

MEMOREST'S

MONTHLY

MAY

WVANO DEL

VOL. XVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

NO. 9.

ASSOCIATION.

TO-DAY I wandered down the garden-walks,
World-weary, heavy-hearted, full of grief.
I saw the flowers trembling on their stalks,
Weighted by diamond dew-drops on each leaf.
Lilies, japonicas, and roses rare were here,
The air was mild and sweet; 'twas June-time of the year.

I SAW the flowers, I smelt their heavenly breath—
Strange that the sight and smell should hurt me so!
But they recalled the memory of a death,
And made me feel again the bitter throe.
Something they brought to mind, quite from themselves apart,
A death which, but awhile, had happened in my heart.

MY thoughts went back to that sweet night in June,
Three years ago—three centuries they seem!
One that I loved and I stood 'neath the moon,
Hand clasped in hand, and dreaming a bright dream
Of birds and flowers and endless summer weather,
Of an abiding love—a lifetime spent together.

HOW well I recollect her childish grace!
The infantine sweet form, the artless air!
I remember every line of that dear face,
And even the two small daisies in her hair.
I remember—would I did not!—the day that saw us part;
I remember how she trembled as I held her to my heart.

I TOLD her that we never could be wed;
Weak thoughts, like these of ours, must be forgot.
My career was marked before me, and it led
To other scenes, in which she had no lot.
I said our love was folly, too heavenly to last.
It had been a blissful time to us, but now that time was past.

I NEVER would forget our love, I said;
It was a memory I would ever prize;
My love would live, when hers for me was dead;
And then we kissed and spoke our low good-byes.

I thought she would forget me, although she wept and sighed,
But her little heart was broken, and when winter came she died.

* * * * *

I HAD been striving hard, and I had won;
Victory, wealth, and eminence were mine.
Men praised my triumphs, told the deeds I'd done,
And women offered incense strong as wine.
One was there with a voice and face more subtle than the rest,
Whose smile was warm and glowing as the red rose in her breast.

EXULTANT with success and adulation,
Bewildered by the potent breath of praise,
I yielded to a fitful, swift temptation
That came to me in one of those mad days,
When with the merry company I reveled like the rest,
And was dazzled by her beauty and the red rose in her breast.

I NEVER paused to seek, beneath, the heart;
Indeed, I knew not if there was one there.
Nature I found not in her, but her art,
Was subtly potent and her beauty rare;
And so, just when the words that bound us had been said,
They brought me word from England that my old first love was dead.

I THINK in what I did, men judged my honor.
I told her mine was but a broken heart.
I asked my promise back, and parted from her,
Glad of each mile that sundered us apart.
I turned me sadly back to home and England, where
Blossomed those little daisies that had decked my darling's hair.

* * * * *

SO, as I wandered down the walk but now,
Do you know wherefore, as I thus did pass
A red rose flaunting gayly on its bough,
I raised my heel and crushed it in the grass,
And when I found a daisy, blooming to itself apart,
I stooped and plucked it tenderly, and pressed it to my heart?



st.
(21.)

Chesney's appearance at the concert, the manner in which she had amused herself for so great a while came to a sudden end. Mrs. Lyons, with the decision and promptness that was habitual to her, took Ethel into her confidence and affection at once. And Ethel, who had liked her for her frankness and simple-minded honesty from the first, was very willing to accord hers in return, and so it happened that Mrs. Lyons became her most frequent companion and chaperone. Many of the ladies with whom Ethel had become acquainted would have been charmed to act in this capacity, as her beauty and talent made her sufficiently sought after to give *éclat* to whatever house she identified herself with, but it was soon understood that Miss Chesney was Mrs. Lyons' prerogative, and no one dreamed of usurping.

A great portion of each day Ethel insisted on spending with her father. No temptation was sufficient to cause her to abandon their afternoon walks together. It is true, it used at first to interfere with the boating and garden parties, which were constantly in progress, but the boating and garden parties never interfered with the walks.

At the first, Mr. and Miss Chesney would sometimes, during their walks, be joined by some of the latter's friends, but on such occasions they would be met with such scant cordiality that it very soon became known that, in her afternoon walks, as well as at church, Miss Chesney desired no other companion than her father. Ethel would very willingly have given up dinners, drives, parties, and everything of the sort, if her father had wished it, or could have been in any way benefited or pleased thereby; but, since his late attack, he had been very scrupulous in following the physician's orders that he should go to bed early, and Ethel always had tea with him, and saw him comfortably settled in his bedroom, with his dressing-gown and slippers at hand, before she went to her toilet at night. Always, just before leaving, she would stop outside his door and listen, and if his breathing indicated that he was sleeping, she would quietly steal away, with a light and thankful heart. If she found him awake, she would go in, in all her shining beauty, and sit by him, talking or merely holding his dear hand in her own, until he slept, and many were the nights that Miss Chesney kept her friends and admirers waiting, minute after minute, until hours had passed, while she sat in that quiet chamber. Her father, who seemed really quite well, though strong, used to protest at first, but was convinced him that she cared to be alone with him as long as he

would wake and talk to her, than to go to the grandest ball of the season, and by-and-by he came to believe that it was so and let her have her will. Ethel used sometimes to wonder at the docility with which he obeyed the physician's orders, and she congratulated herself that it was so, without thinking that the cause might be that he realized the strong necessity that he should be careful of himself. He always spent some hours in the morning, though, in the solitude of his own room, and his daughter was as scrupulous as ever about not disturbing him, while he read and wrote there; so it was at these times that Miss Chesney visited and received and took her drives. So she was able to go a great deal into society without at all depriving her father of his usual share of her care and attention. She had made an arrangement with Mrs. Lyons, who always took her out now, that she should not wait at home for her, as she was obliged sometimes to be unpunctual and irregular in the hours at which she presented herself at that lady's villa, and that she should bring her maid (an institution she had found needful, since she had come to Cannes) with her in the carriage, and go to her, at whatever house she might be, and they would meet and be together there.

Miss Chesney was enjoying Cannes very much, and perhaps even her oldest friends would not have seen any diminution of the old, buoyant charm in her manner, and certainly she was handsomer than ever. And she liked all the admiration she received; it gave her something to think of, and kept her from thinking about her old self, and bygone things. She was scarcely ever quiet except when with her father—then sometimes a sweet silence surrounded her, while she held his hand in hers and looked out across the water.

Two weeks after the night of the concert, when Miss Chesney had come to be acknowledged as much a part of the beauty and charm of Cannes as the sky or the water or the flowers, Ethel was walking one evening with her father, when some one came behind her with hurried, eager steps, and a hearty English voice was heard in cordial greeting. Turning, she saw the smiling face of Captain Alderstan, who paused beside her with an eagerly outstretched hand. A great many lookers-on saw how cordially she took it, and what a sudden light and joy came into the face of Mr. Chesney as he in turn shook hands with and welcomed the stranger.

"By Jove, she's engaged, I shouldn't wonder," a large Englishman with an eye-glass observed. To this Count Varne, who was standing by, responded quickly:

"She's nothing of the kind; that's Alderstan of the —th, Mrs. Lyons' cousin or something, and a great friend of Miss Chesney, who knew him in America when his regiment was there. Mrs. Lyons told me this herself."

Meantime the two passed on, and Captain Alderstan was permitted to accompany them during the whole of their walk, and likewise to come into the Chesneys' little parlor when they returned to the hotel. Ethel could not help observing the great warmth with which her father had received their young English friend, and his evident pleasure in seeing Captain Alderstan again made her feel more

than he had been frank, among strangers, her even than her father. She clung to him, and in her heart that spoke to her of things were best."

After sitting with them a little in the parlor, Mr. Chesney went to his room, and Captain Alderstan and Ethel were alone.

"How the days have dragged since I saw you!" the former began, as soon as Mr. Chesney had gone out. "I have tried for leave, as I never worked for anything before in my life, and I have it at last. I might have got a wretched week or so with less difficulty, but that I did not want."

"And how long have you?" Ethel asked.

"Three months," he answered.

"Indeed!" Ethel said; "and have you arranged where you are to spend it?"

"With you," Captain Alderstan said. Ethel flushed with reproachful indignation for a moment, and then she said coldly,

"My movements are very uncertain—they depend upon my father."

"Then so are mine," Captain Alderstan said, "as they depend upon you."

"This may be your idea of a kind and considerate line of conduct," Ethel flashed out; "it certainly is not mine."

"I mean to be neither unkind nor inconsiderate," said Captain Alderstan, "but while my leave lasts and I can be near you, I think I might be allowed to stay. If you choose, I will not come to see you or talk to you much, but what I intend is to spend these three months where I can see your face and hear your voice; and if, at the end of that time, you tell me you don't wish to see me again, why, I can just pack my trunk and go away to—no matter where. At all events, I shall have had my day—three glorious, full, long months—and then let whatever is in store for me come!"

While he spoke Miss Chesney's mood changed. This great love and longing for her terrified her at the same time that it filled her heart with pity. She said gently,

"I am so sorry. I wish there was something I could do."

At the first signs of softening, Captain Alderstan took a chair that was a little nearer to her.

"Look here, Miss Chesney," he said; "don't you know that I would rather die than make you suffer? Would I grieve you by saying these things to you, unless I thought it was a way of showing you where you could find comfort? But, indeed, I think that's what it is. No man will ever love you like I do—he cannot. No man will do for you what I will, and devote himself so entirely and completely to your happiness as I shall, if you will give me the right. I know I'm not the fellow to fill all your requirements, and I can fancy your ideal is millions of miles away from me; but so, I fancy, is he from every one else. The man don't live who is worthy of you. Tell me if you ever saw any one whom you thought all that a man ought to be."

Ethel shook her head.

Father
was never
so soon

"Then be satisfied with some one less," the young man pleaded. "Oh! think of it before you say 'No' to me."

She knew she had already listened too long to him, and now she rose to her feet and said very decisively:

"I should have stopped you sooner, Captain Alderstan, for it is useless for me to listen to this. You surely know how sorry I am to grieve you in any way, but you must teach yourself not to think of me in this way."

It did hurt her keenly to see all the color die out of his ruddy English face, and the look of dark disappointment take the place of his habitual, pleasant, smiling expression. Captain Alderstan, she knew, was the most amiable of men—too amiable and willing to please everybody to have very much character, she had sometimes thought: but now that she saw the dark and gloomy look upon the features that suited such an expression so ill, and saw every trace of the old debonair good-humor die away, she suddenly became aware that she had a fondness for that look of unmixed kindness and good-will that had been so habitual and becoming to the healthful beauty of his face, and she felt a pang of sorrow and self-reproach that it should have been herself who had banished it.

"Come, Captain Alderstan," she said, holding out her hand, "you won't make this more painful for me than it need be, I am sure. I wish it were in my power to soften the blow to you, but it is best to tell you the truth, the unalterable truth."

He could not refuse to take her hand, but he only clasped it in his hot fingers for a moment, and then let it drop and went hastily out of the room.

Poor Ethel felt wretchedly unhappy and wretchedly helpless to do anything that might make things better.

