopped, put his red checked handkerchief over his eyes, and kept them lowered while waiting the end of M. de Chamberceau's reflections; for, as yet, astonishment held him dumb.

Chamberceau had plenty of common sense. He had had a wise experience, and he knew the world. He lived under the despotism of old habits and ancient prejudices, but he did not cling to them himself. He had therefore no trouble to understand this excellent servant's reasoning. He was surprised at himself for not having perceived the progress that this intelligent and industrious man had made in nearly nineteen years of instruction and work. At last he opened his eyes to the evidence. "If this man," he said to himself, "who was my servant and dependent, has been able to elevate himself during one generation to the level of my fortune in science, in education and in sentiments, it is certain that since these last twenty years the mind of the French people has followed the same rapid progression. So if these men advance incessantly during one generation and rise to our height, without doubt they will soon pass before us, unless we ourselves hasten to advance. Surely we ought, long ago, to have perceived this truth."

These reflections passed instantly in less than a minute through his mind; and, despite the obstinate firmness of his own ideas, the count was convinced. Still his pride would not have yielded if his eye had not fallen upon Bernard. Seeing his imploring, worthy face, with the eyes meekly lowered while waiting a decision, he could no longer stand out, and seizing the modest red checked handkerchief from Bernard's hand he wiped away a tear, then taking off his hat like a man who makes a reparation, he held out his hand, saying: "Monsieur Bernard, you are an honest man; I thank you cordially."

Bernard had never been so happy in his life. "Here is my reward at last," he thought; but there was not another word said between the partners about the business agreement which should continue during another year.

I doubt if this scene will seem as probable to-day as it was true. However that may be, the recital we have made was necessary to the reader to establish the great difference of fortune which existed between the exiles who returned during the consulate, and those who returned with Louis XVIII.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN FROM GERMANY.

THE two speakers, to whose conversation we have listened, walked back to the Boulevard de la Madeline. Finding themselves blocked by a foreign regiment, which poured its long and heavy columns between them and the Ruy Royale, they were obliged to wait.

Facing them at a little distance, the Comte de Chamberceau saw his son Adrien, and pointed him out to Bernard.

"Well, well," cried Bernard, "I can't understand how M. Adrien, who generally has a nervous chill at the sight of *our friends the enemies*, can stand there watching them, stoically upright, with his hat under his arm."

True, Adrien had his hat under his arm, and stood upright and still; but it was not the passing regiment which

held his attention. That was respectfully directed toward a large traveling carriage, where sat an old gentleman with an open and noble countenance, and by his side a young girl, with a sweet and happy face.

Both were in deep mourning. They had just returned the salutation of the young commander of the squadron, and the old Marquis de Valsuze, for it was he, leaned over the door and seemed to reply to his welcoming sign, while the carriage, forcibly stopped, procured them this opportunity to see each other again.

It was not, however, so accidental as it appeared, for the old doctor of Znaïm had kept up a correspondence with the young officer. They had agreed to work together, and to give each other news of this interesting family. So Adrien de Chamberceau had been expecting the marquis for fifteen days, and had walked every morning in the direction of the Barrière d'Allemagne, for he knew which route they were to take, and that they should arrive in a large conveyance, encumbered with packages, which, with their slender means, would render the journey simply ruinous. "Further," added the good doctor, "he is determined on another enormous expense, which, from their arrival, will reduce them to the greatest distress; and, unfortunately, this outlay is of such a nature, that the poor child would think it wrong to make the least objection. You are therefore about to see," said the good doctor, in ending, "the accomplishment of the sad destiny predicted by the poor marquise."

Adrien's short visit to the Marquis de Valsuze's home at Znaïm had made a deep impression upon him. His meeting there with the prince, and the service he had had the happiness of rendering, had strengthened this. Then the odd conduct of this gentleman, who could not shake off his habits of grandeur and his ruinous liberalities, had touched him with the sympathy one often feels for the foolishly generous. Besides, the folly of the marquis had been ennobled by the religious respect it inspired in Mme. de Valsuze, and by her devotion to him. Adrien felt such an attachment for this family, that it seemed to him linked with his own by some tie of relationship. He thought of its members every day, and always with new emotion recalled the sad evening when the marquise had said, in turning her eyes toward her daughter and husband: "Alas! I feel myself dying—what will become of them!" It seemed to the young man that the unhappy mother had called generous hearts to her aid. So he had been anxious to learn all the details of the marquis's life since he had left Znaïm, and when he might meet him with a welcome at Paris. His good sense told him that none of his compatriots would ever so greatly need not only a kind hospitality, but also a safeguard in the midst of a world so new to him.

Already he had tendered his offers.

The marquis held his hand through his carriage window, thanking him, and promising to accept his polite invitation for some days; but first, he said, he must look after his property.

The old gentleman had read the French journals in vain for the last twenty years, for he had not formed the least idea of the changes which France showed most of all in the matter of property. He believed there had been certain modifications, and doubtless he expected some loss, some narrowing in matters of luxury; but, fundamentally, he thought they had remained the same, and he had never discouraged himself, by taking what he read to be literally true. He had accepted Adrien de Chamberceau's offer of hospitality because he had known his father as a friend and companion in misfortune; but he wished first of all to go to his old mansion of the Chaussée d'Autin, and he intended to say to the present occupant:

"My dear sir, I am the Marquis de Valsuze. I have re-

turned to my native land, but I am not too exacting, and I will hold myself accountable for your expenses and even for your disappointed hopes. I shall not inquire how you are become proprietor of the Valsuze house, and we shall hope to settle this in a pleasant way; but you know the revolution is ended, and such of the exiles as are not dead, need homes. Therefore, while awaiting fuller explanations, and without other preliminaries, you will be good enough to give me suitable lodging. I am not hard to please. I have passed twenty years and more in bad enough straits, etc." Then continuing his dream, the marquis heard beforehand his successor's reply, which he supposed to be gracious, full of cordiality and deference for a lord so amiable and modest in his pretensions.

Adrien, listening to the reasons which the marquis gave, for at present declining his invitation to go to his father's house, exchanged a sad smile with Agathe. Neither he nor the young girl could bear to destroy the illusions so dear to the old man—illusions he had now so little time left to enjoy!

"To the Valsuze!" cried the marquis, giving the number and the street to his postilion, and the carriage at last finding a free passage, started its six horses on a gallop in the direction indicated.

Adrien then joined his father and Bernard, who were still blocked on the other corner of the boulevard, and spoke of the meeting he had just had.

The Count de Chamberceau knew about his son's visit to the Marquis de Valsuze, in Moravia. He liked and highly esteemed this gentleman, and he approved of Adrien's invitation. But when he heard of what fancies the marquis was possessed, and of his slender means, he turned toward Bernard and threw him a glance which signified: "You were right, my good Bernard about those old ideas. Well-founded as they may have been on justice and honesty, they will no longer answer for the present age."

And Bernard, who understood, said in a low tone in his master's ear: "You see you must manage all your resources for yourself and for others; because—" he was silent a moment then, still in a low tone, he added: "From what I know of your old friend, from M. Adrien, who speaks of him often, he seems to have spent all he had left on this journey. Did you notice the new carriage, with his arms brilliantly painted on its doors? and did you see another carriage hung with black where a serving-woman sat? I suspect it held the coffin of the marquise, whose remains he has brought back to bury in France."

M. de Chamberceau made an affirmative movement. "Oh dear! dear! how shall we have courage to reproach a poor man, recalled to his country after a quarter of a century of exile and privation, for displaying his arms, which he believes are still honored. How beg him to save a few crown pieces when he spends them to save a separation from the dear remains of his companion in misfortune!"

"I do not blame—I only observe," replied Bernard quickly. "Also I observe another thing—the young lady who accompanies the old gentleman has a most interesting face."

"Without doubt that is Mademoiselle de Valsuze," said Chamberceau, "the daughter of my old friend. She is very pretty, and perhaps without knowing it himself, and drawn by natural sentiments of compassion and interest in the family, my son Adrien—"

Bernard nodded—

"Ah, well; I have no objection—on the contrary, it would suit me well, only of course she would have no dower."

"Just where I wished to bring you," said Bernard, rubbing his hands. "She will have no dower; and here is another reason for you to allow me to continue my work."

Chamberceau smiled and turned toward Adrien, whose eyes

sadly followed the equipages of the marquis, as they disappeared in one of the streets of the *Chausée d'Autin*.

A few minutes later he begged permission to leave his father, and the count, understanding his desire to follow M. de Valsuze, and to bring him back to his own house, accepted his excuses, and let him go.

"I am going, too," said Bernard.

He stepped into a coach with Adrien. The count went on to the palace, by the *Rue Royale* and the *Tuileries garden*; for, after waiting for two months, he had that day obtained an audience before his Majesty Louis XVIII.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD VALSUZE MANSION AND M. FONCEMAGNE.

"HERE we are! here we are!" cried Agathe's father, with an accent of joy so full, so confident, that his daughter was almost reassured; or for an instant, at least, she doubted what she had so long dreaded—that they would meet with an unpleasant reception.

The porter, from his window overlooking the street, seeing two comfortable carriages, one drawn by four horses, the other by six, three or four postilions, an appearance of luxurious traveling, and an old gentleman and a young lady, with a maid, removed his cap and opened the *porte-cochère*, through which the two equipages instantly dashed. The porter said to his wife: "That must be monsieur's grandfather who is come back from Provence with his young sister; run and tell him of their arrival."

The woman ran to do his bidding, while M. de Valsuze quietly looked out of his carriage window and made his observations aloud to himself.

"The house is occupied," he said; "some one will come out to us—wait. Ah! ah! I see with pleasure that everything is well kept. Oh! how pretty the corner of the garden looks—I had no idea the trees could be so grown, for they are only twenty-four years old. I planted them in '90. Ah! some one comes at last."

It was the porter. His wife had come down and said: "M. Foncecagne expects no one. He wishes to know who are these travelers, and what they wish."

The porter repeated the message with a polite but embarrassed air.

Agathe was pale and troubled—she foresaw a painful, humiliating, sorrowful explanation for her father. She gathered all her strength.

At the windows of the first story and of the *roy de chausée* there appeared nearly all the occupants of the mansion, attracted by the noisy entrance of the carriages and the crackling of the postilion's whip.

"Tell the present possessor of the house," said the old man gently, as he descended, and took a pinch of snuff, "that it is the Marquis de Valsuze who has returned from exile, and who hopes to see the master within, and to be received as one who has mutual interests."

The porter went upstairs again.

While this was passing, a cab stopped at the street door. Adrien and Bernard got out, but did not immediately enter the courtyard. They had talked over the matter as they came, but it was impossible to foresee exactly what would happen.

The Valsuze house had passed into the hands of its fourth proprietor, since its sale (in paper money of the French republic) which had followed the confiscation. The last one who had bought it at a high price, was an old Marseilles merchant, who occupied it during two months of the winter, and the rest of the time let his son, a retired officer in em-

barrassed circumstances, live there, and lodged some others besides.

This young officer of rank was named Foncecagne. He was just now playing a game of billiards with several other half-pay military men. He went straight to the marquis, who obstinately waited the reception which he considered his right. Behind Foncecagne, drawn by curiosity, came several young men with cigars in their mouths and billiard cues in their hands.

For a few moments no one understood the other, then as the facts began to clear, an ironical smile appeared, followed by an explosion of noisy laughter from the young officers whose comments tended to increase the absurdity of the situation, in spite of all Foncecagne could do to restrain them. As for him, struck by the gentle dignity of Agathe, and by her look which seemed to implore compassion for the old man's credulity, he replied, with much politeness:

"I understand your error, monsieur, and I do not blame you. I see that you are entirely ignorant of the changes which have taken place, although the press has published them everywhere. You had really then no knowledge of them from the journals?"

"Pardon me," replied the marquis. "I have read all that has been written—all there was to read; but I avow that I did not believe it. Is all then ended for us! nothing is to be restored?"

"I do not know," replied M. Foncecagne, bowing. "I wish I were the first possessor of this mansion which was sold for the value of twenty thousand francs, paid in four hundred thousand, paper money of the French republic; for in that case I should have felt under conscientious obligations to you. But we are the fourth proprietors, and have paid in money the real value of the house. That is the fact."

He bowed again as he concluded, and the marquis, motionless and upright, wiped away the moisture which had gathered on his brow.

Just then the young officers began to make some ill-advised jokes and mocking speeches which M. Foncecagne could not check. At the same time the postilions who had undone the horses, and drawn away the carriages, demanded their money that they might go.

Embarrassment, shame, sorrow followed quickly over the altered features of the marquis. What to do? Where to go? Where to take those two laden carriages?

"Oh Agathe, my child!" he cried, "what shall we do? And," he added as his eye fell on the second carriage, "where shall we take your mother's coffin?"

At these words of the old man, who, on learning the complete ruin of his illusions and the loss of all he possessed, thought only of the coffin he had brought from his exile; at the sight of his white hairs, the laughter ceased—the officers were silent. M. Foncecagne drew near and said: "My house is at your disposal for some days; monsieur, I offer it heartily."

"That is well done, Foncecagne," said Adrien.

He called the postilions.

The marquis could hardly collect his ideas; he paced up and down, breathing with difficulty, and pressing his hands against his head. Agathe came forward carrying a purse which held hardly enough money to pay the traveling expenses. Bernard, seated by the door, watched this sad, afflicting sight. He approached, saying to Adrien so as to be heard by Agathe: "By good fortune these two carriages are valuable and will sell for a high price."

"Alas!" replied Mlle. de Valsuze, "if only their price may be enough to pay for the tombstone my father has ordered."

"Ah!" cried Bernard with emotion, as he passed the back of his hand across his eyes, "I will oversee that."

"I have also some diamonds," added Agathe, "which may be enough to make up what is lacking."

There was barely the necessary sum, but Adrien and Bernard, without exchanging a word, understood each other perfectly, and hastened to reassure her.

The marquis, still crushed under his disappointment, allowed himself to be placed in the coach which had brought Adrien and Bernard. They were about to start for the Count de Chamberceau's house when a new difficulty arose about the carriage containing the coffin, which Agathe would on no account leave in the Hôtel de Valsuze. Without Bernard's aid they could never have managed these sorrowful troubles. The good man, who kept exchanging intelligent signals with Adrien got into the carriage himself with Agathe's maid, sent for horses, which were soon attached, and then had it taken to the courtyard of his own house; after announcing that on the morrow they would celebrate the obsequies of Mme. de Valsuze, and would carry her remains to their last resting-place in the Cimetière de l'Est.

The marquis had bought a lot there, which now awaited the marble, destined by his tender love, to the memory of his noble wife.

Bernard calculated that everything would amount to about thirty thousand francs. This would consume all; and the sad predictions of the mother would be fulfilled. Her daughter, although charged with the sacred duty of saving all she could for her father, yet could not bring herself to oppose his plans.

The poor child was preparing quietly, all that was necessary for an economical life, when her father said:

"I have ordered a cedar coffin, which will be inclosed in one of lead. I shall have a carriage made purposely to take it to France."

She replied: "Very well, father."

When the marquis continued: "I have also written to a skillful and celebrated sculptor at Paris, and ordered a tomb, and marble mausoleum," Agathe again replied: "Very well, father," and she clearly saw how unable she was to avert their sad fate.

As the coach rolled along, the marquis made his excuses to Adrien, for not going to his father's house. He needed rest, time to collect his thoughts, to renew his knowledge of Paris, and to form some plan. "For I tell you frankly," he said, "after leaving one of the finest mansions built under Louis XV., I did not expect, on coming back, to find myself without even a stone on which to lay my head. But I do not refuse you positively. I accept the kind offices of this good man who has followed you, and who has offered to lodge my traveling carriages, especially the one I cannot leave before fulfilling my last sad duties. I suppose this worthy man is of your household. I even seem to remember his face. He is your father's steward?"

"You are right, monsieur le marquis," replied Adrien. "He is our steward and also a man of the highest integrity devoted to us. It is to his efforts that my father owes most of his present fortune."

"You are in every way more fortunate than myself," cried the marquis, "for my poor Antoinette told me I had only a rascal for my agent. I never knew how to manage my own affairs; but from what I have learned since my arrival, men of my class need not distress themselves for lacking such knowledge since they are no longer to have any fortunes to manage." His air, as he spoke, was more sardonic than grieved, and his tone, that of a man of high rank who laughs at the loss of fortune. His calm, cool pride, was jarring; one could see that at sixty years, he had yet no idea of the state of a man without resources.

The unfortunate gentleman could not understand that he had nothing to shield him from the common destiny.

While he was speaking, his daughter studied the young officer's bearing, trying to find out, with her natural good sense, whether Adrien was flattering her father's remaining illusions. She had some pride herself, and she did not wish to accept Bernard's services except as a stranger, and with the certainty that she could sometime recompense them at their proper value.

They reached Bernard's house. His wife and children hastened forward to welcome Agathe and her father. Adrien took leave immediately, announcing his intention to be present on the morrow to assist at the sad ceremony.

As the marquis went to his chamber to seek some hours of rest, after the fatigues of a journey of five hundred leagues, and the disappointment which had befallen him, he said to Bernard:

"My fine fellow, I have heard of your zeal from the young Vicomte de Chamberceau. You have done well, and deserve to be rewarded worthily."

"That has been already done," replied Bernard, smiling. "M. le comte has been very good to me. Our easy circumstances are owing to him, and he deigns to give me his highest esteem."

"As I do also, my dear Bernard. You have mine, too."

As he said this, he held out his coat sleeve, saying benevolently: "Stay. I don't want any one but you to assist me to bed."

Bernard lent a ready aid, thanking him for the permission, instead of laughing to himself at this singular proof of esteem; for this sensible man who understood the period so well with its ancient and modern prejudices, knew how to excuse them all. He therefore felt compassion for the strange and complete credulity of this lord of other days, who, poor as he knew himself to be, believed that his person still possessed so great and positive a value, that he could confer honor in accepting service from a man grown wealthy since the Revolution of '93. As for Bernard, in thinking over the former prejudices, and the future mistakes of the old exile, he felt more pity than offense.

"I am happier than I was before the explanation with the vicomte," continued the marquis, as he said good-night; "for I see with pleasure that his father's fortune is owing to the fidelity of his business manager. I acknowledge that I was afraid he had allowed Bonaparte to enrich him, and that would have been a stain on his name. It is enough already, it is too much, to have allowed his son to serve him! Let us hope his Majesty Louis XVIII. will pardon the son for the sake of the father, and that I shall one day see him in the costume of his rank. For indeed, Bernard, it is not right for a Vicomte de Chamberceau to let himself be seen so carelessly dressed. He has a revolutionary, republican air. He even looked better when he was at Znaïm in his dusty and ragged uniform."

"He wears the dress of those who are dissatisfied and desire a new revolution," answered Bernard.

He referred to the blue coat buttoned up to the black cravat, and the riding whip with the spurs. Those who have heard of this sad and characteristic costume, remember the strong impression produced on the Parisian populace, by this class of men, uniformly dressed in this sombre puritanical fashion who seemed to say:

"With these spurs, this whip, we are ready to spring to horse, not to sustain the new monarchical colors; but to restore those we mourn."

We note this, because later it has a bearing on the events of this history.

Fatigue of body and mind held Agathe's father in a sort of stupor, which was not exactly sleep; but which sufficed at

least, to renew his strength. During this rest—this half sleep—the old man thought things over, and for the first time in his life, began to examine his position in the face of certain ruin. His confidence was gone. His reception at the Valsuze mansion had totally disenchanting him.

Still, like all men to whom privation is unknown, he made other calculations without putting things at their worst. He believed he had suffered greatly in Germany. To have nothing to give to the poor, nothing to supply the needs of his friends, seemed to him the deepest misery he could have to encounter; but he found some comfort in his reflections, for he thus reasoned:

"Supposing I have lost all! The grandeur of misfortune and the number of the victims will always be worth the king's notice; and why may not he find some means, if not to replace all, at least to enable his faithful subjects to live in comfort? I have only to wait patiently."

Let us leave the marquis to his rest, and to his far-away hopes, and return to his daughter.

CHAPTER XI.

NANETTE CHAUDEFONT.

WHEN M. de Valsuze escaped to Germany with his wife at the epoch of terror, the reader will remember that they were followed by the jailer's daughter, who entered the service of the newly married marquis. During all the time of their long exile, she served her employers with loving devotion, while they, in their turn, accorded her their affectionate esteem. She was treated in the household more as a friend than a servant. The good girl was initiated into the troubles and perplexities of her mistress, and helped her with hearty effort and prudent care. When Agathe was born, she attached herself to the infant with the same love she gave the mother.

Nanette married and was early left a widow. She had one son who was sent to France, after a few years, and was brought up to trade by his uncles who returned to Paris as soon as peace was made with Austria. For herself, nothing could induce her to leave the Valsuze family; she felt that she should soon have to take the mother's place with her young mistress.

Nothing could equal her affection and zeal for Agathe, and the very idea of separation distressed her, able as she was to appreciate Mlle. de Valsuze's remarkable intelligence, and the prudence beyond her years with which she accomplished her embarrassing duties, her love was almost adoration. Her own son was not dearer. She had not even thought of seeing him again until she was certain her employers were established. The events on their arrival had thrown her into a sad state. She did not even venture to enter the little room which Mme. Bernard had assigned to Agathe, to question her about their future. She knew Agathe would need time to reflect, and to plan, and she knew she would have to do it without aid from her father.

It has often been said, that misfortune teaches useful lessons. Agathe had had many opportunities of learning, thanks to the good sense of the marquis, who, during a difficult life of trouble, had been a model of virtue. While the unfortunate child was trying to devise some way to make use of her education and accomplishments to enable them to live, Nanette was also determining to help to the utmost and to take on herself the hardest and most tiresome parts.

She had but one fear, and that was that Agathe being no longer able to compensate her services, might not consent to let her stay. Under the pressure of this fear she gently knocked at Agathe's door.

Mlle. de Valsuze, seated before a little table, upon which different objects lay scattered, was leaning her head on

her hands in deep thought. Her eyes, overflowing with tears, were fixed on her mother's portrait, a perfect likeness painted by herself. Now and again she threw a hurried, frightened glance on the busy noisy street, as if the outside activity forced her to remember her present situation, and caused her to tremble.

"In that crowd," she thought with sense beyond her years, "there is hardly a person who has not his own object, his means of existence, more or less happy; his home to go back to, even though it may be gained by trouble and labor; while I and my father, alas! in our own beautiful land, have no spot of our own, except the ground which will hold my mother's tomb!"

"It is I," said Nanette appearing on the threshold.

"Come in, my poor friend," replied Agathe, "come and comfort me for the last time; for you must know after what has happened that we must part. O dear Nanette, it is so hard that we can never hope to reward you for all you have done. O when my father fully understands our misery, and the humiliation to which it will expose us, he will never be able to support it. He will soon follow—" she kissed the portrait silently, without finishing her sentence.

But Nanette, who saw her fear about to be realized, and who longed to stay with Agathe, to help her, to shield her, to be a mother to her, for she loved her as her own child, Nanette burst into violent grief.

She did not reply in ordinary words of complaint. She seized on her young lady's last words about the troubles her father could never support, and showed in the strong flow of her eloquence, that she penetrated down to the depths of Agathe's heart.

With brief sentences, jerked out in broken volubility, with eyes dry, because she could not gain her end by weeping, she cried:

"Ah yes, surely, mam'selle, he will die! soon—your dear father, the best man who ever lived—and it will be your fault—because—is there any sense in it?" (here her tears broke forth in spite of herself) "you would have him left without any one to see to his comfort—to care for him—you think you could do it—that it is your duty—that is not true, because it is not possible. Can you keep house? can you cook? with hands like yours! And while you are preparing food, how can you be with him, to serve him, and give him all he needs? would he like that? Would he permit such a sacrifice? Is not he too proud? does not he think that he ought to make all the sacrifices and accept none? does not he so understand his *noblesse*? do not you remember? He would never allow you to serve him thus, while he was able to turn his hand. And I believed that you wished him to want nothing, and that we would continue together, to hide his misfortunes from him like your sainted mother used to do. And here you would send me away, because, in your vanity, you wish to owe me nothing! As if all my family, my dead father, the porter of the prison *des Carmes*, and my uncle, had not been established by your father—so well established, that their families live in plenty now—they have more than you. And you say you cannot keep me because you have no money to give me. Money! do I ask for any? I thought you loved me a little for your mother's sake. She said to me many times: 'Nanette, swear to me, swear that you will never leave my poor child.' O, it is not my fault, dear mistress, I do not leave of my own will. She sends me away. She wishes to be wretched alone. Here, look at her" (seizing the portrait), "if she could speak, she would say: 'Keep your faithful Nanette; you cannot do without her, you need her now more than ever.'" Nanette fell on her knees, kissing the picture and crying: "Yes, she forbids you to leave me. I am sure you feel it yourself—she forbids you."

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Agathe could not hold out against this expression of loyal and tender devotion. She held out her hand to Nanette, kissing her as she raised her.

From that day there was no more question of parting with Nanette. Mlle. de Valsuze made her plans. She would work as an artist, like her mother had done, and Nanette would find a sale for her pictures. The good Nanette would also take care of the modest lodging which they would seek in some far corner of Paris, and go to in a few days, or as soon as her father was sufficiently rested. They would be happy in seeing him calm and quiet, while waiting for the better times he believed would come.

From this day also Agathe held Nanette in the highest esteem, and never failed to prove it. For example, when they were together, she always said "Nanette"; but in speaking of her, it was "Mme. Chaudefront," or "*ma chère gouvernante*," showing her the greatest possible respect.

Mlle. de Valsuze did more than understand the importance of the service this excellent woman rendered her. She expressed her appreciation with frank gratitude. "Yes, I was wrong, my dear," she said warmly, "I did you injustice, and I see plainly that I should be lost without your friendship and advice, and that my father could not live at Paris. Let us constantly consult together how we may make his life more supportable. I accept your offers of service, and you will have, in return, my never ending love. God grant that some day I may be able to reward you more substantially."

While this was going on between these two, Adrien was impatiently awaiting his father's return from the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XII.

A SPECIAL AUDIENCE BEFORE KING LOUIS XVIII.

THE young man intended to tell his father about the scene at the Valsuze mansion, and while making him understand the foolish ideas of the marquis, and the old man's firm belief in the revival of ancient customs, he hoped to appeal to his feelings, to his old friendship, and to find some way of helping this honorable family to live decently, and without humiliation until it was possible to procure them some assured position.

Adrien, preparing for this interview, felt slightly embarrassed. What would the count think of his interest? Would not he suspect him of some other motive or intention?

Examining his own feelings, it seemed to him that compassion alone directed his action. He had never seen Agathe's sweet face except under sad circumstances. Her eyes, so lately turned upon her dying mother, had hardly yet looked into his.

The young commander having no further hope of military advancement, and seeing no civil service open to his father, found it impossible to dream of this pretty child: a sort of angel she seemed to him, inspiring only feelings suitable to the nature of such a being.

But an unlooked-for surprise drew him out of his reverie.

The Comte de Chamberceau entered with animated features, beaming eyes, and a satisfied, joyful air. He hurried to his son, pressed his hand and said: "Let us go down to the garden, my son, my worthy and noble son. I must talk with you, and I suffocate indoors."

Adrien followed his father in astonishment, for M. de Chamberceau seldom behaved in any demonstrative way.

They walked up and down the shady walk twice, and then the count, rubbing his hands, began:

"My son, there are officers of high merit in France, and young men who allow themselves to entertain great hopes, but there are probably none in as fine a position as yours, Adrien. You do honor to your name. I am greatly pleased with you."

Another silence fell while he count tried to command his voice which failed him through emotion.

"Well," he continued, "you do not ask me to explain?"

"I am waiting, father," replied Adrien, with increased surprise.

"Let us sit down," resumed the count. "I am just from the palace. His Majesty gave me one hour—the most interesting hour of my life. Truly I received a most pleasant and complimentary welcome, and every one knows that Louis XVIII., as a general rule, is not inclined to flatter. He offered me a position at the court, or a prefecture. I preferred the latter. But can you guess to whom I owe this welcome, this unforeseen favor?"

"I am waiting for you to tell me all, father."

"I owe it to the Vicomte de Chamberceau, otherwise called the Chevalier de Chamberceau, ex-commander of the squadron in the dragoons of the imperial guard. That, sir, is the man to whom I owe it."

"This becomes more extraordinary and more enigmatical," replied Adrien, rising in his surprise.

"Without doubt; but such, nevertheless, is the fact. Do you know you are extremely discreet, and possess a strange modesty for our period?"



THE AUDIENCE WITH THE KING.

"In what respect?"

"You told me nothing of an episode in your last German campaign, when during two hours you held a prisoner of high rank, who was retaken and made you prisoner a moment later: with this difference that you would like to have kept him while you held him, whereas he only took you to give you your liberty since you had been the means of saving his life!"

"Such military chances may happen to any one," answered Adrien.

"Very true; but those to whom these accidents happen, generally lose nothing by them, especially when, like you, they have the good sense not to boast of them."

"I do not understand what is to be gained by my silence, which is not such a great merit."

"Greater than you seem to think, my son," continued the count, with a new burst of joy as he pressed Adrien's hands, "and can you guess who told me?"

"Truly no: I have not the slightest idea."

"It was his Majesty himself, who had it from the prince, who is interested in you to such a degree that he wrote to our sovereign in your favor. And as the king is very prudent, well-informed, and a just appreciator of men and things—although he judges them severely as a general habit—he made inquiries about you, and then about your father, and he found out, first, your opinions which did not surprise him; and next, that I had enemies who had already denounced me, so as to prevent my entrance to his court, because I was of the small number who had had enough courage to decline imperial favors. Which fact gave me an advantage over them. He deigned to say, in speaking of you, that he bore me a grudge for having allowed you to serve the 'accidental government' (that was the expression he used), which succeeded the revolutionary troubles. Finally, he offered me my choice between two offices—both of which are marks of confidence and esteem."

Adrien was delighted, and expressed his surprise at the particular inquiries the king had made about him in connection with a fact almost unknown; for not one of the prisoners made by the prince after he gained his liberty, had yet returned to France. Besides, they were few in number, and none of them fully understood the circumstance. There remained therefore little doubt that the king had received a special letter from Germany, recommending the young officer to his notice, and that the Comte de Chamberceau was right in saying he owed the king's favor to his son.

"It is a stroke of providence, a sort of miracle," continued the new prefect, "that I should make my way under this régime through the influence of a Bonapartist officer! But I have another question to ask you about something which has also gained you his Majesty's good will and grateful protection, and which he tells me has saved you from great danger. I see you have no idea what I mean."

"I certainly have not."

"Well, your reply to my questions may put you on the track; for the king did not explain himself clearly, and he spoke as if it were a serious matter."

"About me?"

"About you, or something in which you have been concerned—"

Adrien turned pale. "Go on father," he said, in a serious tone.

M. de Chamberceau noticed his gravity, and continued, while he watched his son's face, trying to discover the cause of the emotion he showed in spite of himself. "Do you know a M. Foncecagne?"

"What bearing has that question on your audience with the king?"

"A very direct bearing. You know the name?"

"I do."

"What more?"

"I have nothing more to say since you ask me no direct question?"

"What does he do? who is he, this Foncecagne?"

"There are a number of the name, the family is large. The grandfather was formerly a banker."

"And the children?—he has sons?"

"He has."

"One is a military man?"

"Exactly so."

"Very devoted to the late government?"

"Without doubt—very devoted to Napoleon."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, we know each other."

"Intimately?"

"Rather intimately."

"And you have received very bold propositions from him—dangerous propositions?"

"How can you know that?"

"I know much more than that—at least the king does."

"Is that possible!"

"Perfectly so, since the Napoleonic police desires to retain its position under the new reign."

"So that the king is aware of the mad effort Foncecagne was willing to risk?"

"Yes, my son; but at the same time, happily, you were his friend, and they wished to give you a great part in the conspiracy."

"It is very strange. I fancied the foolish scheme was quite unknown. I thought myself lucky enough in having persuaded most of my friends to give it up."

"The king knows that, too. You were to have been arrested, imprisoned, when the German correspondence of which I spoke, together with some details given by an old doctor of a Moravian town, came to affirm that the young de Chamberceau—" the count raised his voice proudly as he held out his hand to his son, "was too noble a character to enter into any low or culpable political intrigue, even to serve his country—that he was incapable of lending his hand to such a thing. So they continued to follow you up, and to discover more, until they knew of your fine conduct. To make you understand the king's flattering opinion of you, I will tell you the last thing he said. It was this: 'I would give much to have many gentlemen around me like the Chamberceau father and son, with whom an oath lasts a lifetime. Unfortunately I may have but one of them for a good and faithful subject; but in the other, I have a noble and loyal enemy, which is not a common thing in our times.' I replied as I ought, that his Majesty was surrounded with tried and devoted hearts. The king smiled negatively, then said: 'O comte, let us not touch those chords. Do not you know that the greater part of the imperial police, which was charged to watch our actions and those of our adherents, was composed of ruined nobles who to-day offer themselves as spies on the Bonapartists?' I made a movement of surprise and said: 'Is it possible?' The king replied: 'It is true, and I have accepted them. Oh! oh!' he cried, 'the knowledge of the human heart is not a pleasing thing. And, after all, how can we expect noble sentiments to outlive misery, privation, degradation, sad fruits of the torments through which we have passed? Principles are shipwrecked. Poor souls, I pardon them. They had no other way of living respectably!' Then he laughed and took leave of me affectionately. Now you know all. But I have still something to say on another subject, so listen still."

(To be continued.)

"Can He Pass, and We Forget?"

A MODERN EPISODE.

IT was the afternoon of a day in October, and a dreamy stillness rested over the broad, shady street of the village. The stiff, Sunday-looking houses stood with closed blinds and an unused air, behind their white fences. A few stray chickens were gravely pecking about in the grass, not because they were hungry, but because they had nothing better to do. Along the street slowly rumbled an old cart, drawn by a melancholy white horse. It might have been a question which was the older, the man who drove or the horse who drew this rattling vehicle. Neither could ever have been young. They both wore the same resigned, indifferent expression, as if life presented to them a far from pleasing aspect. Before the horse walked a sedate red cow. She was evidently accustomed to being escorted home in this fashion. She stepped in a lofty manner and switched her tail with dignity, never deviating from the road for the sake of an extra bite of grass.

Jack Carlton, sauntering along under the trees with his dog at his heels and his gun over his shoulder, albeit with an empty game-bag, idly wondered if there was any greater life in this staid little village by the sea than was represented by this rheumatic old horse and his wooden driver.

"Things must happen here now and then, I suppose," he thought. "They must marry, and die, and love, and hate, like the rest of the world, but I'm certain they do it all at the back of the house," and he glanced with aversion at the tightly-closed blinds of the house he was passing.

Country housekeepers bear an untiring grudge against the cheery, furniture-fading sun. He seldom gets more than a peep—never a good square look—into any more sacred room than the kitchen.

Carlton had spent an unprofitable day. Either he had not been to the right places, or he had been misinformed as to the abundance of game to be found here. He said to himself that he was a fool to have stopped off at this place on no better recommendation than the word of a chance acquaintance met on the smoking-car. "I may as well go on to-morrow," he reflected. "If there is no shooting to be had, I have no excuse for staying away any longer. The music must be faced sooner or later,—hang it!" and he quickened his pace with the air of a man trying to get away from an unpleasant thought.

At the same time he was approaching an old-fashioned white house which, he observed, looked very different from its neighbors. It had a pretty vine-covered porch, and had been modernized by a fine piazza, and several additions built out here and there. All the windows were thrown wide open. In a hammock on the piazza lay a crimson sofa pillow and a banjo, as if some one had but recently deserted it. The house bore an air of individuality of which it seemed to be proud, but its pride would soon have a fall, for in winter, while the surrounding houses were cheery and warm and full of life, this one stood deserted and alone, with smokeless chimneys, haunted, maybe, by the ghosts of the good times and the merry voices which made its walls resound all through the bright summer.

What chiefly attracted Jack Carlton as he neared this spot was the figure of a girl who was leaning idly on the front gate. She was gazing intently in the opposite direction from him, and was evidently so absorbed in thought as not to be aware of the approach of any one. The book which she had been reading had fallen unheeded to the ground, and she was swinging the gate to and fro with a little lazy, unconscious motion. On the top of some steps which stood under the

lamp-post at the gate sat a large gray cat with a red collar on. He was the embodiment of dignity and calm enjoyment. Evidently he was accustomed to sitting in the lap of luxury. All this Jack Carlton saw and appreciated with the quick instinct of a close observer and a lover of beauty, for it was a pretty picture. He was sure the girl was pretty; he could not see her face, but he noted the graceful little figure clad in blue flannel, and the bright hair which the sun, glittering down upon, turned into rough gold.

"How can I make her turn round?" he said to himself, for Jack never missed his opportunities where a pretty girl was concerned. The thought had scarcely dawned upon him when Fate did one of those good turns with which she surprises us all now and then.

It happened in this wise:

Jack's dog Rex suddenly discovered one of his natural victims in the form of aristocratic Fritz sitting there by his young mistress. He sprang forward with a sharp bark, and the next moment Fritz sat safely ensconced on the branch of a near tree. But at the sound the girl started, and turning around fixed upon Jack a pair of startled, astonished eyes. He undoubtedly looked interesting. His enemy must have called him a handsome man. His face had retained the open, frank look of boyhood; his smile usually won him what he wanted, especially from women. Moreover, there was about him that well-bred air of perfect ease which always marks the man of the world who is at the same time a gentleman.

He met the girl's amazed look with a quiet apology.

"I beg your pardon. My dog has frightened your cat, and, I fear, you also."

In an instant she had regained her composure. She had already observed that this stranger was young and good-looking, and had decided that he was a gentleman.

"That is nothing," she replied, looking frankly at him and speaking without a shade of embarrassment. "Fritz knows how to protect himself."

She was evidently not a girl likely ever to be taken at a disadvantage. What she said, and her manner of saying it, pleased Carlton. He looked at her with a smile; then seeing her book lying at his feet, he picked it up. At the same time the girl stooped and patted Rex admiringly.

"What a lovely setter," she observed, with the air of a connoisseur. Then she glanced up at his empty bag with surprise.

"I have had poor luck to-day," he said, answering her look. "I am not familiar with this country. I was told the game was abundant about here."

"It is," she replied. "You have missed the right places, I fancy, for my brother came in an hour ago with a lot of birds. Is this your first day?"

She stood there talking to him as much at ease and as unconsciously as if he had been that old farmer driving home his cow. He was a trifle surprised at the willingness with which she made conversation with a stranger. He would ordinarily have condemned such freedom, but this girl disarmed criticism—she did things so naturally, from patting his dog to asking him how long he had been in town. He almost expected her to inquire his name. He would have told her gladly. He smiled again now at her question, and said:

"I came this morning. I am glad to hear such an encouraging report. I must inform myself as to the hiding-places of the birds."

"Oh! there are plenty here," replied the girl, rather indifferently, retreating a step as if she had nothing more to say. Jack felt that he *could* say more, but he made no attempt to do so. As he lifted his hat and strode off, he thought: "A mighty pretty girl! I wonder who the deuce she is."

"What a good-looking fellow! Who can he be?" she mused as she watched him disappear down the road.

You see Fate had planned it.

Occasionally, in this dull world, things come about just as we would have them. Perhaps if the two actors in this little every-day drama could have looked forward a few short weeks, Jack would then and there have left town, and not made friends with Dolly Haines' brother Ned, or allowed himself to be persuaded into joining their merry party; and Dolly herself might have objected to inviting so new an acquaintance to go chestnuting with them, contrary as such objections would have been to her nature. In that case, these two would have gone their separate ways, and their lives never would have touched. But that is neither here nor there. Carlton *did* accept his invitation. Ned and he had been shooting together, and knew each other by reputation, as college men so often do. Nothing more was necessary. As for Dolly, why, Jack was good-looking, and evidently an acquisition. So she smiled graciously upon him, and made him welcome in her pretty, cordial way that would have put at his ease the most bashful man in creation. It made Jack Carlton feel at once like an old acquaintance.

They were a very jolly party as they started out one bright October morning. Ned Haines drove and flirted with a Miss French, who had come out for the day, and who had evidently mounted the pedestal of her hopes when she mounted the front seat by his side. A slim little freshman from the not far distant university was doing his best to make the occasion a success by tooting wildly on a tin horn as they drove through the village. Annie Haines, who was at the age when freshmen are "entertaining, engaging, and new," sat by his side thoroughly contented.

"I have my eye on you two young things," said Dolly from the back seat, where she and Jack had placed themselves. "I fear we have admitted a wolf into our fold in the person of Mr. Brown. He is a college man, you know. I hope Annie will keep a tight hold on her young affections."

Mr. Brown smiled delightedly. He sang at intervals, in a piping tenor voice, a song which began with,

"I'm a battering ram of a college man!"

"I hope you will not be bored to death, Mr. Carlton," said Dolly, looking up at him with a smile.

The sun was shining gloriously. The air was cool and exhilarating. The girl beside him was pretty and attractive, and as Jack Carlton looked into her bright face and noticed how brown and merry were the eyes laughing up at him, he surrendered to the fascinations of the day, the place, and, above all, of his companion.

"How can you think so?" he said, replying to her.

"Ned said you would be, you know."

"Did you agree with him, Miss Dolly?"

"I? Oh no," laughed the girl. "I remember saying I was sure you would jump at the chance."

"Well, so I did," he returned. "I feel as if I was in for an awfully nice time. I remember feeling the same way when I was a small boy, but it has all the value of a new sensation for me now."

"Were your anticipations realized when you were a small boy any better than they have been since?"

"Oh, I don't know. I have had the average number of good times, I suppose," he said, looking at her. "We all have some pleasant things to remember, I think, in spite of the fact that our anticipations are seldom realized. How is it with you?"

"I remember *nothing*," said the girl, gayly, adding, gravely: "It is best for me to keep to the present; I will not look back, and I do not care to look beyond this very day. The sun is shining now. I feel happy because I am going to

have a good time. Why should I think of to-morrow, when it is sure to rain!"

He was surprised at the sudden change in the girl's face. Following her mood, he said:

"But how can you know that it will rain to-morrow?"

"Have you never noticed," said she, looking up at him with earnest eyes, out of which the merriment had all fled, "How surely the rain follows the brightest sunshine; how after every very pleasant experience in life there comes a corresponding depression? It is always so with me—you may be different; don't let us talk of it," she added, almost petulantly. "We are in to-day now; I hate to-morrow. I shall not think of it."

"She has lived long enough to have some bitter experiences," thought Carlton. "I wonder if she has a lover!"

"Do you think me very insipid?" said she, presently, noticing his silence. "I do believe I am," she added naively.

"No," he replied, rather recklessly. "I agree with you; why should we not make the most of to-day! Let us be happy, Miss Dolly, you and I; are you agreed?" holding out his hand to her, almost eagerly.

And Dolly Haines, with the impetuosity which was one of the greatest charms as well as the greatest faults of her character, laid her hand unhesitatingly in his, and said, in her sweetest voice:

"Yes, we will be happy to-day, you and I."

And it was not very hard work.

They had a charming time that day, wandering through the golden autumn woods. Before night, in fact, they had established a thorough understanding.

"How easy it is to become friends with some people!" thought Jack, as he talked to his companion. Dolly Haines was one of those people who walk straight into your heart. She had a wonderful charm of manner which few ever resisted. She fascinated Carlton as no girl had been able to fascinate him for a long time, and she knew it and enjoyed it, of course. If either of them suffered qualms of conscience in the beginning of this delightful flirtation, they did not show it: they both put quietly out of mind any memories which should have forbidden the tender tone in Jack's voice, as he spoke to her, and the coquettish glance in her eyes as she answered him.