"Oh! what a thing it would be," she said half aloud, with a sigh that was almost a sob, "if one could just quietly drop out of existence—except for father," she went on quickly, and then, revived by the sole impetus that was able to give refreshment to her life now, she composed her features into their usual quiet, that he might not be grieved by seeing her agitation, and went and knocked at her father's door. He called to her to come in, and she entered, and approached him softly. He was not reading, as she had expected, but sitting before the open window, with his book open on his lap and his face turned seaward. There was something in his look that filled her with an undefinable dread. It was not that he was paler than usual, or seemed less strong; the change was not physical; it was in a sort of spiritual, far-off searching look of his eyes, and a grave sweetness that rested upon the thin, flexible mouth. An instinct of love and fear made her fly to his side, drop on her knees by him, and clasp both his hands in hers. She was eager for him to speak, and almost dreaded that his words would be of something unusual and painful; but he only turned his eyes to her beautiful face, with a look of infinite tenderness, and said, in his own natural way:

"Well, and what have you done with the gallant captain?"

"He has gone," Ethel said, feeling anxious not to dwell upon that subject.

"What a handsome, pleasant, amiable fellow he is! I like him very much, and I don't think I've ever seen a handsomer face."

"Oh, father!" said Ethel reproachfully. "Don't you think him handsome?" Mr. Chesney asked, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, but not as handsome as that," said Ethel. "I believe I don't like blonde men."

"And what did Alderstan have to talk about?" asked Mr. Chesney.

"Oh! nothing new," said Ethel evasively.

"Why, you are becoming a true daughter of France," Mr. Chesney said. "Is novelty an essential in everything?"

"Far from it," Ethel said. "I was thinking this evening that I liked the old things best."

"Is Alderstan old enough to come under that head?" her father asked. This persistence in a topic which was irksome to her surprised Ethel very much, and she said:

"You don't seem able to fix your mind on anything but Captain Alderstan this evening."

"I have been thinking of him ever since I took my seat here," Mr. Chesney said, "and I've found the subject a pleasant one for reflection, and don't feel disposed to drop it."

"I won't let you think for a whole hour about any one else—your thoughts belong to me," said Ethel, with a tender smile.

"Thinking of Alderstan has not hindered my thinking of you, dear," her father said. "I was putting you together in my thoughts."

Ethel looked suddenly distressed and disappointed:

"Oh, father," she said, "you don't want me to marry and leave you; you're not tired of me and willing to go back again to your life without me, are you?"

"Heaven forbid, my child," said Mr. Chesney solemnly; "you've made my life a new state to me, by your love and care; that past time is too barren and cold and selfish for me to bear to look back upon it; but you can't have me always, dear, and if I had to leave you, I've been thinking, I'd rather trust you to Alderstan than any one. It could never be my thought to give you up willingly."

"Then let me be as I am," cried Ethel passionately. "You are enough for me—all that I want or need. If you die, it won't make any difference whom I am left to, or what becomes of me. No one can ever make me happy. Let me be happy, while I have you, without any thoughts like these; they are more than I can bear."

"You think so, poor child," Mr. Chesney said, "but time and God's mercy will teach you to bear things when they come, and it would be better for you to think sometimes that your father is an old man now, and can't live a great while longer."

"Are you ill to-day?" Ethel cried with painful anxiousness.

"Not more so than usual—better perhaps; but I am not very strong, and the strongest of us must prepare for death."

"I know it—but you may live many, many years—as long as I do," Ethel said passionately.

"It's not probable," said Mr. Chesney, with

a smile; "but I want you to answer me one question, and then I won't recur to the subject again if it annoys you. Does Captain Alderstan want to marry you? They say girls can always tell about such matters."

"Oh, yes—I suppose so," said Ethel, lightly, unwilling to share the full weight of her trouble with this tender, sympathetic father.

"I am glad of that," Mr. Chesney said; "by-and-by your feelings may change, when you get tired of all this excitement and furore here, and you'll be willing to consider my friend Alderstan's case, I trust."

"Do you wish it, father?" Ethel asked. "If you wanted me to marry Captain Alderstan to-morrow, I almost believe I could do it, if it would make you happy, and you would promise not to send me away from you."

"I shall not fix to-morrow as the wedding-day," said Mr. Chesney, smiling; "but some day, when the time comes that seems so shadowy to us now and may be very far away, you'll remember my words, and that St. George Alderstan is the man in all the world whom I should best like you to marry."

The subject was dropped here, and Ethel left her father to write a note to Mrs. Lyons excusing herself from a party that night. They spent the early hours of evening very charmingly over one or two games of chess, and when his bed-time came and she had said good-night to him with many loving words and caresses, she sat up for hours writing to Mrs. Stirling and some far-away friends, and did not even think of the party, or the people whom her absence had disappointed. Among the latter was a handsome young British officer, with blonde hair and moustache, and a savage expression of countenance, not in the least resembling that of St. George Alderstan. As early as twelve o'clock he had voted the ball a bore, and gone out with some young friends to find amusement elsewhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONLY one month later on, who would have recognized in the pale, miserable, listless girl, in her heavy mourning, the blooming Miss Chesney who sang at the concert in Cannes, and reigned over every ball-room after, as long as she stayed there? In one month a terrible desolation had come upon her; her father's death had proved a blow from which it seemed impossible for her to rally. It was of no use to tell her it was her duty to rouse herself from her miserable lethargy—the words seemed to have no meaning for her. Her father's illness had only lasted three weeks, dating from the evening when he had talked to her about Captain Alderstan. It will be remembered that she gave up her engagements and refused to leave him that evening. The next day she thought he looked badly, and when he admitted that he was weak, she called in a physician, who did not attempt to disguise from her the fact that Mr. Chesney was very ill. From that time she never left him. She received no visitors, took no walks, and did not even read her invitations. Mrs. Lyons came to her constantly, and always waited until Ethel came out of the sick-room, to say a few cheering words, assure her of her sym-

pathy and willingness to do anything in the world to help her. Out of her father's presence she could endure the strain of apparent ease and light-heartedness no longer, and showed herself so wretched and miserable that her kind friend was most unhappy about her. She kept up, though, when with Mr. Chesney, and nursed him with a patience and capableness that were perfectly untiring. The end came terribly soon, but it was peaceful and painless. Ethel's arms were about him, and her sweet comforting eyes upon his face. As long as there was life and consciousness in his body, she was able to look at him and smile and be calm; but when that was no longer, she utterly gave way, and would make no effort to control her passionate grief. Mrs. Lyons came after the funeral, and carried her off to her villa, and gave her there the boon of quietness and freedom from annoyance, which was all that she wished.

One perfect evening, when the air was balmy and refreshing as only Mediterranean breezes could make it, when the odors from the great violet and rose gardens were sweet upon the air, and the sunset shadows were on land and sea, Mrs. Lyons came into Ethel's room, and found her in a large chair before the open window, with her two long fair hands, under their crape-bordered sleeves, resting on the arms of the chair, and her sad white face turned upward as her head leaned back upon the chair's cushioned top. Her eyes were closed, and there was a piteous compression of her full lips that marked a mute pain. She wearily opened her eyes as her friend approached, and turned her head around on the chair without lifting it, and looked at her with a gentle gratefulness, which must serve instead of a smile—she felt as if she could never smile again.

"Ethel," Mrs. Lyons said, coming and standing beside her, with one hand touching the coiled braids as they rested against the chair, "can you not see St. George for a moment? I don't wish to annoy you, but he has been refused so many, many times, and I think, dear, you ought—such an old friend as he is."

Ethel turned her head away wearily, with a look of distaste and fretfulness, so childish and weak—so unlike the proud girl she used to be; but she did not speak.

"He has been very patient—" Mrs. Lyons began.

"And why shouldn't he be patient?" Ethel interrupted petulantly; "has he any right to be anything else?"

"No, dear, but he is your oldest friend here—older than I am, you know, though he could not feel nearer to you; he is so heartily friendly, and talks so eloquently of your dear one, and you know, Ethel, your father liked St. George."

"Oh, I will see him, Mrs. Lyons—I will do whatever you like—nothing can make any difference, and I do thank him for his sympathy."

She rose as she spoke, and let Mrs. Lyons precede her down the broad stairs, and to the door of a small sitting-room back of the parlors.

"He is here," Mrs. Lyons said. "I thought you would be safer from interruption."

She opened the door and Ethel went in,

thinking Mrs. Lyons would follow, but she merely closed the door when Ethel had entered, and so she and Captain Alderstan were alone.

She had not seen him since the happy evening when she had parted from him believing her father to be quite well and strong, and with the possibility of many happy years before them. She looked upon the whole time that her father and herself had spent together, now, as a perfectly happy time, and the sorrows and regrets of her past life seemed utterly small and trivial. As Captain Alderstan rose and stood before her in his vigorous size and strength, it brought so forcibly to her mind the conversation she had, only so short a while before, had with Mr. Chesney about him, that she was overcome with a great weakness and trembling, and sank upon a chair just inside the door. In an instant he was beside her.

"I have been selfish and cruel," he said. "I have asked too much. Shall I call Mrs. Lyons and go? I would not for worlds have agitated or annoyed you."

"It is nothing," she said feebly; "let us sit here," and she rose and walked to the sofa, with a great effort at self-command, which gave her motions something of the air of the Miss Chesney of old. Captain Alderstan took the seat at her side and began:

"It would be useless for me to try to tell you what I feel for you. I would give my life to comfort you—but I can do nothing. I have wanted to ask if there is not some small business matter that I may attend to. I would go to America—do anything, only too gladly, if you would let me."

"You are very good," Ethel said, trying to be cordial, and to appreciate his ready self-devotion, "but that is the worst of it—there is nothing to be done—nothing to be done."

"And your own movements—have you thought of them?"

"Not much. Mrs. Lyons will be here another month, and she has been good enough to say she will keep me for that time. After that I don't know what I shall do."

"You wish to return to America, I suppose," Captain Alderstan said.

"No," said Ethel, "it pains me to think of that, but then I can think of nothing that does not pain me. I suppose, though, that as a matter of course, it will end in that. It's the most natural thing."

She was so utterly weary and distraught that he could think of nothing else to say to her, so he rose and extended his hand.

"I must not tire you," he said. "I promised Mrs. Lyons I would stay only a moment. It was very good of you to see me. May I come again?"

"Oh, yes," said Ethel feebly, "you are very kind. I can't thank you as I ought. Good-bye."

For a second the slim white hand lay in his own, and then he turned from the room, and Ethel heard the hall door close behind him.

Poor Alderstan! He had craved so hungrily the boon of a moment's conversation with her, and yet the pain of it, when it came, had been almost more than he could bear. To hear her say there was nothing to be done; she supposed going home was the most natural thing; that she knew she could not

thank him as she ought; all this was maddening. He longed to take her to him and say that it seemed to him there was a world to be done, if she would but let him be her guide and helper; that letting him make her his adored and beloved wife was the natural thing, and that that was the way to reward him for his love, and thank him for his sympathy, and his true sorrow for her father's death. But he reflected that he would be a brute to dare to say such things to her now, when her grief was so fresh, and from that he fell to wondering whether he wasn't a brute any way, and, viewed in the light of his present feelings, some of the proceedings he had been guilty of lately looked disgustingly brutal, and it galled him keenly to think how Miss Chesney would have noted them. But then, he reflected that if only she would consent to hear him, a little later, when he might dare to speak of the subject in his heart, the future would be free from any such experiences. He felt strong to do nothing but what would please and comfort her. Something in connection with a conversation he had had with Mr. Chesney, one evening during the first days of his illness, when Ethel had gone to her room for a little sleep, and he had called and been admitted, made him feel strong to hope and accomplish.