"Are you sure it will rain to-morrow, Miss Dolly?" he asked, in a low voice, as they drove home that night.

She did not answer him directly. Then she looked up at him in the moonlight, and said with a little smile:

"I don't believe it will, to-morrow, do you?"

"I am certain it will not," he replied, gazing into her eyes. She colored slightly, and said, in her pretty, impulsive way:

"I won't have it so, you know."

"Nor I," he echoed.

When they reached home they made him come in, and Dolly, who was her father's housekeeper, had coffee brought in. As they sat around the open wood fire in the quaint, pretty parlor, Jack thought he had never seen a more charming room. He detected Dolly in it all. The ceilings were low and wainscoted. On one of the broad window seats stood a china jar filled with red salvias. The doors were heavily curtained, and on top of the low book-case were a stuffed owl, a jar of peacock feathers, and a bust of Shakespeare. It all pleased him immensely; he stooped and stroked the stately Fritz, who lay on the rug before the fire; he said little; he liked to watch his pretty hostess; he had seen her in a dozen different characters that day, and each one seemed to suit her better than the other. Later, Ned made her play on the banjo. She played well, and after awhile she sang some little Scotch ballads in a simple, natural way, which charmed Carlton. He sat in the shadow and enjoyed, unnoticed, the graceful movements of her white fingers as she

played; the pretty foot that kept time to the gay tunes, and the play of the firelight over her bent head.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, as he walked home in the moonlight. "I had much best go to-morrow."

Then he remembered that Dolly had promised to take him rowing on the Sound, in her own boat, the next morning. So he abandoned this wise resolution, and gave himself up to pleasanter reflections.

When Dolly Haines went to her room that night, she took up a picture which stood on her dressing-table and gazed at it with a tender, regretful light in her brown eyes. "Forgive me, dear," she said, softly; "it is partly your own fault that I am able to forget you so."

The promised row on the Sound in Dolly's pretty little boat was succeeded by many others. After a few days, Jack Carlton's gun, much to Ned's disgust, was left to stand unused in a corner, while Jack and his dog spent the pleasant October days idling along the country roads by the side of Dolly Haines. She was so fertile in devising schemes for their amusement, and he was very ready to aid her in carrying them out.

"After all," he said to himself, when his heart misgave him as to his fascinating intimacy, "she is only amusing herself; she understands it as well as I do."

So they lived on in the sunshine of to-day, and put both past and future out of mind.

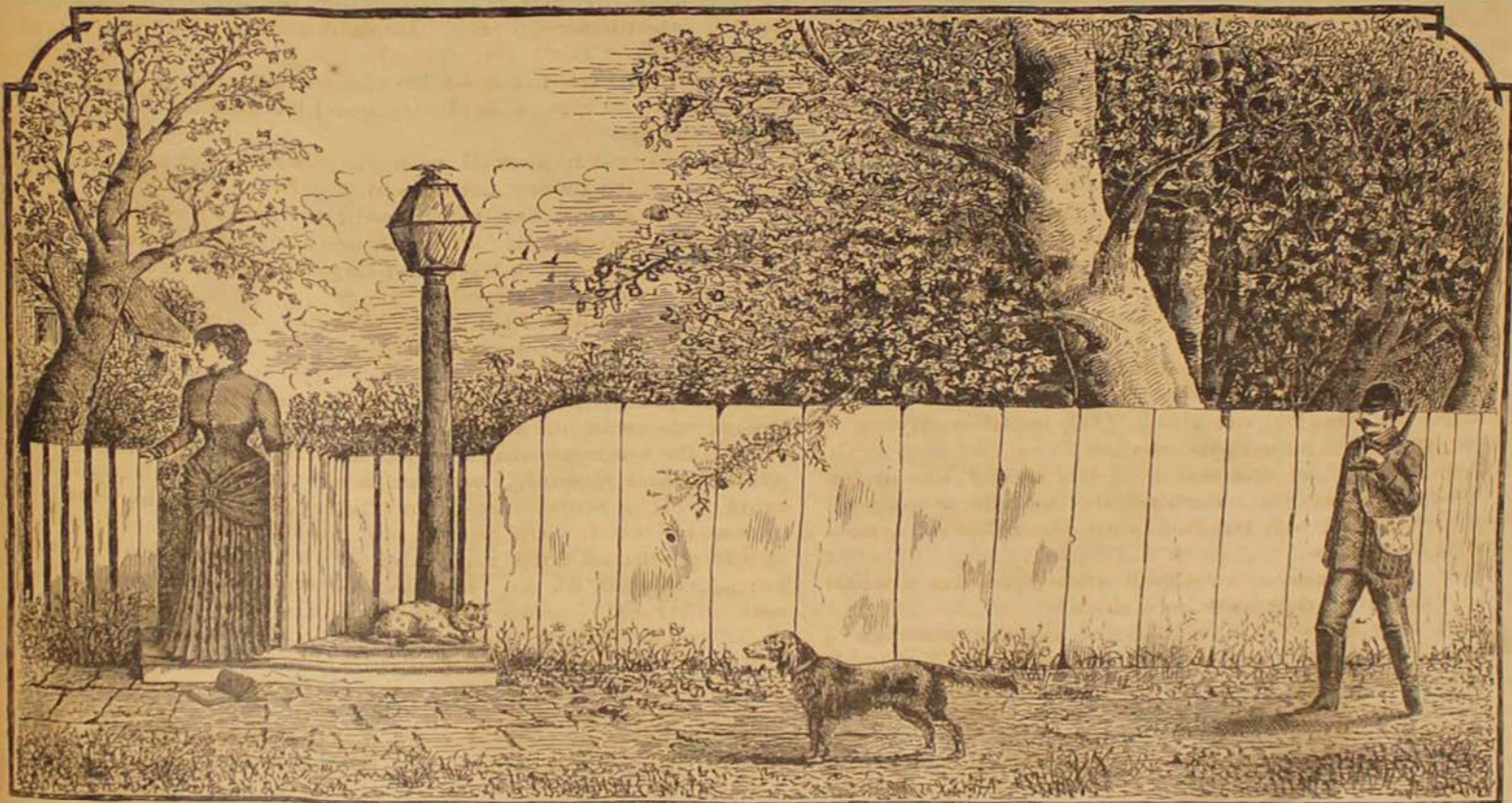
They spent long mornings fishing off the picturesque broken-down old wharf. It was so pretty to see Dolly's excitement when she drew in a fish, and the solemn way in which she insisted upon baiting her own hook. They would take home long strings of their victims, although they found it impossible to convince the family that they had come by them in a legitimate way. "I know Dolly's tricks of old," Ned would say; "but they taste very well." It was a charming table! Dolly presided with a pretty grace all her own. The Haineses were a bright, clever family; they had a ready wit, and used it good-naturedly against each other,

all of which was very attractive to a fellow who had never known what a home was. He and his father had picked about clubs always.

He thought he had fallen on his feet. They made him so welcome among them, he could hardly help accepting their kindness.

One morning Dolly and he took a longer row than usual, and mooring their boat in a tiny cove, walked up the sandy beach to a weather-beaten farm-house which stood not far back from the shore. Old Aunt Jerusha Hix lived there, Dolly told him. She was delighted to see them. She lived there all alone summer and winter she said, except when her daughter, who was married, and lived "up back," came down to make her a visit. She set out some milk and fried cakes for them, and pressed them to "take a bite." They did not require much urging; their row had given them an appetite.

They were sitting in the quaint old kitchen, whose boards were dark with time, and along whose beams hung bunches of peppers and dried herbs. Dolly, with the ready tact which made it so easy for her to adapt herself to every one, took off her hat and laid it beside her, and, while she drank her milk, regaled Aunt Jerusha with all the village gossip. Jack loved to listen to her sweet voice as she sat talking to the old lady in that ancient black raftered kitchen. So, apparently, did Rex, who lay at her feet gently wagging his tail, and never taking his loving dog's eyes off her face. To Jack Carlton she already seemed to lend a grace to everything she touched and to the words she used. "We have made Aunt Jerusha happy for a week," she said to Jack, as the little gate swung behind them. In the evening, when they roasted chestnuts and told stories around the cheerful open fire, it was Dolly who was always the jolliest and the brightest; she was the inspiration of their little circle. When they were weary of fun and talk she would take her banjo and sing and play to them. After rest, she sang a little Spanish ballad with a tender, sweet refrain, which was a favorite with them



SHE WAS GAZING INTENTLY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM HIM.

all. It used to ring in Carlton's ears all the way home across the fields. He thought he should remember it all his life, and so he did.

"I wonder how Will would like Jack Carlton!" Annie Haines said, one day. Dolly was dusting the pretty parlor, and did not even look at her sister as she replied, indifferently:

"I should think they would be very congenial."

"Is that why you like him, because he reminds you of Will?" persisted the younger sister.

Dolly turned on her sharply.

"I like him for himself; he amuses me, and that is sufficient, I think." She seldom spoke in that tone, and Annie discreetly said no more. She had said enough, however. It seemed to Jack that afternoon, as they sat on the rocks, watching the tide slowly creep in, that Dolly's manner was a trifle cold, as if a slight wall had suddenly sprung up between them. At last he said, in a slightly offended tone:

"Has anything happened to vex you, or have I fallen into disfavor, that you sit there so unlike your usual self?"

"Why should you think anything has happened?" she said, almost crossly. "One cannot be forever the same."

"One can always be the same to one's friends," he replied, coldly.

"No, they can *not*," she contradicted; "at least I cannot, and any one that expects it of me will be disappointed."

Jack was not a particularly good-tempered fellow, but some way he found it impossible to be angry with this girl. She sat there with flushed cheeks, and an impertinent air which in her was amusing. As he looked at her he felt his resentment at her words vanish. Leaning forward, he took her hand in his, and said, tenderly:

"Why, dear, you shall do just as you please, only don't tell me to go away."

Instantly her face changed.

"I don't want you to go away, Jack, you know I do not," she said, in a low voice, letting her hand remain quietly in his.

It was such a soft, pretty hand, as he looked down at it! The light glanced across a slender gold bangle which she wore on her arm, and he noticed for the first time some words which were engraved on its polished surface.

"What is that?" he said, holding her hand in a firm clasp, and bending down to read the little inscription.

"Oh, nothing!" said the girl, hastily, at the same time making an effort to free her hand from his grasp. Seeing, however, that he was determined, she abandoned resistance and sat gravely looking out to sea while he deciphered the motto.

"'Semper Fidelis.' W. C. M. June 30, 18—." That was all. The bangle was securely fastened on by an almost invisible lock in the side.

"How long have you worn this?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"Nearly two years," answered the girl, indifferently.

He released her hand without another word, and they both sat silent for some minutes watching the waves that broke in white foam at their feet. Carlton felt decidedly cross; he would have enjoyed knocking somebody down; and across Dolly's changeable face had crept a sad, weary look, quite at variance with her bright, sunny nature. Sometimes when she was alone or very silent her features would assume that same expression. Jack Carlton had often observed it, and wondered what was the cause of it. Most of Dolly's friends would have smiled incredulously at the idea of gay Dolly Haines ever being heavy-hearted. She had nothing to be sad over. She was *not* sad. Nevertheless, at rare intervals, her face told the story, and it only needed the eye of one whose interest was quickened by love—for love it certainly was, or something very like it—to detect the fact, that be-

hind the gay smiles and bright speeches lay a sorrowful something which she could only open the door and gaze at when the world was far away.

Jack, watching her now, knew that her thoughts were far away from him, and for the moment he almost felt that he had a right to be angry. He wished her to have no secret from him. But Dolly had no intention of drawing aside the curtain from the past of her life. She suddenly roused herself with a little shake, and said, with an effort to return to her old gayety:

"Come, Jack, life is too short to sit idle here; let us go for a row; you shall steer. I must work off my bad temper."

She was already running along the beach, Rex at her heels.

Jack followed more slowly.

"After all," he said, "there is no use growling at fate!"

Well, the days flew by on wings, as the golden days of life always do, and finally a day came that brought Jack Carlton a letter; not an ordinary letter exactly, for it had the effect of opening his eyes and bringing him to his feet with a start. He read it through with a decided frown on his handsome face. It was written in a lady's fashionable hand, and ran thus:

"DEAR JACK: *You must come at once.* He really is very ill. I think he will not live this time. I dared not telegraph for fear it would vex you; but please start directly upon receiving this. He asks for you all the time. I know, dear, this has all happened before, but what can I do? Besides, I want to see you dreadfully myself. The shooting is good, I suppose, or you would not stay so long in that dull little sea-shore town. I really *pitied* you, Jack, when I read your description of it, but if you now and then shoot an old partridge, you are happy, I know.

"I must not write another word or this will be too late for the mail. Jack, dearest, do come without delay.

"Your own loving

GEN."

I fear Jack growled a little as he crammed this daintily written note into his pocket. Then he fell to thinking. "I must go to-morrow, early," he said at last; "it won't do to neglect it."

The pretty idyl must be brought to an abrupt close! The dream was over, and Jack deplored his fate while he hunted up his things.

"I'll not tell her until to-night," he thought. "We will have one more happy afternoon."

"Do you know, Dolly," he said to her, a few hours later, as he loitered by her side along the country road, "it is almost a month since that first day I saw you leaning on the gate, and spoke to you?"

She looked up at him.

"Yes, I know," she said.

She already felt the shadow of the coming change.

He looked down at her and thought she had never appeared sweeter or more lovable than she did just then.

As they were passing a little brown cottage, in the door of which stood a young woman with a pretty fat baby in her arms, Dolly espied some strawberry tomatoes hanging in a basket on the fence.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?" she called out in her clear young voice. "Do you suppose Captain 'Zeke would sell me some of those?" pointing to the basket.

"Good-day, Miss Dolly," responded the woman, smilingly. "I'm sure he'd be only too glad to give 'em to ye; he'd never forgive me if I took any pay. He's gone oystering to-day, won't you come in?" They were already walking up the little flower-bordered path, and while she bustled away to get them a basket, Dolly took the baby in her strong young arms, and as she stood in the low cottage doorway laughing and talking to him, she made a picture which Jack Carlton

never forgot. Years and years afterward, once, when he was traveling through the mountains, he passed a cottage, in the door of which stood a young mother tossing her baby up in the air. Instantly the past came before him, and he saw again that pretty picture. He remembered how naturally and easily she held the little fellow, and could see once more the tender look which always comes into the face of a true woman when she holds a little child in her arms.

Watching her now, Jack Carlton felt a fierce longing seize him to take this girl to his heart and keep her always. He was almost ready to throw aside every obstacle which stood between him and the one he had learned to love so well in these few short weeks.

It was an insane desire. He knew it could not be, and the next moment he turned away with a bitter smile as he thought of how absolutely she was beyond his reach.

"My destiny is fixed," he said to himself, "and I am not such a fool as to try to alter it."

When the woman returned, Dolly untwisted a bright silk handkerchief from her neck and tied it over the baby's little round head.

"Oh, thank you, miss!" exclaimed his mother, delighted. "I will keep it for him always."

"You make every one love you," said Jack, impulsively, as they walked away.

Well, it was the last time! It always comes sooner or later in every pleasant experience.

He told her his news that night as they sat together by the bright wood fire in the quaint, pretty parlor where he had spent so many evenings, but which he was destined never to see again.

She listened to him quietly. She had known it was coming.

"I believe you do not care at all," he said angrily.

Her head was bent down. She was stroking Rex who lay at her feet. He and Fritz were great friends now. She looked up when he said that and their eyes met. She said nothing, but he was satisfied. They sat silent for awhile. Then he said gently:

"Dolly, I want you to believe me when I tell you that whatever happens to me in the future, whatever you may hear of me, this has been the happiest time of my life. I shall never forget it. I shall never have another like it. Will you remember that?"

"I will try to," she answered him, in a low voice.

He leaned over and took her hand in his.

"I hope your life will be a happy one, dear," he said, wistfully. "I may never see you again. You will marry——"

She drew her hand away almost angrily.

"What difference does it make," she cried, "whether I am happy or not—whether I am married or single? We go our separate ways from to-night. It has been pleasant, but it had to end, Jack!"

There was a little tremble in the girl's voice as she spoke his name which did not escape him. He had risen and was leaning against the mantel. "I have had some hard places to get over, in my life, Dolly," he said looking at her with sober, earnest eyes, "but saying good-by to you is the hardest of them all. I've no right to ask it, but you'll not forget me, dear?" She was standing by his side, and as he spoke he took both her hands in his.

"No, I shall not forget you *ever*," she replied, wearily.

Then she drew herself away and without another word he left the room, feeling that he was a scoundrel, and that with his own hand he had dimmed the sunlight forever more.

As he reached the hall door he remembered Rex, and turned back to call him just in time to see Dolly kneel down on the rug and put her arm around the dog's neck.

"Good-by, Rex!" she said, gently, and she dropped a kiss on top of his soft head, but she did not look at his master again.

The next morning, when he drove by in the stage, the rain was falling dismally; the yellow leaves lay thick and wet on the paths, and not a soul was to be seen at any of the windows.

"To-morrow has come!" he thought, sadly, as he pursued his weary journey.

A month later, after the Haineses had returned to the city for the winter, Dolly, in glancing over a New York paper one morning, saw the following among the marriage notices:

"*Carlton—Sommers.—At the residence of the bride's guardian, Mr. John Wortly, Esq., John Wortly Carlton to Miss Genevieve Sommers, daughter of the late General Isaac Sommers, U. S. A.*"

"Did you see the notice of Jack Carlton's marriage in the morning paper, Doll?" Ned Haines asked at dinner. "I met a fellow down-town this morning who knows him. He told me all about it. It seems they have been engaged for a long time. She is a ward of that rich old duffer Jack was named for. He had set his heart on the marriage—made Carlton his heir on that condition. Manson says he is an awfully cranky old fellow, always going to die, you know, and summoning Jack to his bedside at all sorts of inconvenient times. I have a suspicion that Jack would just as soon have the money minus the wife, but Manson says she is a very pretty girl and desperately in love with her husband. So it seems as if he had done mighty well for himself. By Jove, I call that lucky! Did you know he was engaged, this summer, Doll?"

"No," said Dolly, "he did not make me his confidante," and she cut a piece of meat and gave it to Fritz, who sat by her side patiently waiting his mistress' pleasure.

None of them noticed that she ate no dinner.

Nearly five years later the Miss French who had made one of that memorable nutting party of Dolly's, but who was Miss French no longer now, met Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carlton at a little French watering-place. She had come abroad for the health of her little girl. She had no difficulty in recalling Jack, and answered with pleasure his inquiries about her old friend Dolly Haines.

"Oh, yes, she is married!" said this lady, cheerfully. "She married a fellow to whom she had been almost as good as engaged for five years. He made quite a fortune in South America, I believe, or some other dreadful place. It was lovely the way they remained true to each other, was it



THEY SPENT LONG MORNINGS FISHING.

not? They have been married two years now, and Dolly has the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. She is prettier than ever herself, or was when I saw her last." "I do not suppose you ever knew her very well," she added, looking inquiringly at Jack, "but Dolly Haines was one of the most charming, fascinating girls I ever knew. I have been told that her husband is by no means her equal in that respect."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Carlton, covetously. "I remember her as both charming and fascinating. Is she happy?"

"Oh, yes, I imagine so. She waited long enough for him. Yes, dear, I am coming," and taking her child's hand, she smilingly allowed herself to be dragged away.

That evening, as Jack Carlton sat with a friend in a corner of the piazza, a girl belonging to a party of strolling musicians stopped beneath and began singing a little Spanish

ballad. A man accompanied her on an old guitar. The music was very bad, but the little song awoke a long-silent echo in the heart of this man of the world to whom mere sentiment was nonsense. He leaned over the railing in the moonlight and listened eagerly. When the song was finished he dropped a coin into the girl's outstretched hand. "You have mistaken, Monsieur," said she, with alarming honesty, looking longingly at the shining bit.

"No, keep it, my girl," he replied, quite gently.

"Why did you do that?" asked his friend, surprised; "they would have left for much less." He had thought the song an awful bore.

"For the sake of old times," said Jack. "It was one of those coincidences which come to us all now and then."

"Rather odd, that," mused his friend. "Some old romance, I suppose. I always wondered if Carlton loved his wife!"



TUNISIAN JEWESS.

The Inhabitants of Algiers.

SINCE the French conquered Algiers, interest has been particularly called to that part of the world. Imagination had invested it with Oriental splendor, and fancy saw in that distant region the "Arabian Nights," with all the glitter the romancer threw around its scenes. The reality is far from this; and while there is much to interest, and some trace of Oriental splendor, Algiers, with its blue skies, its mosques and fountains, and stately palms, is not the Algiers of the imagination.

The population is composed of a strange mixture of Moors, Jews, and Arabs, the latter being divided into tribes, differing in many respects, and in the allegiance they pay the Bey. For centuries a struggle has been going on between the Deys and Beys, the former being the princes chosen by the Turks, and the latter, the military commanders, the contest ending in the supremacy of the Bey. Sidi Ali is the present Bey, having succeeded his brother, Sidi Mohammed es Sadock, who ascended the throne in 1859, and died in 1882.

The Bey owns several palaces, the most celebrated being the Bardo, near Tunis. It is thoroughly Oriental in appearance, and is surrounded by a deep intrenchment. There is a series of courtyards, one called the "Lion Courtyard," from the marble lions that adorn the stairway leading to the palace. On one side are stately arcades, the arches of which are of white and black marble. The walls of the colonnades are covered with painted tiles, no two of which are alike. The throne-room is furnished in Parisian style, and the sitting-room, of which we give an illustration, has very little that is Oriental about it. One room, known as the "crystal hall," is very elegant, the walls and ceiling being covered with glazed tiles. As the Bey cannot reside in a palace in which any of his predecessors died, there are a great many palaces that remain closed.

The Jews form a very important part of the population, and are regarded by the Moors and Bedouins with great envy, because they have supplanted them in trade. They speak of them as "Dshifa bens Dshifa" (carrion, sons of carrion), and at one period oppressed them greatly. They are now, owing to the efforts of the French consuls, placed on an equality with their oppressors. The Bey's treasurer is a Jew, and they are prominent bankers, merchants, etc., but the social ban remains the same. There are about thirty thousand Jews in Tunis, and they have their own quarters.

The dress of the Tunisian Jews consists of European trousers, a short jacket, embroidered in gold, a broad shawl around the waist, and either a red fez or black turban. The dress of the Tunisian Jewesses is exceedingly peculiar and unbecoming. They wear tight-fitting trousers, reaching to the knees, those of the wealthier classes being made of velvet and embroidered in gold. Sometimes these trousers are of white linen. Over the upper part of the body is a baggy garment, reaching to the hips, and made of some bright-colored velvet or silk, richly embroidered. The jacket is of velvet, embroidered in gold, and long stockings reach above the knees. The sugar-loaf head-dress is tied with a colored ribbon, and a profusion of jewelry adorns the person. While the form of this dress is exceedingly ugly, the colors are rich and harmonious.

The Tunisian Jewesses, as a general thing, are enormously fat, but their faces are very beautiful. Their eyes are large and lustrous, and they have an abundance of glossy black hair; they detract from their beauty, however, by staining the skin between the eyebrows with henna, and painting their lips thickly with a bright red paint.

The Berbers, under the name of Kabyles, generally live in the mountains, while the Arabs inhabit the plains. In olden



SITTING-ROOM OF THE BEY.



KABYLE PLAYING A FLUTE.

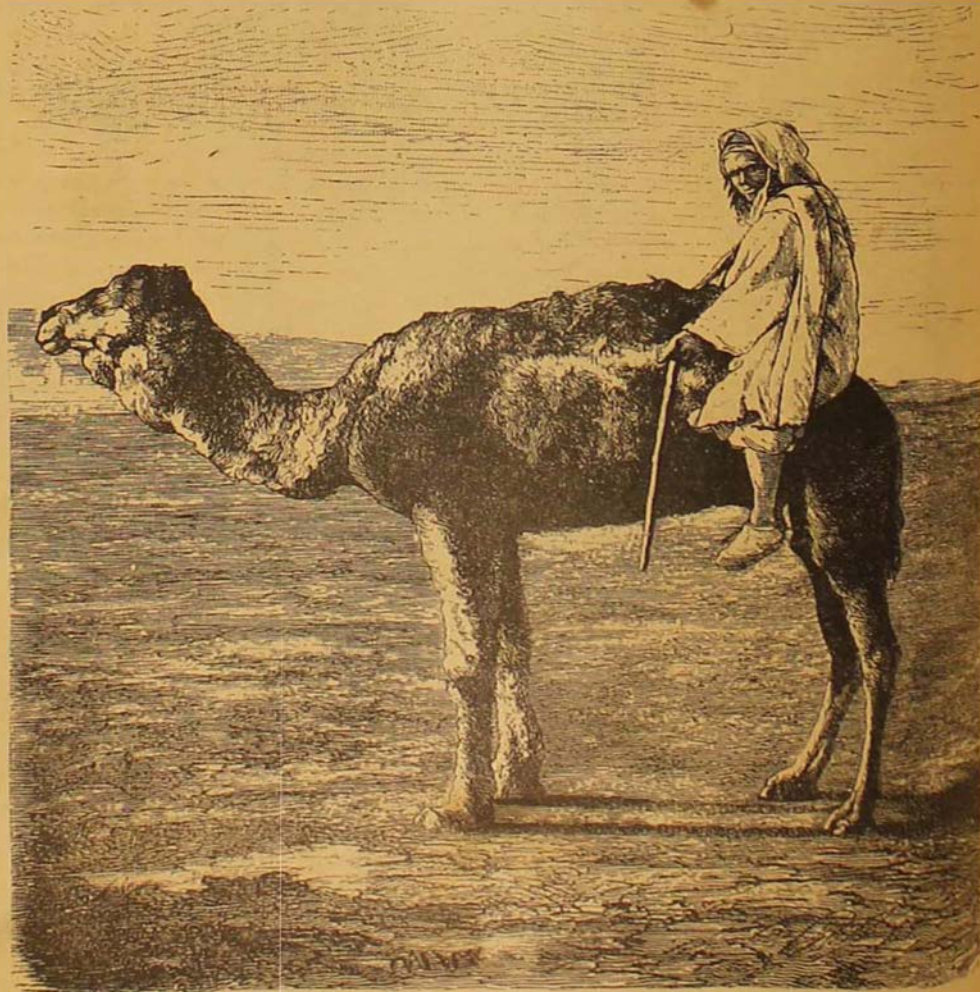


A KROUMIR.

times the Kabyles were conquered by the Arabs, who drove them to the mountains. The conquered accepted the language and religion of the conquerors, and were not called Kabyles until after they were subdued by the Arabs, in the thirteenth century.

They are unlike the Arabs in many respects, and should not be confounded with them. The Kabyles sometimes have blue eyes and red hair; the Arabs have dark eyes and hair. The former wear no shoes, and generally no hat. They live in houses, are artisans and manufacturers, and are very industrious. The Algerian Arabs live in tents, and have neither the industries nor the civilized habits of the Kabyles.

Living amid Arabs, Turks and Moors, they have yet preserved their identity. They form a confederation, every village being governed by a code of laws called *Kanoun*, which is handed down. They dress pretty much like the Arabs, in a long linen garment, and a white burnous. Those who do not live in the villages are seen in one garment only, and that tattered and soiled. When the weather is cold, they throw a black coat over this. The women wear flowing robes, and a head-dress like a cap, and cover themselves with jewels and embroidery. They marry young—thirteen or fourteen years of age. The French have made many ex-



ARAB CAMEL DRIVER.



MARABOUT PRIEST.

peditions against the Kabyles, treating them most inhumanly by burning their villages, and killing their women and children.

The Arabs wander about with their families, living in tents. There are a great many tribes; some of which reject the authority of the Bey, and consequently, are always at war with the loyal tribes. Their "douars" or villages are a number of tents, inhabited by the richest Arabs. The Arabs of the towns differ from the Bedouins or Nomads, who live very frugally and uncomfortably in their tents. They transport themselves and families from one place to



A TUARAGE.

another by means of camels, some of which are very swift, and travel a hundred miles in a day.

In Tunis, as soon as the night comes on, the Arabs are seen straggling into the town from the villages. They frequent the places where dancing and music are going on, in which amusements they take much pleasure. The dancers are probably Jewesses, the Arab women never unveiling themselves. These women wear a curious horned head-dress, and are covered with embroidery and jewelry. Their dancing, though not graceful, arouses the Arabs from their apathy, who reward the women with many expressions of approbation.

The Kroumirs belong to the Berber tribes, and generally lead wandering lives. Closely allied to them are the Tuarages, who are half savage, and inhabit an inhospitable region.

Over these people the Marabout or priest exercises great power, and receives much deference. He differs from the Imam, who is the officiating priest at funerals and festivals.

How We Live in New York.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE BUSINESS GIRL.

BUSINESS girls, as a class, are a comparatively recent product in this country—individually, of course, they have always existed. Since business has been done, there have always been men who required the help of sister or daughter, because they could not afford to pay a clerk, and who had it without money and without price—the labor of a woman nominally dependent upon the men or man of a family for support not being considered as worth taking into account, although it may have been more valuable than could be obtained for hire. But services given and unacknowledged do not entitle the giver to place or rank among those whose acquirements or labors have been tested and conceded to have a marketable value. A girl may be indispensable at home, but, like a newly-discovered plant or mineral deposit, her qualities must be tested by use and comparison with others before she will be acknowledged to have any value abroad.

But the majority of those who make up the aggregate body of the business girls of New York to-day are not the outgrowth of these conditions—many of them have been gently nurtured and tenderly reared, not specially trained for any pursuit, not exceptionally well educated at all, but sent to school after the desultory fashion of fifteen or twenty years ago, after the fashion of many struggling and not very clear-sighted people now-a-days, who give their daughters a smattering of this, that or the other, and on the edge of young womanhood cut them adrift without rudder or compass, and with but little of ballast to guide and steady their course upon the shifting sea of life. Up to this time, however, they have been cared for; have had their little social ambitions; have known persons who figured more or less conspicuously in "society," or their corner of it; and all their efforts are directed toward maintaining this little place rather than achieving enlarged opportunities and a higher position in the world which they have entered.

When a boy is put into business he is very proud of it. He begins to work at once toward a larger place, more

wages, better opportunities, a partnership or business for himself. A girl, on the contrary—the average girl from the business point of view—is a walking exclamation point; a standing apology for herself; an accident of the times, with only one thought, only one positive determination, and that is to get out of what she considers her anomalous and unlooked-for position as quickly as may be—that is, as soon as any man offers to release her from it. With such ideas rooted in her mind, she is not likely to advance her own interests or establish herself securely in her new position. As a rule, she drifts away from it, often to a disastrous marriage, from which she looks back upon her former independence as bliss by comparison. There are, however, girls, even among this illy-prepared class, who possess a strong, though latent substratum of good common-sense, which comes to the rescue and tides them over the troubled waters of their early experience into smooth and prosperous seas. It is perhaps ten or twelve years since, in one of the largest stores on one of the principal avenues in New York, I encountered a young girl who was quite new to “business”—in fact, as she subsequently informed me, had only been two weeks in her place. She was not slow or indifferent, as is the way with some “sales-ladies,” but nervous and preoccupied, and in the intervals of showing lace-trimmed neckerchiefs and collarettes, began her story of apologetic explanation, finally forgetting everything but her own desire to account for her present position, and giving all the details of family losses and troubles and the necessities which led to her acceptance of anything so degrading. Haste at first made me impatient of this unbusiness-like proceeding, but at last it seemed worth while to read her a lesson, and I said: “This recital of your personal and family difficulties is interesting to me, because I understand the need which you feel for sympathy in what is, to you, a new and tremendous undertaking; but do not tell any one else—do not talk about yourself or your own affairs at all; as a rule, people do not care to hear about them, and your employers would object. During the time you are here they want all your faculties to be directed to the selling of their wares, to making yourself acquainted with their qualities and merits, and showing them to the best advantage. Be content to do this. The richest merchants in New York have stood behind a counter. It was because your father lost his situation that you were obliged to take one. Be ambitious to be a merchant instead of a clerk; but be a good clerk while you are one, and interest yourself in learning all you can about your department, and particularly all that is possible in regard to the goods you sell, and the changes of the fashion, so that you can talk about them to your customers.”

To finish the story, if any of my readers are interested in a “business” girl, I may relate that two years ago on a steamer bound for Liverpool I found again this same young lady. I should not have known her, so trim and alert, so self-possessed and enterprising had she become, but she remembered me. “And so you have given up business and are traveling for pleasure and with friends, I suppose?” was my query. “Oh, no,” she replied; “on the contrary, I have become very much more of a business woman than when I saw you years ago, when I was just beginning; and as it was principally owing to something you said to me. Perhaps you would not mind” (with a little embarrassment) “listening a second time to my story.” I assured her of my interest, and she went on: “Perhaps you will remember telling me to find out all about what I was selling, so I could sell more intelligently. Well, I saw the good of that, for often ladies would ask for laces and trimmings which we did not know anything about, and they did not either. So one day when the buyer came into our department with samples of goods which were shortly to arrive from Europe,

I inquired all I could, and wrote the names, and where they were made, and how they were made; and I not only found it very useful with my customers, but the buyer was pleased and mentioned it to the superintendent, and I got put forward; and—well, to make a long story short, the department became more important. You know what are called secondary laces have been in great demand of late years; and so finally I was made the buyer, and this is the third year I have been abroad for the house.” This modest little summary, amplified in reply to my inquiries month afterward by a member of the firm, did better justice to the zeal and faithfulness with which, when once her interest was aroused, she devoted herself to her vocation. She made a study of modern laces, and developed so much sense and taste in their selection and arrangement as to become an authority with customers, and a valuable agent, whose services the wise and kindly proprietorial head gladly acknowledged.

There is a signal lack in most business houses where girls are employed of any means by which they can acquire a knowledge of the simplest elements of what may be called the drill of their occupation. In the large establishments there are certain rules to which they are obliged to conform, and often in the smaller ones a general understanding, a sort of atmosphere, to which new-comers insensibly conform, and to which they adapt themselves; but there is a decided lack of the seeming devotion to the interest of the customer, which is characteristic of the French business woman, and the patient conformity to routine which is the result of an organized system. It is not uncommon in large stores, where many girls are employed, to find a knot of them so busily employed discussing their own affairs that it is some moments before one will reluctantly leave the group to inquire, with some petulance in her voice, what the customer wants. If it is before the rush of the day begins, and no other customer comes to further break up the *coterie*, such words as “He,” “Last night,” “I wore,” “You’d ought to have seen her,” float with exasperating distinctness, and the customer is made to feel, very unpleasantly, that she is depriving her young lady attendant of a coveted share in the morning’s gossip.

A few weeks ago a lady stopped in haste, on her way to fulfill an early engagement, to get a pair of gloves from a well-known house—which, however, is not particularly celebrated in this line, but it was the nearest, and, to save time, was chosen. The store was empty except the “floor-walker” and the young women clerks, who were grouped together exchanging high words, and so absorbed in this occupation that they paid no attention to the advent of a stranger and a customer. The lady endeavored to make her haste understood, but it was several minutes before she succeeded in making an impression, and then it was only by a summary proceeding—addressing the whole body—telling them their conduct was disgraceful and should be reported to the proprietor, who evidently had not yet made his appearance.

This is undoubtedly a very unusual circumstance, but it ought to be impossible, and is so with a class of girls whose education and antecedents are of a higher order, or who have been subjected to a more thorough system. Perhaps it is not altogether desirable that organization should be so absolute as to reduce girls to machines, but there is really little danger of that in this country; few merchants who have the ability to command success but have sense and humanity enough to permit the exercise of individuality, particularly if it works for rather than against their interests, as personal force and magnetism, conscientiously exerted, always must and will. The failure is on the part of the girls in the lack of interest in their work, and the superiority in their minds of their personal wishes and desires.

to its claims. The more ignorant they are, the more self-centered; and the more strongly their inclinations tend toward the lowest kind of gratification—what bakery dainty they can get for their lunch; some future hope of being invited to a restaurant; the chances for getting a coveted article in time for a picnic, or a Sunday outing; while the culminating dream is to be married, and sup at Delmonico's. In all this there is nothing really wrong; but as supreme objects they form a low standard, and, if they do not lead to moral deterioration, at least often bring disaster through the means which are accepted for bringing about their attainment. The morbid craving for the wretched bakery rubbish, which constitutes the "lunch" of two-thirds of the thousands of young saleswomen in the city of New York, is the result of the want of good and sufficiently nourishing food at home, and also the lack of opportunity for obtaining as much in bulk of good kinds of food for the money.

There is no question that affects the future health and moral well-being of the wage-earning class of young women in our great cities that is more important than this one of food. It is not one that can be reached by philanthropy—to produce a permanent effect there must be a radical change, and it must be made on business principles. If there were shops where a bowl of strong, good soup and a slice of excellent bread or a roll could be furnished, well-made sandwiches of chopped meat, with an infusion of beet or lettuce, or celery; gingerbread made of Graham flour and a little sweet beef dripping or butter, light, yet good and substantial, well baked, and satisfying, something could be obtained upon which they could live, and which would not eat out the lining of the stomach and destroy the digestion as does the miserable pie, the hollow doughnuts, and the frothy meringues, washed down with the strong boiled tea and coffee which furnishes for a brief while a fictitious strength. It is curious that in this magnificently provisioned country there is as yet so little opportunity for obtaining cooked food. The bakery is the only resource beside the expensive restaurant. Occasionally a "cheap" place is started, but its bill of fare is so common-place, its cooking so poor, its *materiel* so inferior and indigestible, that there is no inducement to change the usual order. Doubtless, too, there would be a difficulty in getting the *habitués* of the bakery to dispense with their accustomed dainties, or accept even better food in lieu of the mockery upon which they have fasted while they feasted; but there is a goodly number of business girls of quite another type, young women reared in comfortable homes, who for some reason have been thrown out, and who find the lack of "home living," of good, nourishing food, among the severest of their trials, because they feel the result to be physical and mental deterioration. The number of these, and also of those who have received a good average education, and who retain their homes, often only needing the money they earn to supply their personal wants, is increasing with the growth of population, the widening of the horizon for women, the multiplication of social and individual demands, the necessity for entering other fields in addition to those of sewing and teaching, and the conspicuous success of some of the pioneers in the business field, who have shown that position, reputation, fortune, is as clearly within the range of business women as business men.

There is another class of business women growing up the antipodes of these, which promises to exert no small influence upon the future conditions of this question, and these are the product of the "cash-girl" system in many large houses, and the employment of many very young girls as department cash-takers and financiers. These girls may enter at nine, ten and eleven years of age, before it is possi-

ble for them to have received more than the merest rudiments of reading, writing and ciphering. They often develop a preternatural sharpness and rapidity in making up accounts, and make model "machine" clerks, because they know nothing literally but the shop, and have as much pride in it and its well-being as the proprietor himself. It is unnecessary to say that these children come from poor homes; usually the father drinks, or is a ne'er-do-well, and the mother takes in or goes out washing, the pittance that the child earns being used to swell the sum total of the meager income. If the mother is conscientious, as she is usually, or has seen "better days," as is sometimes the case, the dark days resulting from the loss instead of the delinquency of the husband, she will make desperate efforts to send her girl to night-school, and keep her in tolerable food and clothes; and in this way, and with the help of such beneficent institutions as the Howard Mission, the years will be tided over and the premature woman will acquire some book learning, and a special acquaintance with the habits and ways of trade that gives her an advantage over young women of finer training and better early opportunities.

How business girls live is a wide question. Some possess homes distinguished by refinement and cultivation. Others give their weekly stipend week by week to an overworked mother to assist her in keeping "body and soul together." These two extremes furnish a part of the answer to the question why it is so hard to induce girls to accept philanthropic "homes" when they are offered them. Some have very good and comfortable homes and do not need help of this kind; a still larger number have not the control of their own earnings, but must give them to aid in the support of the family; the remainder have a strong and justifiable feeling of independence, and do not want to be subjected to surveillance, as they are convinced would be the case, nor do they wish to be living upon charity. A short time ago, a "home" was projected, the average cost of board in which was to be four dollars and a half per week. An establishment was visited where upwards of four hundred girls were employed, but out of the whole number only one could be found who would promise to become an inmate, and she was a stranger new to the city. One of the difficulties in the way is that a change of this kind, even though to their material advantage, removes them from their associations, isolates them, and is a sort of exile. Then the efforts that are made to approach and persuade them to become objects of well meaning, but mistaken bounty, places both sides from the beginning in a false position. A summer home, provided and furnished at heavy expense and through many personal sacrifices by a number of ladies to accommodate sixty girls, found itself with its utmost efforts, unable to secure more than eighteen. The price of board was four dollars per week, and in this sum was also included the cost of the commutation railroad tickets, which are used night and morning to carry the girls to and from the places where they were employed. The lady managers "carried" the thing along, the expenses far exceeding the income, but hoping to "fill up" in time, and for gratitude, or at least an expression of pleasure, for their pains. But this they did not obtain. On the contrary, after a trying month, when the one hundred and fifty dollars short had, with great difficulty, been obtained, a "complaint" was brought before the managers at their monthly meeting signed by seventeen out of the eighteen young lady boarders, the burden of which was that ice-cream had not been forthcoming for dessert. The managers declined to order this luxury until the expense was warranted by a larger number of inmates, whereupon six of the signers left, declaring such stinginess intolerable after they had done the ladies the favor to come at their invitation.

The States Aids Societies rightly condemn all these per-

factory attempts to better conditions which are not fully understood, and wisely declare that permanently better conditions must be the work of people themselves, assisted by the truer knowledge and personal service of those who are abler and wiser, but can never be accomplished by surrounding them with a fictitious environment, that is, one not of their own creating or representative of their own habits and needs. What can be done to improve their conditions is a much more difficult question than what should be done. Take them for all in all these conditions are no worse than those of any other of the earning classes, though they are more variable than some, and the worst are beyond ordinary help, because produced by parental crimes or short-comings, and the absence of the true home element from their lives. The difficulty always is to know where to begin, for with those with whom life goes wrong, it goes all wrong, and the readjustment of one part is either impossible or unsatisfactory. One feels that the only way is to begin at the beginning and make it all over; and this being out of the question, it seems as if the eternal verities must dispose of it the best way they can. In truth, the best that can be done for business girls is to make them capable business women, interest them in their business pursuits, teach them to obey the laws of health, to fortify themselves by bathing daily in cold water, by dressing warmly and without undue weight or pressure, by choosing as good food as is within their power, and by giving up night dissipations and taking all the sleep they can get.

Employers have it greatly in their power to render the lives of those who serve them enjoyable, by creating an atmosphere in which it is pleasant to live and breathe, and by giving them all the chances that arise for enlargement, for breaking up the monotony of routine existence, and for acquiring breadth and culture. A dry-goods firm in Boston last summer sent abroad twenty-seven of its employees on a European trip, paying their wages ten weeks in advance and all their expenses, even to stewards' and servants' fees, and providing first-class fares and travel, as well as many exceptional opportunities for meeting distinguished persons. The same firm reserves an immense circular apartment on the top of its building for the use of the employees. This is surrounded by windows, furnished with a piano and everything needful for comfort, and decorated with flags, bannerets, painted panels and the like. Here the girls come in groups during the lunch half-hour and often have a little dance or some music, several of them being expert performers; at other times it is used for entertainments, for lectures or for the giving of instructions in any special department which seems to require them. Two of the young ladies who have grown up from childhood in this house are now European buyers for the firm. And the complaint that women lack "nerve," that they are too timid in regard to the spending of money for this important department of business, is not brought against them. On the contrary, they have taught themselves sufficient French and German for business purposes, and now, for three years consecutively, have visited London, Paris and Lyons, Manchester, the Austrian capital, Switzerland, Germany and other countries and cities of the Old World in search of their specialties, selecting with almost unerring taste that which will please their public. French women have half the business of France in their hands; in Paris your washerwoman is pretty sure to be a man, at least the person who comes after the clothes and returns them is a man; and so is the "chambermaid." The cashier of your hotel is pretty sure to be a woman; it is better to be a responsible cashier than to take in washing. Let American girls take warning; if it is not honorable business, it will be, perhaps, less honorable drudgery in that relentless by-and-by which we all have to face.