In a day or two he called again, and Ethel did not refuse to see him. When she came in, the agitation of her first entrance did not recur, and contrasting the shock he had received then, at the white agitation of her face, with the calm gentleness of her aspect now, Captain Alderstan was quite sincere in saying, as soon as the first greetings were over, and they had taken their seats,

"I think you are looking better."

"Don't tell me that," Ethel said with painful entreaty. "It is my great dread. I cannot bear to think of the time when I shall be getting over it—when I shall have grown not to mind. That comes to almost every one, and I cannot bear to think of its coming to me."

So Alderstan endeavored to lead the conversation away from personal matters altogether, and got her to talk about the exquisite view they had from the window, and to show some interest and pleasure in the flowers he brought her. He was careful always to make his visits short, so that their effect might not be to weary her, but, if possible, to make her sorry when they were ended, and glad when the next one came. And he had had a sort of success in this, for the relief from the sad monotony of her thoughts, which she found in his visits, was a lessening of her depression, and she had to acknowledge it in spite of herself. She would see no one else though, although scores of cards were left and her room was crowded with flowers, the cards attached to which she read with apathy and indifference, if at all. She observed that Count Varène's name struck her very often and thought of course that he and all of them were very kind, but her mind could not dwell upon these proofs of the remembrance and care of her living friends; it was wholly absorbed in a useless, unconquerable longing for the caresses and thoughts of a love that could reach her no more, forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE evening, about a week later, Captain Alderstan called again to see Miss Chesney. He was not always sure of her receiving him, for he had sometimes been denied; but this evening she came down at once. When she entered the room, the sight of her dark garments and unchanged sadness made him feel so keenly the pain of knowing her to be always thus now, and not being able to offer her his whole life's devotion as a substitute, in ever so small a way, for the affection that she had lost, that it impelled him irresistibly to the execution of a rash and perhaps injurious act.

She had answered his fervent greeting with a shadowy smile, and was holding the flowers he had brought, and handling them lovingly.

"I shall take these with me where I am going to-day," she said.

It was the first time she had ever spoken of going out, and Alderstan divined that she meant to visit her father's grave. She shed no tear as she spoke of it, and the apathy of her expression suffered no softening emotion. If he could only rouse her out of this state, Captain Alderstan thought, he could bear any change rather than this cold, hard calm. After reflecting a moment a look of determination came into his face, and he said:

"Miss Chesney, do you remember a visit I made your father very soon after he became ill?"

"Yes, I remember," Ethel said quickly, already showing an interested look in her eyes that he had not seen there since her trouble, and that made him resolve to go on with what he had begun.

"Would it pain you to hear what he said to me that day?" he asked.

"Oh, how can it be anything but a joy and a comfort to me?" Ethel cried, with a look of intense anticipation in her eyes.

"You know I was sent for?" Alderstan began.

"No, I did not," cried Ethel. "Did he send for you? And for what?"

"When I came into the room," Captain Alderstan began, "I was shocked to see how ill he looked, and he read some of this astonishment on my face, for he took my hand affectionately, and said he saw I was surprised to find him seriously, and, as he feared, dangerously ill. He had dismissed his attendant, and telling me you had gone to lie down, he said he had wished to see me in private, in order that he might commend you to my care, in case he should not recover. He told me of certain very simple business matters which he would wish me to arrange, and gave me, very collectedly and accurately, the necessary instructions. I need not tell you, dear Miss Chesney, that all he desired has been done. But when he came to speak of the sadness and uneasiness he should feel in leaving you in this strange land alone, how could I help proving to him that I would guard and protect and care for you, if it cost me the last drop of my heart's blood, by saying that I loved you, and wished above everything on earth, to win you for my wife? He took my hand in his, when I said this, and told me it was what he most desired—what would give him more com-

fort than any thought the future could contain. So I gave him my word to be your true friend, and he pressed my hand, and said it comforted him to think I should be far more than that; and told me, if he died, to tell you he had wished this, and to ask you to remember a conversation he had had with you on the first evening of his illness. And presently the doctor came, and I went away."

Captain Alderstan had hardly dared to look at her as he spoke; the moment was such a supreme one to him, and he could not help knowing that, with a woman of Miss Chesney's spirit, such a claim upon her as the one he had just advanced might do his cause irretrievable harm; still he had determined to take the risk, having no troublesome consciousness, in his own mind, that he had done anything ungenerous or reprehensible; his only fear was, as to how he might effect his cause with Ethel, who, as he knew, had very high-strung notions, which to tell the truth he admired, but did not feel bound to concur in. But Captain Alderstan made a mistake if he imagined he had anything to fear from Miss Chesney's high spirit. There had been a time, and she was vaguely conscious of it now when she would have had the strongest feeling of disapproval toward a man who sought to win her by such arguments as these; but now the means he used were the most powerful ones that could have been urged, and if she realized that his making use of them was not the noblest way to gain his end, she realized also that she had ceased to expect great nobleness from any one now, and somehow had forfeited her right to have its evidences offered to her.

So, when Captain Alderstan had ended, and turned a timid, imploring glance upon Miss Chesney, he found not a semblance of either anger or scorn on her face. Instead, there was a pathetic softening of its lines, and a tender yearning for the dear one, to whose message she had just been listening, made her eyes look sweet with feeling, through their quiet tears—the first tears Alderstan had ever seen her shed. He saw at once that he had moved her as he could never hope to do again; he had an advantage, which he must press now, if he ever hoped to attain his desire. He dared not run the risk of changing her mood, by going closer or assuming any unusual familiarity, but he let his voice assume all the tenderness that was in his soul, as he said:

"Dear Miss Chesney, you told me once that no one could be very unhappy as long as they were comforting and helping others. Give yourself to me, and be the abiding comfort of my life, and remember at the same time that you will be realizing the wish and hope that cheered and comforted your father's dying hours."

Miss Chesney did not interrupt him, by so much as a look or a gesture, but it would have been impossible for her not to utter such remonstrances as in her weakness and forgetfulness she could summon.

"About being unhappy," she said, "that doesn't signify, for, in spite of all the theories I used to hold to so firmly, I shall never be

anything else; perhaps some time I may be less so than now."

Alderstan instantly saw his opportunity, and said, with adroitness:

"It isn't like you to think only of yourself."

The spirit of self-immolation, which had been so strong in the Ethel of old, winced under this, but she paused a moment before she said:

"I am no longer like what I used to be, and if it is that old Ethel Chesney that you love, it is not in my power to give her to you." She would have gone on, but he interrupted her hotly:

"Ethel," he said, "it isn't any other self that I love—it is you—your very present self, that I shall love throughout all time and change."

She made a deprecating movement, as if she disregarded the interruption, and seemed neither to notice the protestations that he had made, nor the familiarity of his calling her Ethel—in fact the word had no sooner escaped his lips than he wished he had not uttered it; but when he saw she did not seem to heed it, he put that down as another score in his favor, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to secure her promise to-day, as he well knew he might never find her in such a mood again.

"As to your happiness," Miss Chesney went on, "there are many whom you may help and comfort still, and so save yourself from the worst kind of wretchedness, and you are strong and competent and manly, and will feel the claims of your mother and home-people who, Mrs. Lyons says, are so devoted to you. The rule I gave you long ago may hold good still."

"I shall be strong and manly no longer, if you give me up. I shall not care what weakness and evil overtakes me," Alderstan put in hotly. "I tell you I will not bear it—neither mother nor home nor friends shall hinder me. I'll sell out and never see any one of them again. I will be a miserable wanderer over the face of the earth, and be wretched and perhaps wicked until I die."

"And can I save you from all this?" said Ethel wonderingly.

"Oh, you can!" cried the young man passionately. "Through you I will be a comfort and help to my people that they have never known before. You shall guide me into paths of peace and usefulness. You shall have money to do good, and shall show me how to order my life so that I may be a blessing instead of a curse to those among whom I go. You can do all this and a great deal more—there can be no such thing as a limit to your power over me for good."

Ethel had drawn herself up, with an animation in her look and attitude that he had not seen since the old days. A new light had come into her eyes—the spontaneous expression of a definite *purpose*, the thought that she might once again find an aim in life, feel the usefulness of trying, the worthiness of living. What had made her so apathetic and listless before was a feeling that she could fill a vacuum in no one's life; her great want was to be a necessity to some one, and this strong man's absolute dependence upon her met her passionate need. She could save him from

wretchedness and sin if she chose, and she wondered if the end might not justify the means. He needed her and no one else did now, he loved her and no one else did now; she could comfort him and strengthen and help him, and she could do this for no one else now.

Captain Alderstan did not interrupt, by so much as a sound, the thoughtful mood into which she had fallen, with her lowered eyes fixed on the pale hands lying crossed in her lap; but when she suddenly remembered that he was there, waiting patiently for her words, which were to bring him either joy or despair, she looked up at him kindly, and thanked him with a gentle smile for his belief in and dependence upon her, and thought, for the first time, that perhaps this thing might be possible. His full belief and love soothed the pain at her heart.

"I have been waiting very patiently and hopefully," Captain Alderstan said, as he answered her look with one of adoring love, "because my heart tells me you are going to consent. For your own sake, no less than for your father's and my own, I entreat you."

"Do you know," she said speaking lowly, as if as much to herself as him, "that I have had a mind to say yes?"

"You have said it," cried the young man rapturously. "You shall not unsay it, until I offend or displease you. I will conquer myself in every wish, if you choose to order it. I will not even ask to be allowed to touch that hand that is mine now, until you choose to offer it. I know this thing comes upon you suddenly, and you must have time to get used to it. Oh, if you *knew* how anxious I am that none of the consequences of the happiness you have given me shall ever pain or annoy you. I can be so patient!"

Captain Alderstan certainly managed his case with skill, and these last words of his, in their two-fold effect, were an inspiration of tact. To know that he had relieved her from the trial of a positive decision, and had himself determined that he had been accepted (thereby leaving her a loop-hole of escape if she desired it), was a relief to Ethel in her present state of weakness and inertness, and the knowledge that she must crush the newly-found happiness that his face suddenly showed was an ordeal of cruelty that she shrank from. And again the considerateness that he showed in not annoying her with irksome protestations and caresses argued well, she thought, for her freedom from the most unendurable feature of an engagement to a man whose feelings of tenderness she felt she could never respond to.

"Shall I go now?" Alderstan asked, rising and coming to stand before her. "I want not to weary you. Of course there is much more to be said, but there is time enough, and I will not hurry you by one moment. Let things rest just as they are between us for the present, and to-morrow I will come again, and you shall tell me what further I am to do."

Ethel felt relieved that the interview was at an end, and she would have time to think what was best to be done, before saying words which might commit her further. He was exceedingly delicate and considerate, she

thought, and she stood up and gave him her hand, with such a feeling of good-will showing in her eyes, that, against his better judgment, he dared to bend and kiss it. He only touched it lightly with his lips though, and did not retain it for an instant after.