The Modern Drama and its Possibilities.

HERE is nothing more remarkable in the whole range of modern phenomena than the universal spirit of pessimism that seems to prevail in regard to the tendencies of modern life and ways. The acquisition of resources does not appear to add to the general sum total of happiness, or the development of material wealth to the ease and enjoyment of our lives. Even the diffusion of knowledge has its drawbacks—at least, the gloomy prophet of the future believes so. It makes people discontented, restless and unhappy in the present, and anxious for the future. Always pining for what they cannot get—what they would not enjoy if they had. To enforce his position, our pessimist friend points sadly, but with conclusive air, to the decay of literature, now that literature has become a universal trade, to the stream of books, that are only words, and that no one reads; to the actual though gradual extinction of reading as an art, now that every one can read, and to the absence of inspiration from the stage, now that the drama is respectable and common place.

In all this there is just so much of truth as to make it sound plausible to those who do but little thinking for themselves, and make them jump to lame and impotent conclusions. But we must remember that doubt and negation, a system that destroys belief, and a belief that paralyzes action are not good or useful and cannot, in the long run, be true. There is a proverb that whatever *is* is right. It means that whatever *is* naturally follows from something that has been, and was not, therefore, to be prevented. Its conditions may, perhaps, be helped, improved, but such as it is, it was born, or developed, or grew, and must be accepted. The philosophy of life is the philosophy consciously or unconsciously of everything that possesses life—it is birth, growth, culmination, decay, death. It is so with systems and ideas as well as individuals. For this reason we are always called upon to sigh over the loss or decline of something or other. What people have known, what they have become accustomed to, they are apt to look upon as the best thing; and when the form changes, when something else takes its place, when the gradual decay or transition period arrives, they see at once that the end has come, and that no more goodness or sweetness is to be expected from off the face of the earth.

We have been treated to an infinitude of such moanings in regard to the drama of the present day, and are daily in mournful wails over the decay of the "legitimate," whatever that may mean, and the popular encouragement given to a spurious article. There is no such thing as drama according to these critics, disassociated from Shakespeare and those who were contemporary with him, and of the "variety," which is the spice of life, they will have none. The dramas of Shakespeare, the clever, but coarse old comedies of his contemporaries, have been played for two centuries, and though they are still monumental, the finest outgrowth of the ages that preceded them, it is necessary for this age also to begin its work—to lay its foundations, at least to gather its materials, try its hand and prepare for a future record that must be made in some shape or other, for every age builds its own monuments.

Is it to be supposed that only Shakespeare lived and wrote dramas in his day? He illustrates the survival of the fittest, for he was not, according to the best authorities, the most popular dramatist of his time, and received immortality from posterity rather than from his generation, else there would be known concerning his personal history. Shakespeare, it has been said, is monumental, and, therefore, immortal; but this is not saying that no other plays but his

must exist, or have a legitimate right to exist for all time. Already so considerably have they been altered, pruned, cut down and "refined" to suit modern taste, that Shakespeare himself would hardly know them; yet if he has kept pace with the modern spirit, he will perhaps sympathize with modern thought and ideas, for he seems to have anticipated them. As for the old comedies, their field was new. They had the faults, the follies, the foibles of the world to satirize, and no scruple as to the way, or the weapons in or with which to make their attacks, and they made them with characteristic sharpness and venom. In modern life, whether we have really improved or not we keep our faults more out of sight. We do not any longer scold or quarrel, even in private, for these are signs of ill-breeding; and what the gospel of morality fails to accomplish, the gospel of good society has no difficulty in exacting. We do not, in short, parade any more our delinquencies, and it is, therefore, not only to be presumed that they do not exist, but in fact certain tendencies are discouraged, and we are becoming not only a more kind but a more moral race.

The drama must be, if anything, a representation of life as it is or as it may be; yet no drama has ever dared to be so bad or so good as life itself in some of its phases. Modern life, however, deals with its facts in different ways from the old feudal times, when violence and conflict were the order of the day, when the newspaper, with its numerous eyes and tongues, did not exist, and when the only way to prove might or enforce right was to fight it out, which was the normal condition of things. It would be useless for the dramatist of the period to base his presentation of a subject on conditions which no longer exist, and which only appeal historically and traditionally to our minds; yet it is much more difficult to make a strong picture out of a dead level than out of elements that present violent and opposing contrasts. What people nowadays ask for is a force to which they are accustomed, constructed out of materials from which that force has been abstracted. It is hardly likely that they can have it; modern strength lies in subtlety, and beauty in shading and depth; these require long growth to bring them to perfection. Some modern plays produced at the Union Square Theater, New York, have never been surpassed for intellectual vigor, skill in construction, and the play of the finer emotions—"Rose Michel," "A Celebrated Case," "The Two Orphans," "Daniel Rochat," and others may be cited. But such plays require realistic scenery, the finest acting; in short, faithful presentation, and the hurry of modern life is not favorable to good work of any kind. To save time we spend money lavishly, but money does not answer the purpose; it produces glitter, but not good or permanent results; time is necessary for this.

The Madison Square Theater is perhaps the best exemplification of what can be done with modern conditions for the modern drama. The intention of this theater from the beginning was to dissociate dramatic representation from its evil surroundings and reputation, and see what could be done with pure sentiments and natural emotions in awakening interest and maintaining it in mimic life and work. The intention has been faithfully carried out with such materials as could be found to co-operate in it. The theater itself is a model of quiet taste and genuine refinement, with nothing in it or about it that could shock or even offend the most fastidious. Its artists are, as far as possible, men and women of character as well as reputation, and it has initiated a school whose intention, at least, is to develop talent which is neither sensational nor merely superficial, but true to some of the canons of art. If "strong" plays, in the critical sense, have not been produced, if they have been free from the excitement of highly contrasted passions and violent emotions, they have interested the public, they have given us pictured

stories, beautifully framed and animated by living objects. It has given us a theater to which a gentleman is not afraid to take a lady, a father his daughter, a brother his sister—a theater which has no more evil and may have as much good as a church, and is much more positive in its direct influence upon the community. For a church is created for a specific object, it is sustained by a comparative few who believe in its tenets, but a theater is the outgrowth of the public that sustain it. It expends as much in a week as a church in a year; it speaks every evening, and if it does not attract hearers it must close its doors, and if it can succeed in doing this by the use of wholesome and healthful means, it does a double good, for it not only relieves the mind of strain, it not only amuses—which is a beneficent work in itself—but it breaks down prejudices and enlarges the mental horizon, at the same time that it cultivates taste. All this the Madison Square Theater has fully succeeded in accomplishing, and it may achieve still greater things in the future. It has had to work so far with such materials as were at hand; its work must necessarily have been little more than a series of experiments; but it has struck a vein, and it has proved that there is a public which will gladly patronize good domestic drama if it is supplied to them. It is time that prejudice ceased to exercise its functions in regard to dramatic work, either from the actor or playwright. The dramatic instinct and the love of the mimic stage is strong in almost all minds, unless crushed out of them by habit or prejudice; it is of no use to fight this fact, or groan over it; the better way is to accept it, make ourselves acquainted with it, and do what we can to guide, direct and stimulate its development in channels that are helpful and beneficial rather than hurtful. It is a question if what is evil in or on the stage is not due to the "good" rather than the bad people in the world—to bigotry rather than the license of modern life.

Which ?

CANZONET.

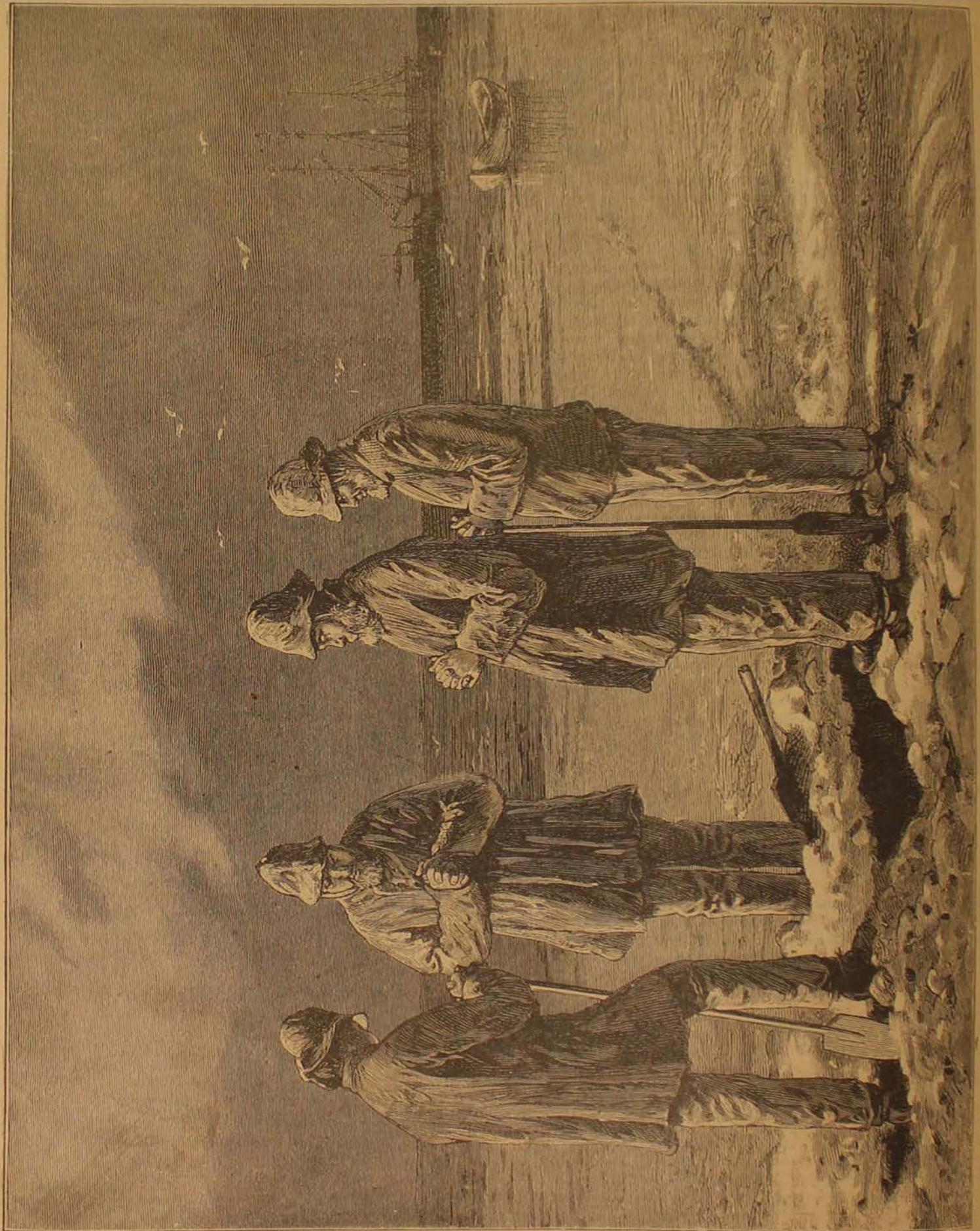
ROBERT has eyes like the falcon clear,
Manly grace and a soul that is true;
Fair-haired Roland has wealth and fame
And eyes like the bright sea's merriest blue;
And each avers he loves but me;—
Tell me, Robin, which shall it be ?

Roland is king in the world of books,
Versed in ancient scholarly lore,
Robert is lord of nature's realm,
Free as the wave on the sun-beat shore.
I love one, and both love me;
Tell me, Robin, which shall it be ?

Roland stoops from a dazzling height
To place me, his chosen, at his side.
In the annals proud of his race renowned
Never was known so humble a bride.
Kneels at my feet in the forest green
My huntsman lover and crowns me queen.

Which were better ? through toil and pain
To track my way with bleeding feet,
Striving to climb the frowning heights
To a life that is sordid, incomplete,
Or dwell, content, 'neath the greenwood tree ?—
Robin, dear Robin, which shall it be ?

SARAH D. HOBART.



A GRAVE UNDER THE SEA.

A Grave under the Sea.

HERE is a peculiar sadness in a burial at sea. To sink, as Byron says, into its

—“ depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.”

The wild waves sweep restlessly on, the winds “turn the sea's broad furrows like a plow,” the sea-birds skim the waters, and the ships go sailing proudly on their way, all unmindful of the form taking its last, long sleep, “unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.”

In vain does Affection cry with the poet,

“Where is thy grave, my love? I want to weep.”

No answer comes save the dashing of the waves and the wind's “mournful minstrelsy”; and the grave unvisited, the grave without the garlands of love, the grave that cannot be found, is the saddest grave in all creation.

The expressive picture, “A Grave under the Sea,” was drawn from life by F. Linder. It shows the sailors from a lightship burying on the outermost point of sand at the mouth of the Elbe a corpse that the tide has floated ashore, and the returning flood will cover the grave and hide it forever. Nothing can be more desolate than a burial like this—a burial under the sea—and faithfully has the artist depicted its weird solemnity. Even these rough men, accustomed to such scenes, stand in reverential awe around the grave they have dug in the wet sand. They place the wave-washed body, from which the spark of life has fled, into the opening, say a short prayer, their bowed heads and clasped hands evincing the solemnity of their feelings, cover up the grave, and quietly walk away,

“Leaving the sleeper with his God to rest.”

Of this solemn scene the artist has given us a most graphic representation, replete with pathos. In the distance are seen the lightships; the sea rolls gloomily along, while over its dark waves the birds are winging their flight. Over all hang the dark clouds, a golden rift in the skies lighting up the four figures that stand in solemn stillness around the open grave in which they have deposited the wave-beaten body. None will come to visit this lonely spot; but in that great day when “the books are opened,” and a vast army that no man can number gather from the uttermost ends of earth, even the sea will give up its dead.

The Alhambra.

THE Alhambra has often been written of, and its beauties described; but it remained for Washington Irving to throw around it the witchery of romance, and to invest it with a fascination that no other traveler has ever done. He enjoyed a peculiar privilege in being permitted by the Governor of the Alhambra to occupy his vacant apartments, where he remained several months, “transported,” as he said, “into other times and another realm.”

The Alhambra is an ancient fortified palace of the Moorish kings of Granada. It is situated on the crest of a hill, and overlooks the city of Granada. It was founded by Mahamad Aben Alahmar, who was born in Arjona in 1195. In 1238 he was proclaimed king, and proved a great benefactor to his people. About the middle of the thirteenth century he commenced to build the palace of the Alhambra, directing the workmen himself, and showing the deepest interest in their labors. He laid out a charming garden, and stocked it with rare plants and flowers. He died in his seventieth year, was embalmed, and buried in a silver coffin in the midst of the beauties he had called into being, a splendid marble tomb marking the spot where the founder of the Alhambra lay interred.

Jusef Abul Hagias succeeded him, and completed the work that Aben Alahmar commenced. He put up the Gate of Justice, built the Alcazar, or citadel of Malaga, and adorned many of the courts. He was killed in the mosque of the Alhambra by a maniac, and was buried in a superb marble sepulcher.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the Alhambra in the early days of its magnificence. There were courts paved with white marble, pools filled with goldfish, and bordered by a hedge of roses, fountains sparkling in the sun, the cool waters issuing from marble basins, and walls and ceilings shining in the beauty of colored mosaics. White marble pillars supported arcades of filigree work, and the escutcheons of the Moorish kings were emblazoned in gold and colors all over the walls.

While Time, the spoiler, has not spared the Alhambra, enough of its former glory remains to entitle it to the epithet “divine,” which the painter Regnault bestowed upon it, and who took up his residence in Granada to study the beauties of this wonderful palace. Day by day he wandered



THE ALHAMBRA.

through its brilliant courts and spacious halls, yielding to the fascinations which had once enthralled Washington Irving.

The Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two large marble slabs in the center of the floor, is supposed to have formed a portion of the private apartments of the kings. It is composed of a charming suite of rooms, elegantly adorned. The lower part of the walls is covered with Moorish tiles and the escutcheons of the kings; while the upper part is ornamented with arabesques, relievos, and gilded panels, inlaid with lapis lazuli. It has been said that these walls are like pages of illuminated missals. The tiles resemble, in colors and luster, the Raphael ware.

The Hall of the Ambassadors has a high vaulted ceiling of cedar wood; the walls are richly decorated with stucco work and gilded arabesque. In the Court of Lions there is a fountain springing from an alabaster basin, a flower garden is laid out there, and the dome is supported by delicate white marble pillars. There are three saloons called the Hall of Justice, the ceilings of which are adorned with frescoes painted on vellum.

It would be impossible for words to convey an adequate idea of the interior decorations of the Alhambra. Mr. Owen Jones's splendid work, which is in the New York Society Library of this city, contains over one hundred engravings, sixty of which are in gold colors, showing the decorations of the Alhambra. From this an admirable idea is gained of the beautiful Moorish tiles, the graceful and symmetrical white marble pillars, the delicately carved arcades, and all the flashing and dazzling beauty of this renowned Moorish palace.

The view from its terraced roof is charming. Lovely gardens, as beautiful as those of "good Haroun Alraschid," "daze the vision" with their sparkling fountains, orange groves and bright roses; vineyards, round towers, cathedrals and palaces, mountains and smiling valleys greet the eyes, while in the distance glisten the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada.

A Portrait.



COLLECTION of pictures, with the usual crowd of visitors coming and going. Some studying the canvases with the eye of a critic, an artist, or a connoisseur; others, unlearned or unappreciative, more occupied in looking at the people or in the search for some chance acquaintance than at the gallery before them; others, again, with perhaps but little more knowledge, but a certain intuitive sense of beauty or artistic power which would lead them, among the many poor productions, to choose the best. Of this number was Rachel Devereux. The one thing that she especially liked to do alone was to look at pictures. She wandered here and there, and then stood arrested before a portrait, needing no one to tell her that it was a masterly piece of work. The pose of the figure was wonderfully easy and natural, the hair, the coat, the background dark, the faintest touch of scarlet in the button-hole, and the light all on the face. What was it that drew her to it with such an irresistible attraction? She scarcely realized that the broad brow, the well-shaped nose, the shaded lip, and the round, full beard, were those of a handsome man, but it was the subtle expression of world-weariness in the dark blue eyes, which were half turned away, that fixed her attention. Any one looking into those gray eyes of hers would have seen the same. She knew and saw it herself at times in the reflection her mirror threw back to her, but to see it caught and fixed by the painter's brush was something new, and, in some strange fashion, attractive to her. She circled

round the room a few times and then came back. "A tall, slight, self-contained woman," some would have called her, even without detecting the silver thread that glimmered now and again in the dark hair. "A beautiful girl," would have been another verdict when the face woke, as it did rarely, to a wonderful life and animation, and the gray eyes glowed or were full of a soft and tender expression that came to them sometimes. She stood quite still looking at it. She would never forget the face, she thought; and then looked up suddenly to see the original. The blue eyes and the gray looked full into each other for a moment; his were half mirthful, half sarcastic now, it seemed to her; and then she turned away, and, without any further examination, left the room.

It was no single, crushing sorrow that had taken the spring, the elasticity, out of Rachel Devereux's life, though she had known grief, too, in her time. It was the sense of failure, of disappointment, that comes perhaps more or less to all of us as the years go by; the slow dying out of eager dreams, of bright hopes—the ceaseless questionings of the why and wherefore in life's problems which refuse to be answered. With some there comes a period of unrest in youth which passes, and time brings a certain calmness. With others a spirit of philosophy usurps dominion. But neither had yet availed Rachel; she was too old now for the illusions of youth, too young yet—pitifully young she felt herself at times—for either philosophy or calmness. She had had her dreams of love, as what woman has not? but she had awakened and found them but dreams, and of life's realities she was weary. "Little Missy don't think too much," her old black nurse had said of her in childhood, and it was perhaps as true of her in later years. She thought a little of the picture when she had left it that afternoon, and, in a half-questioning way, of the original too, now and again; but in time both faded from her mind.

Some months later she was one afternoon walking in a crowded street, looking at the faces that passed her absently, as she had a habit of doing, when something half familiar in the eyes that met hers arrested her attention, and panning over it, and not as much on the lookout as usual for the vehicles driving in rapid succession, she turned to cross the street. Two runaway horses were tending, in their swift, wild career, unchecked by the driver's hand, toward her. There was a shout of warning, and vehicles and people in frightened haste cleared the way. She looked up in a sudden, alarmed awakening, to see them almost upon her. Too late it seemed to escape, when an arm was thrown round her and she felt herself lifted bodily on to the sidewalk. Half bewildered she turned to thank her preserver, and met the glance that had seemed so familiar. It was the original of the portrait that had once so impressed her. It all came back to her now in a flash of recollection; but ere she had time to express her feelings he smiled, lifted his hat, and was gone. "It was so strange to meet him again," she mused, and then shuddered to think of her own narrow escape from injury or death, and feeling too much shaken to carry out the plan of her afternoon, turned and retraced her steps.

"La, Mis' Rachel, honey, you look drefful white," was old black Nannie's comment as Rachel reached her own room, and she hung over her mistress with alarmed caresses as the latter told her story, for "little Missy," who had been Nannie's darling in childhood, was still her "chile" as she had grown older. It was the only mother-love the girl had known since her own mother, whom she could but dimly remember, had died.

"Oh, Nannie," Rachel said in distress the next morning. "I have lost my ring! I remember I took my glove off for something just before I crossed the street yesterday, and it must have slipped off," and she burst into sudden tears—

unusual thing for her whose tears were few, and those few shed in solitude. The ring had been left to her by a friend who had died; it was one of the tenderest memories of her early youth, and it was a real grief to her to part with it.

"That's mighty bad, chile, but yo' name's in it; you'll see, old Nannie know somebody 'll bring it back." And with that Rachel was fain to be comforted. "I will see that it is advertised to-morrow," her uncle replied when she told him of her loss, "and as it has your initials in, doubtless it will be returned."

That afternoon a card was brought up to Rachel, and the servant said the gentleman was waiting to see her. "'Henry Alleyne.' I do not know the name." But she went down. Once more the portrait.

"Miss Devereux," he said, in a pleasant, musical voice, as she came toward him, "I tried to find my friend and yours, is he not? Jack Rayne, to bring me here this afternoon, but he is out of town; so, if you will allow me, I have come to make my own apologies."

"Henry Alleyne!" was Rachel's mental exclamation. "So this was the friend that Jack Rayne used to rave over, a year or two ago! How did it ever happen that his name had not come back to her when she saw his card?" "Yes," she said simply, "I know you very well now. Jack has sounded your praises in my ear frequently; but I have to thank you"—with a quick, impassioned movement—"for saving me from injury, perhaps from death, yesterday. I was so stunned that I did not thank you as I wished, and indeed you gave me no chance."

"We seem fated to meet," he said smiling, "and I have made bold to take this last opportunity myself. 'There's luck in odd numbers, said Rory O'More,' for, as I confessed before, I owe you an apology. You did not know, perhaps, that I stole your ring."

"Stole my ring!" she echoed in amazement, and then added quickly, "I am so glad it is safe with you."

"You had missed it, then?"

"Oh, yes, and feared it was gone forever. I prize it so much it would have been a real grief for me to lose it."

"You remember the day we met when you were looking so intently at my portrait?"

"Yes," she said, coloring slightly.

"It was really a commendable piece of good nature on my part, to be set against some of my numerous sins. I did not enjoy it very much, but it was to oblige an artist friend, and he certainly made a fine piece of work. Do you not think so?"

"It struck me exceedingly; that is why you found me there," she said, raising her brows a little, as she had a trick of doing.

"Well," he continued, "I found out afterward, by accident, your name, and that Rayne was so fortunate as to be numbered among your friends, and when I met you yesterday on the street I turned to look after you and saw you drop the ring, which I picked up and slipped into my vest pocket, intending to follow and return it to you, but when I saw you in that frightful danger it escaped my mind, and having an engagement to meet, I only stopped long enough to see that you were unhurt, and went my way. Am I pardoned for my temporary forgetfulness?" and he held out his hand with the ring lying in it.

"I have only thanks to give you," she said with a sigh of relief, as she took it and slipped it on her finger.

"May I come again after so slight an introduction?" he asked, as he rose to leave.

"And give me an opportunity to find out some of the many perfections of Jack's 'preux chevalier'? Yes, certainly, I shall be very happy," she said with her rare smile.

Jack Rayne had been one of Rachel's dreams. A com-

panion from childhood, she had felt for him a very sisterly affection, and when, later on, he had tried to persuade her that it was something more, she had for a short time yielded to his entreaties, and, with many misgivings, engaged herself to him. But she was too true and honest long to be deceived, so gently but firmly she had claimed a release. "It is no use, Jack; I have tried it to please you, but I felt all the time it was a mistake, and now I know it. To continue our present relations would be a wrong to you as well as myself. You can be my friend, my brother if you will, but never more."

So they had parted, and for a while Rachel had felt lonely and sad, but quite satisfied that it was for the best. Now, as she had said, they were friends, meeting casually, even frequently, but the romance was over. Of his friend Alleyne he had been wont to talk a great deal, and she had listened, as she did sometimes when Jack talked, a little absently. So this was the friend.

"Will he come again?" she questioned, as she turned her ring on her finger, so glad to feel it there once more; "I think so." And he did, not once but many times, till it grew to be a part, and such a pleasant part, of her daily life. They were both fond of music, of art, and had many tastes, literary and otherwise, in common, while they differed sufficiently on certain points to lend the spice and variety of occasional disagreement to their intercourse. Both were disillusioned with life in many respects, yet both had still the power to enjoy it. "People, some people at least, were not made to be happy," was a doctrine of Rachel's which her friend sometimes combated, sometimes agreed with, as the mood took him.

And still the days went by and gradually Rachel told herself that whatever her other experiences had been, this at least was no dream. "I am awake at last," she said, "and I shall dream no more." His person, his words, his very presence, were growing so inexpressibly dear to her; simply to feel him near, was a quiet happiness beyond any she had known. Sometimes hope told her flattering tales, and she felt that she was the one woman for him; and again, "It is not for you," a cold voice seemed to whisper; and daily she fought with herself not to yield to the enchantment, and to give no outward sign of the struggle within. And still his eyes, his touch at times were eloquent, but in words he spoke not.

And he? Back in the past, which was yet present to him, was a woman with golden hair, with exquisite eyes, for whom the world had seemed to him well lost. A woman who had lured him on with loving glances which were false, while to him they were as true. A woman for whose cruel sake he had lost his faith, his trust in all womankind. Henceforth—it was a vow, almost, that he took—they should be nothing to him. Should this other woman, with those gray eyes of hers that could be so tender, trouble him now? And yet—and yet—he could not leave her.

"Rachel, my dear, I hear Mr. Alleyne is quite a devoted admirer of yours in these days," a married friend said lightly, one day when they were together. "Beware of him, for he belongs to the order of gay deceivers." Rachel shivered internally but gave no outward sign; only a cold look passed over her face as her friend added, "However you are such an iceberg there is no danger of anybody's making much impression on you. I'll tell you a little story about him some day when I see you again. Good by now." "Kindly cynic" had been Rachel's name for him; so this, then, was the origin of it, she thought. But what more remained to be told of "the story"?

"You must know," it began, when she at last heard it, "that Henry Alleyne is no boy. He is not so young even as he looks. Years ago in B—Gwendolen Ross was the reigning belle. All the young men were wild about her, and chief

amongst them was Henry Alleyne. She was a practiced coquette, and gave to each just the shadow of hope which kept the flame alive. With him she went even farther, and I believe, though it was not acknowledged, they were really engaged. At any rate, though at times he was mad with jealousy, he never left her. She went away from home, and stories of her fresh conquests were many; but she came back as she went, and resumed her flirtation, so to call it, with Alleyne. She was fond of him, I think, in her fashion, but she was fonder still of his admiration, and fondest of the wealth that he did not possess. One of her rich suitors followed her. It was a question of now or never, I suppose, and one morning her many admirers in B— woke to find her married and gone without a word of warning. It was no small blow to several; to Alleyne it was almost crushing. But such things do not often kill, and he lived through it to revenge on the many, so they say, so far as in him lay, the faithlessness of the one. Now she is a rich widow, still beautiful, and I have heard that her old lover is again a favorite. I don't know whether you will thank me for telling you all this, but I always think it is well girls should know just where they stand."

"Thank you," was Rachel's quiet and only rejoinder.

That afternoon fate willed it that she should meet the two of whom she had just heard. There could be no mistake in the fair beautiful woman in slight mourning, who was looking up with such earnest, almost tender glances, into his face. Neither of them saw Rachel. She only took in that he was looking at his companion with an expression that was not familiar to her. She could not call it one of affection, and yet it might mean that the old feeling was waking to life.

Rachel went home resolved on something about which she had before hesitated: a party of friends had gone to the seashore and written urging her to join them. Now she made up her mind that she would go.

But she met with unexpected opposition from old Nannie. "Do'n you go, honey. I do'n like the water—it's a cruel crawlin' thing. You's better on dry lan', away from it."

"Don't take notions or put them into my head, Nannie," her mistress said. "I shan't be gone long, perhaps, and a change will do me good. So help me pack up, and say no more about it," and she laid her hand affectionately on the old woman. Nannie shook her head sorrowfully, but said no more, and did as she was bidden.

The preparations were soon completed, and Rachel started. At the station, just as she was dismissing the cab, she looked up to see Mr. Alleyne standing beside her. "And you were going away without so much as bidding me good-by," he said a little reproachfully.

"So it seems," she tried to answer lightly, "but perhaps I shall not be gone long. I am joining some friends at the sea-shore for a little while." He walked beside her silently, with a half-preoccupied air, then put her into a seat, and stood outside of the window, holding in a firm, close clasp the hand she had extended to him. "You will write to me, your 'kindly cynic'?" She looked at him intently as she had looked once, so long ago, it seemed now, at his portrait—intently, tenderly almost, with something very like tears shining in the soft, gray eyes. "The last time, perhaps," she told herself; but she did not answer his question.

"Rachel, you will write to me?" Eagerly, almost imperiously, he spoke now.

"No," she said softly but firmly. And then the train moved off, and she was gone.

"And I have let her go without the word that has been hovering on my lips so long," was his unspoken thought, with a sudden painful contraction of heart and an unutterable yearning to have her beside him once more. "It cannot

be that I deceive myself. It was the loving truth that her eyes spoke to me just now. To-morrow I will follow her and tell her all that is in my heart, and what the past has been." To-morrow!

That evening saw Mr. Alleyne one of a circle surrounding the beautiful widow. He rose to leave, but by gesture and mute entreaty she held him to the last. Alone together they talked of indifferent topics, and when he rose once more she too stood up. "Will you never forgive me? Can I not recall the past?" He looked down into the lovely eyes raised to his, and answered gravely, "What you killed is dead—past my power or yours to bring it to life again. Late though it be, now we will have but the truth between us;" for he knew in this moment, past all doubt or question, that not this woman with her fair face, so deceiving and charming, but that other woman with the true, earnest gray eyes, and face that was called cold, but never so to him, claimed all his heart.

A party of girls, with Rachel among them, wandered along the shore the next morning, and sat down on a cliff overlooking the sea. The talk was desultory, and came and went by snatches. She sat silent, looking far out over the water. "A penny for your thoughts, Rachel," some one exclaimed, and before she could answer another cried out, "I am getting dizzy. I think we are too near the edge. Let us go!" As they rose a cloud of mist swept over the cliff, passed, and one was missing. "Rachel, Rachel!" they called, and then looked over the cliff to see her struggling in the water below. They climbed down quickly and threw a shawl out to her; she clasped it once. Ah! life itself was sweet, as in hasty panorama the days that were gone seemed to pass before her. "Throw it again!" she cried faintly—but a wave swept her out of reach. Now, now please God, she should have an answer to all life's problems.

The hours went by. "How slowly the train travels!" thought Henry Alleyne, with a fierce impatience, as the express flew along the track. His waiting time was over. But the station was reached finally, and he took his way toward the house and the woman he sought. What strange procession is that which he sees? The long lines of a tall figure, so graceful even in death, the slow drip of falling garments, as they carry her silently, mournfully, tenderly. He notes it all with a strange numbness settling round his heart. What is it to him? Good God! It is too late to speak now.

LEIGH NORTH.

In White.

In white, like fairest flower of May,
Pure, in her cradle-bed she lay.

In white—a girl in gladsome play,
She lived as life were always day.

In white—her lover by her side,
She proudly stood, a happy bride.

In white, she lay on bed of pain—
A lily press'd down by the rain.

In white—a halo 'round her head,
She lived; men look'd and call'd her dead.

In white—her spirit, like a flame,
Uprose to Heaven, whence it came.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

(See Steel Engraving.)

JOHAN EVERETT MILLAIS, the painter of the celebrated picture "The Bride of Lammermoor," from which our engraving is taken, is one of the most noted of the Pre-Raphaelites. He is a native of Southampton, at which place he was born in 1829. When but eight years of age he was awarded a silver medal for his drawings by the Society of Arts, and two years later he received two silver medals from the Royal Academy. In 1847 he received the gold medal for his painting "The Tribe of Benjamin Seizing the Daughters of Shiloh," and in 1853 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, when but twenty-four years of age. Subsequently he became a member. Among his most celebrated pictures are "The Huguenot Lovers," "Isabella," "Dream of the Past," "Christ in the House of his Parents," "The Rescue," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," from which our engraving is taken, and which is now in the gallery of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, of this city. Among the portraits painted by Mr. Millais are those of Carlyle, Tennyson, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Mrs. Langtry, and the Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh.

In his delineation of the Bride of Lammermoor the artist has followed very closely Sir Walter Scott's description of that unfortunate beauty: "Lucy Ashton's exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court his admiration."

No less correct is the portrait of the Master of Ravenswood: "A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown color. A Montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic though somewhat sullen expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both."

The wild scenery of Lammermoor is given with the fidelity that is characteristic of the eminent artist. The Castle of Ravenswood was situated in the gorge of a pass or mountain glen; the rocks and streams, the overhanging trees and bushes, combined to render the scenery wild and weird in the extreme.

The painter has depicted Lucy Ashton, when, accompanied by the Master of Ravenswood, she goes to seek her father, from whom she has become separated in her walk. Attacked by a ferocious bull that was attracted by her red mantle, she would have fallen a victim to its fury but for the opportune appearance of the young Master of Ravenswood. Faint and exhausted from the dangerous encounter with the animal, she accepts the arm of her deliverer, and goes forth in search of her father. In her clinging attitude and languid expression is seen the terror and agitation she has undergone; while the young stranger, for such he is to her now, clasps her hand as if to assure her that with him there is safety and protection.

In this charming picture the best qualities of the artist are

seen—his careful study of scenery, faithfulness of execution, and fine coloring. Not only does he interpret nature correctly, but in him the author finds an interpreter capable of reproducing on canvas a faithful resemblance of his own creations.

My Lady.

THE STORY OF A POOR RICH GIRL.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUENA.

CHAPTER I.

THEY say all the doors have silver-plated hinges and knobs." "Why, Sue Barton! I heard there was not a door in the house—just curtains stretched across on gold rods—'porters' she calls them."

"Well, I don't know; I haven't seen them, to be sure; but mother says there are very curious changes going on at the old colonel's place, and she guesses the old gentleman would be astonished, if he could rise from the dead, to find himself grandfather to such a fashionable flutter-gibbet of a girl as that Maria; but dear me, I forget; she writes her name 'Marie' on her cards. Such airs! French, you know; and she was named plain Maria, after her grandmother;" and Miss Sue Barton looked very indignant, quite forgetting the fact of her own name being plain Susannah. "I wonder, indeed," she continued, "that the dust of our Norwood village streets is good enough for her ponies' hoofs."

"She does look ridiculous, doesn't she, driving about town in that queer two-wheeled wagon, 'village cart' she calls it, and a nasty shaggy dog set upon the seat beside her. Let her adopt some poor child with all her money, Aunt Rachel says."

"Martha Harvey sewed there last month, and told me Marie dresses for dinner every day; wears silks and satins and long trains just like party dresses, and no one to see them but her father. Oh, dear!" and Sue sighed enviously.

"Wonder if she will give a party this winter, Sue; I'd like to see inside the house. Mollie Bray called on her—shall you?"

"I don't think I shall, thank you," with a toss of the brown curls; "I don't care about being insulted by such a little rich upstart."

"Why, Sue Barton! what do you mean?" and Kitty's blue eyes were twice their normal size at this bit of news.

"Well, I'll tell you how she treated Mollie, and then you can judge for yourself. When Mollie rose to go, Marie went to the parlor door with her, and bade her good-by. Mollie went on down the long stairs, chatting on pleasantly over her shoulder to Marie, you know, when, lo and behold! upon reaching the bottom, there was no one to be seen but that animated black statue that opens and shuts the front door. My Lady had actually not had the common civility to see her guest to the door."

"Sue Barton! did you ever!" cried Kitty, with a gasp of horror.

"No, I never did! We Norwood people are not accustomed to such kind of ill-breeding;" and Miss Barton tossed her head again.

"Hark, Sue! I hear wheels. See, there comes My Lady now."

A pretty little rustic village cart, drawn by a pair of white ponies, came rapidly bowling along the road. The driver, a

fair young girl, held the reins firmly in one gloved hand, while with the other she patted the silky head of the skye beside her. She looked towards the two girls walking home from school on the roadside, and with a bright, pleasant smile and cheery "Good-afternoon, girls," passed on.

"She sits in a fashionable parlor, and rocks in an easy chair, She's dressed in silks and satins, and jewels are in her hair; She winks and giggles and simpers, and simpers and giggles and winks, And tho' she says but little, it's a great deal more than she thinks."

It was Sue Barton's high-pitched soprano that sung out the words.

"Who, pray, are you apostrophizing as the fashionable lady, my dear?" asked Miss Meredith, the young lady school-teacher, who had caught up to her pupils now, and heard a snatch of the refrain Sue was singing so sarcastically.

"My Lady has shaken the dust from her horses' feet upon us," replied Sue, with a disdainful look down the road in the direction of the village cart.

"And do you for a moment imagine, girls, that Miss Whyte is a fit subject for the application of the words of that song?" Miss Meredith spoke in a tone of reproof, and she eyed keenly the faces of her two pupils.

"Do you know that she *isn't*, Miss Meredith?" saucily asked Sue in answer; "she certainly dresses in silks and satins, she winks and giggles and simpers with her French airs; do you think that she 'thinks' any more than she says?"

Miss Meredith paused, and looked displeased. Kitty Carroll hung her head, half ashamed, and stammered in an apologetic sort of a way:

"Everybody says she's awfully stuck-up, you know, Miss Meredith."

"Well, then, I," answered Miss Meredith, "shall gladly come to her rescue and defence, for I have found Miss Marie Whyte very much of a lady; indeed, she is remarkably free from any of the haughty assumptions, or 'airs,' as you term it, that sometimes accompany youth, especially if the standing of such be one of wealth and position. As for giggling and simpering, I have never seen her guilty of either, and I am quite sure that she must 'think' as well as 'say,' Sue, for she speaks and sings in three different languages, and the acquirement of those requires some brain and thoughts surely."

"Well, I don't care," snapped Sue, swinging her hat angrily, "she has done some very questionable *lady-like things*," and then she related, with what she considered a convincing gusto, the little episode attending Mollie Bray's call.

Miss Meredith smiled again. What unsophisticated country folks the simple Norwood people were! "Why, my dear girls," said she, "don't you know that *that* is merely English good manners? Miss Whyte, you must recollect, has been educated and brought up by her aunt in England, and she simply behaves as she has been taught there. It is the custom abroad for the hostess to bid her guests good-bye in the parlor."

"Oh," answered Sue, blushing now for her ignorance; then more boldly, "I suppose the rest of her stuck-upishness is English too. Kitty, we shall have to study up the 'Peerage' and the 'Blue Book,' in order to understand the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain of my Lady. Oh, dear! shall we have to dress in satin for dinner too, and wear four white frocks a week, as they say she does, I wonder?"

"It will not be at all necessary, Sue," Miss Meredith gravely replied, "for you to copy Miss Whyte's English mode of living or dressing in order to prove yourselves true American ladies. I hope you will show her by your cordial

and polite hospitality, now that she has come among you, that it is as possible to be 'my Lady' in a little American village as it is to be one in a great English manor."

Sue shrugged her shoulders and linked her arms through Kitty's, and, having reached the turn of the street that led to her house, drew Kitty along with her, bidding Miss Meredith a curt "good-afternoon."

CHAPTER III.

MARIE WHYTE was sixteen, and had no mother. She had been born in Norwood, and held some pleasant recollections of her early childhood spent there, but as her home had been with an aunt in Surrey ever since her mother's death and during her father's absence from America, now some ten years, she seemed really more like an English maiden than an American girl.

She had come back to her native land with a warm enthusiasm for the new life she should live there.

"I shall carry the best of my Old England training to my New England home," she had thought, "and papa shall find in me all that he has missed these many years; his wealth will procure us everything of the earth earthy that we shall desire; I will endeavor to make his home a bright, happy one, and I shall just be the happiest girl in all the world!"

But there is a great, wide, busy world surging outside the little narrow one bounded by the walls of our individual homes, and Marie forgot, or rather was innocently ignorant, that the sea of public opinion is full of angry waves of envy and jealousy, and that overwhelming tides of bitter animosity and ungenerosity oftentimes rise and inundate the homes of the just as well as the unjust, especially if the houses of such be richly furnished, and their inmates, born in the purple and used to the silver spoon from birth, know no better than to wear their royal robes and eat their porridge from a china bowl.

"No need to continue my English custom of taking flannels and sending coals to the poor old women of the parish here, papa," she laughed, as she drove him to the station shortly after her arrival at Norwood, pointing to the trim, well-kept gardens and comfortable homes of the village poorer classes as she spoke. "Everything looks thrifty and well-to-do in New England. I don't see any miserable sort of people."

"You can spend all your pocket money, then, in the cultivation of the love for the esthetic instead, my dear; I fancy the people might be improved somewhat in that direction," replied Mr. Whyte, smiling.

"They do some *outré* things here, papa—see that nice looking young man driving in his shirt-sleeves; he don't seem to care a bit, and he is a large land-owner here, what we would call a 'Squire in Surrey.'"

"Well, Marie, try your hand at refining society—drop the old women and flannels and coals, and pick up the young men and their hats and coats," and Mr. Whyte laughed as Marie drove off.

It was not long, however, before Miss Marie Whyte discovered that the good people of Norwood were neither anxious nor in any way prepared to have their mode of living or thinking changed by the advent of a stranger in their midst. The farmers and tradesmen welcomed Mr. Whyte back to his native village to be sure, and their wives called, a little timidly be it confessed, upon his daughter, but their ways were mostly different from hers, and they soon gossiped about it among themselves. The old ladies lifted their eyebrows at the new-fangled ways of housekeeping. "A butler, forsooth! what was he for? and a lady's maid in a cap! what

did she do, pray?" and with the familiar impertinence of age, they peeped into her china closets, and fingered her damask, and behaved as they would not have dared in any of their other neighbors' houses.

A few of the young girls had called upon Marie, feeling very awkward and constrained in her self-possessed presence, and acting not shy but rude in their endeavors to appear at ease.

Marie met them kindly, and tried to make each one feel at home, but she sighed, after their departure, as she recalled their uncomfortable looks and curt manners, and wondered why they behaved so strangely.

"They strike me somehow as being angry at me for something, I wonder why; I try to be as nice as I know how," said she to herself, smoothing down the Duchesse lace jabot, and arranging the flowers that adorned her corsage. How did she know, poor girl, that it was that same bit of lace and bunch of flowers that had helped provoke them to their ill-bred behavior? They had felt dowdy and ill-dressed beside her. She was rich and citified and refined, they were poor, countrified, and awkward; and they hated *her* for it all!

* * * * *

"Well, I declare!" cried Sue Barton, in a pleasant tone of voice, one morning in Christmas week, opening an envelope which had just been handed her.

"Here is a very toney invite to a party at Hillcrest; and one for Lois, too. Well, my lady, I must say you have done well; I was dying to get Lois inside your parlors somehow, and here is a regular invitation for her. Hurrah, Lois!" she called to her cousin, a young girl of her own age, who had come from the city to spend the holidays, "Come here, quick! here is an invite for you from my Lady!"

The girl answered the summons at once, and soon the two, with flushed cheeks and merry tongues were planning their costumes for their *début* at the Hillcrest party.

The party proved to be an elegant affair; an entertainment on such a grand scale was never before known in Norwood. Marie was exquisitely dressed in a rich costume her aunt had sent her from Paris, and at her father's request she wore her mother's diamonds.

"Wanted to make a grand display of her jewels and good clothes, you see," whispered Sue to Kitty Carroll.

It may be that Marie caught the echo of some such spiteful remark during the evening, for when the guests had all gone, she turned to Miss Meredith, the school-teacher, whom she had invited to spend the holidays, and said, looking up into her face very earnestly:

"Tell me, Agathe Meredith, why is it the people here do not like me?"

"Do not like you?" repeated Miss Meredith, hesitatingly.

"Yes; the girls, especially, seem to act as though they actually hated me; what have I done to be treated so?" she went on in an intense, passionate tone. "I came here almost a stranger to the old home where I was born; I hoped, nay, I expected, to be received kindly at least. I left warm friends behind me in my adopted home, I assure you, but here they have not even welcomed me; they treat me with a rude, cool aversion; I have overheard cruel remarks, and seen sneering glances. What does it all mean, Miss Meredith—can you tell?"

Miss Meredith was touched, and a burning shame for the guild of village girls, of which she was one, flamed into her face and words, as she answered warmly:

"Marie, I am ashamed to confess it, but the truth of the matter is just this—the girls are envious and jealous of you. You are simply bearing the burden of riches. The girls feel their comparative poverty, roughness, and coarseness in contrast beside you, and they resent it upon you and hate you

for it, and, ungenerous and unjust as the feeling may be, I assure you I can read their behavior in no other way."

"They hate me because I am rich! Why, how can I help that?" cried Marie.

"You cannot, dear, nor can you help either being more refined and better educated and more prettily dressed than they; these are faults of your position." She laughed now, and continued: "You don't *know* any better, poor thing, than to be elegant in your manners, and fashionable in your attire; you have been accustomed to these surroundings all your life, and they are as natural to you as the air you breathe. These girls see the difference between their lives and yours, and they imagine you feel above them, 'stuck-up' as they term it, because you act so."

"I 'act so'? Oh, Agathe!"

"Oh, no, I do not mean by that that you are arrogant, my dear; I mean simply that you *are* on a higher plane, by reason of your education, and the varied accomplishments your wealth has procured you. This feeling on the part of the girls arises from a base and detestable spirit of envy, and I am ashamed of my sex," and Miss Meredith looked every word she said.

"But you don't think me 'stuck-up,' do you? Why is it that you are so kind and good to a poor rich girl?" asked Marie, a smile creeping over her sad face.

"Because I hope I am more generous in my nature, and thus capable of seeing things in a clear, rightful light; and besides, I *know* you, Marie;" and she went on merrily, "I have discovered that in spite of the grave faults of beautiful costumes, sparkling diamonds, good grammar and refined manners, it is possible for a rich woman to be sensible, kind-hearted and lovable."

"Thank you, Miss Meredith," answered Marie, with a warm embrace. "I know of no one in the world who more sorely needs kindly sympathy and encouragement than we poor rich girls!"

CHAPTER III.

THE process of refining the baser metals is a very nice one, and the gold-beater finds it slow work to beat out of the metal under his hammer the delicate fine sheets of soft, yellow sheen. As delicate work, and as slow, is the same refining process through which rough boys and girls are made into polished gentlemen and ladies.

It was not the intention or desire of Marie Whyte to bring about a radical reform in the society of Norwood when she came there, but in little indirect ways she was really an unconscious means to that end.

Somehow the sight of her elegant turnout had an element of polish in the curiosity it roused, and when her ponies came dashing along the country road now, instead of standing beside the pump and pursuing their morning ablutions as heretofore, the boys scud behind the lilac bushes and only appeared before her when fully dressed. The girls, too, seemed to have learned a daintier way of tying a ribbon and draping an overskirt, and looked better dressed.

"I believe the people begin to like me after all, Miss Meredith," said Marie one morning in early spring, stopping at that lady's door one Saturday. "Ben Barton brought me some trailing arbutus for my May basket to-day, the first of the season, and his sister and Kitty Carroll have asked me to go hunt more in the woods with them, and I am on my way now."

"In that dress and those shoes?" exclaimed Miss Meredith, with a smile, glancing at the somewhat elaborate costume for the tramp.

"Why, I haven't any other plainer one,—won't this do?"

will they—can't I go so?" and Marie stopped and looked down at her pretty suit of chuddah in distress.

"You are really to be pitied, my dear—quite a county case; I'll speak to the guardians of the poor and see if they cannot provide you with some suitable clothing," laughed Miss Meredith; "yes, run on, and make the girls forget that you are dressed up so fine."

It was later in the season that Miss Marie Whyte discovered how, in spite of her "silks and satins, and jewels and laces," she had won a high place in the hearts and opinions of the Norwood folks.

The annual village excursion to Harbor Park, a pretty bit of picnic ground down the bay, was held early in September, and Marie was not a little surprised as well as pleased to receive an invitation to attend.

The morning of the picnic dawned bright and pleasant; a number of invited guests from the city met the Norwood folks upon the ground. Among them was Sue Barton's cousin, Lois Miller, and Horace Ryder, a friend of Marie Whyte's.

"Dear me, what a swell!" cried Sue, when she saw Marie's friend greet her. He was a very handsome lad, and dressed in excellent taste.

"Lawdy Daw! Lawdy Daw!" sang Ben Barton in an undertone, enviously eyeing the fashionable cut of the boy's clothes, and feeling very freckled and rough and homespun himself.

"He's a Latin School student—Hal knows him—he is awful rich, and Hal says the smartest boy in the school," whispered Lois.

"Looks like a wax head in a hair-dresser shop—hair parted in the middle like a girl, and rings on his hands—ugh!" snorted Ben. "I hate such fellows," he muttered to himself, throwing away a bunch of pond lilies he had got for Marie, and walking off moodily.

"Just see how Marie is rigged out," said Kitty Carroll. "Embroidered white muslin over lavender, her hat is lovely with those long shaded plumes, and see her open-work lace mitts with the rings shining through them—"

"And that white silk parasol with Spanish lace—her fine complexion and white hands must be preserved of course. Such vanity!" cried Sue, at the same time arranging to the best advantage the glossy curls of which she was so vain.

"How do you suppose she will be able to enjoy the day in such a get-up? I daresay her clothes will be on her mind continually! She won't do a thing you see, to muss her dress or soil her hands."

It was not many hours before Sue was compelled to humbly acknowledge her mistake.

Among the amusements provided for this day a sail in a pretty little yacht was the one most delighted in by the larger girls and boys.

"Come, Miss Marie," said Horace Ryder, who had just beaten Ben Barton by a half-length in the invitation, "there is a party going out a little way on the bay; here is your shawl."

"Are you going too, girls?" asked Marie, turning to Sue and Kitty. They assented, and soon the party started. Ben pretended to be devoted in his attentions to his cousin Lois. There were only seven of them, counting the skipper, Marie, Kitty, Sue, Lois, Ben, and Horace Ryder.

There was a stiff breeze, and the little yacht sped swiftly over the green water. The girls sang and the boys joined in, Horace at least, for Ben refused, sitting aloof from Lois even, now, and glowering at "Lawdy Daw," as he mentally dubbed Marie's friend.

"What's the matter, Ben? Lost your voice? Seasick, I bet," teased Sue.

"Yes, nauseated," growled Ben, with a glance in the direction of his aversion, who sat beside Marie.

"Here, have my salts," said Marie, pleasantly, handing him a pretty jeweled vinaigrette.

He pushed it away. "I don't want nothin' o' yours no more," he replied, angrily, and rose and crossed to the other side of the boat.

"Look out there!" called out the skipper, but too late; the boom swinging round just then struck Ben violently, and knocked him overboard.

"Oh, save him! save him! He can't swim!" shrieked Sue, looking imploringly toward the skipper.

"Can't swim either," he replied, looking ashamed as well as frightened, and trying to tack so as to reach Ben, who was drifting away with the tide.

"Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Ben! Ben!" she cried, wringing her hands.

And the yacht sailed on, and Ben seemed going down. "Here, quick—unfasten that boat—hand me those oars! Girls, sit still! Horace, come," came a sharp, peremptory order, and two pairs of white hands tugged at the rope that held a frail little rowboat attached to the yacht.

"Lower it carefully," was the next order.

The skipper obeyed; and the yacht sailed on and Ben's blonde head seemed miles away.

"What, you? No, let me," cried the skipper, as Marie prepared to follow her friend, who had jumped into the little boat.

"Stay here with those girls. I am used to rowing, I am indeed; I have many times in England; I will go," and she shook off his detaining hand upon her arm and jumped into the boat, grasped an oar, and the little boat sped off. How they watched it. The cruel waters seemed almost to engulf it. And oh, where was Ben? A ferryboat steamed in sight, and now, near it for the third time, Ben's tow head appeared above the waves! Frantic shrieks and signals from the yacht warned the craft of a drowning man in its track. The steamer stopped. And now the little boat seemed propelled by more than human power. How the boy and girl rowed! Sue fancied she could see the diamonds on the little white hands flash in the sunlight, and the violet ribbons and laces floated wildly in the wind. Ah, he was safe! they had reached him, and now, dripping and half dead, Ben was dragged into the little boat, and again the boy and girl, much slower this time, rowed back to the yacht.

When the party reached shore, and the doctor had pronounced Ben out of danger, Sue Barton went over to the group of ladies who were surrounding Marie Whyte, and falling down at her feet, Sue took both blistered hands in hers and kissed them passionately.

"I ask your forgiveness, Marie," said she, between her sobs. "I have said and thought the hatefulest things about you. I am ashamed and sorry to have so misjudged you. I have called you, scornfully, 'my Lady;' now, I shall always think of you as my angel, for you have been one—you saved Ben's life," and Sue utterly broke down.

Marie looked astonished and touched. She smiled, however, and answered, raising Sue from her recumbent position and putting her arms around her:

"I am afraid you idealize me now. Horace did as much as I, you know, but Sue;" she continued, more earnestly, "I am glad that you know me better now. Just think of me as a girl like yourself, and like me a little, and I will be very happy."

The Norwood people, however, insisted upon it that they had a real heroine among them, and the story of Ben Barton's rescue was told far and near, and Marie Whyte lived to find herself no longer a poor rich girl, but, instead, a well-beloved friend to all who knew her, and well worthy the name Sue Barton had given her in derision when she first came among them—"my Lady."

Hereafter.

O HEART, grown wild amid the heat and tumult
Of years that hasten so, be calm, be strong!
These few, brief days may mock thy high endeavor,
But O, the eternal years of God are long!

O captive soul, imprisoned, fettered, thwarted,
Cast down, oppressed, beset on every side,
Be patient! Fold awhile thy sky-born pinion;
For O, the everlasting doors are wide!

O faint with toil, who, longing, reaching, striving,
Forever grasping, ever empty stand,
"Fullness of joy" in God's great presence waiteth,
And "pleasures evermore" at His right hand!

L. L. P.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

THE daffodil design for a wall hanging given in this number can be embroidered on a pale yellow (daffodil) colored silk or satin. If this is embroidered in solid stem-stitch it should be done in a frame. The flower petals can be embroidered solid, or simply with a long and a short stitch, leaving the material to form the color of the flower. The centers should be done in a deeper yellow, with the long and short stitch around the top of the crown. The long tubes must be in a yellow green, the ovary at the end of the tube a deep green. The flower scape should be a yellow brown. The stems and leaves in gray greens which should change in color with the folding of the leaves. The pistils of the flowers should be yellow green; the stamens deep yellow. The cloud lines back of the flowers should be darned in pale blue silk, two threads of flosses being used for this darning. A slight change of color can be made in these cloud lines so that a shimmery effect of color in the background may be produced. Toward the bottom, below the flowers, the color can change to a pale yellow green, changing lower down to more of an olive shade. This gives a good feeling of shadow between and under the lower leaves.

These cloud lines in blue are very effective against the solid yellow flowers. Of course the blue must be a yellow blue.

The border line above and below the flowers can be darned in old gold color. The points through the middle of the border should be darned in the direction of the lines, in blue of a deeper shade than that used in the clouds behind the daffodils. The diamond shapes each side of this blue zigzag should be in old gold, a shade lighter than that used in the border lines. The centers of the stars should be darned in the darker shade of old gold. The stars themselves should be in two shades of dull red, the lower row of stars being in the darker color. A cross-stitch of the darker old gold can be scattered over the open spaces in the border. This is not given in the design, as it is a matter of choice, and depends on the color of the material used. Of course the border can be embroidered on any other color than that of the center, and can be joined to the center with the border lines of gold color.

I have given only cloud lines to be embroidered in the background of the panel.

Instead of embroidering the design solid with a clouded background, the design can be simply outlined in stem-stitch, and the background darned solid. If a solid background is used, a much richer effect will be produced if the background colors change and vary from blue above to yellow green, yellow, and yellow pink below, using almost sunset colors in the background.

The material used and the method of work must depend much on the surroundings in the room where the hanging is used.

This border alone is exceedingly pretty for a bureau cover or table scarf on pongee or India silk.

In this design I have given a motto which can be embroidered in split stitch in a gold brown. If a narrower hanging is desired the motto can be omitted, and the border can be moved into a position to suit the width of the hanging.

HETTA L. H. WARD.

A Thirsty Company.



OUR engraving is taken from a painting by the German artist Koch, and is a fine study of the horse's head. While, of course, the resemblance is general in these animals; each is distinguished by its own particular expression, which the artist has caught most admirably. In all are seen patience and long-suffering, for the horse, even in his best estate, has need of these qualities. Few there are that sympathize with him in his dreary, toilsome life, and too often the only reward he receives for his valuable services is the lash, the blow, and the harsh word.

The thirsty company in our picture have, doubtless, done a hard day's work, and have suffered for the want of the very water they are now enjoying, for this is a need of animals too often overlooked by those who have the care of them. As they bend their long necks over and quaff the refreshing water, they show, in their own quiet way, a grateful appreciation of the pleasant and cooling beverage. Though they "speak not with tongues," it is not difficult to understand their language, the very silence of which is most expressive.

The painter has chosen for his subject, not the prancing steed of the cavalier, such as Cuypt loved to depict, nor the hunter's fine animal in company with the dogs, and a groom holding them in leash. These are not the spirited horses of Wouverman, that form a gay cavalcade, ridden by the lords and ladies of the castle, and showing beauty in every limb and grace in every movement.

These are hard-working, unpretentious horses, patient and gentle. There is not much in their homely appearance to attract the lovers of this animal, but they perform their part in life, even as their more favored brothers, and the painter has succeeded admirably in giving their likenesses to the world.

Valé.

STARS of the solemn night tremble and quiver,
Shadows of evening fall soft o'er the river,
Winds from the northland with moaning and shiver
Beat through the boughs of the shuddering trees.
Here where our hearts knew the rapture of meeting,
Hand-clasp and heart-throb and fond words of greeting,
Here where we recked not the happy hours fleeting,
Dirges of sorrow are borne on the breeze.

Faithfullest friend in life's moments of gladness,
Teacher, inspirer in seasons of sadness,
When o'er my soul stole despair's haunting madness,
Rang thy true words to all doubting a knell.
Lonely I walk by the dim flowing river:
Love's happy dream will return to me never;
Bitter the fate that our fond hearts could sever,
Tenderest, bravest, farewell, Oh, farewell!

SARAH D. HOBART.

A Talk with the Young Ladies of Clifford.

DON'T you think," says Miss Leigh, "that society people tell a great many lies?"

"How delighted society people would be with that remark," says Miss Bentley.

"I know what you mean," says Miss Nolan. "People who live in town have to be insincere if they are in society at all."

"Really," I say, "life in town would be very undesirable if it entails untruthfulness upon a person. I fail to see why being in society makes it necessary to prevaricate."

"Oh, I don't mean malicious lies, but small white ones; for instance, if you wish a person was in Jericho, you must tell them you are perfectly delighted to meet them. And if you go to the stupidest party that ever was given you must go up to the hostess when you say good-by, and tell her it was the most charming entertainment of the season, and you must gush over homely, scrawny brides at their mothers' receptions, and rave about awkward men's manners, no matter if there is not a word of truth in all you say."

"Your long visit to New York has made you quite sophisticated," I say, "but I think you are taking wrong views. I know some lovely Christian women who have been in society all their lives who would sooner suffer extreme physical pain than wrong their moral natures so far as to utter untruths."

"Then they must have very bad manners," says the young girl.

"On the contrary, they are noted for their agreeable ways on all occasions. There are a few formulative phrases which are used conventionally, and mean no more than the 'dear sir' and 'yours truly' at the beginning and end of a business letter. I think, perhaps, you are a little severe in your judgment and too sweeping if you include all the polite forms of speech we are all brought up to use, and which are by no means confined to city life."

"Oh, but I do think we are more honest and truthful in the country."

"Do you?" I say; "then let no one blush or look guilty, for I will mention no names, but let me ask if it is truthful for a group of young ladies at a church sociable to go into raptures over the cake and biscuit provided by the committee and passed around, and then privately ridicule the refreshments between themselves?"

Miss Maltby, who certainly is not one of the thoughtless girls I allude to here, asks if it would not be better for our characters and morals if we dropped all forms and phrases whether written or spoken which do not really mean all they express.

"I am hardly prepared to say that such things really tell upon character when we understand them to be but forms," I say. "I should be very sorry to use them if I thought so. I believe the Quakers have something the idea that you express, and they are certainly the most upright among men."

"Perhaps we should all be more upright if we said only precisely what we mean," said Miss Maltby.

"I don't believe the old-time letter-writers who finished off with 'my dear sir, I have the honor to subscribe myself your obedient servant to command' were any less sincere than the men who now-a-days just say 'yours respectfully,' and I am sure those old-fashioned folks never meant all that *sigmarole*."

"I don't suppose they did," I say, "any more than we always mean we shall really be happy to accept Mrs. So-and-So's kind invitation. Sometimes the acceptance causes us great inconvenience, but it would be very unpleasant in us to say so."

"What if we lived in the 'Palace of Truth,'" says Miss Maltby.

"Then," I say, "we should have to learn to hear the truth. But it would take me some time to get used to invitations, for instance worded this way: 'Mrs. — being about to entertain a few friends feels obliged to ask you to meet them, although she would gladly avoid doing so.'"

"Oh," says Miss Maltby, laughing, "let us preserve the polite fictions more in vogue. They are preferable to such crushing sincerity."

"But do not," I say, "for one moment think I advocate insincerity, for I believe that there is nothing in this world so good as truth, and I cannot imagine a person who violates it knowing either happiness or self-respect. I have seen true politeness defined as uniform disinterestedness about trifles. The result of such a practice would be to make a very unselfish character, and one can see that polite phrases may have the reality of truth when they fall from the lips of a person who puts another's comfort or pleasure before her own."

"The simple words," I continue, "'I shall be happy to see you,' may be uttered truthfully if you mean by them that a spirit of kindness will make you glad to put aside your own pleasure for another's sake. As to the propriety of giving time which is not your own, or that is required for certain duties, that is a matter we have discussed before, and, I believe, decided that a brave frankness is the best way to meet such emergencies."

"I can think of other ways among fashionable people that are untruthful," says Miss Leigh. "Don't you know you may step on a man's corn and half kill him, and while he is dying to curse you, he will smile and tell you 'it is of no consequence,' and look as happy as possible. No matter how you are hurt, it is against the rules of etiquette to signify it."

"The height of good breeding is to efface the thought of yourself as far as possible, and make other people as comfortable as you can. There is a certain consideration for others which must be observed, or society will be disintegrated. Self-control may be exercised without actual duplicity. The noble and pious Pascal, whose nerves were so wrung from extreme suffering that he could hardly bear the touch of a feather, thought it right to tell the inconsiderate friend who caused him fearful torture by fervently shaking his hand that he was delighted to see him, although the bystander who records the incident could see that he was fainting from the pain so thoughtlessly inflicted."

"There is a question I should like to ask, if no one will laugh at me," says Miss Nolan.

"We will unanimously vow not even to smile," I answer her.

"Well, tell me, then, what I ought to do when I am left talking to a gentleman at a party, or even on a picnic, or any other place, and I am afraid that he wants to get rid of me? Or how am I to know whether he wants to stay by me or not?"

"That is some more of the falseness of society," says Miss Leigh. "A man would be too civil to tell you the truth if he was bored to death by you."

"I hope he would," says Miss Maltby, "for my angry passions would certainly rise, and we should have a war of words on the spot if any man was rude enough to tell me I bored him."

"I agree with you," I say; "but, Miss Nolan, there is no need of putting a man's politeness to any such crucial test. A gentleman is brought up to feel that he must not leave a young girl to whom he is talking alone in any place but in her own home, and it is easy to see that the necessity may sometimes interfere with his own pleasure. In such a pos-

tion, a lady should always give the gentleman an opportunity to leave her. The release need not be given as if she were trying to get him out of the way, but with tact enough to make it seem quite unpremeditated and natural. She can ask to be taken to a seat, or to a friend's side, or she can say frankly and pleasantly, 'Don't mind leaving me,' and look as if about to turn away. If a man does want to go, he will instantly avail himself of the offered loophole for escape. But if it is the desire of his heart to stay in the company he finds himself in, a girl may break up the *tête-à-tête* if it is unpleasant to her, by insisting upon being taken to a seat with her chaperone or others."

"I should like to know, too," says Miss Nolan, "whether one is expected to recognize a gentleman on the street after dancing once or twice with him? Of course I know everyone in Clifford, but I want to know what is the custom in New York and other large places. I met a gentleman one evening last winter at my aunt's and danced with him, and I thought he was ever so nice. I saw him on Broadway the next day, and he didn't speak to me."

"That was your own doing," I say. "If the gentleman was introduced to you in a private house, he was probably not an undesirable acquaintance, and you should have bowed on meeting him."

"But he might not have remembered me."

"He might not have recalled your face on the instant, as some are unfortunate in that particular feature of memory; but he would certainly have bowed and undoubtedly remembered the next instant where he had seen you. Girls appear so differently in street dress that they should not be amazed if acquaintances made in the evening are not quick to remember them. But it is the lady's prerogative to speak first, although it is now considered good taste for a gentleman, who is certain of his claim to recognition, to assist her memory by touching his hat as he is meeting her."

"I thought a gentleman never ought to bow first," says Miss Maltby.

"Custom has changed that as well as many other things," I say. "If a gentleman has a speaking acquaintance with a lady he need not wait for her recognition, but may always bow first. It is different when, as in the case Miss Nolan speaks of, the acquaintance between the parties is simply a matter of dancing together—the lady then is given the liberty of continuing it or not, at her pleasure; but the acquaintance having been established, no gentleman need hesitate to bow first. If it happens that you receive a bow from one who has no right to salute you, you can return it with frosty dignity if you think it was impertinently meant, and ignore it if it is repeated on another meeting. A whole volume may be conveyed in a bow. A nobleman once said of a lady—she was an American, I am proud to say—'When she bows to me I feel as if I had been crowned.' To bow too low is servile, and savors of Heep-like humility; to bow stiffly looks formal and uncordial. 'Persons of the highest fascination,' says a modern writer, 'convey a flattering salutation with their eyes. Such people need no words—they talk without knowing it.' A girl's bow to a gentleman should be delicate, elegant, and finished, cordial yet not demonstrative, dignified but not forbidding."

"It is getting lamentably fashionable in America," I continued, "to affect fast and mannish ways as well as in certain articles of costume, and from thoughtlessness and affectation, our girls are getting into the way of giving their gentleman friends a curt little nod in the street, or in a crowd. Even the stilted old-time stateliness of salutation would be better than that, for woman perils her empire over the hearts of men when she throws aside her gentle, courteous, womanliness of manner."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

Margaret.

IT is an odd change, after wandering through the monotonously modern cities of the United States, to pass, in the width of a street, from the airy, well-lighted homes of our later civilization to the ancient houses of a foreign people. Peculiar is the sensation, on leaving the broad pavements of Canal Street, to find oneself in the narrow byways of the French quarter of New Orleans. It is well, perhaps, for those who doubt the world's progress to visit this quarter. The lower floors of the dingy-looking houses are used for business, and have an air of frank *bon-homie* about them; but the upper chambers are reached through a great iron-clamped portal with a look of impenetrable mystery lurking in every bolt and bar. Most of these massive entrances have a secretive slit of a door cut in them for daily egress. Entering through this narrow aperture, and mounting a dark stairway, one reaches low-ceilinged rooms lighted by small windows which admit charily the democratic sunlight or shut it out altogether with solid iron-barred shutters. Evidently thieves can claim an ancient lineage.

These chambers are too somber to invite a long stay, and the visitor regains the street with a sense of thankfulness that he was born in the nineteenth century.

The motley people filling these byways seem as exotic as their homes. It is difficult to realize that one is in an American city while listening to the queer French jargon, and looking into the black-eyed, slender faces eager with a tension which reaches no deeper than the nervous system, and does not weary the soul. As the tourist wanders still farther through the dusk of the tortuous street and out into the sunlight of the Spanish square, he is carried backward through a century. On either side of this well-kept garden are found the homes of the Montalbas. Although of ancient build, both houses and grounds are in good preservation, having been left in trust to the city of New Orleans with a reversion provided in case of neglect. Leaving this park, with its contrast of luxuriant flowers and prim-cut trees, our guide led us aside through a time-worn entrance of stone, and we found ourselves in the dim and silent interior of the cathedral wherein these aristocrats had worshiped in the long-ago days.

Our party crept quietly into a seat, and, looking about, discerned through the half-light a few supplicants bowing motionless in prayer in the remoter parts of the church. An old negress, trembling and prone, with labor-worn hands devoutly folded, crouched before the altar; near her a pale-faced lady bent low at the same shrine; half-way down the aisle were praying two creole girls with pretty, oval faces, lighted with deep, dark eyes.

As I gazed, the busy, bartering world without fell from me, and the shadow of the past folded about me as a veil. Far away a sound arose and died eerily; some one whispered, "It is the choir." Again the weird note breathed above us, and sank away, as a dewdrop sinks into the heart of a white rose.

Across the silence came a footstep, and the old negress, clasping the benches for support as she went, tottered past; the pale-faced mourner followed, bearing her unseen cross with a meeker strength, and then the pretty creoles tripped down the aisle and out into the sunlight, and we were left alone.

"Let us go, too," I said; "this weird old cathedral is haunted; I am sure it is," drawing a freer breath as we stepped into the open air, "I feel as though I had seen all the ghosts of all the Montalbas. Do let us visit something of flesh and blood—something we can touch and know to be alive," I cried. Our companion, musing for a moment, said:

"I have it! We will visit Margaret!"

"Who is Margaret?" I queried.

"A wonderful woman, the very sight of whom will make you better and wiser and happier!"

"Allons, then, for I have much greater faith in Herbert Spencer than in Calvin; I believe in happiness as a moral agent much more than I do in misery. But who is this princess, queen, or goddess?"

"She is none of these, only an Irishwoman. Shall I tell you her history on the way?"

"If you please," I assented.

"About thirty years ago," began my companion, "Margaret was a poor young widow, maintaining herself by selling the milk of one cow. Trundling her cart about she often discovered, in the byways destitute little children. Her purse was empty of money, but her heart was filled with pity, and these motherless ones crept unawares beneath the wings of her love. So Margaret gathered, one after another, seventeen waifs, and gave them shelter. As she went on her daily rounds she asked for broken food, and cast-off clothing. She was prospered, and presently was the owner of several milch cows. About twenty-five years ago, she sold these and bought an old shanty, where she started a bakery. As we shall soon be there, I will reserve the rest until we reach our destination."

Walking a few squares farther, we halted before a large, business house. Glancing up, I read the sign, "Margaret's Bakery." Several delivery wagons were waiting at the open doors. As we entered, an elevator piled with boxes of crackers, descended in the center of a large apartment, and numerous powdered workmen were hurrying to and fro. In one corner of this room was a desk, and by it sat a woman.

"That is Margaret," said my escort. She was giving orders to several men standing about her, and I had an opportunity of scanning her unobserved. She was a large woman, weighing more than two hundred pounds, I should judge; her features were heavy and irregular, her face flushed, and her head massive and shapely. She was dressed in a plain print skirt and a loose sack of dark flannel.

As we stood looking about us a gentleman advanced from the desk and bowed courteously.

"We have taken the liberty to call on Margaret and the factory. Will it be an inconvenience?" asked my companion.

"Not in the least. Margaret is busy at present, but I will show you through the establishment and then return to her."

We mounted by the elevator to the floor above, filled with the clang of machinery controlled by happy-faced workmen and workwomen. As we looked about us I asked many questions.

"This is a large establishment?"

"Yes, the largest in the city; we work up a hundred and fifty barrels of flour per day, and employ one hundred persons."

"And is Margaret the sole proprietor?" I asked, in wonderment.

"Until the last two years, yes. She has recently taken a partner, an orphan boy whom she has brought up, but to her the success of the business is due."

"Is she an educated woman?" I queried.

"No; she reads a little, but does not write."

"And she has accomplished all this unaided?"

"Yes; for the last twenty-five years she has been at her post by four o'clock in the morning, and oversees everything herself. But that is not the most wonderful part of her story," he continued; "she spends every cent she makes upon the poor, reserving nothing except her own simple living. She furnishes every charitable institution in the city with bread; if they can pay they do so; if not, she gives it to them. Besides this she entirely supports an asylum con-

taining two hundred babies, to say nothing of many private charities. The proudest gentleman in New Orleans bows low to Margaret, and I do not believe there is a wretch in this city so vile that he would not lend her a helping hand were she to need it. She is the noblest woman I have ever known," he added, reverently.

After making the tour of the building and testing the hot, crisp crackers, as they were swept from the revolving wire baking frames into the baskets, ready for packing, we descended by the elevator to the ground floor and were presented to Margaret.

It has been my good fortune to meet many notabilities, but I have never in my life felt a more wholesome depreciation than while looking into the plebeian face of this Irishwoman. As the even-pulsed hand held mine in a strong grasp and the eyes rested on me, neither large nor luminous, but beautiful with the great mother heart looking through them, a shame possessed me. The light of this life, illumining my own, showed me as I had never seen before how narrow it had been with care for the morrow, with small ambitions, with restless self-seeking. One glance into the face of this ignorant woman, beatified with the peace of well-doing, opened my inner sight more than a thousand rhetorical lip sermons.

None can measure the influence of one human being who has abnegated the pride of possession as this woman had done.

I sought to put something of the emotion she had stirred within me into words; I tried to say to her how I wished that all the world might know of her life.

"That does not matter, I think," she answered simply; "God knows."

I can never forget the light upon her face, the thrill in her voice, as she spoke these words. For one brief moment the care of living dropped from my spirit, and left me free to see with a just comparison how miserably paltry the striving after this earth's gains will seem to us when we look backward from the world of clear vision over the life that is passed.

When we regained the street my companion broke the silence which had fallen between us by asking if I would like to see Margaret's Babies. I assented, and we turned our steps toward the asylum.

We were met at the door by a sister of charity, who conducted us with kindly readiness through the large establishment. Our first visit was to the dining-room of the older children, ranging from three to six years. They were at dinner, attacking with hungry relish a substantial repast of stewed chicken, mashed potatoes and rice, dividing their attention meanwhile between ourselves and a huge dish of striped candy, which was to serve as dessert. When they had finished they sang for us a song of welcome. One blind child especially attracted me as she stood with upturned, sightless eyes, trilling out in a high, sweet treble her joyous carol.

A tramp of little feet on the stairway drew our attention as the music ceased; seventy-five two-year-old babes in pink-checked aprons were pattering down the stairs. Others soon followed, and we were presently surrounded by one hundred and fifty babies, looking upward at us in shy wonderment. Brown eyes and blue, fair hair and dark, beautiful ones on whom mothers might have gazed with pride, crippled ones who needed sorely the mother-love—one hundred and fifty little bairns looked up at us silently with pathetic seriousness. As I turned from one to the other a mist shut away the wee wistful faces. Poor, poor babies! never to know the sheltering of childhood's home, never to be rocked to sleep on a mother's bosom, never to feel, in all this wide, wide world, the passionate mother's kiss. Homeless.

helpless little ones, how they tugged at my heartstrings! One pale-cheeked babe with fair, curling hair, clung to my skirts. I stooped to kiss the pleading, upturned face.

"Poor little Tot," said the sister. "It has only been here a few days. The mother died coming across the ocean. It seems to pine for her."

"Let us go on," I said hastily.

The next apartment was full of small cribs, clean and comfortable; a sobbing cry from one of them attracted our attention. A four-months babe, just wakened, looked up at us with great, startled brown eyes. The sister called an attendant, and we passed on. There were a number of little ones in the other cribs, but even on the faces of these tiny sleepers a comfortless shadow seemed to rest—the shadow of loneliness.

From the nursery we proceeded to the chapel, with its pretty altar. "I suppose you receive none but Catholics?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Margaret sends children of every denomination. It does not matter to what church they belong. She only asks whether they are in need of help."

From the chapel we proceeded to the hospital, a cheerful room, but rarely occupied, the sister told us, for the children being well tended and simply fed, were not often sick. From thence to the storerooms fitted with clean and substantial clothing. One large press containing one hundred and seventy-five white sun-bonnets, especially attracted my attention.

As we regained the lower hall and were preparing to take our departure, I said to the sister:

"Is it possible that Margaret supports this entire establishment?"

"Yes," she answered; "she gives us everything; she sends us whatever we ask." Bowing her head reverently, she added, in a lower tone, "Next to God, Margaret is our Providence."

Out in the sunny street again, with the vaulted heaven overhead and the soft southern breeze wafting the incense of flowers, I raised my face in silent thankfulness that I had known of this woman, for it had lifted me to a broader outlook—it had opened to me a truer life.

* * * * *

Since writing this sketch I learn that Margaret has passed Beyond. I have read of her burial, "the most remarkable the 'Crescent City' ever witnessed." In imagination I have followed the distinguished pall-bearers and the long cortege composed so largely of sorrowing little children. The last rites are over, the last heavy-hearted mourners have turned away, and in her narrow and solitary bed Margaret is left alone. Nevermore in this world can she lift any human heart as she has lifted mine with her kindly hand-clasp, her benignant eyes, her simple speech. But through the darkness sounds a benison; through the silence is heard that speech without compare, the eloquence of the blessed dead: "God knows."

ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.

RAKING THE MEADOW LOT.

A HAY-TIME IDYL.

"WE'LL mow," quoth old farmer Jacobs, "the new corner medder to-day.
Nell, you come an' help with the rakin'—it's right ketchin' weather for hay;
Neighbor Smith's Jim, he's bin to the city, an' a new-fangled patent he's bought,
An' he's bound to come over this mornin', an' streak through that air medder-lot."

"He sez—an' I tell him the kaounty ain't able to beat him for cheek—
The thing 'll do more execution than me an' my boys in a week,
But he offered so kinder perlite-like (I've no faith in the gimcrack—not I),
I couldn't do other than 'low him to fetch the queer critter an' try."

Pretty Nell, skimming cream in the dairy, peeped out through the vine-shaded pane,
As Jim, with "Old Roan" and "Black Billy" went clattering down through the lane;
And was it the "new-fangled mower" her shy blue eyes followed? I ween,
From the blushes that deepened and flitted, it could not have been the machine.


Prone under the lengthening shadows the feathery meadow grass lay;
The daisies uncrowned in their glory, sun-smitten, slow fading away;
The cardinal flower in the ditches, rose proudly, right royally dressed,
And restlessly hither and thither moaned the bobolinks spoiled of their nest.

Fair Nellie outrivaled the daisies, and so, it was plain, thought young Jim,
Or else that such dainty hay-making required much assistance from him;
And if ever the lost joy of Eden came back to this earth long forgot,
It came to these blissful young lovers, a-raking the new meadow lot.

"What's this that you ax for—*my Nelly*?—Wal, if I ain't beat—can it be
It wasn't my *hay* but my *darter* made you mighty obleegin' to me?
You do not deserve her, you rascal, but"—the shrewd gray eyes twinkled—"I guess
Considerin' the help you'll be hayin'—I s'pose—I shall hev to say—yes."

RUTH REVERE.

Martha's Experiment.

NE cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour and four eggs. Do you remember teaching me that rule for making cake when I was ten years old grandma?"

"Did I? Well, it is a good rule—one you can remember easily. Are you baking cake this morning?"

"Yes; am all done now but this one cake. I have worked fast, for I want to be ready to visit with Cousin Martha. She said she would come over early. Uncle and aunt will wait till afternoon. There she is!"

Cousin Martha had returned home only the day before, and had not yet seen her grandmother, who had come from her Eastern home to spend the summer with her two sons and their families in Iowa.

"So you have really a farm of your own in Dakota," said grandma to Martha, when the two girls were seated by her in the parlor after dinner.

"Yes; I made a claim next to Ned's when we first went out there together, and took up a timber claim. After we had pre-empted them we took up our homesteads, and are now living on them."

"You talk of pre-empting like a man. Did you live in a shanty of your own?"

"Of course I did; I have as good a shanty as Ned's, and we lived in it part of the time, until we were ready to pre-empt. Now we live on our homesteads."

Susie's fingers flew with her crochet-work, and she bent her head to hide the amused look in her eyes as grandma ventured another question.

"What did you have to do to pre-empt?"

"When we first went there we filed a notice of our intentions to have and hold those particular quarter-sections of land, and after a six months' residence on them we went to the land office and proved that we had complied with all the requirements of the law, paid our two hundred dollars each, and took our deeds. We had selected our homesteads, and now paid the fee of fourteen dollars each on them, which secures them to us without further payment if we continue to live on them five years. The timber claims are the same. If we shall at the end of eight years have ten acres of growing timber, with six hundred and seventy-five trees to the acre, the land is ours."

"Well, I don't see what your father and mother were thinking of to let you do it."

Possibly Martha thought it a little hard that they had all avoided telling grandma about her plans and work in the two weeks she had been with them before her arrival home, knowing her prejudices, and that her ideas on such subjects differed so entirely from theirs; but she was too glad to be with them again to be easily annoyed, and went on pleasantly explaining to her whatever she thought would interest her about it.

"Why, grandma, I am going to make me a farm in Dakota as soon as I am old enough," laughed Susan; "won't I, father?"

"Silas Hartwell, I hope you and Sybil won't encourage that child in any such unladylike scheme. I am surprised that you, James and Alma, should have allowed Martha to do it."

"I'll tell you, mother," replied Silas, "the land will all be taken up in that part of Dakota before this young lady of ours will arrive at the mature age of womanhood, and her brother, being younger, will not aid and abet her as Ned has Martha."

"Perhaps some other girl's brother may," said Martha, peeping roguishly into her little cousin's face. She was surprised to see the color mount in rosy flushes to her face for

an instant, as she replied to her father without appearing to notice her banter.

"I shall be twenty soon; old enough to aspire to a shanty of my own in one year more. You took up government land when you came to Iowa, didn't you, father?"

"Yes; we have the deeds of our homes here from government. We were among the pioneers of our county here, and because we prospered here is probably the reason why our children are so ready to do pioneer work farther on. You remember, mother, this was a long way from home when we came here, thirty years ago, in our Hoosier wagons. You hardly expected then to ever visit us by taking a two days ride and find us surrounded with so many comforts, did you?"

"No; I must say it turned out better than I expected, and it does not look so badly to see the children going farther out to new places, as things are now, but I must say it does look out of place for a girl like Martha to take up such manish ways."

"You saw Anna Holland when she was here last week, how tired and worn out she looked," said Susie. "She left home two years ago to teach in a city school. I don't believe she has enjoyed it half as well as Martha has her work. Do you, father?"

"She does not look as well, certainly," he answered. "but seriously, mother, it is easier for girls to make money that way than to be confined to teaching or sewing, especially when they have always lived on a farm and know how to manage. Tastes differ, of course, and, besides, every girl would not have the requisite knowledge to make such a scheme successful."

"I know," said Susie, "but most girls could if they would. Cousin Martha told us of two girls who took up claims near them last summer. One had money enough to pay for her claim, the other had only enough to pay expenses, but her brother promised to advance her the money when she was ready to prove up. They built their shanties close together and lived together. After paying for their claims they sold them for a thousand dollars apiece. Pretty good for them, wasn't it, grandma?"

"Yes; I am glad they made so much. Some girls do have a hard time earning their own living."

"There are Helen Marston and Philip Tiffany coming up the walk," said Susan. "They will be pleased to see you, Martha. I suppose Helen wants to hear about Ned."

They were soon seated in the parlor, and naturally the conversation turned upon the subject of Dakota farming. Philip said he wished to ask some questions before he could decide to go there. He was anxious to go, but not quite certain that it would be best to do so.

"You want to know how large a homestead you can hold," said Susan.

"Yes; something like that. You all know my means are limited, and I need to be reasonably sure it will pay before I make an investment."

They all knew his life had been one of hard work and rigid economy, and that only by his assistance had his parents been able to keep their home and educate their children. His younger brothers were now able to fill his place, and he was free to make a home for himself; perhaps some day for a certain bright-eyed young lady. Who knew?

"Ned and I went up there in May, two years ago," said Martha. "Father gave us five hundred dollars apiece, but Ned was two years older than I, and had saved five hundred for himself. We each bought us a good strong team of work horses, wagon and harness for three hundred dollars. Together we bought a good breaking plow, what furrows we should need, and a good supply of provisions, for one lot

dred and fifty more. We saved car fare by having good oil-cloth covers over our wagons, and, packing our outfit snugly inside, drove our own teams through. Father and uncle knew how to arrange it, for they moved to this State in the same way, only they camped out and slept in their wagons. We did not care to do that, preferring to stop nights with farmers along the way. We had an oil stove and prepared our own dinners."

"You drove a team from here to Dakota?" said grandma.

"Certainly I did, and enjoyed it, too. When we arrived at the place Ned had selected for our home, I stayed, with only a neighbor's little girl for company, and slept in one of the wagons, or rather wagon boxes, while Ned went after lumber to build our first shanty with. The little girl's father helped him take the boxes off and pack the goods snugly on the ground, then drove one team for him going after the lumber."