"I shall come in the afternoon as usual, to-morrow," Captain Alderstan said, "and meantime, let me think that the happiness you have given me shall, at least, cause you no pain or unrest. Don't worry over anything—everything is just as it should be. Of course I shall not tell either my cousin or any one else of what has happened," he ended smiling. What he had meant to say in the beginning was "that you have consented to marry me," but he checked himself in time, with an appreciation of the fact that that form of expression was too tangible and open to exceptions.

Without speaking again, he took up his hat and gloves, bowed, and went out.

When he was gone, Ethel stood for a moment in the spot where he had left her, with a hundred different thoughts mingling in intense activity in her brain, but the one that had had the predominance there for so long a time gradually subdued and crowded out the others, and she sank back on the sofa with a passionate cry of "Oh, my dear father, why did you leave me?"

So when Mrs. Lyons came in, hoping much from this unusually long interview, she found Ethel lying prone upon the sofa, uttering great sobs and cries of pain. Like the kind, discerning woman that she was, she asked no questions, and used no protests, but only sat down by her and laid her hand soothingly upon her head, and waited until she should be more calm. Presently, when Ethel had become quiet, she went with her to her room and stayed there talking to her for a while, until she had forced her mind into a less intense strain, and then she came away and left her to rest. She did lie down a while and was able a little later to go out, as she had intended. When Mrs. Lyons came to say that the carriage was ready, she asked if it would not be wiser to put the trip off till the next day, but Ethel was so eager to go that she could not think of stopping her. She would not accept the proffered companionship of her kind friend, but went down to the carriage alone, with her heavy crape screening her from the gaze of the passers-by. The carriage was the one which had been hired by her father for their use, during the period of their stay in Cannes, and the coachman greeted her with respectful sympathy; he had not seen her since the day he had driven over the same route as the one they were to take now to her father's funeral. When she entered the carriage she found a large box of exquisite cut flowers on the front seat. She had brought her own little bouquet, but it touched her that some one else had thought of providing a tribute of love and remembrance for that grave. She asked the coachman where they came from, but she knew before she heard him say:

"Captain Alderstan sent them."

Miss Chesney closed the door and drew the curtains before the windows of the carriage;

then she threw back the veil from her white face, and her eyes fell on the beautiful flowers before her—the close carriage was already fragrant with their odors.

"He is very good," she thought. "He loves and honors my father. He will let me come often to this place. He will let me comfort him and do him good. He needs me, and no one else does. What better can I do?"

CHAPTER XV.

A FEW days before Mrs. Lyons left Cannes there was a wedding at her villa. Very different in all of its appointments was this entertainment from those previously given in that house. It was morning, but there was no shutting out of daylight and substituting of wax candles. Neither were there flowers or rich toilets or music. The bride in her deep black, without a particle of white anywhere except in her fair, pale face, looked too sad for the companion of the handsome young man, who, in spite of the blackness of his clothes, had in his cheeks and eyes as vivid and bright a pink and blue as any flowers could have supplied. He looked subdued and quiet, of course; but no one could have been so blind as not to see his overwhelming happiness, which became him all the better, in consequence of the appreciation he showed of the exactions of the occasion, and the effort he made to look serious. Mrs. Lyons, indeed, had put on a lilac dress with white trimmings, and the one or two intimate friends whom Ethel had allowed Mrs. Lyons to ask were dressed with a well-meant mixture of garments that expressed mourning, and garments that expressed festivity. There was no wedding breakfast, but some very elegant presents. The friends of the groom had, of course, been written to and had desired to be present at the marriage, but the bride had rebelled against this to both her lover and Mrs. Lyons, and these two had adroitly arranged, without giving any offense, to frustrate their plans in this regard. There had been no opposition to Captain Alderstan's marriage with this American beauty, on the part of his friends, and for this there were two very good reasons, the first of these being, that they knew their opposition would be unavailing, and the second, that such a person as Mrs. Lyons had described—the lover's panegyrics apart—was in many ways a fitting bride for their brother and son. Mrs. Lyons had said of her that she was thoroughly well-bred, extremely beautiful, and accomplished, and, as she supposed, very rich. As to the accuracy of this last item, the family in England was not as altogether confident as might have been desirable, having heard of cases in which dire misapprehensions had been the result, to foreigners who were beguiled by statements, such as these, in connection with American girls. Still they would hope for the best, and to a family such as Col. March's, money could never be the first consideration. It is true they would have liked the matter of blood to be a little more satisfactory and comprehensible, but then they reasoned that one could not have everything, and further adduced that no one could be as

well-bred as Miss Chesney was described to be, by Mrs. Lyons—a cousin for whose opinions they had a very high regard—unless she had good blood in her veins. This was a theory which was of far greater value to Col. March's family than the whole of the bride's fortune—no matter how great it might prove—could possibly be. They knew that many good English families had had representatives who had settled in America—true, they were usually younger sons or rascals, but for neither the accidental happening of the former, nor the unfortunate fact of the latter could Miss Chesney be, with any sort of justice, held accountable, and the Marches, as they were conscious, were nothing if not just. So a book of heraldry was resorted to, and resulted in the triumphant discovery that one Thomas, son of Sir Arthur Chesney, had emigrated to America, in the reign of Charles I. He was ascertained to be a younger son and suspected to be a rascal, but of this last no audible mention was made, it being sufficient for their purpose that he was Mrs. St. George Alderstan's ancestor, as he was henceforth conceded to be; and any one who had dared to question this would have been looked upon as unreasonable, if not impertinent. So Lady Mary March had written a letter to Ethel, which the latter felt to be all that she could expect or desire; it being in no way essential to her that her new relatives should treat her with anything more than a complete respect and a moderate affection. She would find it irksome, she thought, if they should become very fond of her. It would give rise to demands in return that she could not meet without robbing her father's memory. She did not know that her new mother's letter was, for Lady Mary March, an unusually cordial one; but when she gave it to Captain Alderstan to read, he said, in a voice of deep satisfaction, that it was "exactly the right thing," reserving for his own private use the reflection that whatever his people did was very sure to be exactly the right thing to be done. So a number of handsome presents were sent, to which the groom and Mrs. Lyons and her husband added theirs, and all this made the occasion a little less melancholy and a little more like other weddings. Eventually, it was presumed that Captain Alderstan would sell out and leave the army, but at present, this was unnecessary, as an extension of leave had been granted, in view of the important occurrence which had just transpired, and he and Ethel were to travel on the continent, until they felt inclined to go to England and make their appearance in Col. March's family. Ethel was to decide after having spent a month or so in the family of her husband's father, whether she would choose to live there or go down to a place that belonged to her husband, in the Isle of Wight, having been left him by an uncle, for whom he had been called. If this did not please her she was told she could live in London, if her inclination prompted, or, failing that, her husband would take her for awhile to America or back to the continent, or anywhere else she would like. So Ethel found herself, as a wife, surrounded with every luxury and comfort that love and money

combined could procure, and with a husband who adored her.

She had never expected that her marriage would make her happy again, but it was not long before she felt that she had expected more from it than she got. She had relied upon it to give aim and direction to her life, and somehow she seemed just as much without these as before. True she might comfort herself with the reflection that she had kept Captain Alderstan from going wrong, but the simple act of her marriage with him had been enough to accomplish that, and there was no need for further exertion. No model young man—and this was a distinction Alderstan had never claimed for himself—could have been more admirable and correct in every way. He drank only light wines and these in perfect moderation. He never went to the theater or any other place of amusement at night, declaring, in all truth, that it was a far more entertaining thing for him to remain with his wife, who, of course, on account of her mourning, went nowhere and received no visitors. If he wandered into a billiard-room, once in a way, he was soon bored and glad to return to Ethel. To make him happy—the purpose for which, as she told herself, she had married him, she had simply to go on doing as she chose—sacrifice and exertion were alike unnecessary. His good nature was perfectly irreproachable—perfectly admirable, as Ethel thought at first—but by-and-by she was conscious of a sort of exasperation that he was so even-tempered and unfaillingly amiable—she was very often the reverse of this herself, but she had never succeeded in rousing him out of his perfect sweet temper once. Not that she wished him to be otherwise, but he made her own sadness and the fretfulness into which she would sometimes fall in spite of herself, seem so evident and reprehensible. After all, what had been the use of her marrying him? Since she had known Captain Alderstan more intimately, she had discovered traits in him which made her absolutely sure that her refusal and banishment of him would have caused no such results as the ones he had so vehemently predicted. He would have been utterly miserable for a few weeks perhaps, and probably fallen into pernicious and dissipated habits; but it would have passed over very soon, and without leaving any lasting evil results, she felt certain. He would have resolutely and indignantly refused to be comforted at first, and the wretch would have been severe while it lasted, but some fine day he would have come to his senses, recollected the fact that he was Col. March's son, and a gentleman and dragoon to wit—also that the world was a fair and goodly place, and that he was a fool to convert it into the black hole he had made of it, and would finally wind up with the reflection, tersely expressed by the saying that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

This, from deliberate knowledge and conviction, Ethel felt sure of. So what good had her marriage done? Of course it was pleasant, in a way, to have the admiration and homage of this handsome, agreeable gentleman; but then it was exasperating to see what an absolute piece of perfection he thought her, and to

have such a strong inner conviction that she was a great failure. Sometimes she got very blue and had long fits of weeping, when he was always kind and sympathetic, never ungentle or impatient, and invariably set it down to the fact that she had been thinking about her father. She never corrected him in this, because she had a distressing consciousness of the fact that she grieved for her father and thought of him a great deal less than she had ever borne to believe she would do, and also because a denial of that would involve questionings that it would tease her to have to reply to. Sometimes she would heartily wish herself away from the beautiful countries through which they were traveling, and back in America with Mamie, Daisy, and Bess. But if her husband asked her if she would like to go back for a while, she would always say no, the pleasure of seeing her aunt and cousins not being equal to the pain of going back without her father, and other trials that she might be subjected to. Of course little Mrs. Stirling had been duly notified of all the proceedings regarding the wedding, and had letters describing their subsequent travelings. A description of the presents was sent her, which made her open her big eyes with delight, though Ethel had said in the same letter that nothing was more beautiful than the set of emeralds she and Mr. Stirling had sent, and they were all the more admired and appreciated for coming later than the others. "St. George," she said, was enthusiastic over them, and said the setting was much better than they would have done it in England. And further than this, St. George sent his love, and was looking forward with great delight to coming to see them some time. Mrs. Stirling, who, it will be remembered, favored the union between the English officer and her niece as long ago as when they had been together in Canada, was gleeful over the fact that it had come to pass at last, and Mr. Stirling in his calmer way was no less pleased. Every one seemed to get more happiness out of it than herself, Ethel reflected with a bitter smile; however, it was a fixed thing now, and she supposed it would do very well, and then, as she had said from the first, what better could she have done?

(To be continued.)

"Angels Unawares."