"Oh, my!" said Helen, "I wouldn't have stayed there for anything. Didn't you feel afraid?"

"No, I think not, though I must say it was lonely. We slept well. We were favored with dry weather until we had a roof to cover us."

"Didn't you feel like Robinson Crusoe?" asked Helen.

"How near were your neighbors?"

"Two miles the nearest, and it was twenty miles to town."

"Did you put in any crops that year?" inquired Philip.

"Yes; as soon as we were comfortably settled, Ned commenced breaking on my claim, for the shanty was on his, and he wanted to get in his crops before making other improvements. He broke twenty acres and planted corn on it. On the next ten he planted potatoes; then ten more he sowed to flax. I tended the garden, and we had plenty of vegetables for our use. I forgot to say father gave us a cow, some hens and two little pigs. In August Ned bought a mower and hired a man for a month. They put up sixty tons of hay, besides digging a well."

"Did you have that much hay on your own land?" asked Philip.

"I don't think he cut it all on our land. There is good hay on part of it, but there was so much unclaimed land then, he could go where he found the best cutting. This year he had to stay on our own land, but there was as much hay as he cared to cut."

"You did not get your land all in one body, did you, even going as early as you did?"

"No; we made our first claims together and took a timber claim adjoining. There can be only one timber claim on one section. In November we paid for our claims and took our homesteads in the best place we could find where a timber claim could join them. That brings our farms in good shape—three quarters together in each one, though they are three miles apart. We moved our buildings all over to the homesteads, and are putting all our improvements there now."

"How much did you raise the first year on the forty acres?"

"We had two hundred bushels of corn, five hundred bushels of potatoes and one hundred bushels of flax seed."

"It must have been dreary enough for you there in winter; one neighbor in two miles; I think I'd see myself living in such a place," said Helen.

"It was very different from living here at home, but we had our compensations. We had plenty of time for reading, and we studied German. We had our mail once a week, and Sundays we met with our neighbors for religious services. In the spring neighbors came on every side of us, and now every quarter near us is occupied, and there is a good-sized

city two miles from our home. Our crops the next season surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Ned sowed oats and wheat on the old breaking and broke twenty acres more for corn and potatoes. Then he bought fencing and inclosed a pasture of twenty acres."

"Plenty of room for our little Jersey and her calf, I should say," said Susie.

"As if she didn't know all about it," said Martha, patting affectionately the shoulder of her favorite.

"She came with father to visit us at that time, and stayed with me while father went with Ned to buy calves. He bought twenty. They, with our pet Jersey and her calf, made our farm look a little more like home. Ned was particular, in taking up our homesteads, to find a place with a creek running through it. That makes our pasture very fine."

"You certainly have done well, but you went before there were many settlers, and could choose your location. Now it would be Hobson's choice for me if I decide to go, wouldn't it?" said Philip.

"You wouldn't have even that in our neighborhood, but not more than twenty miles from us you can get as good a place as ours."

"Then I'll go," said he, rising to his feet. "Many thanks for your kindness in answering my questions."

"Are you ready, Helen? You know we promised to help arrange the tables for the festival this evening. I nearly forgot about it."

"Yes, we must go; we shall see you all this evening; till then, good-by."

Grandma took up her knitting-work and knit very fast for a few minutes; then said, "If Philip can go there and do as well as you and Ned have done, I shall be glad for him. He is a worthy young man."

"One thing I would like to inquire," said Susie, "how you are going to manage when you want to divide up. It would not do for either of you to leave the homestead before your five years are up, would it? that is, supposing you should wish to marry."

"Oh, you matchmaker! The way is easy. Either of us could pay for our land any time we wish to and get the deed. But what scheme have you in your busy head that makes you so much interested in ways and means, I would like to know? If Ned was some one else I should suspect you of having designs on our peaceful home."

"You need have no fear in that direction. Ned is too good a cousin to lose in any such way as you suggest. I'll tell you some time what I am thinking of," said the saucy girl.

One week later Susan came home from a day's visit with Cousin Martha, just as the lamps were lighted and the family gathered in the sitting-room.

"What is it, Susie? You look like an electric ball, fairly ablaze with news, and ready to explode at any moment," said her father.

"You'll not wonder when I tell you," she returned. "Cousin Martha is going to be married to Philip Tiffany. She has told me all about it, and it is just what I wanted her to do."

The mother regarded her closely for a moment, while an expression of relief came over her features. She had sometimes feared that her daughter's affections might become too much interested in Philip, for though she would have consented willingly to her marriage with him rather than grieve her petted child with one word of refusal, she felt that the future held in store something better for her darling than a life of farm-work in a new country.

The father had no thought of that, but he, too, had his secret. He held the promise of a young merchant in a neigh-

boring city that he would make no offer of marriage to their darling child until she arrived at the age of twenty.

"They are to be married two weeks from to-morrow," she continued. "Cousin Martha said she promised Ned she would return in four weeks, and would not disappoint him, for he will be all ready to begin work on their new house. Philip is a carpenter, and can go right to work. They can all live together till Ned finds him a wife. That is what I was thinking of the other day, only I was afraid Philip would never ask her, he is so sensitive; I hardly believe he did, now."

"Why, Susan Hartwell! You don't think she would ask him, do you? though it would be off from a piece with the rest of her work if she did," said grandma.

"I don't know, but am suspicious that she introduced the subject. She wouldn't tell how it came about, and I don't care, as long as the arrangement is made. Still, it looks odd, don't it, for her to come home on a visit, marry, and take her husband back with her to her own home?"

"Yes, it is odd; I don't like it at all," said grandma. "Martha is a good girl, but she does do very unladylike things."

"After all, grandma, why is it any worse for her than it would be for Ned to come home and take a wife back with him? No one would think anything strange of that."

"I don't know as there is anything really *wrong* about it, but it is different from the usual course of events. We old people are apt to look critically at such innovations on established customs."

"Well, I hope they will be happy as lovers in a story book. I'll make the best wedding cake I can for them and throw an old shoe after them when they go."

L. A. B.

How a Woman Loved and Trusted.

THE fragrant breath of the jessamines swept over the woods, and perfumed them with their delightful aroma. Gray and solemn hung the moss drapery from the trees that lined the long avenue leading to the house where Xanthe Armitage was born, lived, and where, she said, she hoped to die—die amid the household gods of her ancestors. There was nothing new in the whole of the house, not even the servants, respectable, gray-haired, dignified people, whose ancestors came from Africa, sent to her colonies by "perfidious Albion." There was a refreshing air of antiquity about the house and furniture—the latter having come from England when George was our king; and Massachusetts was not even dreaming of throwing the tea overboard, nor South Carolina of offering to help her to fight the king and all the rest of creation besides, if needs be. The old sterling silver waiters and urns and tankards stood on the side-board in perfect security, for those were the days when servants were the guardians of the household property, and were always faithful to the trust. The old family portraits hung on the walls—gentlemen in velvet coats and knee-breeches, and ladies in brocaded silks and hoops.

Xanthe, "yellow-haired," well was she called. Twenty years had rolled over her head and added a deeper bloom to her cheeks, softness to her brown eyes, and dignity to her graceful form. Very attractive she appeared as she sat on the piazza this lovely morning; no less beautiful she seemed than the roses which were clambering up the pillars and perfuming the air. In her loves and her preferences Xanthe was thoroughly unworldly as she looked in her quiet simplicity, or she would never have promised to marry the young man whose only heritage was his genius yet un-

fledged—the young man now coming up the long avenue of oaks.

"Xanthe, Xanthe, I have woven you a garland of jessamines."

Xanthe heard the voice, and arising went to meet him. He placed the garland on her head; it glistened there like an aureole of glory, and they went upon the piazza together.

"It is terrible to have to say good-by, I know, Xanthe, and yet I have to say it."

"Terrible," replied Xanthe, for she knew how much she would miss him.

"But, then, I'll come again crowned with success; and I'll paint you just as you sit there now, wearing that coronal scarcely deeper in tint than your wealth of hair. After three years I'll be here again; can you wait patiently for me all that time, Xanthe?"

"The love I bear you," replied Xanthe, "will not grow less by waiting—it is a poor love that does."

"Give me your undying trust as well as your love, Xanthe. Never mind what comes, only trust me, only believe in me, Xanthe."

Xanthe looked into the eager, boyish face, and said:

"How could I have loved if I had not trusted? Love without trust is torture."

Xanthe promised him trust, and she gave it to him in full measure and running over. She planted her feet on the rock, and there she kept them. The golden hair, fast turning to silver, found her trusting, even as it found her loving; through the clouds of absence and the deeper clouds of silence, bright as a star, shone the love and the trust of Xanthe Armitage.

The day passed away; and when the shadows of night came down, Kenard Wayland had gone. Xanthe, with her eyes full of tears, pulled off her wreath of yellow jessamines and put it away carefully—a fading memento of a love and trust that could not fade.

As the successive seasons rolled around and brought anew the fragrant yellow jessamines, Xanthe, roving through the woods, thought ever of the young art student who sent her letters from a foreign land—letters full of love for herself, and of hopeful aspirations for himself and his art. These letters were all her comfort for two years; she read them and treasured them, and put them in the box with her faded jessamine wreath from which all the glow and the rich aroma had departed. The third year, there seemed a declining of love in the young artist's letters, which was soon detected by the keen eyes of affection; yet Xanthe loved and trusted on. Then came a silence—a silence, as the poet says, "more pathetic than death;" for there is no silence worse than that which comes between living hearts. He had said that the fourth year the jessamines bloomed he would be with her again; the fourth had come and gone, and to her yearning love there was no answer.

Then her father said, "Child, you do not know men as well as I do. A fairer face will lead them from their love; or a new and powerful influence will hedge them in as if with bands of iron. Cease to think of the young man; he has played you false."

"You will never hear of him again," declared her mother. "There are better matches than a poor artist for you, my daughter. There is Harold Gray, who has loved you long and well; marry him and be happy."

"I have faith in Kenard Wayland," she said. "A cloud has come between us, but it will pass away. There is now a silence, but it will be broken by music. Let me love and trust him as I have always done, and as I promised ever to do."

"All nonsense," declared the father.

"A terrible infatuation," said the mother.

"Let us never speak of him," was all Xanthe uttered; and she went to her room, and took out her faded wreath and placed it on her head. She caught a glimpse of her face in the glass. "Almost as destitute of bloom as these flowers," she said; "but my love is as fresh as the day I gave it, and my faith as firm and unshaken. 'The heart is a true oracle;' and mine tells me that he'll come again." She replaced her wreath of faded yellow jessamines, and it was wet with her tears.

No one spoke any more of the young artist in the house; but Xanthe thought of him day and night, and thought paled her cheeks and gave a sweeter seriousness to her manner. Yet the hope within her kept her from desponding; she was the cheerful, attentive companion of her parents. She did not shun society, she graced it as ever; but she turned away from all declarations of love, and rejected every offer of marriage. Triumphantly above the waves of slighted love rode the ark of faith, and in that Xanthe took refuge and was safe.

Five years—a very long time when people are loving, and waiting, and hoping. Five years the jessamines had garlanded the old mossy oaks with their green leaves and hung their bells, like golden cups, among the branches. Five years, every spring, Xanthe had wandered among the jessamines, still holding on to her faith and her love, and feeling sure that Kenard would yet come. Five years more, then a gulf of ten years separated them, and no tidings came to tell her that she was remembered even as a friend. Perhaps he was dead. Oh, no; several times she saw his name among the exhibitors of pictures in Paris and elsewhere. He was living and gaining fame; what else was he doing? Forgetting—a poor return for a woman's loving and remembering and trusting—often the only compensation she does receive for the heart-treasures of fine gold.

The shadows of death came down and settled darkly on Xanthe's quiet home. First her father died, then her mother, yearning for the love that had gone, followed him to "the silent land." Thus it was that Xanthe was left in the old house, her only companion her father's maiden cousin, to whom he had given a home for many years.

Miss Marian Armitage, when young, had been much admired in society. Offers of marriage had been frequent, but she turned away from them all. People wondered why this was, and when they asked her, she replied: "A woman is not bound to marry a man for no better reason than because he asks her." This was her only answer; and the curious were as far as ever from knowing why Miss Marian had rejected all offers of marriage. They knew as much as they had a right to know; but she told her story, however, to Xanthe as they sat on the piazza one lovely spring morning, the breath of the jessamines floating around them, bringing up memories of Kenard Wayland.

"Ten years, Xanthe, is a long time for a woman to wait and trust and hope. It brings silver to the hair and sadness to the heart. I, too, waited many, many years for a false man to redeem his promise—a promise made to a young girl which the woman could not forget. I received attention in society—he saw it; I received offers—he knew it; but nothing moved him, while I kept on yearning for the words he should have spoken, but which he did not. I still trusted him, still believed in him, and hope never died out of my heart until some one said to me one day, 'He is dead.' That was all; the great, black curtain had fallen between me and my love, and all that remained was its memory. I now see—but it is too late—that I would have been wiser to have crushed my love, and to have regarded it as a foolish dream of my girlhood, and married one of the true, good men who asked me for his wife. By my own bitter memories, I say, Xanthe, do not follow phantoms, and of all

phantoms that of love is the most shadowy, the most unsatisfying. It is only the living reality that can fill a woman's heart; the love that ends in yearning is torture."

"You never despaired," replied Xanthe, "until death left you nothing to hope for. You loved, you hoped, you trusted until then; I must do the same. I promised him, come what may, that I'd have faith in him, and I must keep my promise."

"Ah!" replied Miss Marian, somewhat impatiently, "it is only women who immolate themselves for men; men never immolate themselves for women. Wives mount the funeral pyres of their husbands. Who ever heard of a husband returning the compliment?"

Fifteen years of silence, what a long time—so, at least, it seemed to Xanthe. Her yellow hair was beginning to silver, not that she was old, for she was in her womanly prime; but hers had been a sorrow that brings silver hairs. Twenty years now! how often the jessamines had bloomed and died in that time; and at forty years of age, Xanthe's hair had grown so gray that never again could a jessamine wreath rest there.

One morning, as Xanthe read the paper to Miss Marian, whose eyes had become too dim to read any more, she was attracted by the description of a picture to which had been awarded a prize at the Paris exhibition. "It represents a young girl," Xanthe read, "sitting on a grassy bank in the sun. She wears a white dress of thin material, and on her hair, which is light golden, rests a wreath of what are known to botanists as 'Carolina jessamines.' The yellow flowers seem to glow like gems, as the sun, falling on them, imparts its own glitter. On the right shoulder is seen a large yellow butterfly, which seems to have just alighted on the charming spot, and is too well pleased to leave. There is a wonderful sweetness in the girlish face, with its clear-cut features and brown eyes of touching tenderness, and a gentle dignity and repose in the attitude, which is most admirable. The depth of the distant background throws out the figure in a strong light. This picture is, beyond all doubt, the masterpiece of the gifted painter, Kenard Wayland."

"I suppose that he means that for you, Xanthe," said Miss Marian.

"Perhaps so," replied Xanthe, with a deepened flush on her pale face, and she turned to another topic.

Again the spring came, bringing its usual wealth of golden jessamines; and again Xanthe sat, one balmy morning, reading on the piazza. The tread of feet aroused her; she looked up; twenty years had elapsed, but Xanthe remembered well the figure that approached her. She arose, just as she had done on that morning, twenty years before, and extending her hand, she said, with a tremor in her voice: "I knew that you would come: I never doubted you."

And there these two gray-haired people stood face to face, thinking only of the present, and forgetting those long, weary years which had come between them and their love.

Men are generally more confused than women on such occasions; and while Kenard Wayland sank on a chair, overcome by emotion, Xanthe, calm and self-possessed, sat watching him. Then he raised his face—a face full of care and of trouble—and he said:

"Xanthe, is there any forgiveness for me in your heart?"

"There is only forgiveness there for you, Kenard; none have ever heard me blame you, and I have never ceased to trust you, as I promised."

"Xanthe, Xanthe, I have come back to you as the prodigal son went back to his father's house: and like him, I say, 'I have sinned; I am not worthy.'"

"Never mind," replied Xanthe, looking at him with divine

forgiveness in her eyes, "yours shall be the fatted calf, the purple robe, and the best ring, and we'll give a feast, for he that was dead is again alive."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Miss Marian, when Xanthe told her this. "I am opposed to men obtaining pardon so easily for their sins, and this one should be well punished."

"We will hear him first," replied Xanthe, quietly.

She heard his story on the piazza that evening, the breeze bringing to them the fragrant breath of the flowers, and the soft light from the moon falling on the face of the speaker.

"After leaving Munich, I went to Florence," he said, "and there I met my destiny—my cruel destiny. I suppose that I deserved to suffer for my weakness and my mad folly, and for my treachery to you, Xanthe. It was at Florence that I met Gelsomina Tolomei, and I never thought that Gelsomina meant jessamine. Her home was in a lovely villa, on the slope of a hill, from the summit of which you could look down on Florence and the beautiful plain of the Arno, the hills dotted with villas, and the mountains encircling all like a chain of amethysts. In this charming home she lived with her mother; and was not only the petted child of fortune, but of society. Proud, passionate, with a rich, glowing beauty, a thorough woman of the world, she first dazzled, then blinded me, and I found myself drifting away from the past, and hopelessly entangled in the present. Many years my senior, I was flattered that this woman, so sought after, should turn away from all others and bestow her regard upon me. Thus it was, while blindly infatuated, that I married her. How could I tell you what I had done, Xanthe? I was too cowardly to face your reproaches. Through all the miserable years that she was my wife my misery was supreme. I suffered all that a man must suffer with a violent-tempered woman who has never learned to curb the steeds of passion, but lets them have their own way. Ten years of this misery, and we concluded to live apart. Did I ever think of you during all these miserable years, Xanthe? I never ceased thinking of you, and my thoughts took visible form in the picture that won me the prize in Paris. Six months ago the woman I married when mad—yes, I must have been mad—died, and I resolved to come and tell you my story, and throw myself on your mercy, Xanthe."

"It is possible, I know," replied Xanthe, "for a man to be drawn away from a woman even when he loves her. In this matter I am not disposed to avenge aught that I have suffered. I have never lost my faith in you through all these weary years, and the love I gave you twenty years ago is yours still."

"Ah, Xanthe," he said, "men sin most against God and women, and well it is, for they know best how to pity and how to forgive."

And midnight found them talking still.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Marian, the next morning, "marry him before the jessamines have done blooming? A fine return for his infamous conduct; it is very well for him to plead weakness as an excuse for his crime, but it is no excuse at all. Were women more severe judges of men, men would not sin against them as they do. Punish him thoroughly first, and then forgive him, if you please."

"We are two gray-haired people now," answered Xanthe, quietly, "and the years that are left to us had better be passed in forgiving than in punishing."

"Some of them had better be passed in punishing than forgiving," replied Miss Marian, half angrily. "I'd have a beacon made of him to warn his sex of the danger of trifling with a woman's happiness."

"To err is human; to forgive, divine," said Xanthe; and before the yellow jessamines had done blooming she married him.

E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

My Ignis-Fatuus.

COULD I but write a tender, simple lay,
Which might be borne upon the morning breeze,
And echo'd by the songsters in the trees,
Pathetic, sweet, outliving many a day,
Lisp'd by the young, and croon'd by old and gray,
From land to land, borne on dividing seas,
To palace, hut, dull hours of pain to ease,
A theme for artist's brush or sculptor's clay:

A simple song mankind might sing with joy,
An influence divine to holy thought,
A golden treasure form'd without alloy,
By an artificer untutor'd, wrought;
Were I, by fate, thus destin'd to be skilled,
My mission here, in life, were well fulfill'd!

M. J. ADAMS

Minnie!

THE dedication of the Granville Church is to-morrow, remember," said Parson Hines, as he arose from the breakfast table one summer's morning, and followed his wife into the untidy kitchen where she had withdrawn in the martyr-like mood that now enshrouded her like an unlovely garment.

"Very well, I will have your best shirt and vest and your linen ulster freshly done up, never fear."

The parson looked annoyed. "That is not the point," he said. "You are to go to Granville with me. It will make an end of talk if you do not go. Every one will ask for you, and we are all in good health, so there is no reasonable excuse for your remaining at home; besides, your drive will do you good."

"There are a thousand reasons why I should not leave home for a whole day, as much as I have to do. I am in preparation to go out among folks, but if you insist, I must go about finishing my new dress at once. You will have to put up with the house as it is, and have mush for dinner, for supper also, unless I get around to cook something."

"Where is Minnie? set her about the housework."

"Minnie!" Mrs. Hines ejaculated the name, and casting an indescribable look at her husband shut her thin lips very close together, and turned to go up-stairs.

"When her father, your brother, engaged you to board her he also stipulated that you should teach her housekeeping. He has paid her board regularly, and very convenient the money has been, to be sure. She might be a great help to you. When do you intend fulfilling your part of the contract?"

"When she shows a disposition to be useful, and develops a taste for something beside story-reading and singing the plantation melodies she learns of old Aunt Chloe, whose society she evidently prefers over and above that of any one in this house. She is there by this time, I will warrant."

"And might be in worse company," muttered the minister as he crossed the green lawn to a pretty little ornamental summer-house in the farthest corner used during the warm season as a study.

Mrs. Hines closed the door to the breakfast-room, and calling Tommy, the oldest of her half-dozen children, she said to him:

"If you will, be good, and keep the little ones out-door until dinner time, so that I can finish my new dress! I will give you a quart of molasses to make into taffy when we have gone to Granville to the dedication to-morrow."

"All right! hurrah!" shouted Tommy, and gathering his

brothers and sisters about him, he imparted to them the sweet tidings, and, to pass away the time, marshaled them off to the top of "Birch Hill," half a mile across the field.

Breakfast had not been over fifteen minutes, yet the house to all appearances was so utterly deserted as if it was the habitat alone of the flies that hummed and buzzed, and made themselves merry over the remnant of maple sirup left upon the soiled china.

As a shout from the retreating children was wafted in by a gentle breeze, the curtains were pushed back from the open window, and a young girl, the very picture of active health, stepped into the room from the deep stoop where she had fled with her book the moment breakfast was over.

Laying the volume upon a shelf, she said aloud: "Charity begins at home, and it is high time my disposition for usefulness developed for the benefit of this household. Poor mistaken Aunt Clara! how much help I might have been to her had she not persisted in saying that I made more work than I saved. I wish she was not so predetermined to be abused, and did not so enjoy being a martyr. She will not allow of my doing a share if she knows it, so I will give her a surprise for once, just to let her see what I can do if I have the privilege."

All the long summer morning Mr. Hines, in his cool, airy study, with all the freshness of out-of-doors peeping in the open windows, scratched away with his steel pen upon the dedication sermon. The children shouted and laughed the golden hours away, as merry as the birds in the woodland about them, while poor Mrs. Hines, oblivious to everything but the discomforts of life, stitched and fretted, and fretted and stitched, in the little attic chamber that she persisted in using as a sewing-room because it was out of the way. As she put the finishing touches to the pretty dress, she went over and over the work, some of it necessary, some of it unnecessary, that must be done in order that she might accompany her husband to the next town on the morrow, and more than once she said aloud:

"Minnie! the idea of my being constantly reminded that I promised Brother John to teach her to work. When I took her into the family I little knew what a care she was to be, nor how quickly she was going to grow up into the great awkward, helpless girl she is. I am heartily tired of being instructed as to my duty concerning her. If I send her away I lose the board money, and her cast-off clothes for the children. If I teach her to work, she will think herself capable right away of keeping house for her father, and will cajole him into sending for her. She is a great overgrown, lazy thing, that is what she is—and never will be good for anything in the world but to read and sing and romp. It is a pity, really, for it was her mother's dying wish that she should be useful. Strange she develops no practical qualities! I'm sure I'm not to blame for it, and I can only slave myself to death for her and the rest, and let things take their course."

All at once the town clock struck twelve, the shop whistles blew, the factory bells rang, and from below came the merry jingle of the dinner-bell, eliciting responsive shouts from the children who were racing across the lawn.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Hines, "how the morning has flown. My dress almost done, too. Who rang that bell, I wonder? Oh, Minnie, of course, half famished as usual, and wondering at the non-appearance of dinner. What an appetite the girl has! I must write to John and tell him that we must raise a dollar a week on her board."

Running down, she met her husband in the front hall, walking with the dejected air of a hungry man who knows he is to sit down in a neglected dining-room to a dinner of mush.

The children, having performed their ablutions at the wild-flag brook as they crossed the field, came shouting:

"What for dinner?"

"Oh, soup! No, a roast!"

There was indeed a savory smell of meat in the air, but Mrs. Hines hastened to say:

"There is not time for the mush even, and we shall have to make out with crackers and milk."

The parson felt savage, but said nothing, and consoled himself with a thought of the ordination dinner on the morrow, as he pushed open the door of the dining-room.

The appetizing smell of nicely browned veal cutlets set the children dancing.

"What! what!" cried the parson, feeling like dancing, himself, and with difficulty subduing the impulse as he saw the dining-room in perfect order, the long muslin curtains looped back with roses, a fresh bouquet on the table, that was carefully arranged with chairs in place and all ready for the occupants. Through the open kitchen doorway he caught a glimpse of Minnie in pink dress, white apron, and bare arms, carving-knife and fork in hand, flying around among the pans and pots with the experienced air of a professional cook.

"I thought I would give you a surprise party, uncle and auntie," she said, with her habitual bright smile, coming forward and placing the temptingly garnished dish of cutlets upon the table, and flanking them with one of mealy potatoes and another of asparagus, these in turn set off by a tray of golden, puffed-up corn cup-cakes, fairly splitting their sides with good humor at the novelty of the situation.

To the great relief of the hungry children, the parson's grace was very short, and was immediately supplemented by Mrs. Hines saying, dolefully:

"We can hardly afford veal cutlets, Minnie, child; but, of course, you could not be expected to think of the expense."

"I bought the dinner myself, auntie, even to the quart of corn meal with which I made the cakes and the stale loaf for the asparagus toast," replied the young girl, with a dignity that at once installed her mistress of the situation. "I should hardly have ventured an experiment with other people's provisions, and it would not have been my 'party' had I not furnished the dinner."

"It's the best s'prise party ever I went to anywhere," said Tom, with his mouth full.

The parson laughed in a way that gave the young people liberty to keep up the talk, and the meal turned out an unwonted merry one, even Mrs. Hines's mouth two or three times drawing around in a queer little contortion that would have been a laugh were it not for a thought of the parson's best linen that lay behind it.

"Have you had the fairies in to help you, child," asked Mr. Hines, as he drew back from the table, having eaten until his pale, pinched face looked warm and ruddy, and his white, thin nose shone rubicund as if it would do to inflate his lungs with for some time to come.

"Aunt Chloe was the fairy who taught me to cook," said the young girl, as she cleared the table and brought in a dessert of stewed prunes. "She has been very lame, you know, but she could be head and let me be hands and feet for her. She used to be head cook at her master's house when she was a slave, you know, and you see, auntie, she has developed in me a taste for something beside plantation melodies, although I like them, too. You can finish your dress, auntie, and do anything else you please. I will do up the work and get tea when it is time."

"Thank you, but there is washing and ironing to be done this afternoon," said Mrs. Hines, on her familiar ground now of "so much to do!"

Minnie pushed open the kitchen door, disclosing a bit of

green yard and the parson's linen starched stiff dancing upon the clothes-line in a fresh breeze in a way that seemed likely to snap all the dignity out of them, while the yellow painted floor of the kitchen shone in a way that proved that good use had been made of the suds.

"You know I am good for the ironing, auntie; you have often said I ironed my dresses well."

"I don't see how you have accomplished so much," Mrs. Hines condescended to say, as, turning to go up-stairs, she found the sitting-room and her own room in order.

"I have had a long morning," replied Minnie, "and Aunt Chloe has taught me to keep more than one iron in the fire at a time."

"I shall not be afraid to call upon you in the future, now that I know how well you can do," said Mrs. Hines; but Minnie replied, good humoredly:

"Too late, auntie. I am every day expecting a summons to go and keep house for papa. That has always been the understanding, you know. I was to go when I was qualified."

"I know a weed when I see it, and I know a flower, too, even if it do grow up tall and rank, and look like a weed," said the poor old colored woman one evening in the early autumn when the parson and his wife made their first call upon her after Minnie had started for Maryland to live with her father. "I can't do much, but I like to do a little good as I go along, and it only takes a bit of talk and a pinch of patience thrown in to get young folks interested in what is

useful; and they are so full of life that they must be all taken up with something good, bad, or indif'runt."

It was a lesson that the parson's wife will never forget. "I wasn't looking for a flower," she confessed. "I have seemed for a long time to be like a machine running out of gear. I have not done my duty by myself or by any one else, and Minnie has shared in the general neglect."

"The Lord sets all such things right if we only take them to Him," said the aged woman, "and that is what Minnie has learned to do. Don't you see how sweet and bright she is. She says her mother's dying prayer for her was that she might be a useful woman, and I think it will be granted."

Minnie is a useful woman. I will tell you where she has found her work. In her leisure hours, after keeping her father's house, she teaches a little school of colored girls. Her instruction is not confined to books. She teaches them to sew and knit, to cook and clean, and be good domestics generally.

"I love my work," she says. "I am fond of my girl. I have no color prejudice. The best friend I ever had was Aunt Chloe, a poor, old, lame colored woman. It is hard telling what I should have been to-day had she not interested me in useful pursuits."

People in general, however, in speaking of the young housekeeper and teacher's great executive ability, will say: "Minnie had a most excellent bringing up in a clergyman's family, and was taught, from her childhood, to be useful."

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

AT DEAD of night her silk-smooth hair in two thick streams dividing,
All over her gleaming shoulder its lustrous beauty lay;
She stood too long at her mirror, the conscious smile half-hiding,
And the tall wax tapers burning made the chamber light as day.

Slowly she lifts at last her velvety eyes to her mother,
Those long eyes, heavy-lidded, with a warm and languid gaze;
Sadder and almost stern is the answering look of the other,
As the keen eyes fill with tears at a thought of long-past days.

Her smile is fixed and grave, and her small foot taps the floor;
"My hair was longer than yours, with that chestnut gloss," sighs she;
"Till you, my first-born, came;" her voice drops low and lower:
"Ah, child, you little guess what a woman's lot must be.

"She can think no more of self when once she becomes a mother."
"Self!—who could think of self?" the startled maiden cries,
"Beauty is incense burning on the shrine we raise to another,"
And a woman's soul is struggling in the beautiful Juno eyes.

"Give? what is woman's life but a strength sublime for giving?
Tears and blushes and pangs, anguish and dread delight:
Sacred the virgin's fears, from the sealed-up fount of living,
And sacred the mother's prayers in the holy silent night."

At dead of night, in silk-smooth hair, her slender fingers twining,
She stands at the tell-tale mirror, with never a word to say;
A calm, unearthly beauty on that white forehead shining,
And the tall wax tapers burning make the chamber light as day.

ELAINE GOODALE

What Women are Doing.

"Humanity" is the title of a new Sanitary Society in Geneva, in which women have equal rights with men.

Thirteen ladies, exhibitors in the Paris Salon, have received prizes this year. The works they have produced are said to be improving every season.

The statues of two celebrated French women, Mme. de Sévigné and Mme. Roland, have been unveiled on the Quay at the Hotel de Ville. Mme. de Sévigné holds a letter in her hand.

The Prize Pottery exhibition of Messrs. Howell & James, in London, awarded a special prize to Miss McLaughlin of Cincinnati.

Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, has received the degree of LL.D. from Hanover College, Madison, Ind., the first time this degree has been conferred upon a woman.

The Somerville Club, London, has over one thousand members. It is exclusively a "Woman's" club, and has recently removed to larger quarters, 405 Oxford Street.

One of the recent Harvard women graduates has been offered a lucrative position in the Argentine Republic, and one has been appointed director of the observatory of Carleton College, Minn.

"The Life of Theodore Parker," by Mrs. Grace A. Oliver, is to form the initial volume of a new series of biographies for young people, entitled "The Lives of the Great and Good."

Women have for some time possessed full academic rights in Sweden and Norway. We have just heard that the daughter of a Swedish colonel has entered with honors on the medical curriculum.

A Society has been formed in London, with headquarters at 249 Vauxhall Bridge Road, whose object is to provide a means of obtaining a livelihood for ladies by teaching them thorough dress-making, and finding them employment with persons who will treat them "as ladies." An experienced chief is in charge of the work-room.

The Paris Municipal Council has awarded 10,000 francs to an orphanage which was established by Mlle. Chanson. Fifty-two children are at present educated there; they learn to make under-clothing, flowers, embroidery, etc.

The principal of one of the two halls of which Newnham (Cambridge) consists is a daughter of the Prime Minister, while her predecessor was a niece of the Marquis of Salisbury. The principal of Girton is a niece of the late Lord Lawrence, the famous Governor-General of India.

Mrs. Lane, the widow of United States Senator H. S. Lane, of Indiana, has caused to be erected over her husband's grave at Crawfordsville an obelisk of granite from the Aberdeen (Scotland) quarries. The obelisk is thirty-two feet high and weighs forty-five tons.

Mrs. William Howard Hart has presented sixty thousand dollars to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, N. Y. The gift is intended to endow the professorship of Rational and Technical Mechanics, as a memorial of her late husband, whose name it will bear.

Mrs. Mary A. Draper has given to the National Academy of Sciences \$6,000 by a deed of trust. The income of this trust is to be employed for striking a gold medal, which shall be called the "Henry Draper Medal," to be awarded, not oftener than once in two years, as a premium for an original investigation in astronomical physics.

The question of women's suffrage has been raised, for the first time, in Holland. Miss Aletta Jacobs, M.D., has made a practical attempt to obtain the right of voting by petitioning the municipality of Amsterdam on the 22d of last March. She expressed her surprise at the omission of her name on the voting lists, as she lived in Amsterdam, paid the requisite taxes, and possessed civic rights. She requested immediate redress.

The principal of Newnham (Cambridge) England, since its foundation, is Miss Anne Jane Clough, sister of the poet, Arthur Clough, and the presentation of her portrait, painted by a great artist and subscribed for by former students, was the occasion of a recent festival.

There are in Berlin fourteen cheap restaurants where working people can obtain a substantial meal for six cents. These restaurants are managed by a number of charitable ladies and girls,

who do the actual work of them without any remuneration. The Empress herself takes a great interest in these *Volksküchen*, at which it is said a better meal can be obtained than at many of the more pretentious restaurants.

Mrs. Anna Ottendorfer, the wife of the New York editor, has paid \$62,000 for a site at Second avenue and Eighth street, New York, on which to erect a building for charitable use. The whole expense of the undertaking will be about \$150,000. Half of the building will be used as a free dispensary and the other half as a free German library. A gift-deed of the site from Mrs. Ottendorfer to the German Hospital has been recorded.

The "Story of Ida," is that of a young Florentine girl's life, prepared for a memorial of her among her friends by "Francesca," one of her dearest companions, who prefixes to her record an exquisite portrait. Of the author of this drawing Ruskin says: "It is by a girl of quite peculiar gifts, whose life has hitherto been spent in quiet and unassuming devotion to her art and to her subjects. I would fain have said an English girl, but all my prejudices have lately had the ax laid to their roots one by one—she is an American!"

Dr. Mary Howard, an American woman doctor, is creating quite a stir in social life in China. She attended the mother of Prince Li, Hung Chang, and although she did not save her life, she showed so much skill that she was called in to treat the wife of the great minister. Dr. Howard has been loaded not only with fees by her grateful patients, but with jewelry, furniture and priceless curiosities enough to stock a bric-à-brac warehouse.

Mrs. Clyntia Butsch, of Indianapolis, is the ice queen of that region, and actually controls the price of ice in that market; and it may be said truthfully that she keeps the price of ice down to reasonable rates. She is the proprietor of Butsch's ice pond, north of the city, and harvests from it thousands of tons of ice every season. Mrs. Butsch steadily refuses to enter into any ice combinations, and always offers her ice at fair rates. She first detected the trick of the late dam law, which Gov. Porter justly refused to sign. She is a shrewd business woman, and is worth thousands of dollars to the city annually in preventing ice men from coming in and "ballooning" the price of ice. She is not a highly educated woman, but her head is well stored with good common sense.

Of late years the employment of women as clerks has greatly increased in England as well as in France; and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system works satisfactorily. At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks, who receive 3 francs a day to commence with, and whose annual salary, after a year or two of service, rises to 1,800 francs; and at the Paris offices of the Crédit Foncier, where also there is a large staff of women, the remuneration beginning at 3.50 francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or \$800 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 on 6 days of the week; and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest possible degree of privacy.

The First Annual and circular exhibition of Decorative Needle-work by the Society of American Embroiderers will be given in New York City, November, 1883, under the auspices of the Embroidery Department of "Associated Artists." This exhibition is intended to call out and mass such examples of this important form of art industry as will indicate and probably influence the direction of decorative needle-work in America. It is expected that designs characteristic of or originating in any modern foreign school will not be used by exhibitors. In examples of work not designed by the embroiderer the name of the designer or source of design must be given.

The Woman's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia announce a Silk Fair to be held in Philadelphia in May, 1884, on a far more extended scale than the one held in 1882. All the processes of growth, feeding of silk worms, hand-reeling, steam-flature reeling, Serrell automatic reeling, dyeing, designing, throwsting, twisting, winding, weaving in all branches, side by side, representing braids, gimps, ribbons, handkerchiefs, plush, turcomans, satin and silk fabrics, and also the various useful and ornamental purposes to which the fabrics can be applied, will be exhibited, and afford an excellent opportunity to judge of the rapid growth of a most important industry.



Table Spread.

THE spread is made of dark red felt, two yards square. The band or border is of cretonne, the edge of which is finished with a narrow strip of olive-colored felt pinked on both sides, laid over the edge of the cretonne, and caught down to the felt with long spiky stitches on each scallop. Through the center of the felt band lay a narrow black velvet ribbon, and feather-stitch over it with silk floss in some bright color. Finish the edge of the spread with a heavy cord in mixed colors to correspond with the cretonne, and at each end fasten two tassels. The spread would look more finished lined with an old-gold Canton flannel.

Sham Picture Gallery.

THE following catalogue of pictures will be found very entertaining during the summer months, for small benefits and entertainments. There is but little description necessary. Arrange board over the backs of chairs around the room, covered with cloths hanging to the floor, and a strip of the same material drawn straight round the wall just above the board, with here and there little brackets hung with the articles for exhibition placed on them. Be sure to have each article labeled and numbered, and also the catalogues numbered. A small admission of ten cents will help many a needy person.

Exhibition of works of particularly high art by distinguished masters, kindly lent for the occasion: Red Sea, with plains beyond, by Jordan; Family Jars, never exhibited before (large preserve jars); The Flower of the Family, very fine (small bag of flour); Off Deal, by Carpenter (shavings); Past Healing: An Affecting Sight (very old shoes); Views of the Interior of China (inside of teacups); A View of Cork (cork); The Woodcutter (an ax); The Fall (a veil); Commentators of the Present Century (potatoes); A Striking Match, by Lowe (a match); The Bracelet, the property of the Corporation (handcuffs); Things to Adore, by Chubb (locks); The Wearied Grinder (a tooth); Pillars of Greece, by T. Allow (tallow candles); A Chip off the Old Block, Carpenter (a chip); Union (tongs); Two Young Blades (small scissors); Innocence, by Lamb (toy lamb); Sleepless (an old hat without nap); Connecting Links (a chain); "All that was Left of Them" (cinders); Black Eyes and Blue Eyes (dress eyes);

All Ears (ears of corn); Justice (scales); Heaviness (lead); The Horse Fair, by Maire (hay); A Study of Figures, Colenz (a sum); Cedars of Lebanon (pencils); The Companion of the Bath, S. Hope (soap); From Hand to Mouth, Sylvester Smith (spoon); The Holy Friar, Monk (a frying-pan with holes); Quite Exhausted, D. Rink (an empty bottle); A Rose without Thorns (watering-pot rose); The End of Ambition (letter N); Cross as Two Sticks (sticks crossed); Bonaparte, Butcher (a bone); Borrowed Plumes (feathers); The Worn-out Travelers (an old pair of boots).



Work Box.

POINT russe and satin stitch. Square box of cardboard, lined with blue satin; the sides are covered with the same material, and the lid and foundation are covered with black satin. The lid is embroidered and fitted with a cushion. The cornflowers are worked in satin stitch with blue silk, the stamen in knotted stitch with yellow, and point russe with red. The calices, worked with green silk in satin stitch, are also strapped across with brown silk. The sprays, tendrils and leaves are worked with olive and brown silks in overcast and satin stitch. The sewing on of the cover of the lid is hidden by a leaf-shaped ruching of satin ribbon. The pockets in the sides are shaped as shown in the illustration, the outside being covered with black satin and embroidered like the lid, and the inside lined with blue satin. A loop of blue satin ribbon is arranged under the lid for the purpose of raising it.



Foot Rest.

THE foundation is a box six inches high, twelve inches long, and nine wide. Cover the top with muslin, and stuff with curled hair. Cover the stool entirely with dark red velvet, in which is worked round the sides a pattern in chain-stitch and feather-stitch, with dark olive and pink purple silk. Along the center of top is a white ruddy dyked strip of flannel worked with the same pattern. The edge around the top is finished with a ball heading of contrasting colors to the needle-work. To complete the foot rest be sure to have casters fastened on, that it can be readily pushed about the room.

The World's Progress.

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

The Coming Cholera.

Dr. B. F. Jenkins, a distinguished English *savant*, predicted eleven years ago that Asiatic cholera would reappear in a virulent form in every part of the globe during the year 1883. The cholera has come sure enough, but will it reach this side of the Atlantic this year? According to Dr. Jenkins, there are seven different centers in which the contagion of cholera originates. In most of them the disease exhausts its violence after a short period. The varieties to be dreaded are those which originate in India and Arabia. Contrary to general belief, the Indian pestilence rarely reaches Western Europe, and has never found its way to this country. It is the Arabian cholera which is so virulent and so widespread. The pestilence first makes its appearance at Mecca, Arabia, among the Mohammedan pilgrims, and from thence travels around the world. The Hindoo pestilence also originates among the crowds which throng the religious shrines on the banks of the Ganges. If cholera should reach the United States this year it would be late in the fall, and the first frost kills the germs for that year at least. In the meantime we may get our houses in order for the following spring by thoroughly cleansing the cities and making preparations to isolate the disease and stamp it out wherever it appears. The civilized world is now prepared to make a splendid fight with this and all other pestilences. It is now clearly established that the cholera is propagated by germs which multiply in the human body, and that the dejections of those taken sick with the disease are the means of spreading the contagion. Hence to neutralize the poison by disinfectants is the only but the sure way of stamping out cholera. There is no longer any mystery about these pestilences.

The Yellow Fever Germ.

We now know to a certainty how yellow fever originates and is propagated. A Brazilian physician, Dr. Domingos Freize, has discovered in the blood of yellow fever patients a characteristic parasite or cryptococcus, to which he has given the name of *zanthogenicos*. The injection of a gramme of blood charged with these organisms into the veins of a rabbit was followed by its death in a quarter of an hour. Other animals were killed by the same means. Dr. Freize found the yellow fever germs in the body of a corpse which had been buried for a year, and he declares that the cemeteries where people who have died of yellow fever have been buried are permanent centers of contagion. This, of course, is an argument for cremation in the case of all corpses which have become such because of pestilence. The experiments of Dr. Koch showed that consumption was propagated by a microscopic *bacillus*; and indeed M. Pasteur has established the fact of the parasitic nature of all diseases. Having discovered the cause of mortal maladies, it only remains for science to suggest the most effective means of checking the reproduction of these minute organisms in the human system. It is a notable fact that all medicines are poisons, and the best remedial agents are those which, like quinine, sulphur, salt, etc., are death to *infusoria* and parasites.

Anent the Mormons.

The legislation of the last Congress to check the growth of Mormonism has been ineffectual. The commissioners appointed to carry out the law went to work zealously, but polygamy and other unpopular practices still flourish in spite of the ban put upon them by the Federal Government. This, indeed, was to have been expected. The genius of our government is opposed to any interference with private practices which claim to be based upon religious sanctions. In the meantime the Mormon power is growing. In addition to its natural increase, nearly 40,000 new converts from the old and new world will have joined them before the beginning of the new year. They hold the balance of power in Wyoming Territory. Half the members of the Idaho Legislature were Mormons, and in Colorado and Arizona they have thriving settlements. A Laramie editor declares that the Mormons "are spreading so rapidly over the Northwestern States and Territories that before long that entire section will be practically under their control." It is clear that the problem of how to deal with these peculiar people has not yet been solved, and it may be the next century will see a terrible conflict between the military leaders of this false religion and the general government of the United States.

A Spelling Reform.

The American Philological Association has just been holding its annual meeting, and it has been discussing one very important matter—to wit, spelling reform. Our great scholars have now agreed that English orthography needs radical reformation. The sounds of too many words bear little or no relation to their spelling. This has very important practical consequences. The best years of a child's life are spent in trying to learn to spell words the sounds of which have little to do with the letters which compose them. In German, Spanish, and other languages, once the correct pronunciation is given, the learner finds little difficulty in the spelling, provided the letters are known. There are some forty-two primary sounds in the English language, and only twenty-six letters to represent them, and several of these are silent. Had we a character for every sound, then would all difficulties disappear. The child would learn to spell as soon as it knew its letters, and sound would be wedded to sense in the language. An effort is also being made to reform our orthography by dropping the silent and unnecessary letters. These changes are recommended by the foremost linguists in this country and Great Britain.

About Water.

A curious fact about water is that it is the rust of the metal known as hydrogenium. When oxygen combines with iron it forms a reddish rust, and the metal becomes in time disintegrated. In this condition it is said to be oxidized. Now, water is simply oxidized hydrogenium. This metal is present in the sun and all the planets in enormous quantities. Indeed it is said that the human body is composed of 54 parts of water, mingled with some lime, iron, and certain salts. Chemistry has revealed to us many marvels, but none greater than the composition of common water.

A Palace of Delight.

The eccentric king of Bavaria, who sleeps all day and keeps awake at night, who abhors women and is a passionate lover of music, who believes in democracy and is a worshiper of art, is building himself a home which will surpass in comfort, elegance, splendor, and artistic perfection any royal residence in the world. It is situated in the Chiemsee, at the entrance of Bavarian Tyrol. All the resources of art have been taxed to construct this palace of delight. The noble halls will be lined with statuary and the spacious walls decorated with the choicest paintings of modern times. The wood carving will be superior to that put on any other existing buildings, while the very window fastenings and door knobs will be designed and executed by first-class artists. But this wayward king intends to keep this beautiful palace villa for himself alone. It is not to be visible from any public road, and all save the king and his servants will be forbidden entrance to it. Near this palace are the ruins of an old monastery, which was built with a very different intention. Although constructed for monks who were supposed to have retired from the world, it was built on an eminence where it could be seen by all passing travelers, and in a locality commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. But King Ludwig of Bavaria is nothing if not eccentric. Were he a poor man he would have been called a crank, but his kingly position gives a glamor to his vanities; and when his strange history is written, he will figure as one of the most fantastic monarchs of the nineteenth or any other century.

High License.

The temperance agitation in this country has entered upon a new phase. An attempt was made in several of the Western States—notably Kansas and Iowa—to put an entire stop to the sale of intoxicating drinks. But the liquor-dealing interest, helped by the courts, has temporarily, at least, been able to defeat the will of the friends of total abstinence. Instead, therefore, of demanding prohibition heavy license for selling intoxicating drinks is being called for. The States of Illinois and Ohio have passed such laws, and hereafter in those States the sellers of beer must pay \$150 per year, and of spirituous drinks \$500 a year. This will net Chicago over one million dollars a year. The high license demanded will, it is believed, curtail the selling of liquor among the very poor. The privileged dealers, it is supposed, will see that the statute is enforced, so that they may profit by their monopoly. If this license law can be enforced, it may lead to further efforts to discourage the sale of liquor. The next step will doubtless be the adoption of the Gothenburg system of Sweden, where the municipality dispenses the liquor officially under great restrictions. Of course the officers of the town or city have no interest in the sale of the liquor themselves, and they are under bonds not to sell to women, children, or habitual drunkards, and only in small quantities to other persons. This change in the machinery of liquor selling has greatly diminished drunkenness and the pauperism which generally resulted therefrom. A very hopeful sign of the times is the demand which has arisen all over the South, especially in North Carolina and Texas, for legal restrictions upon the sale of liquor. High license ought to be demanded where absolute prohibition cannot be enforced. The liquor-selling interest should be forced to pay for the crime and pauperism it produces.

Our Flag Banished from the Seas.

It is enough to make a patriotic American groan when he peruses the figures showing the decay of our American shipping. In 1860, sixty-six per cent. of our exports and imports were carried in American vessels. In 1882, only fifteen per cent. In 1860, about fifty-six per cent. of the tonnage entering British ports was in British vessels. In 1882, seventy-one per cent. Our merchant marine is steadily decreasing—that of Great Britain is steadily increasing. Our total American tonnage, steam and sail, engaged in foreign trade is about 1,260,000 tons, while the ships belonging to the United Kingdom have a tonnage of about 10,500,000. The worth of our shipping is less than \$150,000,000, while the total shipping of Great Britain is worth \$1,250,000,000. Our decadence as a naval power is due to three causes—the rebel privateers in the Civil War, the substitution of iron and steel vessels for wooden, and the American tariff, which last makes labor and material so costly that our shipbuilders cannot compete on equal terms with those of England and Scotland.

Fashion in Buildings.

The craze for Queen Anne decoration and house-furnishing naturally led to a demand for houses built after the designs of the architects who lived during the reign of that queen, so all over the country we have had homes, villas, and even churches erected in that style. But at length Americans are beginning to tire of this variety of edifice, which, indeed, has been overdone. There are fashions in architecture, as in dress. The late Bayard Taylor said that, in traveling through this country, it was easy to see when the various settlements were commenced. The exterior appearance of the houses told the story. The gabled edifices belong to the old colonial period; the pillars extending to the roof and inclosing the large piazza was characteristic of the sunny South in the days when slavery flourished; the mansard roof, once all the rage, marked an epoch of its own. And so through the other variations, each popular in its day, now obsolete. No one style of house structure is suitable for this vast country of ours. A Southern dwelling should be entirely different from a Northern home. An Atlantic slope villa would be out of place on the Pacific coast, while a mountain chalet would be an anachronism in a low-lying valley. The national architecture of America, when it is developed, will be as varied as the surface of our country.

The Highest of Waterfalls.

Some years ago Niagara was supposed to be the most magnificent waterfall in the world, but recent African explorers discovered that the falls on the river Zambesi, known as the Victoria, are even more wonderful than the famous American waterfall. And now comes the news that in Washington Territory there exists what is, in some respects, the most marvelous cataract in the world. It is on the Cowlitz river, and the fall is fully 1,500 feet high. It has not yet been fully explored. There is also a waterfall in Wyoming Territory 475 feet high, which is said to be a very wonderful cataract of its kind. The remarkable newness of our country is shown by the fact that these great natural curiosities have not as yet been thoroughly examined by white men.

Crime and the Daily Press.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, deploras, in a recent poem, the disposition of the daily press to dwell upon crimes and all unnatural occurrences. The journals publish whatever appeals to a morbid appetite, and scarcely a paper that comes into our homes but contains items of news such as no parent would care to show his children. Unfortunately, it is unusual occurrences which the public taste craves. Hence the prominence given to murders, thefts, scandals, and reports of evil deeds. The more enterprising the journal the more of these objectionable stories does it contain. Still it must be admitted that the newspapers might be much worse than they are. The proprietors and editors are generally heads of families, and much of the more reprehensible reports of vicious occurrences are modified or suppressed outright. Then the newspaper is beginning to add to its departments and furnish more serious matter. The Sunday editions of the large city journals have become weekly magazines, and draw largely from current literature to add to the attractions of their columns. There ought to be a public sentiment which would strongly condemn such journals as make a specialty of evil news.

Head of a Great House Gone.

The Duke of Marlborough is dead, and has been succeeded in his title and estates by the Marquis of Blandford. The late Duke was a very curious personage. He was pious, after his manner, and gave liberally of his means to spread what he considered evangelical religion. But he was a very hard man in other respects. He was a merciless landlord, and was detested by all who worked for him. The new Duke has achieved some distinction as a writer on political and social topics. Oddly enough, he has been a Radical. Now, however, that he is a Peer with an income of some \$350,000 per annum, it is supposed that he will become a Conservative. His younger brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, is a man of remarkable ability, who probably in time will become the leader of the Tories in England. He is one of the few men

of the House of Commons who can hold his own in a debate with Prime Minister Gladstone. The first Duke of Marlborough, it will be remembered, was the greatest soldier of his age, and was noted for being the handsomest as well as the meanest man in the United Kingdom. He swindled his government and robbed his soldiers; but as he always led the latter to victory, his grateful country made him a Duke, and settled upon him and his descendants large estates and an imperial income.

What our Colleges Lack.

A graduate of Harvard declares that his Alma Mater is not the ideal university, because enthusiasm is considered among the students as "bad form." It seems the whole tone of that seat of learning is averse to anything like generous emotion. The tendency, therefore, is to indifferentism and the making of literary dudes. The graduate becomes self-sufficient and supercilious. The only pursuit that is followed with ardor is athletics, especially boating. It is a mistake to suppose that the chief wants of colleges are money and able professors. The leading Scotch seats of learning have always been very poor; but the students were recruited from the common people, and as they had their fortunes and careers to make they were assiduous in their studies. As a consequence, the graduates of the Scotch universities have given to the world many of its most brilliant lights. As compared with Oxford and Cambridge, where only rich students can matriculate, the advantage has been with the Scotch universities with their poor endowments and poorer students. Our own West Point gives an admirable training to its cadets. They are under the sternest discipline, but every subject is known down to the roots. Yet West Point costs the nation but a trifling sum compared with the splendid results and the kind of officers it develops. What our colleges need is, not more money but higher aims, more thoroughness, and, above all, enthusiasm among the students.

Mind-reading.

A young American named Bishop has been exciting a great deal of interest in England by claiming to read the minds of persons with whom he came in contact. He professed to be able to give the titles of books, the subscriptions on letters, and the numbers on bank-notes; but in every case he held the hand of the person who had seen the words or figures and kept them in mind. Henry Labouchère, a noted millionaire journalist, denounced Bishop as an impostor, and offered him \$5,000 if he would give the five figures of a bank-note in the hands of a person whom he should designate. Bishop accepted the challenge, but modified the terms by having the intermediary chosen in a public meeting which should be the judge of the test. Although Labouchère would not accept the modification, Bishop actually performed the feat of reading the numbers on a bank-note in the possession of a stranger whom he had never previously met. Labouchère, however, would not give up the money. There is undoubtedly some sympathy between certain classes of minds, which gives color to Bishop's claim that he can partially read the thoughts of sensitive subjects. What is known as spiritualism, or spiritism, is not all trickery by any means, for there is a domain of human nature as yet unexplored. It is a region which lies between physiology and psychology. The night side of nature is dark to us, because the light of science has not yet illuminated it. The time cannot be distant when the mystery connected with witchcraft, mesmerism, spiritualism, and mind-reading will all be cleared up, and powers unsuspected in the world of emotion and nerve force evolved, which will seem incredible to us in the present state of our knowledge.

The Great Washington Monument.

This is now becoming one of the wonders of the sea of government, though for years it was the laughing stock of the country. It is now some 350 odd feet high; when completed it will be 555 feet high, overtopping the famous cathedral at Cologne by forty-three feet. The foundations were finished in 1880, and it will be ready for dedication, it is hoped, by the next 4th of July. It will cost altogether \$1,100,000. At the base it is 55 feet on each of its four sides. Above the 500th foot each side of the cone is 35 feet. The lower part is of granite, with a marble facing. The upper portion of the cone will be entirely of white marble. Some of the slabs have been sent from foreign countries. One is from Greece, another from Turkey, and others from China and Siam. Other stones again are gifts from several States in the Union. We should not begrudge the money spent on memorials of our great men. They honor alike the monument builders and noble men whose services they commemorate. This structure will be one of the first things to impress the traveler with the splendor of our capital. It is situated upon the bank of the Potomac, from which the great white marble shaft will pierce the clouds, and will be outlined against the blue of the sky.

The Religious Pilgrimages.

The outbreak of the cholera in Arabia and Egypt has again called attention to the dreadful physical evils resulting from the religious pilgrimages to Mecca and the Ganges. When originally instituted these may have had some educational value. A person cannot travel away from his own home without bringing back some new experiences which will affect him through all his sub-

sequent life. But for many generations past these annual visitations to the dwelling-place of Mahomet and to the supposed abodes of the Hindoo gods have caused an appalling amount of human misery, and have been the means of spreading some of the foulest diseases known to the human race. Of the throngs of devotees who press on to the holy places, five-sixths are women, and only five per cent. are on horseback. The pilgrim, the priests tell him, must not change his clothing until he returns home, and hence the unspeakable filth of these fanatical religionists. The percentage of death is one in five, and it is estimated that 50,000 people annually die in going to or from the sacred places. It is among these putrid associations that malignant cholera is born, which every few years takes its pilgrimage throughout the world, carrying death in its train. M. Pasteur is now in Egypt investigating the cholera germ. He has been very successful in his investigations touching the spread of mortific bacteria. It was he who suggested inoculation to neutralize the contagion of chicken cholera. It is supposed he may also suggest vaccination to check the progress of Asiatic cholera. It is science, after all, which must save us from the physical ills brought into the world by superstitious observances.

Strange Visitors.

Long Island Sound presents strange extremes of temperature. In the winter time it is often as cold as Nova Zembla. In summer its water teems with life, which seems to come from a torrid zone. Last summer a great whale made its appearance on the shores of Long Island, and a few days later an alligator was seen to float lazily by a Yale boat-house at New Haven. At Guilford Captain Ralph Hill caught a fish he had never seen before, but which Professor Terrill of Peabody Museum pronounced a tarpon, or big-eyed species of fish very common in the Gulf of Mexico, but rarely seen above the Florida Keys.

Ho! for the North Pole.

Lieut. Greeley, who, with his party proposed to work their way from Smith's Sound to the North Pole, has not been heard of for two years. An expedition was sent to his relief last year, but it failed to reach him. Two vessels, the *Proteus* and the *Yantic*, are now on their way to relieve Lieut. Greeley and his party. Even if he cannot be reached, provisions can be left at a place he can fall back upon if he should wish to do so. He is so well cared for in the way of supplies that he can live several years without hearing from home. Though beaten thus far, the human race will never give up the effort to solve the problem of the Pole. Sooner or later we will know all about the planet we inhabit.

Bending the Twig.

Chicago is willing to learn something from the experience of the little town of Quincy, near Boston, in the matter of education. One might suppose that there was little new to be acquired in the way of imparting knowledge to the young; but it seems that, notwithstanding the long experience of the race, our educational systems are not by any means perfect. In short, pedagogics is not a science. Like medicine, it is an empirical art, subject to many modifications and improvements. In the Quincy school the young are taught, not the formal rules of grammar, but how to talk and write correctly. It is the thing which is imparted, and not the rules, which control it. History that is really valuable, it has been found, is not a mere narrative of campaigns, battles, and the intrigues of court; it is rather a recital of the general progress of the community, its growth in wealth and population, the change in manners, and the effect of inventions and discoveries upon the framework of society. And so with education. It is found that languages can be acquired without learning the grammar, and arithmetic without committing to memory abstract rules. The new education will involve the use of stereopticons and pictures to impart a knowledge of history and geography. Of what possible advantage to the student is a knowledge of dates or the mere names of cities and rivers. The globe and the map will give a general view of the relations of nations to one another, while the camera can be employed to impress vividly upon the bodily as well as mental vision an exact representation of special districts as well as the persons and striking events in history. In short, object teaching will be found as beneficial for advanced students as for beginners. Chicago has done well to take an educational lesson from Quincy, which is the house of the progressive educational idea, and of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

Greek and Latin Discredited.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr. has again brought to the front the old question touching the utility of a Greek and Latin course in our leading colleges. He argues that if education means the cultivation of an individual to fit him for the work of life, the modern languages, German or French, would not only be more useful but would afford quite as good mental training as either or both of the classic languages. The college presidents and professors very generally disagree with Mr. Adams, and lay great stress upon the fact that the great majority of the foremost men of modern Europe and America were collegians whose mental power had been trained in the study of Greek. That is to say, while the total number of graduates from colleges comprise only a trifling percentage of the entire population, yet it is from their ranks we get our leading thinkers, writers, scientists, professional men and rulers. The two foremost women of our time, George Eliot

the thinker and author, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning the poet, were both highly trained Greek scholars. But in spite of the apparent force of this argument the bulk of our students no longer aim to achieve distinction in the dead languages. They pursue scientific, philosophic and literary courses to fit themselves directly for the careers in which they expect to achieve distinction and fortune. Then it has begun to be suspected that the three Rs, reading, writing and arithmetic, are not a sufficient education for the mass of our common people. Their hands and their tastes, it is urged, need training to enable them to earn a living and to make the best use of their faculties. Hence the necessity for polytechnic, technological and art schools to put them on a par with the trained workmen of Europe. Our common school system is all very well so far as it goes, but it does not fit the American youth of either sex for the callings by which they can earn a living or be of the greatest service to the community. This ideal, should we ever try to realize it, will involve vital changes in the educational systems of this country.

An Era of Cheapness.

There is no disputing the fact that raw material the world over has become very cheap. Wool commands lower prices than at any time during the past forty years. Cotton was never so cheap as it is to-day. Wheat, which averaged \$1.33 per bushel for the thirty years ending 1875, was reduced to \$1.19 per bushel for the seven years ending June 30, 1882. During the past summer it has been from four to five cents cheaper. Of course, these are the New York or export quotations. This diminution in price of these and other necessities of life is due in a great measure to the extension of the railway and telegraph systems, which have equalized and reduced freight charges. The wool, wheat and cotton of remote regions is now available for any part of the world where they are needed, and every year sees a reduction in the cost of transportation. The world, for years to come, is tolerably sure of cheap and abundant food and clothing, for while the railroads are reducing their charges for the transportation of the prime necessities of life, mechanical invention is steadily improving, so that woolen, cotton, and other goods are supplied at less cost every few years. This cheaper price of the prime essentials of life is due to another cause. The leading commercial nations have adopted gold as the sole unit of value, and this ignoring of silver greatly enhances the value of the yellow metal. This is shown by the cheapening of everything measured by gold. The latter, being the standard, apparently does not vary, but the change is shown by its vastly greater purchasing power. As gold is diminishing in quantity throughout the world, this cheapening process will continue. This tends to increase the wealth of the rich, to enhance the value of fixed incomes and regular salaries, but it adds to the debt of borrowers of money, and is an injury to all who produce or sell their goods in the open market.

Our Sea Farms.

Professor Huxley says that our deep-sea fisheries can never be exhausted. The entire catch of codfish on the coasts of Norway and the United States is but an insignificant fraction of the myriads of that fish which visit the northern shores of Northern Europe and Eastern North America. The annual catch of herring would not supply a week's consumption to an ordinary shoal of codfish, and yet as much herring is eaten by man as all other fish put together. An acre of water will supply more food for man than an acre of the best arable land. There is a shallow lagoon in the Adriatic Sea covering 70,000 acres of surface. For a great number of years it has added five hundred weight of fish to the acre—about double the quantity of food that can be derived from the most fertile land. Hence, oceans and deep seas can always be depended upon to supply unlimited quantities of food to mankind, no matter how dense the population of the globe may finally become. But this remark does not apply to in-shore, lake, and river fisheries. The supplies of salmon, shad, oysters, and lobsters can be reduced, unless the waters are intelligently re-stocked. Professor Huxley paid a high compliment to the United States for the prudent treatment of its streams and coast lines in the re-stocking of delicious fish. The labors of Professor Baird and his Fish Commission have been of immense benefit to the present generation, and will be of still greater advantage to the generations which are to follow.

The Tricycle for Women.

While the bicycle is very generally used by lads and young men in this country, we are far behind Western Europe, and especially England, in the use of the tricycle. Over the water the women make extensive use of the three-wheel machine. Tricycling is said to be peculiarly valuable to women. It supports the weight of the body and there is little jolting, while the muscles exercised are those which are apt to be neglected in the ordinary movements of the gentle sex. Long journeys are undertaken in England and on the Continent on the tricycle. It supplies the place of and is far cheaper than the horse and wagon. As it is an older country, with a much denser population, the common roads of Europe are in a much better condition than they are with us, which perhaps accounts for the greater popularity of the tricycle than it has yet achieved with us. The royal family of England have set the fashion of using this machine. The Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Mary Teck, have made birthday presents of these instruments to all their young relatives. No doubt the time will come when tricycling will be the rage here as it now is abroad.



CAKES.

Rich Coffee Cake.—Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yolks of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one half pound of citron, the same of figs, and five cups of brown flour after it is stirred.

Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold sift with it three teaspoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up, and bake in moderate oven from four to five hours.

Fruit Jumbles.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound and a quarter of flour, six eggs, half a pound of currants, a little soda and nutmeg. Mix the butter, sugar, spices and eggs, then the currants, next the soda, and lastly the flour.

Plain Cake.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Icing for above: White of one egg and nine teaspoonfuls of fine sugar.

Hickory Nut Cake.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, and four eggs, beaten separately; three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of hickory nut meats minced, one teaspoonful extract of vanilla.

Parisian Cake.—Five tumblers of sifted flour, three of white sugar, one-half tumbler of butter, one tumbler of milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Mix well, beat three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Beat all well for ten minutes. Bake in a moderate oven.

Seed Buns.—Two pounds of flour, eight ounces of dripping, six ounces of sugar, one ounce of caraway seeds, a teaspoonful and a half of yeast. As these should rise quickly, mix as for other yeast cakes. When risen, roll out very lightly on a well floured board, cut with a tumbler, and bake in a quick oven. When rather stale, these buns are nice split in half, toasted and buttered, children being especially fond of them.

Rose Cake.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar (beat to a cream), add two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, same of essence of lemon, and the whites of five eggs, stir all well together. Take *aneline*, size of a pea, tie in a thin cloth and pour a teaspoonful of boiling water on it; take of cake half a teacup, pour the aneline on until you have a pretty rose color, put in a layer of cake, drop in here and there of your rose as oddly as you can, then a layer of cake, and so on until all are used. Bake in slow oven.

Vanilla Cream Cake.—Two cups of powdered sugar, two-thirds cupful of butter, four eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, three cups of flour. Bake in thin layers as for jelly cake, and spread between them, when cold, the following mixture: One-half pint of milk (sweet), two small teaspoonfuls of corn starch, one egg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cup of sugar. Heat the milk to boiling and stir in the corn starch, wet with a little cold milk, take out a little and mix gradually with the beaten egg and sugar, return to the rest of the custard and boil, stirring constantly until quite thick. Let it cool before you flavor, then spread on cake. Flavor both cake and *icing* with *vanilla*.

Orange Ice Cake.—Ten eggs, one pound sugar, one-half pound flour, one large orange. Beat whites and yolks separately, add to all the yolks and the whites of seven eggs, the sugar, the grated rind of the orange, and the juice. Bake as for jelly cake. To the whites of three eggs allow a pound and a quarter of powdered sugar, beat stiff as for icing, take out enough to cover the top and set aside, add to the rest half the grated rind of a large orange. When the cake is nearly cold spread this between the layers. Beat into the icing reserved for the top a little lemon

juice, and, if needed, more sugar. It should be stiffer than that spread between the cakes.

Currant Cookies.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, four eggs, one half pound currants well washed and dredged, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one-half lemon grated rind and juice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Drop from a spoon upon a baking tin lined with well-buttered paper, and bake quickly.

Rich Jumbles.—Rub to a cream a pound of butter and a pound of sugar, mix with a pound and a half of flour, four eggs, and a very little brandy, roll the cakes in powdered sugar, lay them on fat buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Curled Waffles (Sweet).—Six eggs, one pint of flour, two ounces of melted butter, one and one-half cups powdered sugar, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Beat whites and yolks separately and very stiff, rub the butter and sugar together and work in first the yolks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake a well-buttered wafer on waffle irons very quickly, browning as little as possible. Roll the whole hot upon a smooth round stick not larger than your little finger, slipping it out carefully when the cake takes the right shape. An acceptable addition to the tea-table, and looks well among fancy cakes in a basket.

Cinnamon Cake.—Cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and warm it till soft in half a pint of rich milk. Sift a pound of fine flour into a broad pan, make a hole in the center and pour into it the milk and butter, having stirred them well together. Then gradually add a large quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and a heaping teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Beat three eggs very smooth and thick and stir them in, also a wineglass and a half of brewer's yeast, or two glasses of fresh baker's yeast. Then mix (having sprinkled some over the top) all the flour into the hole in the center, so as to make a soft dough. When all is well mixed cover it and set it to rise in a round, straight-sided tin pan. Place it near the fire, and when quite light and cracked all over the surface, flour your paste board well and place the loaf upon it, and having prepared in a pint bowl a stiff mixture of ground cinnamon, fresh butter and brown sugar beaten together so as to stand alone, make numerous deep cuts or incisions all over the surface on the sides and top of the cake, fill them with the cinnamon mixture, and pinch together so as to keep the seasoning from coming out. Glaze it all over with beaten white of egg a little sweetened.

Then return the loaf to the pan and bake in a moderate oven till thoroughly done. When cool, cut it down in slices like a pound cake.

Fancy Tea Cakes.—Sift one pound of flour on the pastry-board; make a hollow in the center, put in half a pound of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of lemon essence, five ounces of butter, half a saltspoonful of salt and mix to a soft smooth paste, adding the yolks of three eggs and one gill of cream, after the butter has been thoroughly incorporated with the other ingredients. When well mixed, let the paste stand for one hour, then roll it out a quarter of an inch thick, cut it in various small shapes with fancy cutters, put the little cakes on a buttered baking pan, brush them over with a beaten egg, strew on the tops some chopped citron, raisins or blanched almonds. Bake in moderate oven until a light brown and cool on a sieve.

Cream Wafers.—Warm a quarter of a pound of butter without oiling it; work into it five eggs, one at a time, then add a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, quarter of a pound of sifted flour, and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, mixing all these ingredients to a smooth paste.

Heat a wafer iron, put in a spoonful of the paste, close the iron, bake the wafer and trim off its edges before opening the iron, then open the iron and quickly roll the wafer in form of a cone.

When all the wafers are cooked, fill them with whipped cream, arrange them on a napkin and serve them.

Old Bachelor's Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, four wineglasses of milk, half a pound of Sultana raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, the same of candied peel, quarter of a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one of cinnamon, and one of carbonate of soda. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and bake in moderate oven for one hour and a half.

Almond Sweet Nuts.—Rub two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour and five ounces of powdered lump sugar. Beat an egg with half the sugar, then put in the other ingredients, add one ounce of blanched almonds and a few drops of extract of almonds. Roll them in your hand to the size of a hickory nut, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake lightly.

Lemon Puffs.—Bruise one pound of double refined sugar, and sift it through a fine sieve. Put it into a bowl, with the juice of two lemons, and mix them together. Beat the white of an egg to a very stiff froth, put it into your bowl, add three with two rinds of lemons grated. Mix it well up, and drop on the puffs in small drops and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Cream Cup Cake.—Four cups of flour, two of sugar, three of sweet cream, four eggs; mix hard. Bake in square tins, and when cold cut in squares about two inches wide.

Kipfel.—Beat up one pound of pounded white sugar with the whites of eight eggs and a little vanilla flavoring. When mixed make it up into the shape of small horseshoes, and having mixed one pound of sweet almonds turn these kipfel round in them. Bake on wafers in a very moderate oven.

Orange Nuts.—Take seven ounces of flour, seven of sugar, and three eggs, one ounce and a half of orange peel, and the same of lemon peel. Beat the eggs with the sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the flour and peels, beating it till no flour is visible. Form them into little balls, and bake them like the others.

Almond Sponge Cake.—Pound in a white mortar, until very fine, one ounce of bitter almonds; take out and put into a bowl, pour over them four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and let them simmer three or four minutes. To the yolks of twelve eggs, well beaten, add slowly one pound of sieved sugar, and beat light; then, after wiping the almonds dry, add them. Beat until very stiff the whites of the eggs, and add to the yolks and sugar, alternating with the flour. Stir well but very lightly together, as beating destroys the lightness of sponge cake. Bake in tins with upright sides, and in a moderate oven.

Water Pound Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, and one cup of warm water. Use prepared flour, or put into the flour, before sifting it, two teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder. The cup of water must be quite warm, but not really hot. Beat the eggs separately.

Wedding Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of brown sugar, one and one-eighth of a pound of butter, one-half pound of candied citron, four pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins (stoned and chopped), nine eggs, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, and three gills of peach sirup. Fruit should be rolled in flour before mixing. Bake in moderate oven. Keep in a cool place.

Grandmother's Wedding Cake.—“Take two pounds of best wheat flour, and make dough as for bread or biscuit, with rich milk, and yeast sufficient to raise it. If it is made like biscuit, there will be a little shortening; if like bread, it will be without. It is of little consequence. While the dough is rising, prepare a pound and a half of currants, nicely washed and dried, also a pound and a half of raisins, stoned, two pounds of best sugar, pulverized and sifted, and a pound and a half of butter that is not too salt. The butter and sugar should be rubbed or worked together; when the dough is very light, the butter and sugar should be mixed with the dough, and also the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten. Work all together as long as possible (the longer the better), and set away to rise again, generally through the night, and when again very light, add your spices to taste. The old spices were cinnamon, nutmeg and mace freely, and all-spice and cloves sparingly—sometimes orange-water, or grated orange-peel, or fresh orange-peel chopped very fine, or a preparation of peach-stones. A few meats of peach-stones, pounded and sifted, are an improvement, if very nicely put in, and in very small quantity, but as too much is objectionable, it had better be omitted entirely if left to unskillful hands. Now add cider boiled to half a pint with maple sirup, and put the dough through another series of working, as long as you have time and strength, adding in the meanwhile the whites of the twelve eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Work for a long time, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus in vinegar, while it is yet effervescing, beat all thoroughly together. Put the dough into pans that have

been heated and nicely buttered, and set where they will rise again. Your fruit should in the meantime have been prepared—the citron by cutting in small pieces, the raisins and currants should have been mixed and swelled in a small quantity of warm milk, and dried on a sieve. When the oven and your cakes are ready, put the fruit on the top of each cake, and if they do not sink, press them gently with a spoon just below the surface, and bake in a moderately hot oven until thoroughly done.” The above is said to be worth the trouble it involves in its preparation, if any housekeeper is disposed to try it.

Sugar Gingerbread.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of candied lemon, quarter of an ounce of ginger, one egg, quarter of a pound of melted butter. Not to be much browned.

Ginger Drops.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, one heaping teaspoonful of soda. Ginger and salt to taste. Drop in tins, and bake in quick oven.

White Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, whites of eight eggs, one pound of raisins, and one-quarter of a pound of citron, chopped.

White Fruit Cake, No. 2.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one scant cup of sweet milk, whites of five eggs, one grated cocoonut, one pound of almonds blanched and cut fine, one pound of citron cut into very thin pieces, three and a half cups of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flour the fruit, and add the last thing.

Cold Water Cake.—Three and a half cups of flour, two of raisins, stoned and chopped fine, two of sugar, a cup of cold water, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and soda, and a little nutmeg.

Cream Rose Cake.—Whites of ten eggs, beaten to a standing froth, one cup of butter creamed with sugar, three cups of powdered sugar, one small cup of sweet cream, nearly five cups of prepared flour. Vanilla flavoring and liquid cochineal. Stir the cream (into which put a pinch of soda) into the butter and sugar. Beat five minutes until the mixture is like whipped cream. Flavor with vanilla, and put in by turns the whites and the flour. Color a fine pink with cochineal. Bake in four jelly-cake tins. When cold, spread with FILLING—one and one-half cocoanuts, pared and grated, whites of four eggs whisked stiff, one and one-half cups of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of best rose-water. Heap the cake after it is filled with the white mixture, beating more sugar into that part intended for the frosting. The cochineal is perfectly harmless, and can be prepared by any druggist in liquid form, a few drops of which will suffice to color cakes, or you can get it pulverized, and, wetting it with a very small quantity of water, strain it, adding it drop by drop as you stir your cake, until you get the required tint.

Favorite Spice Cake.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter; one cup of sour milk; three eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful of nutmeg; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cloves; three cups of flour.

Cocoonut and Almond Cake.—Two and one-half cups of powdered sugar; one cup of butter; four full cups of prepared flour; whites of seven eggs whisked stiff; one small cup of milk, with a mere pinch of soda; one grated cocoonut; one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg; juice and half the grated peel of one lemon; cream butter and sugar; stir in lemon and nutmeg; mix well; add the milk and whites and flour alternately. Lastly stir in the grated cocoonut swiftly and lightly. Bake in four jelly-cake tins.

Filling.—One pound of sweet almonds; whites of four eggs whisked stiff; one heaping cup of powdered sugar; two teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Blanch the almonds. Let them get cold and dry, then pound in a wedgewood mortar, adding rose-water as you go on. Save about two dozen to shred for the top. Stir the paste into the icing after it is made; spread between the cooled cakes; make that for the top a trifle thicker and lay it on heavily. When it has stiffened somewhat, stick the shred almonds closely over the top. Set in the oven to harden but do not let it scorch.

Scientific.

Bleaching agents are usually good disinfectants; that which can so disturb an organic compound as to destroy its color is capable of either arresting or completing the decompositions that produce vile odors and are produced by organic germs or ferments.

The following directions are given for removing finger-marks from and restoring luster to highly polished but much-defaced furniture. Wash off the finger-marks with a cloth, or—better—a chamouis skin, wet with cold water, then rub the surface with sweet oil mixed with half its quantity of turpentine. A liberal rubbing of this mixture will prove effective.

A method of utilizing the waste of gold-leaf used in printing and the arts is by converting it into what is called fleece gold. The composition is used like the ordinary bronze, except that rather more copal is mixed with it. It is used for all fancy papers for which gold-leaf and bronze have hitherto been used.

Mahogany, walnut, and some other woods may be polished by the use of the following mixture. Dissolve by heat so much beeswax in spirits of turpentine that the mixture, when cold, shall be of about the thickness of honey. This may be applied to furniture or to work running in the lathe, by means of a piece of clean cloth, and as much as possible should be rubbed off by using a clean flannel or other cloth.

The number of species of silk-producing insects is very large, probably more than two hundred, very few of which are of any practical value to mankind; on the contrary, that portion of the caterpillar family which unite their silken tissues to form a family tent have not only defied the ingenuity of man to unravel their handiwork, but have made his industry contribute to their support by foraging upon fruit-bearing and ornamental trees. The spider family, notwithstanding many attempts to reel their beautiful threads, still monopolize their products for purposes of locomotion and snares for unlucky insects.

Plain Court Plaster that will not Stick and Remains Flexible.—Soak isinglass in a little warm water for twenty-four hours, then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat. Dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Stitch a piece of silk or sarcenet on a wooden frame with tacks or thread. Melt the jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of balsam of Peru. This plaster remains quite pliable and never breaks.

Linseed Meal.—It has been recently observed by a French scientist that linseed meal from which the oil has been eliminated in such a way as not to affect the other principles present retains all the therapeutic properties of the ordinary meal. With equal weight, it contains more mucilage, starch, albuminoid substances, etc. To prepare a poultice of suitable unctuousness and consistency, twenty-five per cent. less of the oilless meal is required than of the ordinary meal. The poultices prepared with the oilless meal are less heavy and remain longer warm than the others. The prepared meal, moreover, does not become rancid. After many experiments in eliminating the oil, sulphide of carbon has been found the most suitable agent.

To Transfer Prints to Steel or Glass.—To transfer prints to polished steel or to glass, make a varnish as follows—Gum Sandarac, four parts; mastic, one part; Venice turpentine, one ounce; alcohol, fifteen parts, or any smaller quantity in proportion. Digest in a bottle, with frequent shaking. Moisten the print slightly upon the back by laying a wet cloth upon it; then varnish the steel plate or glass with a thin even coat; lay the print with the face next to the varnish, commencing on one side, so as not to enclose air-bubbles, pressing it down close with the fingers if the print is small, or a soft roller if the print is large. Be careful that all parts of the print are in contact with the varnish. Lay aside to dry. After it is dry, wet the back with water, and cautiously rub off the paper with the fingers; rub lightly toward the last with plenty of water, and the surface of the varnish will come up smooth with the ink of the print solidly embedded. Then a thin coat of mastic varnish will give it a finish.

Imperfectly Baked Bricks.—It is often observed that bricks imperfectly baked become friable at the surface, and in time are reduced to powder. This phenomenon has been attributed to the action of moisture, alternations of heat and cold, etc.; but recent observations make it probable that these merely favor the action of the real cause—viz., the development of microscopic organisms. M. Parize observed some swellings on the plaster coat of a brick partition, he pierced one of these, and a very fine red powder came out, resulting from pulverization of the brick. Examined with a magnifying power of about three hundred diameters, this powder showed an immense number of diatoms and silicious algae belonging to the original clay of the bricks. The existence and multiplication of such organisms under about one-fifth of an inch in thickness of plaster seems surprising; yet M. Parize found the same organisms—though fewer of them—at a depth of about one inch in the undecayed brick. All the deteriorated bricks showed the same organisms. These facts seem to have important bearings on the durability of buildings, methods of disinfection of hospitals, etc.



DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

Hard work will best uncertain fortune mend.

If you would create something, you must be something.—Goethe.

Happiness is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—Marie Edgeworth.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Becher.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

"One soweth, and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—Richter.

Act and speak to your servants as you would wish others to do if you were a servant.—Dionysius the Carthusian.

I do not call a healthy young man, cheerful in his mind and vigorous in his arms—I cannot call such a man—poor.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country: we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.—Locke.

Great trees, as fig-trees, make shade for others, and stand themselves in the glowing heat of the sun. They bear fruits for others, not for themselves.

These truth-speaking women are friends in solitude, are fathers in matters of duty, they are mothers to those who are in distress, they are a repose to the traveler in the wilderness.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—George D. Boardman.

Like a blind spinner in the sun

I tread my days.

I know that all the threads will run

Appointed ways.

I know each day will bring its task:

And, being blind, no more I ask.

—Helen Hunt.



SPICE BOX

A lady sang; and a polite hearer said, "You may say of Mrs. L. as they did of Alboni, that she has swallowed a nightingale." "Yes," was the unfriendly rejoinder, "but you must add that she has not digested it."

Bedad!—"A riference, is it?" exclaimed an Irish cook seeking a situation when asked by the lady for a recommendation. "An' why should I give ye a riference? It is meself that's got to live wid ye, an' not you wid me."

"Sary Jane," he murmured, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my coat sleeve as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?" "Well, I've been vaccinated, and it's took awful," was the tearful reply.

A man went to Texas to die of consumption, lived, and became the Texas Siftings. Family had to return his watch and old clothes that he had distributed, thinking he had no more use for them. Moral, don't send invalids to Texas.

"There is one feature of your table that surpasses the finest hotel I have ever seen," said a boarder to his landlady. "Indeed," she said, looking excessively pleased, "and pray what is that?" "The number of wrinkles in the table-cloth," he replied, as he made his exit.

Appreciation.—Mr. S. C. Hall was the guest of a gentleman in Welford whose wife had built a school and a row of comfortable houses for the tenants in place of their miserable cabins. "I was walking with her," he writes, "one day, when a woman addressed her, asking some favor which was refused. Out came instantly the woman's indignant comment, 'An' shure, my lady, is that the thanks I'm to get for making the children go to school and wear shoes to plaze ye?'"

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

THE summer fashions of 1883 have been chiefly remarkable for varied color and short draperies. The walking skirt has established itself beyond the power of individual effort to dislodge it, and the overlaying has principally consisted of close, curtain-shaped paniers at the sides, and more bouffant, but not exaggerated, and very moderately lengthened drapery at the back. Trains are sensibly banished, apparently, from summer wardrobes. Only rarely is one to be seen, and then it looks like the ghost of a last winter's toilet, and is carried as much as possible out of sight, and has to be apologized for. A few may be seen at the hops and balls of a fashionable watering-place, but they are always worn by ladies of, or past, middle age, who do not prepare handsome special toilets for summer use, but content themselves with a few light ones, and fall back upon public occasions when their duty as chaperon to daughters or nieces obliges them to make an appearance. A formal dinner too, may exact from ladies of the age and rank of dowager, such observance as is recognized by a trained dress, but the times are certainly limited when dignity demands a lengthened skirt even from a lady of advancing age, while the convenient walking length may be worn at all times when the thermometer is in the eighties and nineties, without fear of criticism.

White, tinted white, is, notwithstanding the wealth of color, more universally worn than any color; and it is undoubtedly the loveliest and most refined of tints in a soft, delicate fabric. Naturally it is out of place in the streets of a city, except in a carriage, but it is exquisite on the clean shaded drives and walks of Saratoga and Newport, and it is adapted in the different gradations of soft cotton, silk, and woolen fabrics, to every variety of temperature. Other charming toilets have been composed of white lace ruffled skirts, and over-dresses of silk mull, satin merveilleux, organdy, or foulard, figured upon tinted grounds. These over-dresses follow the almost universal law of design for this season, that is, of basque fronts, small close paniers, and extended drapery at the back. When silks, such as surah or satin merveilleux are employed, they are usually seen in solid colors, or checks so small as to be almost invisible, and in such shades as mauve, garnet, écreu, wine, gendarme or peacock blue, and bronze. The trimming is lace. Beaded trimmings are hardly seen upon summer silks, for which

they are too heavy, but they will appear with the thicker fabrics of a colder season.

The extent to which lace is used is a noticeable fact in summer costuming, and the most fashionable lace used on summer dresses by far, is that worked upon net, and known as "Oriental." It is undoubtedly true that a chief element in its popularity is its moderate price, and the beauty and effectiveness of the patterns. The work is extensively executed upon net in the piece, and with lace to match for ruffling, makes charming evening dresses over silk or satin merveilleux; naturally, however, they are not cheap, for it is essentially a double dress, composed of two exquisite fabrics, and expensively garnitured with ribbons, which this season form shoulder knots and neckties, as well as belts and bows. The Pompadour lace—lace with raised flowers—has not had the success that was anticipated for it. One reason may be that it is expensive for a light lace, and has not the intrinsic value of hand-made. Ladies who can afford to use it will not buy so conspicuous an imitation of the real. The embroidered laces, on the contrary, are used very fashionably, and upon costly materials and fabrics. Of course they are employed in less quantity than the lighter and less expensive Oriental and imitation Mechlin, which are massed in gathered and plaited ruffles, and they are used for older persons and for more ceremonious costumes. A dress garniture of embroidered lace usually consists of a piece of deep flouncing, which forms a rounded apron, or straight, slightly gathered flounce across the front, and close hip draperies, making a series of festoons. A collar or collarette, and deep cuffs of the lace, which are "trimmed on," that is, put on and fastened down, constitutes the finish of the bodice or basque.