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

SOMETIMES they come as bearded men,
Familiar with life's dusty ways;
They walk beside us all their days,
With calm content beyond our ken.
Sometimes they come in women's dress;
We seek them in our daily needs,
We profit by their kindly deeds,
And sun us in their loveliness.
But oftenest in childhood's guise
They steal our hearts and homes within,
So innocent of guilt and sin,
We shrink before their wondering eyes.
But, ah! their wings are hid from sight,
Until we see them plumed for flight.

Prudence and Penelope.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.



WE met them at our hotel in the White Mountains, last summer, and were struck with their native innocence, simplicity, and diffidence. It was ripe September, and although the days were glorious there, among the majestic old hills, the mornings were quite raw and chilly.

One morning our party rose at dawn, having planned a drive to Mount Deception to see the sun rise over Presidential Range. The inmates of the great busy hotel were not generally astir, but in the low, roomy office, beside the huge cast-iron box-stove, sat two middle-aged women, who, at the first glance, appeared to be plain, homespun, hard-working maidens, taking an outing. A nearer view, however, showed that though their plain, kindly faces bore almost an exact resemblance, and both were dressed in expensive mourning, one of them wore a widow's cap which shaded her soft, gray-streaked hair. A Russia leather traveling-bag, with heavy, silver-plated clasps and other trimmings, occupied a space on the floor between their arm-chairs, and each was nervously grasping an elegant, ebony-handled, silk umbrella.

The air was damp and heavy, and as yet there was no fire in the large stove beside which the two trim little women sat forlornly shivering. They brightened up and looked at each other in pleased surprise when we entered and bid them good-morning, and remarked upon the early hour.

"Sister Penelope would get up," said the one who did not wear the widow's cap. "I told her it was too early, but she wouldn't hear to me."

"And I told sister Prudence," retorted the widow, "that I should do as I was in the habit of doing at home. So, last night, I was early abed, but the music and the 'jigging' kept us awake until after midnight."

"There was a parlor dance," said I, "and guests from the Fabyan, the Crawford, and the Twin Mountains, were here. It was a very pleasant, social time."

"I told Penelope how it would be," said Prudence, with the air of one who has been cheated out of her rights; "but to bed she would go at eight o'clock, and she would have me go with her."

"Of course I wasn't going alone, to be robbed and murdered as likely 's not by a houseful of strangers whom I know nothing about," retorted Penelope. "Ugh!" (with a shiver) "how cold it is here!"

"There ought to be a fire made, surely," said one of the gentlemen of our party, and he went off to find a servant. Not succeeding in his quest about the wood-yard, he brought in a basket of kindlings and fuel, and started a fire himself. Soon the stove was aglow with grateful heat.

"I declare, how good of you, sir!" cried

Penelope. "This fire is inspiring-like. I was terribly homesick for awhile, but I feel better a'ready. It beats all what a handy man you are. Who would have thought of *you* building up a fire?" and she glanced curiously from the gentleman's broad-brimmed soft felt hat down to his embroidered socks and neat, low shoes. "I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, as far as I am concerned."

"And I am much obliged to you as far as I am concerned," echoed Prudence. "The morning air here seems to chill a body through and through. It's different, somehow, from the air by the sea. We are from the shore, and we thought we would have a little change. Mountain folks go to the sea-shore, and shore folks go to the mountains. I don't suppose it makes much difference so they get a different air."

"I don't suppose it makes much difference where *you* go, sister, so you go somewhere and see the fashions," ejaculated Penelope, holding up first one foot, then the other, to warm them by the stove. And I then noticed that both the sisters had on new French kid boots and new, shining, rubber overshoes.

"We didn't intend to lose them, so we put them on," continued Penelope, nodding down to the overshoes.

"They would have been safe in your room with the door locked," we suggested.

"Yes, but we cleared the room of our things when we left it this morning. I didn't mean to pay for a room just to keep overshoes in when we could be wearing them and our bonnets just as well."

It was obvious to me that Penelope had married rather late in life, and that her chief reason for putting on her bonnet was to show the widow's cap in its front; and I couldn't help being a little curious as to her right to wear it.

The morning's fog soon turned into a fine drizzling rain. Our proposed ride had to be given up, and as the crowded rooms above began to send forth their occupants we still stood talking with the unique sisters, who clung to us as if we were old friends.

"It beats all how sociable you seem," said Prudence. "What part of the country are *you* from? I should like to know, because you are the first folks who have spoken to us since we started from home, and Penelope said I mustn't speak first to any one; if I did, folks would think we were from the Cape. For my part I don't think that's anything to be ashamed of, but Penelope pays the bills, and she's been once to New York, so I always do as she says. I ought to, for I have never been anywhere before only around the shore, and I shouldn't have been there if I hadn't been born there."

While Prudence and I had been talking, Emma had strolled over to the parlor croquet-table, and Penelope had followed her. While they were experimenting with the balls I listened to Prudence, as she artlessly and pleasantly chatted on.

"You see, sister Penelope is a widow woman with neither chick nor child, but with a big house and plenty of money, and just as nice a broad, green, turfed-over yard, facing the sea, as ever was, and a croquet in the carriage-house, but she don't dare set it out for

fear the neighbors will laugh and say she is trying to be like city folks.

"This is the way things have come about with us, you see: Penelope and I were twins, and we always looked so much alike nobody could tell us apart. We lived in a pretty little brown house of our own, and used to do sewing, and take care of the sick, and try to fit in and make ourselves useful wherever we were needed. One summer day old Squire Marks's wife was taken sick at his country residence, right above our house, and they sent for Penelope to go and take care of her, and for me to take care of Miss Susie, the Squire's niece, sweet, innocent daughter, who had never stepped a step in her life. Mrs. Marks soon died, and we stayed on and on because Susie grieved so if we, either of us, spoke of going away; and she said nobody else could make her comfortable.

"Mr. Marks did not go back to the city after his wife died, because Susie said the voices of the sea quieted her nerves. After a year or so had passed, old Mr. Marks asked Penelope to marry him, and set it before her as such a matter of duty that she consented, provided I would promise to stay and nurse Susie. The old 'Squire never could tell us apart, hardly, any more than any one else could. He would say, when either of us would go into the room where he was, 'Is this Penelope? I like that name, for it was my mother's'. So I have always told sister that I should have got a husband, and not she, hadn't it been for her name.

"For a wedding tour 'Squire Marks took Penelope to the city to visit his relatives, but their stay was short, and Penelope could never be persuaded to go again. I knew she had had her feelings hurt, although she had never found any fault. She devoted herself to the good, feeble old man and to the dear, decrepit young lady, and I helped to make them comfortable and happy. Neither of the good souls lived long (Susie died a year before her father did), and after they were both dead we found that the 'Squire had willed the great, fine house and lands and all his property to Penelope. So, you see, she's the richest woman now in our county.

"When his nephews and nieces came to the funeral they called us 'interlopers' and 'designing old maids.' Penelope wanted to give up the property to them and go back with me to our little home to live as we did before. But the lawyer who made the will said the old 'Squire knew very well what he was about, for he had talked it over and over with him, and she must not do it; the property was hers, and she must make the best of it.

"So we try to do what good we can as we go along—with our farm produce, our fruit and our flowers, and by giving our poor neighbors a lift in money now and then, and keeping their children at school and academy. There are a good minister and his wife, old friends of 'Squire Marks, city missionaries, and they send down poor, tired women and sickly children to live in our little house. And they send down tired working girls to visit us, so that we always have the great chambers in the great house occupied. Then, Penelope is always having work done that we really

don't need, for the sake of giving some poor person something to do. That's how we happen to have these whole brand-new suits; it was a dull time with the village milliner and dressmaker.

"Yes, Penelope spends all of her income, over and above our simple wants, in doing good in a quiet way, and she is dreadfully afraid some one will find out about her charities, and think she is parading her money. Mr. Marks's relations in the city treated her so that ever since she has been reluctant to meet ladies and gentlemen. You see, she hasn't confidence in them. When she gets through with this world she means to establish a free high-school down on the shore, where poor boys and girls can get a good, practical education; that's what she's got at heart. I coaxed her to come up here, because she hasn't been very well this summer. But she don't enjoy herself, and she says she shall go back to-day.

"I don't enjoy it myself as well as I thought I should. The mountains aren't so very high, nor the scenery so very wild. I thought this was a place where the public-houses were far apart, and that there were farm-houses about here where one could find board and be able to judge whether mountain folks were like shore folks. There are people enough here, to be sure, but they are all from away off, and they are in such a hurry. As I said before, you are the first ones that have spoken to us here, and you have chirked us up so we shall go home quite happy."

"I won the game!" said Penelope, eagerly, coming back to us just then, "but I guess the young lady let me. And now, really," with a sudden lapse into her habitual air, "do you think it's wicked to play croquet?"

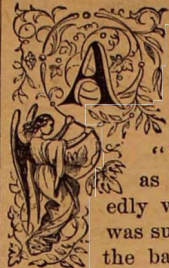
"Certainly not," said I, "and I would put my croquet set out on my beautiful green lawn facing the sea, and my weary visitors should—"

"Prudence! what have you been telling?" interrupted the widow, looking as severely as her kindly face would permit at her sister. Prudence looked convicted, and glanced half reproachfully toward me. I felt guilty as if I had betrayed a trust, and as the breakfast bell sounded I followed in the wake of the Russia leather bag and the silk umbrellas to the table.

"We intended to go on this train, too, as far as Woodville," said Penelope half an hour later, as we shook hands with the sisters and bade them good-by, "but I paid our bill and found it was the same whether we stayed to dinner or not, so I shall not go till afternoon. I don't pay for dinners that I don't eat."

"Just like Penelope," whispered Prudence, as she went with me along the plank walk to the car door, carrying for me my birch-bark canoe of growing ferns and mountain ivy, "and she isn't stingy either; but she won't be imposed upon if she can help it. I should much rather go this morning. I want to get off these tight boots and get on my home slippers. Good-by. We shall not forget any of you, for we are glad to know there are folks that are not afraid to be pleasant to strangers, if they don't know their whole pedigree, and you've brightened up our trip wonderfully."

Bingen on the Rhine.



AND that scrap of paper in a bottle was the only news ever received of the ill-fated vessel?"

"Yes, Madge," was the answer, as the speaker played abstractedly with the oars wherewith she was supposed to be navigating along the banks of the classic Rhine, the light craft in which were seated herself and her companion. "Think what a strange, unfitting messenger for such a terrible tale of woe! Probably just such a commonplace affair as this one that hospitable Frau Fischer insisted upon putting into our lunch-basket before we left the hotel this morning—but what a mission it had to perform!"

For a moment a shadow of gravity seemed settling upon the face of the elder of the two ladies—Madge Percival—whom neither the wear and tear of three years of married life, nor the possession of twin responsibilities kicking at home in the cradle, had sufficed to change very materially from the merry, mischief-loving girl of a few years before, or fitted in the least—in the opinion of some of her acquaintances—for the position she was now filling, that of chaperon to pretty Florence Davis.

At last she broke the silence by a half laugh. "I declare, Florry, we are actually making ourselves miserable over a tragedy of thirty years ago; let us think of something more cheerful. Who can we send a message to in Frau Fischer's bottle, which I see, by the way, we have nearly emptied?"