The full bodice or "Jersey," are the fashionable modes for the waists of young girls, because a trimmed bodice is not youthful, and a full bodice requires no trimming save the ruffled edge and belt. The Jersey simply demands a good figure; that given, any addition to the elastic, glove-fitting basque is a detriment. Cloth suits are all made with "Jersey" shaped basques and kilted skirts, with very short and slight back draperies. The sash folds are often omitted and in their place are seen sword sashes, a double sash of knitted silk, with knitted fringed ends, which are knotted on the side. Young girls wear wash dresses of white, trimmed with needle-work, and with them écreu hats and gloves, red

hats and mits, and black hats and gloves or mitts. If a lady wears a white wash dress, it must be very elaborate, simple in design, but rich in embroidery. The front will consist of flounces of Madeira work, and the basque composed of it wholly. Young girls may wear wash dresses of striped gingham, a combination of stripes half an inch wide for the skirts, and a mere cord or hair-line for the gathered bodice and draperies. But the cotton dresses of their mammas are of solid and flowered satteen; the former employed for the unlined skirt with its kilted flounce, the latter for the overdress with its lace jabots, and flots of ribbon, or its notched edges lined with a color, and filled with plaited edge of lace.

Paris Fashions.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR DEMAREST:—The prevalent idea entertained of Paris, after the close of the *Salon* and the departure of the fashionable world for "fresh fields and pastures new," is that the city looks like a "banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead," etc.; but the lights lingered, or rather blazed forth in superabundance for the "National Fête," and gave the thousands of spectators a glimpse of enchanted realms; while the "world" that lives in Paris all the year, and that other "world" that flits about the continent at all times and in all places, dressed just as prettily and as gayly, and enjoyed the goods the gods (in the shape of the City Fathers) provided, with as much zest as if mountain and valley, and seashore and forest were fabled myths and Paris the only paradise worthy of French fealty.

Some of the most graceful costumes designed for wear at the summer or autumn resorts were duplicated for those who preferred the *fête* instead of nature's features; and amid the ever-changing throng that surges hither and thither in Paris, one sees so much that is odd, pretty, tasteful, and elegant that the difficulty is, not what to describe, but what to omit in an ordinary letter.

Luggage is weighed so accurately here, even for the most trivial journey, that voyagers calculate every item of the toilet to a nicety; and that which combines elegance, utility, and economy finds great favor; hence wicker hats, or those made of reedy materials, such as coarse grass and natural straw, find ready sale, one hat doing duty for the voyage and serving well for a stay of several weeks at any of the popular resorts; but there is such a transformation effected by changing the garniture that the owner alone is aware of how much use this article of dress is capable. For the journey, narrow velvet ribbon is interlaced in the sides of the crown, and massed in loops at the left side well over the brow. The destination reached, a scarf of white or pale yellow *crêpe* is substituted, and numberless small white wings are grouped at the side in a very irregular manner. Another change is effected by lining the entire hat with crimson, rose, blue, or other shade of Florence silk, and adorning the outside with clusters of field flowers, so closely imitating nature that one might fancy they had just been culled from their native soil.

An ingenious American girl has gone to pass all the season—four months—on the coast and in the mountains, with less than the amount of baggage carried free by the railway companies, and still she has a sufficient variety of garnitures for her hat and dresses to make frequent changes in her toilet.

Taking a view of modes for the mid-season, I was struck by the number of laces used in millinery and dressmaking. Many of the small "baby bonnets" are masses of lace,

tossed (as only a French modiste can do it) on tiny, light foundations, and garnished with groups of humming-birds, clusters of small plumes, or solid bouquets of one kind of flower only, with the foliage forming the background. A caprice of the moment is the *capote* of natural straws woven together like the straw-bottomed chairs one sees in country houses; this is garnished with velvet and ears of natural wheat or rye.

A novelty shown for early fall is of finely-braided English straw, with the brim turned close up to the crown at the back and sides, sloping gradually toward the front, where it shades the eyes, like the brim of the jockey cap. A swan's-breast plume of a pale rose color is placed low on the brim in front and extends over the crown, descending slightly over the brim at the back, and the brim is faced with black velvet laid on so as to leave the straw visible at each edge. Another model is of gray felt in Derby form, with the brim rolled very round and high at the sides, closing front and back, the edges corded with gray velvet, a broad band of gray velvet crossing the crown and passing under the brim at each side, and a full rich plume of natural cocks' feathers adorning the left side. Many of the broad-brimmed Leghorn hats, intended for country use, are rendered extremely coquettish by having the brim bent close to the head over the right temple, while the part over the left is filled with flowers; a band of plain velvet encircles the crown half-way between the top and the brim, and a cluster of flowers fills the indentation at the right side and droops low at the back.

The *pèlerine épaulette* is made up in every conceivable fabric, and may be of the same material as the costume, or of a totally different character. Made of plush or velvet, no garniture whatever is used; but made of silk, lace, grenadine, or other dress goods, it may be trimmed to any extent; or it may be cut longer than the waist line and then slashed at intervals of four inches, each alternate slip gathered perpendicularly and drawn up several inches, while the intervening sections are each drawn to a point horizontally, and finished with a *grelot*, and a *motif* is attached to the shorter sections. This *pèlerine* is called the *épaulette* because of the high shoulders, which are inserted in a peculiar manner. Manteaux, dust-cloaks, dresses, and jackets all have the sleeves set in quite high and full on the shoulders, and not a few of the latest models present a separate garniture over the shoulders in the form of a small puff, or a drapery of the same material as the costume.

Old-fashioned colored silks of every quality are utilized for full dress by being made over into any of the prevailing modes, and profusely covered with black lace, either in flounces or draperies; piece lace is used to make the bodice, which may or may not have the silk high in the neck; the lace is either shirred or laid in plaits at the neck and shoulders, back and front, and confined at the waist under a girdle of ribbon, velvet, or gold or silver; paniers or flounces of lace meet the girdle at all points, but the fullness is massed at the sides and back, the stomacher being left as plain as possible.

Tucks in the dress skirt have laid a firm hold on the affections of Parisians, and one sees them in every grade of goods, from nun's veiling to Isle of Wight serge; but with a skirt of this kind, long, bouffant draperies are an absolute necessity, if one would be becomingly attired.

A costume recently designed for the seaside is made of Russian green surah, plain, and striped with *écru*, the plait skirt having no other trimming than seven tucks, two inches deep, placed two inches apart; the polonaise corsage made entirely of the striped goods, and pointed back and front, the side forms extending in long panels pointing toward the front; a long apron is attached to the point of the corsage.

the sides of the apron being laid in plaits and caught high up under the panels, leaving the plain skirt fully seen nearly to the waist; the paniers are plaited horizontally underneath the back edges of the panels and form a *melon* puff over the hips, an *épaulet pèlerine* of the plain goods reaches just below the bust, and is clasped with two straps of the goods, each strap being fastened with an owl's head of silver in relief, and small spherical silver buttons not larger than a currant close the front of the corsage, while flat silver buttons, each with an owl's head in intaglio, are placed on the panels.

The *confection marinier* is made of mull or of surah, and is simply a sailor's collar at the back, terminating at each shoulder, the ends of the kerchief being gathered and sewed to the collar at this point, so as to form a scarf. The two lower ends are then secured inside the corsage below the bust, or they may extend to the girdle and be caught beneath it; or, if desirable, the scarf may be clasped at the throat with a brooch, but is usually worn open, having thus more of the negligent effect of the sailor's kerchief.

M. T. K.

Illustrated Designs.

THOSE of our readers who are in haste to begin their autumn dressmaking will find a suggestive model in the "Albani" polonaise, which is well adapted to the completion of a suit for early autumn wear. The design is very simple yet very graceful, and suitable for the useful materials, such as all-wool tweed, soft-finished serge, cashmere, camel's hair, and vicuna cloths. Any and all of these drape well, and furnish an excellent base for the braided ornamentation which borders the sides of the front, and which is so fashionably employed upon cloths and plain wools. The extension of the back is particularly becoming to stout figures, and the disposition of the drapery is natural and easy.

The "Marca" costume is quite new, and has a striking effect if well contrasted. The skirt is laid in triple box-plaits, the broad one in the center turned up with velvet, and headed with lace. The paniered polonaise is embroidered on a material of the ground color of the skirt, the rest being of the plain fabric, but outlined with a ruffle of coffee-colored lace like that which is carried round the drapery. Loops and ends of velvet ribbon form a sash at the back.

The "Ortruda" walking-skirt is very stylish; it may be arranged with ruffles of plain silk upon lining, side and back drapery of fine wool, and apron cut out in point; and a basque—the "Iseult," for example—of striped silk and velvet, the former showing an Ottoman cord; or the front and basque may be composed of brocaded velvetine. The "Iseult" basque is new, and possesses the late and attractive features of side-plaited flouncing, a short plaited back, and a vest front, which may be of the silk used for the ruffles upon the skirt.

The "Wyndham" is a capital model for that indispensable article, an "English walking jacket," being well shaped over the waist and hips, sufficiently deep, and double-breasted; the cross-over lines rendering it more comfortable, as well as more becoming. The finish, too, is just enough, and not too much; the little violin of braiding at the back having a peculiarly good effect, in conjunction with the neatly braided "tailor" edge. The facing of such a jacket should be of twilled silk or satin.

The "Dolores" mantelet may be of use to those who contemplate a black cashmere costume, or who require a mantle of silk or Sicilienne for church wear. It has plaited tabs

in front, and the full ends at the back are arranged for bouffant drapery.

The "Varina" costume is an effective model for a dressy costume in thin materials, or in a combination of surah with brocade, or velvet brocaded grenadine. The ornamentation may be beaded embroidery or lace, but the combination of materials should be uniform, so far as the ground color is concerned. It is a good model for plain and embroidered pongee or albatross cloth, with trimming embroidered on the material. The "Romania" polonaise may be employed also for a combination of plain with embroidered materials very effectively.



Wyndham Jacket.—Double-breasted and tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front and side gores are cut quite short, and a separate skirt piece added in Newmarket style; while the side forms and back pieces extend the entire length of the garment. The double-breasted portion is added to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if desired. This design is suitable for any quality of cloth and many varieties of dress goods, and requires no trimming except the binding, as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Highland Dinner Dress.

AN English fashion correspondent says:—"Some ladies in the Highlands, during the shooting season, and when the house is full of gentlemen wearing the garb of old Gaul, adopt a dinner dress after the same pattern, with slight variation. For this there are beautiful soft tartan silks, which are made up kilt fashion, with doublets of plain velvet, matching the predominant color of the tartan, braided in gold or silver, and ornamented with cairngorm buttons. A white waistcoat, or a tartan silk one, forms the front, and is slightly open at the throat. If required, the dirk, brooch, and sporran are supplied, and the leather band, with small chains attached, to wear round the waist. The hose, in wool or silk, matches the skirt, and the black shoes, with silver buckles, are the same as those worn by Highlanders in full dress. If the silken scarf or plaid is worn, it is fastened by the brooch on the left shoulder, carried across the back, and caught up on the right hip."



Autumn Costumes.

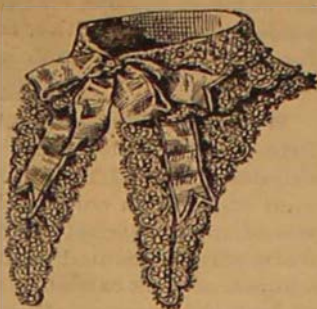
FIG. 1.—A dressy costume of rich black silk of the quality known as “Cachemire Marguerite,” which is unsurpassed for beauty and perfection of finish. The design illustrated is the “Varina” costume, which is composed of a tight-fitting basque with paniers and drapery mounted upon it, giving the effect of a polonaise, and the skirt is trimmed with two wide flounces edged with ruffles of heavy black Chantilly lace. The same lace, combined with jet-beaded passementerie, ornaments the paniers, and forms a collarette and cuffs. The bonnet worn with this stylish dress is of black velvet sewn with rows of gold braid. It is trimmed with *rouleaux* of ruby velvet and an ostrich feather of a lighter shade. Red silk parasol tied with bows of ruby velvet ribbon. Price of patterns of the “Varina” costume, thirty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—Illustrates a front view of the “Varina” costume, also made up in the handsome “Cachemire Marguerite” black silk, and lavishly trimmed with silk guipure lace and jet passementerie garniture. The bows at the wrists and throat are of orange-colored velvet ribbon. The pretty capote-shaped bonnet is made of frills of silk guipure lace disposed on a net frame, and trimmed with a large cluster of orange-colored velvet ribbon loops and notched ends. Cream-colored Suède gloves. Price of costume patterns, thirty cents each size.

Cachemire Marguerite is a very superior, pure finished black silk, and can be found at all first-class retailers, but buyers should see that every second yard is stamped “Cachemire Marguerite” on the selvage, and take no goods that are not so stamped.

Collarettes and Jabots.

No. 1.—A lovely collarette of Oriental lace and ribbon. The back is arranged like a sharply-pointed double neckerchief of the lace laid plain, and two long pointed ends fall in front, while the border of lace forming the collar is turned over a band of azure blue satin ribbon which forms a handsome bow with notched ends in front. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$3.50.



No. 2.—Black velvet standing collar trimmed with cream-tinted Oriental lace. The collar is a plain piece of velvet with a narrow edge of the lace turned smoothly over the top, and the lower edge is finished with a deep plaited ruffle of the same lace in front graduated to give a bib effect. A cluster of loops of very narrow pale pink gros-grain ribbon is fastened at



the throat. Price, with ribbon and velvet of any desired color, \$2.85.

No. 3.—Band and jabot of ivory-white silk mull arranged in plaits and edged with wide flat Valenciennes lace. The band is a bias strip of mull laid in lengthwise plaits on a collar of surah, and the jabot is simply the two ends very fully plaited and edged with lace five inches deep. These are fastened with small silver pins. Price, \$3.



No. 4.—A dainty throat-knot of white silk mull and cream-tinted Oriental lace. The mull is shirred across at the top, and edged all around with the lace which is three inches wide. Loops and ends of very narrow pale pink ribbon add a finish to this pretty *chiffon*. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$1.50.



No. 5.—A charming tie or jabot of white silk mull plaited and edged with deep flat Valenciennes lace, forming two long ends held at the throat by a handsome bow of wide, pale pink satin ribbon. This pretty *chiffon* is exceedingly dressy and becoming, and adapted for wear with almost any toilet. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.80.



Dolores Mantelet.

THIS stylish and graceful design is made of rich black Sicilienne, trimmed with ruffles of black Spanish lace, headed with jet passementerie. The mantelet is made on the model of the "Dolores," which is cut with long tabs in front, while the back is draped in two short, bouffant points, and the sleeves are inserted in dolman style. Bonnet of violet de Lorraine velvet, with shirred front of satin, trimmed with sprigs of heliotrope and loops of narrow velvet ribbon. Strings of satin-faced velvet ribbon. Patterns of mantelet in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents.

FRENCH DRESSMAKERS announced velvet as a leading fabric for the past summer, but the American thermometer said no, and the thermometer won. The flowered velvet basques and velvet trimmed woolens will be fresh for the autumn, and will only be a fashion postponed. It is too bad, but in this country—at least in certain sections of it—the thermometer has a very decided way of its own about July and January, and even fashion must take it into its calculations.

Lace Wraps and Dresses.

GREAT variety of small lace garments have been displayed this summer, but there has not been much demand for them. The newest have been costly, because complicated in arrangement and much trimmed, the simple fichus have been lowered in price, and offered at times for less than their value without finding ready purchasers—the exhibition of a new design being a sort of signal for the desertion of that which has preceded it, though it may have served us well. The result has been a general lack of street garments—a bareness about the neck and shoulders—the machinery not being available for the instant reproduction, in cheap materials, of the handsome but expensive novelties in foreign lace. Of material there is an abundance, the piece laces in handsome Spanish, Spanish guipure, Mechlin net, binche and imitation Chantilly being in great demand for dresses, and charming in conjunction with silk muslin or twilled Surah, over satin, and with Marie Antoinette over-dresses of painted crepe, lined with satin.

Perhaps because the styles are so uncertain, few ladies care to put any considerable sum of money in a lace garment. They prefer to have visites, mantles and the like made up of silk and lace, or to match costumes. The restoration of guipure and its combination with hand-run Spanish lace, gives us a much-needed addition to really effective and durable trimming lace, such as are suitable for rich, plain silks and fine cashmere, or camel's-hair.

Some very graceful cloaks are in preparation for fall, for elderly ladies, of black Chuddah cloth, lined with twilled foulard, and finished with a border of Spanish guipure laid flat upon the fronts, and cape of the lace tied with satin ribbons.

Coffee-colored laces are in great favor, and laces made of twine and interwoven with colored threads; these are used for summer cottons and linens. All imitation laces are now made in several widths, so that the deep flounce or covering for the tablier may match the narrow bordering for the skirt and basque.

WEDDING TOILETS.—At a recent London wedding the Princess of Wales wore a dress of white satin, fitting her exquisite figure like a glove. The skirt had three flounces, each edged with coffee-colored lace. Over the bodice was a sort of zouave jacket of coffee-colored lace. Her bonnet was white straw trimmed with the same fabric. At one side was a bunch of pink carnations, and fastening the strings a bunch of dark red flowers. She carried a white parasol with a gold handle. The bride's dress was white ottoman with drapery of lovely lace. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms, and a veil of exquisite lace over her face. The seven bridesmaids were dressed all alike, in white ottoman and book muslin. They wore most becoming little caps made of muslin and lace, high and full in front, with knots of lace falling on the hair behind. Their bouquets were deep crimson roses with maidenhair fern.

AT A FRENCH WEDDING which took place at a beautiful country seat, where flowers abounded, the bride walking over the greenest of lawns in a white dress, with white moire parasol covered with orange blossoms, is described as a most picturesque sight. The bride's mother wore a white brocade dress covered with large broché pink flowers; white straw bonnet with pink feathers. The bride's sister, tea rose lampas embroidered and trimmed with lace, bonnet to match, with garniture of marabout feathers. Two little girls wore embroidered muslin over pink silk; straw hats with white feathers.



Ortruda Walking Skirt.—Novel and attractive in effect, this stylish design consists of a short gored skirt trimmed with gathered flounces, and a drapery composed of a long apron cut in points, pointed side drapery, and a back drapery which is shorter and quite bouffant. This model is adapted to any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Albani Polonaise.—Exceedingly stylish, yet simple, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in



ALBANI POLONAISE.

front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front has a trimming of passementerie and falls perfectly plain; while the back is gracefully draped in a novel manner. Almost any class of dress goods may be made up after this design. It may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



Street Costume.

THIS stylish costume is of camel's hair and faille in the shade of French gray, called "*gris immortelle*." The short skirt is of faille in shirred puffs, terminating at the foot in a deep fluted flounce, while the polonaise is of the camel's hair trimmed with a cut-out embroidery in silk on the material, forming an edging which is set on *en revers*. The model is the "*Romania*" polonaise, which is a particularly graceful design, tight-fitting, with the fronts cut away, and opening over a deep vest of piece embroidery worked in silk on the same material as the polonaise. This vest also opens in front, and falls in two deep points. Bonnet with shirred crown of hunter's green velvet, and green velvet ribbon strings. A full ruche of cream-tinted lace edges the bonnet, and a cluster of French gray and hunter's green Ottoman ribbon loops and notched ends form a cock's comb low on the front. Suède gloves of a pale gray tint. Price of polonaise patterns, thirty cents each size. Skirt patterns, thirty cents each size.

BLACK "Jersey" silk gloves are very useful wear, and so also are black (raw) silk stockings.

Trains.

LONG trains, except in court ceremonial, have had their day, never, it is to be hoped, to have another. Of all superfluity of clothing this is perhaps the least defensible; it serves no useful purpose whatever, and the taste must be very depraved which could consider it ornamental. It extends a woman's sensibility in exact ratio to its length; the nervous system radiates in keenest fear and anticipation of evil through all the inanimate stuff composing it, and its wearer suffers indescribable torture in the dread expectation of feeling a sudden pull at the waist, and the sound of a rending stuff or of "gathers" torn following hard upon it. Women, when trains were commonly worn, knew in a moment what the sound portended; they heard it ringing in their ears long after, as they had in their forebodings imagined often before that the evil had fallen upon them—an evil against which pins, and needles, or thread, which careful mothers carried with them to every assembly and ball, were of no avail. What men thought of trains had better be left to the convenient phrase of the provincial reporter—it can be more easily imagined than described. To a man of assurance and ready wit it was no drawback, but more often an opportunity of apology and chance of acquaintance; but to men not brazen, the train was a standing, or rather trailing, menace, an unhappy and incongruous union of women and serpents, uniting the two extremes of the greatest good and chiefest evil in all created things."—*[London Queen.*



Marca Costume.—An extremely novel design, composed of a box-plaited skirt mounted on a yoke, over which is a panier polonaise with simulated vest front, tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in the front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is quite short. The side drapery is arranged in a novel manner to represent a bow at the top, and falls in pointed shape below. The design is adapted for any class of dress goods, and is most effective made up in contrasting materials. The trimming may be of velvet and lace, similar to the model, or it can be selected according to the materials preferred. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Lawn Party Dresses.

AS the summer waxes and wanes, out-door life and enjoyment become more general. The heats of July and early August are not favorable to out-of-door pleasures, unless they can be confined to early morning, or late evening, and clothing of the thinnest is a burden when the thermometer is in the nineties. But when the heat is somewhat tempered by cooling breezes, when the sun takes on a paler yellow, in place of the fiery red tinge, and a soft haze hangs over the landscape, as if the atmosphere itself had wearied of so much brightness, then out-of-doors affords the fullness of joy, for every breath is a delight, and the elastic air carries on its wings all the burdens of flesh and spirit. This is the time for the satisfactory wearing of the prettiest and daintiest costumes—dresses that in the hottest weather wilt and fall as if struck by the destroyer; and nowhere are they seen to better advantage than with the lovely adornment which a lawn party affords. Of a group seen recently, one girl, a brunette, wore a polonaise suit of pale gray, damasked linen, belted in with leather matching in shade, and trimmed with needle-work in a polka-dotted pattern. From the belt a pouch was suspended, and pouch and belt were embroidered in a delicate vine pattern with black silk. A large black hat with black feathers was worn with this dress.

A second member of the party wore a pink cotton, the upper part, consisting of belted waist and short, draped overskirt, in hair stripe, and the lower skirt with its kilted flounces in a wider stripe. The garniture consisted of large rosettes of narrow black velvet, and the hat of a fancy Panama braid, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with a scarf of tinted English crape, and a drooping spray of pink honeysuckle.

A third dress was of flowered satine upon a cream ground, above a kilted flounce of raspberry red satine. The over-dress was notched out down the front, faced, and filled in with lace, and gloves of raspberry red kid covered the edge of the close-fitting sleeves upon the mid-arm. The hat of red straw was trimmed with red currants and shaded green leaves, with a high soft bow of silk matching the red of the skirt.

A soft, lovely dress of cream-colored, lace-striped linen batiste was ornamented round the neck and down the front of the basque, with narrow pale pink gros-grain ribbon run in the fine lace stripes, and outlined with garniture of cream lace. The large hat was of cream lace, with cluster of three pink crushed roses for ornament. The skirt was made up with a combination of soft pink Surah, the ruffles of cream lace falling over pink silk bands, and the sash of batiste having a lining and looping of pink silk.

A young married lady, the matron of the group, wore an electric blue Surah, draped in front, and capitoned with small silk pompons. The bodice was garnitured with an embroidery upon lace, composed of alternate leaves of electric blue and steel beads, and the crown of the small bonnet matched this garniture, while the front was of electric blue lace, interiorly and exteriorly, with a very dainty beaded edging

Between Seasons.

IT is too late to occupy space with more than a summary review of the chief points about summer bonnets, and too early to express a decided opinion in regard to those that will obtain pre-eminence for the autumn. It is always safe to predict more or less success for the "soft felt"—the convenient and not unbecoming walking hats that are such a boon to young women who want

adaptability and good service. The soft felt hats of the incoming season are, moreover, restored to the oval, indented shapes that suit the majority of faces so much better than the "Derby," and possess the additional advantage of differentiating the hat of the lady from that of the gentleman. Instead of being perforated in the crown, there are small holes under the trimming, which consists of folds and loops of rich Indian or dark silks, with a soft knot and wing if desired.

The lace and lace-trimmed hats which have flourished so conspicuously will soon have disappeared, at least from the promenades. Doubtless the pretty white and black lace bonnets with their vivid trimmings of fruit or flowers will continue to flourish at theaters and upon other dressy occasions through the autumn, and the small white lace bonnet will doubtless be carried through, or reproduced for winter wear, the opera, and day receptions. It is gratifying to note that we are slowly but surely adding to the stock of permanent ideas upon the dress question. It is now pretty well understood that good taste and consideration for others demands small bonnets upon occasions when large ones interfere with the equal rights of those about us; also that small bonnets are always capable of being made more "dressy," more suitable for "house" occasions than large ones, which are better suited to carriage wear and the street. The soft felt, the capote, the modified poke, and the various forms of large hat will, we venture to think, be the principal factors of the coming season.



Iseult Basque.—An extremely stylish and jaunty design, open in front over a pointed, slightly cutaway vest; with side plaited skirts added to the front and sides, and the back forming a postilion. The basque is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and close sleeves complete the design, which is adapted to almost any class of dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

VEILS are now rarely seen even with the small bonnets. The few that appear are of gauze for traveling, or of dotted net for the street; mourning veils are no longer obligatory—even for those who assume deep mourning on the death of a relative.

A "MOUNTAIN" DRESS consists of a deep "Jersey" basque, a very short gored skirt, knickerbockers, slightly gathered below the knees, and leggings. This was exhibited by a well known modiste at the Exhibition of the National Health Society, and is said to be "exactly suited to its purpose, but to that only."

Autumn Styles.

THE autumn styles in preparation show a very decided tendency toward the use of fine all wool fabrics in checked tweeds, and heather mixtures. There is a growing conviction of the healthfulness of pure wool, and the more extended it becomes, the deeper root it takes in the minds of our people, the better for the present and future generations. There is no part of our vast area, from the mountains and forests of Maine to the shores of the Pacific, where lighter or heavier woolen fabrics and garments are not needed and may not be worn with advantage; and the recent improvements in the manufacture of woolen stuffs now supply the market with grades covering a wide range and adapted to every degree of temperature. Silk being a non-conductor, holds both heat and cold, and does not possess the animal warmth and vitality to be found in even the lightest wool. For this reason wool is best for wear next the skin, and the softness and purity of the finish quite obviates the ancient objection to its friction upon the skin. The lamb's-wool tweeds for suits are beautifully soft, and the efforts in the direction of soft, flexible, light weight cloths, and other woolen materials, such as cashmere, century serge, camel's-hair cloths, and the like, dispose effectually of any attempt to revive stiff and unyielding material, such as "French" poplin and alpaca.

This last-named stuff has, however, a value which cannot be ignored and is highly valued by many ladies, and even gentlemen, for stated purposes and occasions. In grays and stones, and écrus, with a smooth mohair finish, it is unrivaled as a material for inexpensive summer coats, dust cloaks, and what the English call traveling gowns. Well and neatly made, it keeps its fold, is readily freed from dirt, shows no signs of wear, and is equal to the emergencies of a trip to the Rockies or the Yellowstone. This cannot be said of any other material of equal lightness and cheapness. The latest development of alpaca is called "granite" cloth, but it is the same old and humble friend, carrying always, except as used for distinctive purposes, the stamp of respectable poverty.

The plaids, which never quite go out of fashion, and never seem to be quite in fashion, are always the first of the autumn wools to make their appearance, and they have recently won a new lease through the true dark shades of green and brown, with only infinitesimal lines of red, or gold, in which they are produced, and the adoption of a plain basque, or jacket with a well-draped plaid skirt. The skirts so far as seen, differ little from those of last season. The deep basque is cut either as a Jersey or with tabs, the latter showing a novelty in the formation of straps with small buckles. There is a variety of coats and capes looming up in the future, but for the present it is sufficient to say, that the plain raglan of last season will be superseded by draped and plaited varieties, braided in a design or trimmed with wide and narrow braids in alternating rows, which form the border. The new shade of red for autumn wear is "Indian" red, but it is only used for contrasts, or for jackets, not for suits.

NEW SOFT FELT HATS are perforated under the trimming (which is composed of rich Indian silk) instead of on the top as formerly. They are used with tailor-made suits, but are somewhat expensive, being imported.

SEASIDE DRESSES which attract attention are of red or blue twilled cotton trimmed with white lace and garnitured with loops, and ends of black velvet ribbon.

AT CHURCH FAIRS the young lady attendants wear red stockings with low shoes, and red aprons trimmed with white lace, over gray or blue gowns.

School Dress.

THERE is a decided movement toward reformation in the dress of school-girls, or rather toward a recognition on the part of mothers of certain principles which are essential to the well-being of their daughters while they remain at school, and a unanimity of effort on the part of teachers and principals of schools to establish a standard in the matter of school dress, which shall not be subject wholly to the inexperienced and unthinking for its interpretation, but fix a basis in accordance with the demands of health, sense, and good scholarship. The best schools are now agreed upon one point—the exclusion of jewelry and the adoption of "simple" dress; but the latter is a wide term, and means anything or nothing, according to different ways of looking at it. In one of the very highest class schools of New York city a definition has been arrived at, and is rigidly laid down by the principal; it is, that the school dress of pupils shall be only wool or cotton; silk or velvet are not allowed, and are not liked even in combination with wool. Ornaments at this school are prohibited. The severity of the rule in regard to material bears hardly on thrifty mothers, who wish to utilize last year's best for this year's school use, but is justified from the teacher's point of view. The school-room, she remarks, is a workshop, not a place for cast-off finery; and while silk as trimming soon wears and becomes shabby, an all-wool dress remains presentable much longer, is more easily kept clean, and presents a neat and uniform appearance to the last. Velvet and velveteen in the school-room are costly and objectionable, because they catch and retain chalk and other marks, and are unsuited to the uses of a school dress.

Probably the best and most economical material for school dresses is mohair alpaca. It wears well, and chalk or dust marks are easily removed from it. For teachers, or scholars, a kind of school apron, that well covers the dress, may be usefully and inexpensively made of alpaca, and finished with several rows of stitching. Such an apron forms an overdress, and requires only a perfectly plain slip of check or plaid, or any plain woolen material beneath it, to form a permanent and pretty costume. Washing cottons in small check or hair stripe make excellent school dresses, but they require frequent "doing up," and are not suited to a cold climate—at least during eight months of the year—unless very special attention is paid to the underwear, and the daily routine is performed in an equalized and moderate temperature, with but little chance of exposure. This equalization is a very important point in regard to clothing. At present the warmth of clothing is massed usually where it is least needed, and is held to certain localities by the tightness of the dressing about the waist and hips. It ought to be evenly distributed over the body, and free circulation guaranteed; and this is particularly necessary in the dress of girls at school. To accomplish this, the underwear must be whole, not in two parts, and the rest of the clothing composed of layers, which do not burden one part of the body more than another; and, in fact, ought not, and need not, be felt as a burden at all. Skirts should be plaited, and bodices made high and elastic, or else the dress should be made whole—the foundation being cut as a princesse in lining, upon which the outside may be laid on, or made up whole without lining.

Speaking of the school dress of girls, a teacher of elocution and light gymnastics in a large school in Massachusetts said, not long since: "Parents write that they want the health of their daughters to be attended to, and are very particular to inquire if there are regular exercises for the training of the voice, and style, and manner, and the development of the body; yet, at the same time, the mother will send clothes

that are so inadequate that they would make a well girl sick, or so tightly made that she cannot move her arms or expand her lungs, or so fussy and trimmed that the girl is kept in a state of perpetual anxiety about them, and has literally nothing to wear when she wants to run, jump, skate, row, cook, exercise her voice, or use her arms."

One easy solution of the question offers itself to those who conscientiously wish to provide a simple school dress for their daughters, and do not know how; this consists of a plaited woolen skirt attached to a lining waist, and an elastic Jersey bodice. Should this not be practicable, or for an alternative, there is the princess polonaise, with apron front over a plain skirt with kilted flounce; or the whole dress mounted upon a complete lining. The only point of importance in the latter cases is to set the sleeve high, make the shoulder short, and give room for the top of the arm to work freely, and also for the elbow and lower arm to bend and move without threatening paralysis. Such a dress, worn with one underskirt and two layers of underclothing—one pure wool, the other cotton,—solves the school problem; and a corded corset waist, to which the stocking suspenders are attached, supplies the continuation to the one underskirt, and neatly outlines, without compressing, the figure.

Misses' Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A stylish little dress, consisting of a kilt-plaited Cheviot skirt mounted on an underwaist of lining, over which is a half-fitting jacket of the Cheviot, open in front, over a narrow vest of cashmere falling away from a full "Molière" blouse of the same. Tabs of the cashmere show below the straight lower edge of the jacket all around. The design illustrated is the "Carita" dress, which is suitable for young children of either sex. Hat of dark ruby straw trimmed with a band of velvet of the same color, and a cluster of ruby and colleus ostrich tips, and faced with a shirring of pale colleus satin. Brown and gold Derby-ribbed stockings, and black kid boots with ribbon bows. Patterns of the "Carita" dress come in sizes for from four to eight years. Price twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—This pretty and effective street costume for a young miss is arranged with a kilt-plaited skirt of Scotch tartan in shades of green, brown, and white, trimmed around the bottom with black velvet ribbon in three rows, one band of wide ribbon, and a narrow one on either side of it. A tight-fitting tunic of hunter's green "Jersey" cloth is trimmed all around with black velvet ribbon like the skirt, and a little *camail* or shoulder cape of the same, trimmed to match, completes the costume. The designs illustrated are the "Jersey" tunic, and "Mina" cape, omitting the Capuchin hood which is a part of the model. French felt hat in a dark shade of stone gray, trimmed with hunter's green velvet and a cluster of pale gray ostrich tips. The patterns for the "Jersey" tunic are in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each. Patterns of the "Mina" cape are also in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, fifteen cents each.



MISSSES' COSTUMES.



Marjorie Costume.—A charming and simple costume, composed of a gored skirt trimmed with a gathered flounce, and a polonaise with a full blouse under cutaway fronts, a tight-fitting back, and bouffant drapery. A turn-down collar and turn-back cuffs completing the model, which is suitable for any class of dress goods excepting the heaviest, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. It may be trimmed with embroidery, or in any other manner that is preferred. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fashions for Children.

WITH the approach of September the question of the children's dress asserts itself once more. The pretty white frocks will soon be too thin, and cool evenings already call for extra wraps. Children's dress has never received more attention than it does to-day, while at the same time it has never been so simple. There is a growing conviction that the most sensible way to clothe the little ones is that which allows them the greatest freedom of limb; and dresses for children under ten years of age are now uniformly in one length, with very little attempt to define or fit the figure. Even when basques are worn, they are quite loose and long-waisted, forming in fact a sort of upper skirt. Extremely pretty dresses are made up in stout Scotch linens, which are usually in raised patterns, and are particularly serviceable. Thicker than the ordinary gingham, they serve admirably at a time when a little extra weight is desirable. Dove-colored or white linen trimmed with Turkey red is very effective, and for little girls of nine or ten such frocks can be made either with a square neck and loose skirt or with a full plaited skirt with two plaited frills of the Turkey red linen with deep full blouse of the same. The deep collar and turned-back cuffs should also be bound with the trimming. Most sensible waists for boys can be made up in the same material, with three plaits back and front, and sleeves finished with deep wristbands. White ribbed flannel is exceedingly pretty at this season of the year, and can be effectively made up either with blue or red. For little girls, nothing is prettier than a tucked skirt, six or eight narrow tucks above a wide hem, and a plaited waist can be worn with it, or replaced by a Jersey. The popularity of the latter is not likely to diminish, it is at once so useful and so becoming, and can be worn equally well either with a white skirt or one of heavier material. Just now independent sacques for out-door wear acquire importance. These are mainly of thin cloth or fancy material made semi-tight, while double capes, or single capes with deep collars, are also worn. Shoulder capes are becoming for girls of all ages, and can be very easily made either of thin silk or of material to match the dress. They should not be very deep. A trimming of gimp, fine silk or chenille fringe, makes a nice finish. Fine cloth sacques are less trimmed than they were last season. Indeed, there is a growing taste for simplicity in children's dresses in every respect.

One of the most satisfactory improvements of late is certainly the corset waist, which, even for larger girls, is now preferred to the boned and stiff corset of a few years back. These corset waists are of the finest coutille or jean, corded closely, but with such soft, yielding material that no pressure whatever is exerted. Upon them all the skirts can be buttoned, and as they are not made to fit the figure at all closely, the weight of the clothes depends entirely from them, and is felt only upon the shoulders, thus obviating all the objections which physicians have so long been urging to the pressure of bands, belts, and weight of any kind upon the waist. A great deal, too, has been done to mitigate the evil of heavy clothing hanging from the waist in the combination underwear which is much worn now by children, reducing the waistbands to as few as possible. Slowly as improvement takes place in all matters of dress, it seems in this age of education to be sure when it once begins, and mothers need only refer to fashion plates of ten or fifteen years ago to see how vast a change has taken place in the requirements of children's dress.

Among other instances, shoes and boots are now much more sensibly made. It would be difficult to buy a little child's shoe with the high pointed heel which was popular at one time. Low, broad heels, or none, are now the style,

while the little boots, whether of kid, leather, or other material, are uniformly made to support the ankle properly. Although they are made in various colors to order, black boots and shoes are the most worn, even by the fashionable, except for the seaside or mountain, for which dark blue or buff canvas is preferred. But the days alike at seaside or mountain are drawing rapidly to a close, and the question in a very short time will be of school frocks. For these, unquestionably, plaids will be the most serviceable and the most popular, and one of the greatest advantages of the spring style of combination dresses will be appreciated, now that the question of laying aside summer frocks must be settled, while it is still too early for fall wear. It is always possible to make over a combination dress, and in any case they will help toward the school necessities. Plaid frocks need only the plainest style of making, and require very little trimming. Braid is the most fashionable, and may be either of heavy or light make, military, silk, or soutache. A plain, full skirt, with six or eight rows of braid above the hem and a shirred waist is simple and becoming to almost all little girls.

A very pretty and stylish school apron is made in fine black alpaca, cut in princess shape and fastened down the back, trimmed with a bordering of embroidery in floral design in colored crewels. Long full sleeves can be put into a wristband worked with the same embroidery, and a dainty little pocket at the side is finished off in the same manner.

Dark straw hats are trimmed with dark velvet or ribbon and a knot of bright flowers. Feathers are scarcely worn by children now, as the trimming even of large hats is confined to ribbon, velvet, and the smaller varieties of flowers or bunches of bright berries. For very small children, fashion does not offer very much variety; but mention may be made of the quaintest little lace caps now worn by boy babies, which are in the shape of turbans, lined with silk, and made up of close plaitings of Valenciennes lace, with an oval rosette of lace and white satin ribbon upon the left side. Rosettes of the same shape are provided for the ears. Cream color is still preferred to white for infants' cloaks, and also for the first kid shoes or boots, which are of the finest material, worked upon the toes in raised silk embroideries, usually a shade deeper in color than the shoe itself. Black silk stockings are still fashionable for small children, and for older ones dark colors are preferred to any of the lighter shades, and also to mixed colors.

A new design for the costume of a girl of is the "Marjorie." It consists of an open polonaise, with full vest front, and draped back over a gored skirt trimmed with a gathered flounce. The style is well adapted to garnet wool, with silk vest, collar and cuffs, and embroidered border on the material. The "Carita" dress displays the full blouse front above a plaited skirt, from which the vest, with tabs, and square collar turned over the jacket, is cut away. The kilting is attached to an underwaist, which sustains it, and renders the whole design practical and complete.

The "Jersey" tunic is a pretty variation from the basque, and furnishes a drapery where there is not sufficient material for making a plaited skirt. It is best made in elastic cloth, but looks well in any softly-draping material. It appears to best advantage in a dark, rich color, such as wine or Indian red, over dove-color, or uniform with the skirt, with trimming of black velvet ribbon. The "Ysabel" furnishes a stylish little model for an autumn walking-jacket in gray, Indian red, or navy blue, with effective soutache ornamentation. Braided embroidery will be in great vogue this season, and experts in this species of needle-work will find it useful to occupy the last leisure days of country rest in giving this enriching effect to a cloth jacket or suit. The "Mina" cape may also be made of cloth or plush for school wear with

but little trouble, and can afterward be added as a warm finish to a winter cloak. The infant's "Mother Hubbard" cloak is a novelty, and a great improvement on the old, fashionable wadded circular with cape, which is always heavy yet never warm. The "Mother Hubbard" can be made to impart any degree of warmth needed.



Ysabel Jacket.—Somewhat in Jersey style, but with rounded corners in front and open in the back below the waist, this stylish jacket is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. Any class of dress goods is suitable for this design; also all qualities of cloths, which may be trimmed as illustrated, with *soutache* embroidery, or in any other appropriate style, according to the fabric employed. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty cents each.

Infant's "Mother Hubbard" Cloak.—A quaint, yet simple style of cloak for infants in arms. It is a loose sacque shape, mounted in shirings upon a square yoke; full sleeves shirred around the hand, and a turn-down collar complete the design. All of the goods usually selected for infants' cloaks are appropriate for this model, and may be trimmed with embroidery as illustrated, or with any other preferred trimming. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.



general formation of the body; some grow naturally large and narrow, but they can be trained by judicious paring, and by being kept clean, and free from all extraneous growth, to tolerable proportions. Shoulder-braces are of doubtful utility, and the only ones we know of that can be worn with comfort and benefit are the Suspenders and Shoulder-braces, and supplied by Mme. Demorest. It depends altogether to what he referred as to the inclegance or impropriety of the gentleman's expression. Politeness does not require that men should be eternally complimenting women regardless of truth. There are various styles for young ladies to dress their hair, and not unrequently one young lady will dress her hair in entirely opposite ways according to the dress she wears,—very high, and somewhat elaborately, or very low, in a coiled knot, or braid, with waved front, which is now more fashionable than frizzes.

"HELEN."—Long real kid gloves are \$2.50 per pair; undressed, \$1.75. This is six-buttoned length, in Bernhardt styles. A Russia leather belt and pouch would cost you \$3.50.

"M. S."—Thirty-nine years of age—is thinking of going West to take up a homestead, and wishes very much to hear from our correspondent, "Hannah," or some one who has had experience of this kind. Statements are requested through the medium of the Club, of facts, and experience in relation to taking up of homesteads by women, and women farming. Brevity is desirable, but to a reasonable extent we shall be glad to give exact and truthful accounts of personal experience.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—Your question reached us too late to make an answer useful to you. Had it come in time we should have said remove the swansdown, and put on a row of blonde edging in its place, and your hat will do very well in change with a large inexpensive straw shade hat. We should also add, if you must dress economically, do not buy plash hats, but felt, of nice quality, which are more durable, and are suitably any time. Hats, however, are hardly worth a question in summer, for straw shade hats cost scarcely anything, and can be trimmed prettily with a strip of white mull, or a twenty-cent tie.

"Mrs. G. W. M."—Strict etiquette requires that all formal notes of invitation shall be answered, and all letters, if time and other circumstances admit of it.

"SILK-WORM."—We should advise you if possible to visit the Silk Fair which will be held next May in Philadelphia, and which will exhibit all the varied branches of the silk industry in its three departments of growing foods, growing worms, and manufactured fabric. It will have specimens of trees best suited for the food of the Bombyx Mori, and other silk producing worms, and will endeavor as far as possible to make the exhibition a school of silk-culture, by the natural method of object teaching. Silk-culture is an industry particularly well suited to women with families to rear, who must work at home, and who have a little land they can utilize. At this Fair an exhibition will be made of the famous automatic reels invented by Mr. E. W. Serrel, fifteen of which are in use in the silk manufactory at Valens, near Lyons, and which are expected to solve the problem of reeling the raw silk, which stands in the way of making the production of this material one of the most profitable industries in this country. For detailed information in relation to the Fair, or silk-culture in general, address Mrs. John Lucas, Pres. W. S. C. Association, 128 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"INQUIRER."—Dull, all-black armure silk, complete costume, bonnet and mantle, or fichu, would be best under the circumstances with ruffing of fine crimped India muslin, and gloves of white undressed, or black kid, whichever preferred; if white, they should be exchanged for black after the ceremony.

"S. A. Q."—Your garnet cloth would be best trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and your mohair with silk or satin to match. Bridal wreaths are not worn at all, and would be very much out of place with a garnet wool dress. Better have a capote bonnet made of velvet or satin to match in color. If of satin, trim with velvet and feathers. Brocaded velveteen will be very much more worn this season than last. Brocaded silk is used for reception dresses and for trains.

"AUNTIE."—Your notice comes too late to benefit you, and is inadmissible except as a paid advertisement.

"OLD COINS."—Address the Numismatic Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa. It directly addresses the class of persons who will be likely to be interested in Spanish coins of the reign of Ferdinand.

"E. S., A SUBSCRIBER."—We would advise a rich wine-color, very dark shade, with trimming of Oriental lace at neck and wrists—just a handsome silk, with fine plaiting, a beaded passementerie trimming if you like, and interior ruffles of lace and jabot in front, but no "combination" of any kind. A cloak or long dolman of cashmere cloth would make you a handsome wrap, and could be lined and trimmed with fur for winter. Check your baggage through, and carry a roomy satchel or small valise, into which put night-dress, toilet necessities, and either a silk jersey or jersey fitting jacket of velvet, trimmed prettily at the neck, and with which your bangles will be sufficient finish at the wrists. This will be the addition to your traveling dress you will need for one day anywhere.

"M. H. B."—It is useless to address nine out of ten persons in New York during the summer, especially those who board, and have no permanent home. Miss C. has not been in town during the past two months, and we do not know her present address.

LADIES' CLUB

THE increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, renders it necessary to urge upon them *First*—Brevity. *Second*—Clearness of statement. *Third*—Decisive knowledge of what they want. *Fourth*—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves. *Fifth*—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. *Sixth*—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects.

"M. F."—The form of the finger-nails depends very much upon the

"INVALID."—We should advise you most seriously to address S. W. Tilton & Company, Boston, for books and materials which will prove an inexhaustible mine to you, and with your taste, even without exact knowledge or training, enable you to pass your time, and do some beautiful things for gifts and the decoration of your room. It is no mere daubs that you will be enabled to turn out, but fair copies of true and natural things and delightful bits of ornamentation. Their self-instructive lessons for drawing and painting in water colors, by Marion Kemble, is the best manual that has been issued of the kind, and will enable you to produce some very good work—better than is done by many with a master—because the teaching is excellent and thorough—no detail is omitted, but there is nothing superfluous. A great deal of amusement is to be gotten out of their Outline Cards, which are to be filled in for Christmas gifts and the like. For more formal, and also for decorative purposes, the outlines of figures are made on panels, and arranged in a variety of beautiful designs. A new edition will be issued shortly of their "Art Recreations," with numerous additions, edited by Marion Kemble, which will contain much that will prove useful and suggestive to you, particularly the drawing on silk and linen, the tapestry painting, and painting on photographs.

"Mrs. S. E. L."—"Sophie May's" real name is Rebecca S. Clarke, and her home in Portland, Me. Her "Prudy" Stories were a revelation of child-life, because written naturally and truthfully. Books for children had previously (except some by German writers) been either stilted and preachy or false and misleading. She is not at all so successful in her stories for grown-up girls, but they are always truthful and pure in invention, and teach some good practical lessons.

"BUTTERFLY."—The most dressy little fichus, except lace, are of netted chenille, with fringe finish. They are used in white and black more than in colors, and are very pretty over a handsome toilet.

"A LOVER OF ART."—It is a long story from the rudimentary cave of primitive man through the mazes of Oriental architecture to the time when the Greeks evolved from out the Asiatic and Egyptian the three orders of architecture known as the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. Who has not at least read of the Parthenon, that most perfect work of the Doric style of architecture and the most beautiful of all antiquities? There were in ancient Olympus amiable divinities that the genius of the Greeks had invented to favor human weaknesses and frailty. By the side of the severe gods worshiped by the strong minds smiled indulgent ones to win the homage of weaker natures. Grace, Pleasure, Idleness even, recognized their protecting deities, who were propitiated by consecrating to them altars and statues, or by building them temples. The austerity of the Doric architecture could but badly express the sentiments inspired by these gods, so the Greek imagination conceived an order less grave, more elegant and lighter in its construction, and more delicate in its ornamentation. This was known as the order Ionic. A young girl of Corinth dying upon her wedding day her nurse placed upon her grave a basket containing some little vases which during her lifetime the maiden had greatly prized. As a shelter for them the old nurse placed over the basket a tile. In the spring-time a root of acanthus sprouting near, its leaves and branches enlaced the basket, but encountering the tile, were thrown backward in the form of arches. Callimaque, the sculptor, in passing, remarked the grace and novelty of the forms, and immediately took them as a model of ornamentation for some columns he was executing at Corinth. From this he fixed the rules and proportions of the Corinthian order. This incident occurred 440 years before Christ, but is revived in the colonnade of the Louvre. These three orders, although they have passed through different degrees of ornamentation and modification, were themselves but the law, order, beauty and proportion evolved from the works of older nations, and their principles exist to-day. Truly in architecture the real Renaissance is just at hand. Space will not allow us to enumerate the treasures of art which even in our own time are being brought to light through the liberation of Greece. The science of archaeology is opening the door for art, and from the relics of rare altars and temples she is seizing upon the spirit of their great authors and disengaging the ideas with which they invested them. Architecture has been called the cradle of sculpture and painting. Sculpture was the first to venture forth from it.

"H. L."—The lines

*"Oh, the little birds sang east, the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flows round our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest,"*

can be found in the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," one of the earlier poems of Mrs. Browning, but which is included in all her works.—A very little soda would not be injurious, but a few drops of ammonia would do equally well, or a pinch of borax. A little salt mixed with soda in cold water is sometimes exceedingly good as a wash for a child's head: has a more direct effect upon diseased conditions than the ammonia, and is also a preventive against taking cold. But we should not use washing soda, which is too strong, but bi-carbonate of soda and common salt in equal proportions—half a teaspoonful of each. Sprinkle powdered borax plentifully over the shelves infested with ants, and in all the nooks and corners. They will quickly disappear.

"GRADUATE."—It is possible that the fault in your dressmaking is caused by the fact that you are straight and sit upright. Observe a number of women together, and you will see how few are straight, and what a dreadful bulge the backs of their dresses make in consequence. Scarcely any dressmaker expects to make a straight back, and the ordinary or average seamstress has not yet adjusted herself to the modern cut, the narrow straight back, the high shoulder, the sleeve outlining the arm, and its top surrounding its socket, and thus affording it room in which to move—short, straight shoulder and high, narrow collar. The art of dress is a matter of habit as well as everything else, and it seems impossible to get it out of the slope—the sloped shoulder, the sloped sleeve, the sloped neck, and the rest of it. Your best way is to have a permanent bodice pattern well cut, and fitted by a superior modiste, and then keep it; you can alter other patterns by it.

"A. L. P."—Your own criticism on your own dress tells the story why in spite of all your effort it is "not stylish;" it cannot be if it is "fussy." Use simpler styles and fine dark shades, and solid colors, and put the money into quality of material, and you will be stylish. Above all things do not use combinations, unless you can secure a blending of shades of rich color that will produce a fine and artistic result.

"TOM-BOY."—A cashmere (knitted) jersey, silk-finish, is the very best "jacket" you can wear for rowing. It is elastic, leaves the arms free, has warmth, yet is cool, and does not spoil; it is a boon to girls. A kilted plaited skirt (unlined) but set on to a deep yoke, or, better still, on a lining waist, is good to wear with it. The costume forms also a capital school dress.

"ELOISE E. LUGHER."—Mr. Gilbert Harrison, of Brooklyn, furnished the MSS. of the "Water Witch," by John Howard Payne. It is to Mr. Harrison and his indefatigable efforts that the American public owe the movement that has resulted in the restoration of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and his interment in his native land.

The Tribune Fresh Air Fund.

THE Fresh Air Fund project of the New York Tribune is certainly one of the most laudable enterprises for the benefit of humanity that has been devised. It is so free from anything like cant or misplaced charity. It reaches directly and efficiently the most worthy objects, and gives to these just what they most need with the least possible expense, and even more than this, affords a personal gratification to all the parties interesting themselves in the enterprise. The taking of children on this excursion of a week or two in the country, to be welcomed by generous friends who seek in all possible ways to make their visit pleasant and healthful, is therefore the most efficient method of doing good, and should meet, as it does, with the most hearty congratulations of everybody. The gratification afforded by the sight of so many new faces and their apparent enjoyment of their new opportunities, is in all cases full compensation for the cost and trouble of entertaining them. This, together with the knowledge that they are getting a new lease of life and securing a fund of joyous memories for future recollection, makes the whole affair one of great pleasure and satisfaction to those who are most interested, and this is found to be equally true by those who mingle with the children and learn from personal experience how much one's appreciation and generous feelings are reciprocated by them. When the occasion offers they often get quite boisterous in their demonstrations, giving cheer after cheer, waving their little hands and handkerchiefs, and joyously calling one by name in the most respectful manner, and giving other evidences of their delight and to show their gratitude, which in these children is sure to be genuine.

An Eastern Watering Place.

POLAND SPRINGS, Maine.

THERE are thousands of persons who rush off to European watering places to find relief from maladies more or less distressing, who know little or nothing of the means of cure to be found within a day's ride of their own homes, because time is required to build up a reputation, and it is easier to believe marvels of something at a distance than of that which lies at our feet or within our grasp. East and west are spots which a few years ago were "farms," rugged or fruitful as the case may be, which within a decade have blossomed out into "summer resorts," on the strength of a "spring" or famous old well once used for watering cattle and refreshing the tired laborer, now inclosed in a fancy structure, boarded round and labeled with a name likely to attract the public eye and ear. Each one of these springs has performed marvelous cures, each one has its list of devotees—persons who go year after year, and believe solemnly that only the virtues of the inspired water stand between them and the heaven which they are in no hurry to reach—which indeed they are desirous of postponing as long as possible. Doubtless the stories are not all the work of excited imaginations, probably many of them have a substratum of truth; but how much is referable to the magical properties of the "spring," and how much to the quiet, the pure air, the strong, sweet breath of the pine woods, and the freedom from the daily

wear and tear of business and the pressure of crowded lives, it is hard to say. In this region of Poland, Me., ever so many hundred feet above the sea level, within sight of the Tip-Top House and Mount Washington, with Kearsarge and the whole White Mountain range inclosing us as with a grand amphitheater, and woods stretching out in the near distance, traversed by lakes that look like silver threads or mirrors, according to distance and point of observation—the whole scene is one of enchantment, and we are glad to credit it with the possession of power to charm away disease or evil in any form. Here, the world forgetting, one is willing to be by the world forgot, satisfied to sit in the shadow of the spice-laden woods, and to admire the golden fretwork executed by the sun through the interlacing leaves—to drift idly in the shadow upon the clearest of lakes, to revel in seas of clover, and watch sunsets that present panoramic effects that could not be put on canvas, or in a trunk, or transferred from one show-place to another. Is it a wonder that here the tired man forgets his ailments, and the tired woman her worries, that old and young grow fat and happy, and religiously trudge to the "spring" night and morning, and before every meal, crediting it with the renewed life which is put into their veins, with the color that courses back to their cheeks, and the activity which returns to their limbs?

The chemical analysis of the Poland Spring water shows but little trace of mineral substance, but either the absolute purity or some inherent quality seems to have the power to act upon organic matter out of place, and banish it from the human system. As a medicinal water it is not unknown in New York; but few know where it comes from, or that Poland Spring—once the heart of a wooded region richer in birch and pine, in oak and sassafras than in farming qualities—has graduated into a high-class summer resort, with only the flavor of the forest, the stream, and the meadow to give it piquancy. The views far surpass in extent and beauty some of the famous White Mountain resorts, and the treasures to be found in the shape of ferns, leaves, wild flowers, and berries well repay the incidental fatigue of long morning rambles. Poland is reached from New York by way of Boston and Portland, and is best known to Bostonians and Eastern people, who have been in the habit of frequenting it year after year.

The first hotel was the family homestead known as the Mansion House; this is still preferred by old *habitués* to the more modern "Spring" House, built a few years ago, and occupying the most commanding and beautiful site in the neighborhood. The view from the tower extends over the whole eastern range, from Mount Washington to Kearsarge and from North Conway to Lewiston Junction. This is not mentioned as an inducement to tourists or pleasure-seekers, for the supply of rooms is not equal to the demand, and there is small chance for the accommodation of chance arrivals. Next year an addition is to be made to the principal hotel, which will enlarge its capacity one-third, and the rule will also be adopted of first come, first served, instead of holding the most desirable suites subject to those who at the last moment may write to say that they have decided to go to Europe. The Mansion House never has a vacancy. The rates being five dollars less per week than at the principal hotel, the rooms are secured in advance by persons who do not care for the "views" and the gay society of the "Spring" House. Gay! one can imagine a belle from Saratoga or Newport watching this company of families and valetudinarians, to whom a dance in the parlor, to the music of the band, is wild dissipation, asking if this is "gay"? yet one nice old lady left before the band arrived, because it was getting "too fast and too fashionable" for her.

It is to be feared that the good old lady will never return, for a railroad is spoken of which will increase the facilities and do away with part of the stage distance, bringing visitors to the "foot of the hill" instead of leaving them five miles away at Lewiston Junction. But this last—one must agree with the old *habitués*—would be a doubtful improvement. One of the charms of the place now is the pastoral quiet, the Arcadian bliss, the total absence of those twin murderers of rest and sleep—the locomotive and steam whistle. We are literally eight miles from disturbance of any sort, and life seems to be one long bright afternoon upon which shadows come and go, but never stay.

Yet time does not hang heavily; we are not troubled with much dressing, but we observe the decencies, and more of the humanities, perhaps, than where toilets take up more of the time. The people here are well-to-do; the ladies have their maids and nurse-maids; but they are from Boston and Cambridge, from Portland and Portsmouth—the last the early home of T. B. Aldrich and James T. Fields—surely that is enough to explain the absence of frivolity; and the books and the knitting-work, the veranda readings and musical evenings, the story-telling at the Spring, and the whist parties in the reading-room, which lend wings to time. Then there are walks in the woods, and long, delightful rambles to the lake for water-lilies, drives into Lewiston for the absent lemon, or pins, or crochet needles; and expeditions to the Shakers, whose Sunday morning services are an attraction not to be neglected. The "band" which greets visitors on their arrival and sends them forth again with immense flourish of brass instruments, is to some an attraction and to others an annoyance; but the cuisine, and the bountiful, balmy, sleep-producing air—there is no discount on these, nor on the care that is taken of each individual guest. For there is a lady housekeeper, who

is English in her habit of looking personally after the comfort of the inmates of the house, and the attendance is of the kind you read about in English journals as "lady helps." The girls who wait at table are pretty, bright, intelligent, and educated more or less. They are students, the daughters of farmers, or teachers, and take this way of spending their vacation. They are self-respecting and respected. The young lady who does us the honor of bringing our spring chicken, hot corn-cake (such corn-cake!), and delicate omelets, wears white dresses, and compares favorably with some young women whom in New York we should consider afflicted with superciliousness, but in the vicinity of Boston may be supposed to be a little over-weighted by a consciousness of culture.

The Spring at 11 A.M. is a center of attraction. There a group of choice spirits gather—men and women—and tell stories while drinking their average number of glasses of the sparkling Poland Spring water. There is the "young" doctor, and the Washington lawyer, and the Western hard-shell Baptist preacher, and the Rev. Mr. P—, and, brightest of all, Miss W—, a Cambridge lady of diversified gifts and charming manners, which are distinguished by a somewhat un-Boston-like liveliness and cordiality.

Thinking of the various schemes, the abortive homes, and perfunctory efforts to diversify and brighten the lives of the business girls of New York and other large cities, it has struck me as strange that they have never thought of doing for themselves what the students and teachers of Eastern towns and cities have done, and are constantly doing; and that is, hire themselves out as attendants in summer hotels. Three-fourths of them could be spared just as well as not during July and August, and there are plenty of fine inland resorts where they would be well treated, receive fair compensation, and secure a change of air and scene, of food and occupation, that would be of the greatest benefit to them, and send them home better in pocket as well as in health. To be sure the work is exacting, and demands pleasant manners and quickness of movement, as well as a retentive memory, but all these are qualifications that a business girl is obliged to cultivate, and the position is by no means unpleasant where all the young women belong to a respectable class, and are working mainly to secure themselves superior educational opportunities.

J. J.

An Owlsh Appeal.

A STUFFED owl which had been left by its owner with friends for safe-keeping during her absence in Europe, and forgotten after her return, was sent back to her with the following touching letter, which we publish for the amusement of those of our readers who can appreciate a little fun:

NEW YORK, June 15th, 1881.

O my dear mistress, do not, I beseech you, do not receive me coldly because I return uninvited. Consider my long exile and all the suffering the separation has cost me, and let your generous heart give me the welcome I long for.

In justice to the friends with whom you left me I must say they have shown me every attention possible. I have been so plentifully sprinkled with black pepper, that but for my great self-control I must have sneezed myself into a hay fever; and I have been wrapped in newspapers until every advertisement has been committed to memory and the news items have become too stale for a bird of my intelligence to further relish. Moreover, I have not felt myself at all in the way. But the ladies here are *spinsters*—I speak it with all due respect—and I am very, very fond of children. Imagine, then, how I must have missed Raymond and Estelle, Arthur, Lulu, and Edith. Oh! how I have longed to hear their sweet voices and happy footsteps.

How lonely I have been! Family pride alone has restrained me from crying aloud in my anguish; but I could not bear to have any one think I belonged to the screech-owl tribe, so I kept silent; and the saying "as wide awake as an owl" is a literally true one in my case, for I have not been able to close an eye, and I sadly fear that the wakeful habit is so fixed I never shall sleep again!

It is said that troubles never come singly, and lately I have had a new anxiety. There has been a talk here of a thorough house-cleaning, wall-papering, etc. In case of such a domestic earthquake, without even a pantry in which to find refuge, how could I hope to escape injury to my beautiful plumage? Now, I am not a vain bird, but I am wise enough to know that if the dress I now wear should be destroyed I never could find another to suit me as well.

My dear, dear mistress, I have given my reasons for taking this liberty; please heed my petition; let my trials plead for me. I do not ask for a place in your elegant drawing-room; but perhaps you might persuade my noble master to graciously allow me to stand in the library or in his own snuggerly; I am sure I look dignified and wise enough for either place. I speak without boasting, but if you think otherwise, I would be content to go to your store-room; there "Aunt" at least would come now and then, and I should hear the children at their play. Hoping for a kind reception,

I remain your devoted

GRAY OWL

This Picture and That.

THERE are perhaps some things in this country in which improvement is possible. Foreigners say that New York streets are dirty and their architecture execrable; but we are rapidly improving the latter, and would quickly remedy the former if it depended upon Americans to do it. But there is one feature of this country in which the most captious critic admits we have arrived very nearly at perfection; this is in our methods of travel. Every one who has crossed the Atlantic remembers with horror the "tug" in which he was transferred to the landing—a dark and forbidding jumble of freight and passengers crowded into inadequate space without distinction or difference. Every one who has crossed the Channel remembers with still greater horror, particularly if he took the Dieppe and Rouen route, the dreadful den—worse than the black-hole of Calcutta—in which he made the awful midnight passage. Take the veriest cockney or Frenchman of them all, fresh from such experiences, land him in New York, his ocean steamer touching the wharf, and transfer him to the magnificent People's Line of steamboats for the trip up the Hudson, thence by rail to Saratoga, our great watering-place, and he will acknowledge that in some things we beat *la belle France* and old England. There is no river-trip in the world that possesses greater natural attractions than that up the Hudson as far as Albany. All the points of interest, personal, historic, romantic and picturesque, are scattered along its shores from where the Battery stands as the guardian of the interests of the emigrant to the stone sentinels in the Highlands, the heights of West Point, the grandeur of the Kattskills and the pastoral beauty of the farther shores. These attractions are not for the eyes only; every sense is satisfied, refreshed and strengthened by the perfect comfort added to the luxury of the floating palaces which have been built and perfected for the accommodation of summer passenger travel. Practical wisdom and enterprise foresaw that travel would increase by being made a luxury instead of a dread and a danger, and did not hesitate to put enormous capital into these splendid river vessels to insure their speed, safety, beauty and thorough equipment at a time when few believed such investments would "pay," and when the amount of travel certainly did not justify the size and elegance of the accommodations. But the good judgment and "long-headedness" of the step in advance has been long manifest, and the "People's Line" has become the synonym of largeness and liberality and thoroughness, and has plowed a grand pathway to the center of the Empire State which is known over two continents.



"**Eve's Daughters.**"—The second part of the title of this latest production of Mrs. Harland's prolific pen is too suggestive of Dr. Pye Chavasse to find a place in connection with a work which is not scientific, but eminently talky-talky. It is, in fact, "one more" added to the innumerable company of volumes of advice, and "worriment" about the doings of women and their belongings, which have been accumulating in rapidly increasing numbers during the last two decades. No better evidence that about all has been said that need be can be adduced than is to be found in the book itself, which is so largely made up of excerpts from recent writings and publications that, taken from so many and such respectable sources, it is not derogatory to say they form the better portion of the work. Mrs. Harland writes with a certain vigor, and does some service in her championship of the present style of dress, her defense of the corset of to-day, and her denunciation of the modern Malthusian doctrines; but when she conveys the impression that women do not want to be mothers because they want careers, and do not want the trouble of children, and advises the coming mother to be careful of herself and take gentle exercise and fresh air, and keep body and mind in a cheerful, pleasant condition, it does not seem to meet the case. The women who do not want children are those, mainly, who already have too many—more than they can care for—who are hurried and driven in the vain endeavor to keep body and soul together, whose brave struggles day in and day out leave no moment in which to analyze their own sensations, or find out what their own needs are. It is unfortunately the most conscientious, thoughtful, and intelligent women, those who see far into the future, and feel the most earnest sense of their responsibilities, who are reluctant to assume more of such obligations than they fear they can properly fulfill; and this fact alone suggests a question too large for a paragraph. There are many good and sensible things in the book, but they have been said so many times that iteration seems unnecessary. Perhaps the best chapter is "Reverence of Sex," for that holds a plea to which every woman's heart must respond. Henry S. Allen is the publisher, 35 Chambers Street.

"**His Second Campaign.**"—The latest of the "Round Robin" series, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., is a very graphic description of a lovely bit of the hill country in North Georgia, and, incidentally, of the

conditions which existed at the close of the recent civil war, and the changes which it brought. The heroine is a very charming young girl, and the hero a Northern soldier, and the story is, as the title shows, the story of his second campaign and its results. The scenes are partly laid in Chicago, and there is much interesting and truthful insight apparent in the occasional views of "North" and "South." "His Second Campaign" is written with a bright and piquant pen.

"**Those Pretty St. George Girls**" is a "society" novel, with a very aristocratic flavor indeed. It deals exclusively with high life, and with high life from the most English point of view. Its scenes are all laid in London, or upon the Continent, and it only travels first-class, or upon a "drag," with men and maids to carry the pugs and wraps. But the hero, though a gentleman according to the code, falls in love, and the heroine, though a belle, is as romantic, and they are both as foolish, as young men and young women not in society, and they marry, or agree to do so, without much thought of anything, apparently, but the true love which is older, and therefore has more claim to respect, than any kind of society, though like Lothair, it was a procession of millions and millionaires. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the publishers.

"**Head-Aches, their Cause and Cure.**" is one of the most useful, and every way reliable, of the series of Manuals on Health and Disease which have been published or re-published by P. Blakiston & Company, of Philadelphia. The present work is by William Henry Day, M.D., author of valuable treatises on the diseases of women and children, and a scientific physician of great practical experience. It treats the subject in the most exhaustive manner, and under all its forms, and not only describes all the varying symptoms, but prescribes the instant and efficient mode of treatment. It can be recommended highly to physicians as well as persons suffering from this common and injurious malady.

"**Wonders of Electricity.**"—Mr. Henry Greer has collected a series of papers by Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Siemens, and others, on recent discoveries in and practical applications of electricity, which are of the very highest as well as the most immediate value. The various chapters discuss intelligently and with pictorial illustrations the new motors, dynamos, batteries, and electrical machines which have been recently invented or applied for lighting or propelling purposes. Electricity, when in general use, will be as much superior to steam as the latter is to horse or hand power. An electrical apparatus will not occupy one-twentieth the space of a steam engine. It does not need coal, and makes no cinders. It can be carried to the work, instead of the latter being brought to it, while it can be employed for a hundred uses to one compared with steam. All who wish to know the latest word about electricity would do well to consult the work under review, which can be found at any bookseller's.

"**Self-Instructive Lessons in Drawing and Painting.**"—S. W. Tilton & Co., who have done so much to popularize decorative art in this country, and teach the elements of many art industries through carefully prepared self-instructive manuals, have recently issued most simple, useful, and timely "Lessons in Drawing, and Painting in Water-Colors," by a practical artist, Marion Kemble, who has made her instructions so clear that it would be a very dull student who could not get more out of them than out of an ordinary teacher. Miss Kemble patiently takes her readers through the rudimentary course, beginning with the simplest outlines, ending with pretty, though not elaborate, forms and designs. One of the valuable chapters is the "Causes of Failure," and the principal one is rightly attributed to want of practice and of faithfulness in work. All that a faithful teacher can do is done in this manual, and we strongly recommend it to young students who cannot afford a teacher, or who require help in practice.

"**Record for the Sick-Room.**"—For nurses, and those who are in attendance upon a sick-room, P. Blakiston & Co., of Philadelphia, have further lent valuable aid by issuing an admirable "Record" book for the sick-room, with divisions and headings under which can be noted every varying condition, and every order of the physician, leaving nothing to uncertain memory or mere verbal rendering. The directions for emergencies, the table of antidotes, and symbols and signs used by physicians, on the interior of the blank cartridge-paper cover, are worth more than the price of the book, which is only twenty-five cents, and sold by druggists instead of book dealers.

"**Seven Days in a Pullman Car.**"—This is a capital title for a book which is pre-eminently a railroad novel, and the work of a New York journalist. It sketches the lives of a "score" of people, who are brought up together, marry, and continue their friendly relations. Finally they form a sort of society, and celebrate its twentieth anniversary by a trip to California, and it is the incidents of this trip, and the stories told for the amusement of the party, that constitute the volume. The book can hardly be called a story, though a story runs through it, and seems to have been written, like so many modern works, to air the notions of the author through a central figure, which in this case is a "Professor" Rowcliffe. The most vigorous passage in the book, and the one in which the author is evidently most at home, is in regard to the newspaper press of New York, upon page sixty-one, but as before stated, if the book itself is not a story, there are some good stories in it, and its successive narrations make excellent railroad reading. J. S. Ogilvie & Co. are the publishers.

The Great Cotton Exposition.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 25th, 1883.

ED. "DEMOREST":—The great Cotton Exposition will be opened Aug. 1st. Louisville is now filled with exhibitors. The great organ which is being built by Mr. Wood will be ready for the opening.

The art collection will be very fine. General Grant has placed his entire stock of curios at the disposal of the Art Committee.

The Seventh Regiment Band and Gilmore's will be in attendance. The organ recitals will be under the direction of Donald McPherson.

Jeffersonville, Ind., will lend most valuable aid. The amateur orchestra, a trained chorus and number of vocalists will take part in the musical programme.

A Miss Ella Guernsey, of Henryville, Ind., has won an honored name for herself in musical circles. With few advantages and by patient study she has composed some very popular waltzes and songs. Miss Guernsey has also proved a successful writer, and nearly every juvenile periodical published in America gives her a place. Miss Guernsey will take a prominent part in the Cotton Exposition as reporter and pianist.

Aug. Belmont sends four pictures from his collection: "The Head of Christ," "The Dentist of the Convent," "Scene near Venice," and "Harvesting," by Millais.

Mr. Tilden sends the statue "Flora," which has been at Gramercy Park.

Mrs. Potter Palmer sends a choice collection of bric-a-brac. NIXIE.

Good Words.—Texas.

DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—I have been a constant reader of your Magazine for five years, and sincerely hope I'll never be too poor to take it. My husband and I discussed, last December, what and how many periodicals we should take this year. We are poor, and, of course, could not take many, but want them the very best for the money. He, being a physician, must have his medical journals and as often as possible new books. I told him if he would give me DEMOREST for a Christmas present that I would be satisfied. He had never read your MAGAZINE, and thought as it was a woman's journal of course it must be trashy, but he consented to give it (and I am sure if he hadn't I would have managed to have it anyway). But now he reads it as largely as I do, and is always surprised to find so many interesting and readable things in it. I don't say anything, but privately consider it a great triumph, for he is a man who never reads foolish, trashy things, and never a word unless it is something particularly good. I have enjoyed this month's copy so much. I always turn first to "Jennie June's" articles, and this time she has described the position of hundreds of women. I was also very much interested in the article on "New Occupations for Home." Accept my thanks, and believe me a permanent subscriber.

A. L.

MILES, Iowa.

EDITOR "DEMOREST":—The young girls of this community desired to give a May entertainment, and requested me to take the matter in charge. I wrote to several dealers in plays and pieces for entertainments, and searched several bookstores to find a May piece, but could find none. I then turned my researches to my library, but no assistance was to be found there. I then resorted to my old DEMOREST MAGAZINES, and from the numbers from 1866 to the present time I found the matter for a very nice operetta. I have named it "Praises of May." It is so arranged as to give those using it an opportunity to add to the matter from other sources, and use as many children as the stage can accommodate. We have played several of your parlor plays successfully. I inclose a bill of our entertainment, and have marked the pieces taken from our "DEMOREST'S."

PROGRAMME.

Proceeds for the Improvement of Upper Main Street.

* Sketch of May Festivities	Miss Hannah Bates.
* Operetta, "Praises of May,"	Miss Lydia Knock, [assisted by the troupe]
* Music	Ida and Eva Knock.
* Recitation, "The Road to our Town"	Kate Reagan.
Song, "I'll be an Old Maid"	Josie Bates.
* Recitation, "Sixteen"	Lucy Davis.
Reading, "The Beauties of Dickens"	The Girls' Club.
Song	Mattie Miles.
* Recitation, "The Stream that will Never Run Dry"	Louise Braase.
Music	May Gotshall.
Melodrama, "Toads and Jewels"	{ Eva and Ida Knock, Eliza Hunter, May Davis and Fairies.
Music	Ida and Eva.
Recitation, "In the Garret are our Boys"	Eliza Hunter.
Music	
"The Chinese Damsel"	Lucy and May Davis and Kate Reagan.
* Recitation, "Out of her Sphere"	Eva Knock.
Music	
Closing Tableaux	

Pieces marked * were wholly or partly taken from DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

A. R. DARLING.

We should like to see the "Praises of May."—Ed.

Beautiful Works of Art.

THERE will appear in the October number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE a beautiful steel engraving, entitled "The Foster Mother's Alarm," engraved expressly for this publication from a painting by the German artist, Dieffenbach. The scene represents a group of young ducks swimming in a pond, while the foster mother, a hen, gazes upon their aquatic feats in evident alarm. Seated on a bank is a child, throwing crumbs to the little swimmers. This charming picture is one of the most noted productions of the eminent painter, and is especially attractive and beautiful. There will also appear in the October number of this magazine a litho-photograph of the Lorelei, taken from a marble statue executed in Rome by the distinguished sculptress, Emma Phinney, and now in possession of the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest. This photograph, which has been produced with great care, is a new departure in the way of magazine illustration, and conveys an admirable idea of this superb work of art, as no engraving can do. The Lorelei is seen sitting on a rock; her long hair, entwined with gems, floats around her neck, while her drapery partially reveals her beautifully rounded limbs. These charming works of art will be appreciated by all lovers of the beautiful.

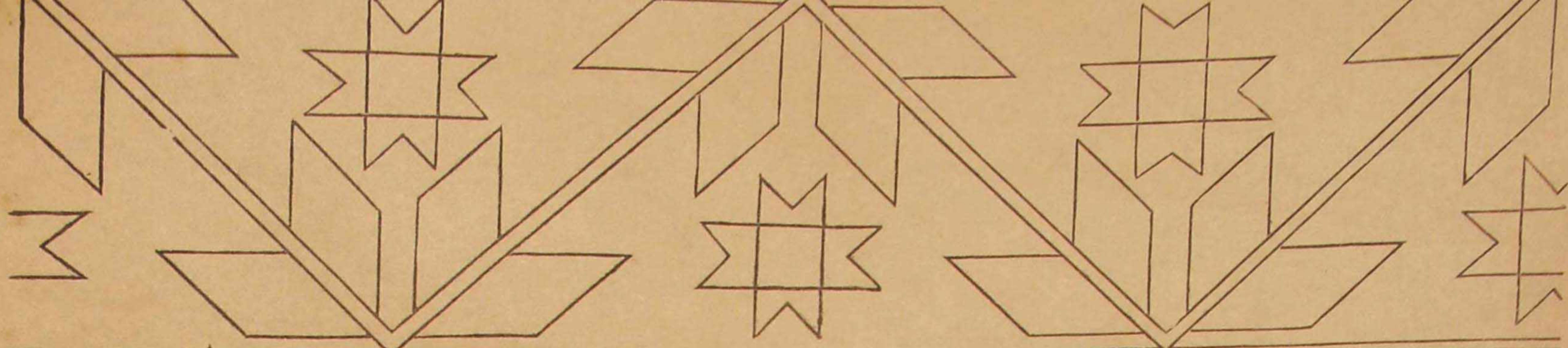
New Styles in Autumn Silks.

AMERICAN manufacturers have been stimulated to use their very utmost efforts in the production of rich novelties for autumn wear by the strong encouragement, the appreciative demand and the high approval which their later productions have received. They have now no fear of competition with anything the European market can produce from a fair and impartial judgment, and the rapid recent development of a magnificent line of products never before attempted, the purity and beauty of the fabrics and the success in an infinite variety of new colorings and combinations, leave nothing to be desired, and have enormously increased the fashionable prestige of our rich home-made silks. John N. Stearns & Co., of New York City, exhibit black brocades in sixty different patterns, nearly all of which bear the stamp of fine taste as well as novelty. A really superb fabric is a combination of armure with an ottoman ground and large satin leaves veined in raised lines that look as if executed with embroidery stitch. The heavy richness of the texture and the beauty and effectiveness of the pattern render it particularly suitable for handsome dinner or reception dresses, which need to be made up with plain, plaited trains, and without overlaying of any kind. Other designs have the figures outlined and filled in armure or ottoman lines, or both, and the ground of satin, the diversity producing an infinite variety of effects.

An unfailing mine of wealth has been opened up in the natural source to which of late it has become the fashion to look for new ideas in design, and though we may expect crudities and extravagances, yet we also gain much that is beautiful and permanent. The effects in the richest brocades are all obtained from the admirable working out of a beautiful design in different ground styles in a solid color. Besides the black there are eight evening shades that are exquisite, soft, delicate and pure; the pattern and texture as rich as in the black. The "Muscovite" silk brocades have "shot" ottoman ground with leaf designs in the two colors or two tones of the ground. One is Indian red with dark blue; another, olive with dark blue; there are also two tones in red, with a shading in certain lights of dull gold. In fancy brocades for overdresses there are forty different combinations; and there are some very rich stripes over an inch in width in black and colors that alternate plain satin with a horizontal ribbed stripe, and are separated by hair stripes in white or colors. The new winter surah in all colors—garnet, black, Indian red, wine, bronze and fine dark blue—is double weight, and particularly recommended for combination with velvet, or for the facing of silk velvet. It is a very fine specimen of silk, and would make a handsome suit or dress in itself, but not in the least a showy one.

A Useful Novelty.

THE "Reliable" Chalk Wheel is a novelty that cannot fail to recommend itself by its extreme usefulness. Those who have experienced the inconvenience of using a piece of chalk for tracing purposes will be delighted with it. Simple in construction, it is yet suited to a variety of purposes and materials. There is scarcely a trade in which its valuable services cannot be brought into requisition; and in schools and families it will be found invaluable. For marking on goods, either in straight or curved lines, or tracing the outlines of patterns, this little implement has no equal. The mark is clear and distinct, does not injure the fabric, and the chalk can be of any desired color to suit the material. Dressmakers, milliners, tailors, iron and wood workers, house and sign painters, upholsterers and paper hangers, carriage trimmers, schools and families will find "The Reliable Chalk Wheel" most useful and convenient. The expenditure of ten cents will place it in possession of any one; and once used no one will be willing to dispense with its valuable services.



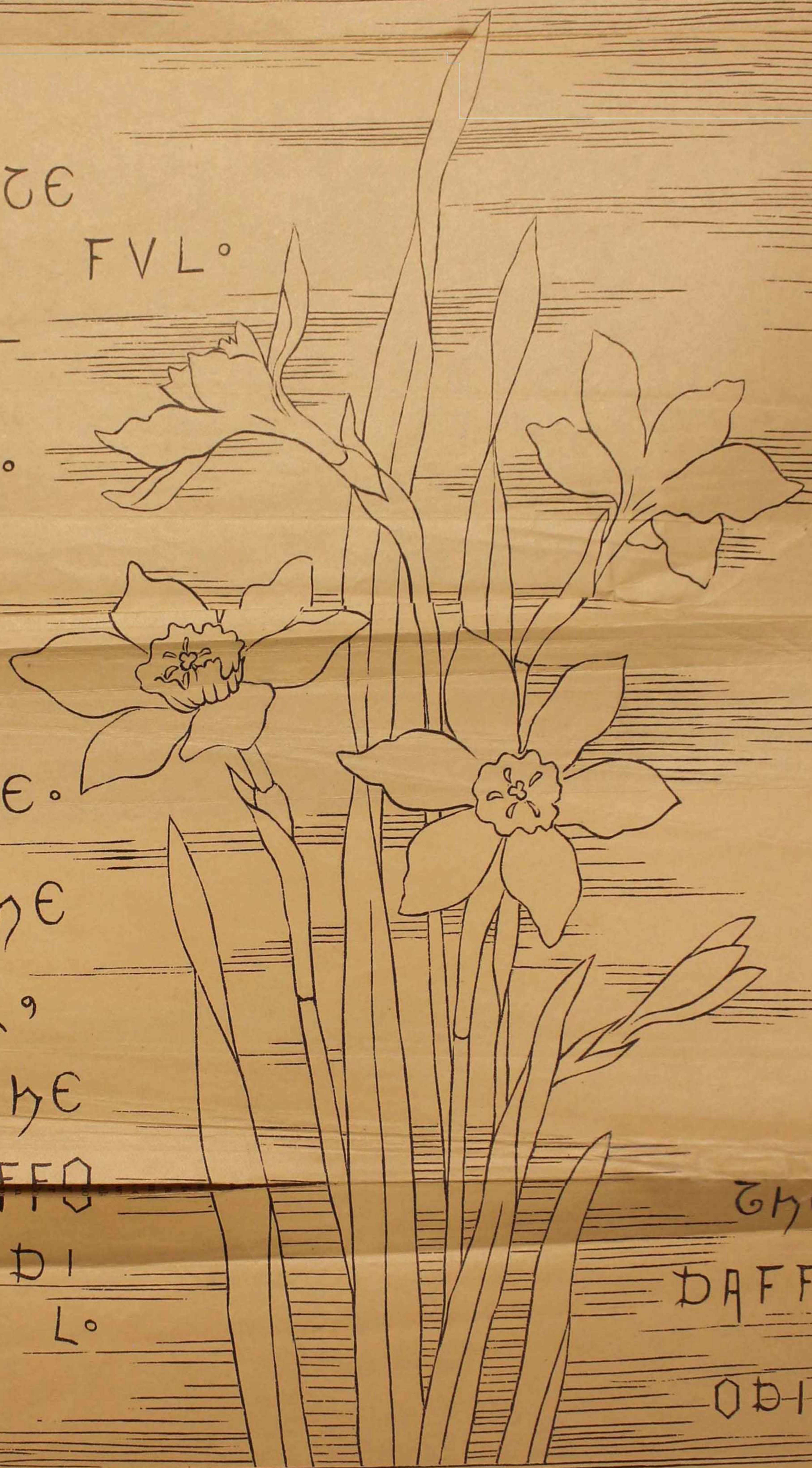
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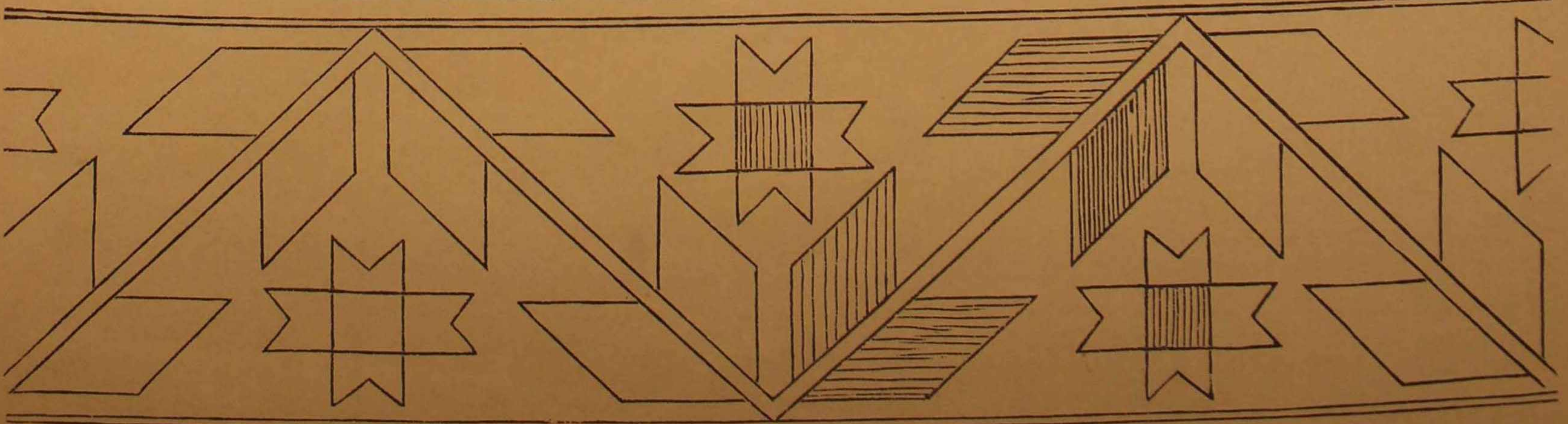
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DAFFODIL DESIGN FOR A WALL HANGING.

DESIGNED BY HETTA L. H. WARD