"I don't know," responded Florence, readily chiming in with her companion's mood. "Ask the Loreley if she never finds combing her golden hair growing just a little monotonous; or send some tender missive for the benefit of the picnic party a mile down the river. You know the river makes such a sudden bend just there, that the bottle would almost certainly be thrown on shore."

"Capital!" cried Madge, clapping her hands gayly. "I am just longing for a harmless adventure. We will write something that will bring the possible finder here to the park—say to-morrow afternoon—and we will be concealed somewhere near to see what sort of a creature we have deluded. It will give us something to look forward to for a whole day, which, in this stagnant stronghold of intense respectability and *ennui*, is not to be despised. By the way, perhaps Tom will have something to tell us about it this evening. You know he has gone to the picnic."

"O Madge, you are not in earnest!" exclaimed Florence, a sudden change coming over her animated face. "What would Tom say? You know how absurdly particular he is about such things."

But as Tom was only Madge's cousin, and she did not happen to be, like her companion, engaged to him, she dismissed this objection rather summarily. "Nonsense!" she remarked. "Tom will never be the wiser,

for, of course, we will keep our own counsel. It is no matter anyway. Now, Florence, empty out those few drops of lemon-juice, and help me think of something to write on this slip of paper."

After mature deliberation and much consultation, the bottle was at last thrown far out into the middle of the river, where the current was swiftest, carrying the not particularly brilliant message: "The finder of this article will be suitably rewarded upon returning the same to the owners in the park near the Hotel de Russie, at Bingen, to-morrow, Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock."

"That is innocent enough, and surely can't compromise us in the least!" exclaimed Madge, as the friends watched the bottle bobbing and dancing as gayly through the waves as if it were the bearer of joy instead of sorrow, until it disappeared in the distance. "We will put on those long new water-proofs that came home last evening, and tie up our heads in veils, so that our best friends would not recognize us, after which we will sally forth into the park and see what happens. You needn't look so dubious, you silly child! Of course we will not show ourselves, but in case of any accident, our disguise will not be amiss."

"I haven't the slightest anxiety," remarked Florence, rather mischievously. "We shall probably see no one more alarming than the park tender, or some of that army of decrepit invalids from the hotel out for an airing, or perhaps that hoary old Frenchman who seems such a slave to your *beaux yeux*. I don't believe a stranger of any other description has been seen in Bingen for a month!"

The next afternoon a certain small summer-house well hidden by trees near the entrance of the park was occupied by two young ladies whose pretty figures were totally concealed by long, gray cloaks, while thick, blue veils covered their bright faces and eager eyes, which seemed watching so intently for some one or something. There was a threatening of rain in the air, and violent gusts of wind seemed to have swept entirely from the park the loungers whose favorite afternoon resort it was, leaving the two ladies its sole tenants, until the acute ears of the elder caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Listen, Florence," she whispered in much excitement. "I believe the game is entrapped!"

Both the ladies leaned forward, gazing in breathless silence, until, sure enough, two gentlemen strolled leisurely through the gates, though, unfortunately, they turned in the other direction, giving the watchers only a view of their backs.

"O, my prophetic soul!" murmured Madge, for she, of course, was the speaker. "What is that I see peering out from beneath that gray coat-sleeve but the neck of Frau Fischer's black bottle! But, Florry," she continued eagerly, "there is something remarkably familiar about that big pair of feet and shocking bad hat. Can any one in this neighborhood but Tom rejoice in such possessions! The other gentleman has a much more distinguished air. How provoking that we can't see their faces!"

A few moments of silence followed, as the

two friends looked after the receding figures of the gentlemen; then Madge spoke again:

"I must go a little further, Florry, to where we can see them when they turn that corner. We will keep well behind the trees, and afterward steal quietly home; though, if it should be Tom—"

What was to happen, if it turned out to be that individual, she did not mention; but her manner caused some uneasiness to the less intrepid Florence, who followed her a few steps rather anxiously as she cautiously emerged from their hiding place.

Sure enough, it was Tom Hewison, and the spirit of mischief took possession of Madge's breast. Dauntlessly she stepped out into the graveled walk and awaited the approach of the two gentlemen who hastened toward her, while Florence stood at a little distance, only half hidden by a large oak. The next moment unsuspecting Tom was bowing low before this exceedingly reprehensible chaperon, and the tall, handsome, fair-haired stranger made his way toward her trembling charge.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to the fair owner of this—this article?" began Tom, with his most deferential manner, bringing into view the very unromantic-looking bottle; but the capital joke Madge was about to play on her cousin was suddenly nipped in the bud. A quick, startled cry was heard from Florence, a pair of hands were thrown wildly up into the air. What was the trick which the malicious wind had played upon our heroines, and so unexpectedly reduced all their carefully-laid plans to naught? Florence's veil had become unfastened, a sudden wild gust had seized it, and was now whirling it about in mad delight far above the green top of the oak, while Florence's lovely, frightened face and soft, fair hair were revealed to the admiring gaze of the stranger, who, with the utmost politeness, in rather broken English poured forth voluble regrets for the accident, the sincerity of which his eyes very plainly contradicted.

Tom started forward, with the greatest astonishment and annoyance pictured on his usually so good-natured face, but Madge laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "who could have believed that my modest Florence would ever be seen in such a position? You, too, Madge—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted his cousin loftily, though consternation had taken possession of her at the sight of the vexation in Tom's eyes. "It was entirely my doing. Florence is here rather against her will, and I suppose you hardly intend to lecture a married woman, who certainly is responsible to no one but her husband!" This with an amount of dignity and *hauteur* seldom expressed by five feet three inches of womanhood, and which must have impressed her auditor deeply, though he went on savagely twisting his mustache and staring jealously at the pair a little distance away among the trees, the gentleman speaking with so much *empressement* and evident desire to please, the lady listening with such bewitching smiles and blushes.

"It was the most harmless joke," continued Madge in another tone, "in which we never intended to be visible at all, had you not so unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Anyway, Tom, how can you be unreasonable enough to be angry with Florence, when you so evidently are at the beck and call of any girl in the neighborhood?"

But Tom was not yet appeased, and Madge's next remark only seemed to add fuel to the flame. "Now that you have brought about this meeting, don't you think it would be rather more *convenient* to introduce your friend?"

"That's rather easier said than done," was the testy answer, "for I haven't the faintest notion who the fellow is. He was strolling about the picnic grounds yesterday, and fastened himself on to me. He was in the boat with me when I picked up this infernal bottle, and so accompanied me to the hotel last evening, as he says he is just strolling about the neighborhood with nothing particular to do. He seems to have an unconquerable objection to telling his name, and it is your own fault if you have added a swindler or a thief to your list of acquaintances!"

"O Tom!" gasped Madge, utterly subdued and aghast at this horrible suggestion. "Hadn't we better rescue Florry from his hands and start for home?"

"Just what I was thinking," answered Tom shortly, but at this moment Florence and her attendant approached.

"I suppose Madge has been explaining the situation, Tom," said Florence, glancing deprecatingly at her lover, while the stranger spoke a few courteous words to Madge, ending by asking the ladies' permission to accompany the party on their walk back to the hotel.

Madge, in whose mind the dreadful words, "swindler—thief," were excluding every other idea, gave a not very cordial assent, and she with Tom reluctantly followed the stranger and Florence, who had tossed her head somewhat defiantly at the sight of Tom's disapproving glances and significant silence, and now seemed resolved to try to atone to her companion for her friend's coldness.

At the door of the hotel the ladies parted with their attendants, after the fair-haired stranger had expressed a hope that he might be allowed to call the next day, with "his friend, Mr. Hewison."

Florence went silently and thoughtfully up the long staircase, but paused at the top to ask her friend rather dreamily, "What do you think of him, Madge?"

"Who—Tom?" asked that lady, demurely. "He certainly seems rather sulky."

"Nonsense!" answered the girl, shortly. "That is a matter of perfect indifference to me. I mean the stranger."

"Well, isn't his nose a little lumpy, dear?" answered mendacious Madge, now thoroughly uncomfortable and conscience-stricken at her share in this affair which was becoming so perplexing, "and don't you think he is a trifle bow-legged? Tom's legs, now—"

"Where are your eyes to-day, Madge? I don't think I ever saw a handsomer or more

agreeable man. I don't care in the least to hear about Tom's legs," and the next moment Madge was left to her own devices.

The visitor appeared the following day, accompanied by reluctant Tom, and the day after without him. This time—to Madge's vexation—she was out, leaving Florence to receive the visit alone. The girl was growing strangely preoccupied and silent, and scarcely vouchsafed a word or look to Tom, whose anger had evaporated as quickly as it had arisen, and who, as time went on—each day making the stranger's presence a more familiar feature in their little circle, and seeming to estrange himself and Florence more—watched the girl with a heart so full of pain, and eyes speaking such wounded love, that Madge, in utter despair, wrote a long letter to her husband, penitently confessing the whole transaction and its consequences, and asking advice in the emergency.

"I suppose it would do no good to shake them both, like a pair of foolish children!" she wrote, "and I have tried everything else. Poor Tom's unhappiness makes my heart ache, and I can do nothing for him. He tries every means in his power to please Florence, but, although she never quarrels with him, her provoking languor and indifference, when this stranger is not present, are almost worse. The man seems to exercise some fascination over her. I can't think she loves him, though he certainly is wonderfully attractive. How can we get rid of him while Florence so persistently smiles upon him? I have tried scolding, reasoning, coaxing, leaving Florence and Tom alone together, keeping them apart, giving them the most delightful little opportunities for reconciliation, but everything fails. I can't understand Florence; she used to confide every thought and wish to me—now she is so silent and reserved. But I know she is not happy, for I have surprised her crying more than once lately.

"Oh, that man—that man! Poor, faithful Tom must not be allowed to suffer this way. What *shall* I do, Charlie?"

The day after this letter was dispatched, Tom strolled moodily into Madge's sitting-room, and after staring silently out of the window for some time at a diminutive German making mud-pies in the gutter below, announced suddenly: "I have made a discovery, Madge. My 'friend,' yonder, is no longer a nameless stranger."

"O Tom!" cried his cousin, her mind filled with the most direful misgivings. "Tell me quick; which is it, a thief or a murderer?"

"Neither—Madge," answered the young man, smiling somewhat bitterly. "Unless the address of an envelope, which he dropped in my room, lies, he is nothing less than His Highness, the hereditary Prince of Saxe—Florence may be proud of her conquest, for he raves of her continually."

"A prince!" gasped Madge, too utterly amazed to realize that for a moment she had almost hoped that some disgraceful revelation was about to intervene in Tom's behalf to separate Florence and her inconvenient ad-

mirer. What will Florry say! Does he know that he is discovered?"

"Yes," answered Tom, a little wearily; "I returned the letter, and he acknowledged the truth. It was sure to come out sooner or later, you know, and it is only strange that his incognito remained a whole week unsuspected. He is coming here this afternoon to call *in propria persona*."

"Tom, did you never tell him of your engagement?" asked Madge, gazing with intense compassion into her companion's haggard face.

"Certainly not," was the answer. "Florence and I agreed to keep it secret for a time, and I will not break faith with her. I think I shall leave Bingen in a day or two," added the young man, slowly, after a pause. "I have been making too heavy a drain upon your sympathy for the last week, my kind-hearted little cousin, and Florence certainly would be happier without me. What chance has a plain, unpretentious American like my unworthy self, against His Highness the Prince?"

"O Tom — Tom!" exclaimed Madge, almost sobbing with compassion; but just then Florence entered the room, and Tom was gone.

How the young girl received the startling communication which Madge then and there somewhat resentfully made to her, did not transpire. It seemed to the elder lady's watchful eyes that, when later their distinguished acquaintance made his appearance, her charge's manner was a trifle more reserved than usual, and an hour after, as Madge passed along the corridor, she was sure she heard muffled sobs proceeding from Florence's room. "Stupid!" muttered Madge, hardening her heart wrathfully, for her temper was growing a little soured, and passed on to relieve her mind by administering a spanking to each twin, "just for nothing at all!" as the aggrieved nurse afterward asserted to the lady's maid.

The answer which Mr. Charles Percival sent, a day or two later, to his wife's appeal for advice, was eminently concise and sensible, but did not altogether satisfy the lady. "Let them alone, dear," he wrote. "If they care for each other, matters are sure to settle themselves, while interference will only set them further asunder."

Madge was standing at the window, pondering rather ruefully over this counsel, while Florence was languidly turning over the pages of a novel. It was very quiet in the narrow street below, where the only signs of life seemed to be a dog-fight going on in the gutter. Soon a new feature appeared: a sickly, old blind beggar—a well-known object of charity and compassion with our friends—guided by his dog. As they drew nearer, the dog scented the warfare in the gutter, and grew rather restless and unmanageable but his master was clinging too tightly to the rope which held him, to allow of release.

"O Florry, come — come!" was Madge's sudden indignant cry. "How can any one be so heartless?" and her friend was immediately beside her, looking with flashing eyes at the scene below.

Just as the beggar was crossing the street, two drunken loafers had staggered out of a

saloon opposite, and seeing the dog's endeavors to escape, one of them reeled forward and, with a drunken laugh, cut the rope which restrained him. The next moment the old man stood helpless and alone in the street, not understanding what had happened, calling "Fritz! Fritz!" at first piteously, then almost frantically, as he heard the noise of a carriage dashing down the street, and did not know which way to turn.

"Madge, I must go to help him!" cried Florence in the greatest excitement; but her friend detained her. Who were these new actors who suddenly appeared upon the scene, the taller of whom, with angry eyes, darted forward so indignantly, and with a well-directed blow felled to the ground the ruffian who had played the cowardly trick? Then, after leading the trembling old man to a seat in front of the hotel, with an energetic kick he separated the combatants in the gutter, and restored the beggar's dog to its owner. Who was this but our friend Tom, and who was his companion who remained standing on the pavement, regarding the scene with a rather supercilious air, an expression of well-bred astonishment at his friend Hewison's singular behavior, on his aristocratic face? Who was he? None other than His Highness the hereditary Prince of Saxe —. What had a Prince to do with such an altogether unpleasant old pauper? So, after shrugging his shoulders deprecatingly, he strolled on, while Tom, after speaking a few quieting words to the frightened old man, entered the hotel.

Madge watched her companion eagerly as the young girl gazed breathlessly out of the window during the above occurrences, her face one moment bright with a sort of glad, proud triumph, the next clouded with something very like shame and remorse. Finally, as the little street once more returned to its wonted quiet, with a burst of tears she turned to her friend and cried, "O Madge, Madge, I am so unhappy! What shall I do?"

"Ask Tom, dear," answered Madge, softly.

Half an hour later, Tom entered the room, with all the excitement gone from his face, and his eyes full, instead of the weary despondency which had of late settled so heavily upon the usually light-hearted young man. "I found a letter from America down-stairs for you, Madge," he began, but the sentence was never finished.

Was this modest, shy Florence Davis who so suddenly emerged from the shadows, and without the slightest encouragement or invitation impetuously threw her arms around Tom's neck, and in a voice broken with sobs cried, excitedly, "Tom, dear Tom! can you ever forgive me for allowing my fancy, for it was nothing more, to wander from you even for a day?"

Madge waited for no more. She had seen the glad light leap into Tom's dark eyes, and closing the door softly on the lovers, ran joyfully up-stairs for a merry game of romps with the twins, maliciously anticipating all the time the approaching discomfiture of His Highness the Prince, who, by-the-way, discovered two days later that important matters of state imperatively called for his presence at home.

Sweethearts.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

"O love! Young love!
Let saints and cynics cavil as they will,
One throb of yours is worth whole years of ill."

I.



LARGE stone house standing back among great, towering, leafy trees; oaks and poplars that canopy the winding drives, and throw their shadows over the broad, level lawns and sloping terraces. An October afternoon is fading into twilight, the air is chill with the promise of winter, the sun is giving to the world its good-night kiss—not passionately, with a warm embrace that leaves its remembrance the whole night through, as was its wont a brief two months ago, but coolly, unaffectionately, as if to say: "You are not so bright and gay now as you were; you are growing old and sober, and I have ceased to love you."

Among the leaves, that are changing their summer livery of green for their autumn suits of brown and red and yellow, the golden robin and the purple finch are caroling their even-song.

In the village, over the hill, a church-clock is striking five. As the last echo dies away, the house-door is opened hastily, and a young man, followed by a young woman, races madly out onto the broad doorstep.

"Indeed, I *must* go, Lou," he says, as the young woman lays a detaining hand upon the sleeve of his gray shooting-jacket. "The train is due at the station at six, and I haven't had any supper yet."

Lou puts on an injured expression that is not at all unbecoming. A rather pretty girl she is, with great brown eyes, pouting red lips, and rosy cheeks that never knew a touch of rouge in all their lives—a girl neither short nor tall, but with a form as plump and round as ever charmed the heart of man.

"And you think more of your supper than you do of me," she says, dejectedly.

"I am foolish, I know," he goes on, "but I'm not quite so far gone that I can't eat. Perhaps it's because you won't give me enough love to live on."

Lou looks up at him, laughing.

"What a goose you are!" she says.

"Thank you, I am well aware of it. If you *must* flatter me, please use some appellation I am unaccustomed to; you've called me a goose at least ten times since I came here to bid you good-by."

"And I did right, too," she affirms; "you *are* a goose, and nothing else."

"I once read that when a woman calls a man a goose it's a sure sign she is in love with him. If I could only believe that, I'd not object to the title in the least."

"Harry Tavistock!" she exclaims, "you are getting worse and worse."

"I know it," he says, starting down the steps, "and so I'm off. Good-by!"

"Stop!" Lou exclaims again, making another grab at the coat-sleeve, determined that he shall not escape from her; "wait just a minute till I get my hat, and I'll walk as far as the road with you. Will you promise not to run away while I am gone?"

"If you are not too long," he answers.

Tavistock takes a cigar from his case and calmly lights it while he is waiting. He is a tall, handsome young fellow, slender but muscular. Scarcely more than a lad—just turned twenty-two—but a man in build and mind, if not in years.

A minute later Miss Renan reappears, and the two go off together down the broad, shaded avenue.

"The branches cross above their eyes,
The skies are in a net."

"And so you are really going," she says, looking up at him from under the brim of her Gainsborough.

"I am really going," he replies, sadly.

"The dream of your life is realized, isn't it? You have at last secured an engagement at the Gayety!"

"That is only one of my dreams," Tavistock says, sending a wreath of blue smoke circling up into the clear, still air.

"But it is your greatest, isn't it?" Lou asks. "Your ambition, ever since you came from England, has been to have a chance to show American audiences how certain comedy parts should be played, hasn't it?"

"Yes, I should like to show them what sort of a fellow *George D'Alroy* is, and *Lord Beaufoy*, and half a dozen others." He is an admirer of Robertson.

"And why aren't you happy, now that you have the opportunity?"

There is a hidden smile lurking about the corners of Miss Renan's pretty little mouth. She can guess almost to a word what this love-sick young fellow at her side is going to say.

"Because," he replies, turning up the fallen leaves with the end of his walking-stick, "because it takes me away from you?"

"O ho! And so you're sad over parting, are you? Don't let us bid each other good-by in the way Byron writes about:

'When we two parted in silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted to sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold, colder thy kiss.'

I hate these sad, romantic farewells, and besides, we're not going to sever for years. You're coming back in a month or two, aren't you?"

"I should like to, Lou, but—" and he stops, undecided whether to tell her of a conversation he has had this afternoon with Mrs. Renan in the library.

"But what? Is there any reason *why* you shouldn't come down Sundays?"

"None, except that, under the circumstances, I shouldn't care to."

"Ah, indeed! That is to say that you will have so much more agreeable company in New York that you will not care to come back to little Stratford, eh? Thank you" (with an air of offended dignity); "pray *don't* come. *Under the circumstances* I wouldn't think of having you come."

Tavistock is up in arms on the instant.

"What a delightful judge of human nature you are, Lou!" he says, stepping close to her side, and slipping an arm unforbidden about her shapey waist. "Do I look like a man who is rushing gladly to pleasant company, and flying from that which is an intolerable bore?"

Lou looks rather ashamed of herself, and answers, meekly:

"No, not exactly."

"Then what makes you talk such nonsense? You know I hate to leave you, that I shall feel lost without you near by, where I can at least get a look at you once in a while."

"Then why shouldn't you care to come down Sundays?" the girl asks, penitently.

"Because," Tavistock replies, resolved to hide nothing, "your mother has very politely informed me that I shall not be welcome; in a word, that she abhors theaters, despises actors, and disapproves of the drama generally, and therefore requested me, after to-day, not to set foot on her premises."

Miss Renan turns to him a face mantled in astonishment.

"O Harry!" she says, "did ma really tell you that?"

"Most decidedly."

"And then, I suppose," she goes on, with a touch of coquetry, "that there is no hope of our seeing each other again for an age, unless I could by some chance go up to visit Uncle Edward, and he would take me to the Gayety."

Tavistock is at a loss to understand her. Does she really care anything for him? he thinks. If she does, how can she speak of a separation with such apparent light-heartedness?

They have come to the big wrought-iron carriage-gates now. They are spread wide open, and Tavistock is standing with his arm resting on one of their many bended circles, while Miss Renan, directly in front of him, is gazing up into his face, puzzling him with her mischievous twinkling eyes.

"Do you really care anything about me, Lou?" he says, suddenly throwing down his cigar and seizing the two fair, plump little hands that she has been holding temptingly in front of her. "Do you love me, as you once confessed you did?"

The girlish head drops instantly. The mischievous twinkle has scampered off, and in its stead the tears are slowly welling up.

"Can't you answer me?" he goes on. "Sometimes I think maybe you are playing with me; that you want amusement, and think I am a convenient toy. Tell me, now that I am going away, whether I am right in thinking so."

She is silent for an instant, then her hands twitch nervously, and she raises her face to his.

"O Harry!" she cries, passionately; "you *know* that I love you."

His arms are about her in an instant. Her head rests lovingly upon his shoulder.

The minutes are rushing by at headlong speed.

"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast."

All about are dark gray shadows. The song of the birds has ceased. The hum of

insects only breaks the quiet of the calm evening air.

"Is your love equal to a test, darling?" Tavistock says, as he kisses the girl's flushed cheek.

She looks up at him disappointedly.

"Is it necessary that you test it?" she asks. "Can't you believe in it without?"

"I do believe in it; I only want to know whether it would make a sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice can it make?"

"You will think me selfish, I am afraid," Tavistock goes on, "awfully selfish! I can't bear to leave you, Lou. *I want you to come with me.*"

They are foolish words—impracticable they would seem—but they come bubbling up from the depths of his big loving heart, and to him the proposition does not appear at all irrational.

The girl breaks away from his embrace and stands gazing at him in the dusky light.

"Go with you!" she repeats in a dazed manner, hardly realizing the meaning of the words. "Go and leave mother?"

Tavistock looks at her solemnly.

"The choice is between your mother and me, Lou. She will never *consent* to our marriage; if you will not marry me without her consent, I must give you up."

"O Harry!" she moans, stretching out her arms to him as he turns to leave; "don't say that; you know that I would go; you know how dearly I love you; but mother would be so angry—so hurt."

Again he goes back to her, and taking her two hands in his, bends down and presses his lips to hers in one long passionate kiss.

"Good-by, darling," he says, calmly; and that is all. Not a word of reproach; not a whisper upon which a hope for the future can find a resting-place.

Then he goes quickly out through the wide gateway, down the darkening road, leaving behind him the only woman in all the land that owns his love. While she—doubting whether her decision was not harsh and cruel, half tempted to run after him, to go with him at all hazards—stands alone at the end of the gloomy avenue.

II.

A SPRING afternoon in Central Park. The air is laden with many odors of newly-opened flowers. The lilacs are spreading abroad their delicate, sweet perfume; May roses and violets are blooming in shady nooks and sequestered valleys; "the laughing soil" is dotted with daisies and buttercups. Robins are flitting about among the fresh green leaves, and bluebirds with merry-voiced glee are welcoming the bright, warm sunshine. The trees are nodding familiarly to each other across the drives, unheeding the swarm of vehicles that is passing between them—barouches, landaus, victorias, broughams, coupés, phaetons, dog-carts—and occasionally, driven by one of the metropolitan aristocrats, a four-in-hand drag. It has rained this morning—a gentle shower that was sufficient to lay the dust—and the driving this afternoon is all that heart can desire. The walk at the side of the principal drive is crowded with fashionably-dressed

pedestrians on their way to and from the Mall. For a moment all eyes are turned upon a stylishly-appointed dog-cart, with two horses driven tandem, that has just turned into the park at the Fifty-ninth street entrance. A strikingly-handsome young fellow, looking every inch a gentleman, is skillfully tooling the mettlesome bays among the crush of carriages. He is speaking laughingly to a well-dressed man who sits beside him—a man evidently his senior, but with a frank, pleasant face, and an unmistakable air of good-nature. A liveried groom sits with folded arms, stiff and motionless, behind them. As they bowl along up the drive, the black and yellow of the dog-cart and the silver mountings of the harness glistening in the spring sunlight, they are welcomed by smiling faces, gracious bows, and a general raising of hats.

"Who was that, my dear?" asks Mrs. Templeton of her husband, who has just graciously doffed his beaver.

They are lolling back in the luxurious cushions of their landau, and are returning from an afternoon drive to Kingsbridge.

"Didn't you recognize them?" replies Mr. Templeton, in surprise at his wife's want of perception. "It was Tavistock, the leading man at the Gayety, and Sothern, the comedian."

"Harry Tavistock! Well, I declare, and I did *so* want to get a look at him off the stage. The girls are nearly wild about him, you know; and their conversation nowadays is nothing but Harry Tavistock, Harry Tavistock, Harry Tavistock."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear!" puts in Templeton. "The girls haven't the least bit of a chance with the boy. He's engaged. Been engaged for dear knows how long. Going to marry my sister's daughter—Emily's daughter, you know—Louise."

"Who ever told you that, Edward?" asks the lady, whose eyes are suddenly transformed into saucers. "I hadn't an idea the Renans knew him."

"Oh! yes, he used to live down at Stratford. His uncle has a place there, and he and Louise were like brother and sister."

"But are you sure they are engaged, my dear?"

"Sure! Well, I expect they are; it's more than probable they are. If they're not, you may rest assured they ought to be."

Mrs. Templeton says no more for some minutes. The carriage is jogging along down the avenue.

"What are they playing at the Gayety now?" she asks.

"Ours."

"Won't you get tickets, my dear? I should so like to see Tavistock as the young lieutenant; or does he aspire to Chalcot?"

"No; Wallack is the Sir Hugh, and Harry plays Angus McAllister."

"When shall we go?"

"To-morrow, if it suits you."

So, when to-morrow evening comes, Mrs. Templeton, attired in silks and satins, and Mr. Templeton, in decorous broadcloth and snowy linen, get into their brougham and are rattled down to the Gayety.

It is just two minutes after eight when they go in through the lobby, past the long string impatiently trying to buy seats at this the very last minute, through the crowd of tobacco-worshipers who are taking their farewell puffs preparatory to half an hour's abstinence, past the lusty-voiced boy with the opera-glasses, into the yellow glare of the theater and the inevitable odor of escaped gas. The house is very well filled to-night. A small sea of heads and bonnets surges between the entrance and the brightly-colored curtain with its "Scene on the Rhein." The ushers, in shabby swallow-tail coats and not the cleanest of white ties, are busy seating the crowd who always make it a point to come late. Scarcely have Mr. and Mrs. Templeton taken their seats when the orchestra bursts into the opening chords of the overture. There is a rustle of programmes, and an instantaneous hush of the buzz of conversation. The director waves his baton with laudable energy, in answer to which the bows go darting rapidly up and down, bringing forth harmonious squeakings from the violins, while the hard-blowing cornet players, fast growing red in the face, manfully force the music from their hoarse-voiced instruments.

Presently there is a grand flourish, and the music has stopped. The lights all over the house suddenly grow dim, while the foot-lights on the stage flare up with unwonted brilliancy. Then the silvery tinkle of a bell breaks the almost absolute silence, and the "Scene on the Rhein" goes rolling upward.

You, who have seen Robertson's charming little comedy of "Ours," know how it opens, with a scene in an English park on an autumn afternoon. In the foreground, grand old oaks with spreading leafy branches, moss-covered, comfortable-looking bowlders, and banks of velvety-green turf; while in the distance, rolling, sun-flecked meadows sweeping away and melting into blue sky and fleecy cloud; Hugh Chalcot asleep under the trees in an out-of-the-way corner, while Sergeant Jones and a game-keeper discuss the subject of twins. Then the heroine and her companion—Blanche and Mary—come on, and each goes naturally and gracefully through her part.

Mr. Templeton is rather bored by this introductory. He has seen it a dozen or more times before in London and here, and knows it almost by heart. He is impatiently awaiting the appearance of Tavistock. The ladies and the Prince have gone off now to visit the Jones "Gemini." Chalcot is for a moment alone on the stage.

"Ah, now!" says Templeton to himself; "now for the old Colonel and then for Angus."

As he speaks, Col. Sir Alexander Shendryn, looking a fine, portly, old gentleman, stalks slowly down the stage, and consults Chalcot on the subject of some bad news he has had by post.

Templeton cannot but admire this bit of acting. It is so intensely real. The voice and manner are perfect. So interested is he in the part that when the old gentleman has walked off at the left he does not for a moment notice McAllister, who comes strolling on at the right.

As he hears Chalcot's remark—"Just got

in, eh?"—he looks up, and is on the verge of joining in the faint applause which has started up in the balcony, when he suddenly sees that it is not Tavistock who is playing the lieutenant. It is the actor who usually plays Captain Samprey. It is evident that others also have noticed this change in the cast. An audible murmur of disappointment ripples over the parquet.

"Tavistock isn't on," Mr. Templeton remarks to his wife, disgustedly; "isn't it a beastly shame?"

And Mr. Templeton is extremely worried by this non-appearance. All through the remainder of the act he turns over in his mind various possible causes for the young man's absence, and when the curtain falls he leaves his top-coat in his seat, informs Mrs. Templeton that he is going to make inquiries, and hurries around to the stage-door.

The lamp over the entrance flickers in the cool breeze of the early spring evening. Mr. Templeton rings the bell hastily.

"Is Mr. Tavistock here this evening?" he asks, when at last the door is opened.

"Yes, sir," replies the man, "he is."

"Can I see him?"

"I'll take your card, sir, if you'll step inside."

So inside Mr. Templeton steps, and waits in a dreary passage while the man goes off with the card.

Presently he returns.

"Mr. Tavistock's compliments, sir, and he will be pleased to see you after the play."

"Tell him I shall be here directly after," Mr. Templeton says, and goes back to Mrs. Templeton rather more puzzled than ever.

When the curtain has fallen on the last act, the foot-lights have suddenly gone out, and there is a general putting on of top-coats and hats, Mr. Templeton tells Mrs. Templeton that he must ask her to ride home by herself, as he has promised to meet Harry Tavistock; so he puts her into the brougham, and goes back to the stage-door again.

The rank and file of "Ours" are loitering about the portal. The door-keeper recognizes Mr. Templeton, shows him in, and leads him along the gloomy passage into the well-lighted and comfortably furnished green-room.

Several of the company are standing about chatting previous to their departure for their respective homes. The Prince Petrovski and Sergeant Jones are discussing the merits of a certain brand of cigars, while Captain Samprey and Mary Netlay, holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's faces, are making up a little love quarrel.

Mr. Templeton sits down to await the appearance of Mr. Tavistock, who has not yet emerged from his dressing-room.

After some minutes he comes in, his handsome face bright and cheery, his top-coat setting off rather than hiding the graceful outline of his figure.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Templeton," he says smilingly, as he shakes the gentleman's hand, "and I'm delighted to see you. Until yesterday afternoon in the Park, I hadn't laid eyes on you for months. But come; shan't we go up to Delmonico's and have some supper?"

And so, before Mr. Templeton has had time to ask an explanation—before he can get in one question of the many: Why did you not play Angus? How is it you are here and not playing? and so forth, and so forth—the young man has led him out of the theater, hustled him into a coupé that is in waiting, and chatted away to him until they are fairly inside Delmonico's, seated at a table and giving their order for supper.

"And now, Harry," says Mr. Templeton, while they are waiting for the *garçon* to bring on the "*rol au vent de ris de veau*," the glare of many lights all about them, and the soft hum of conversation filling their ears, "do tell me why you disappointed us all as you did."

"Disappointed you!" repeats Tavistock, surprisedly. "How?"

"By not playing to-night. Did you arrive too late, or what was the matter?"

"But, I *did* play!" he says.

Mr. Templeton looks at him questioningly.

"Play! Come, come, my dear boy, you can't tell me you were the McAllister in 'Ours' to-night."

"No!" laughing, "I was not the McAllister, I was the Colonel Shendryn."

"The deuce you were!"

"Yes; the old gentleman was too ill to-night to go on, and there was no one to fill his place, so I volunteered, and Benton, who usually plays Samprey, took my part."

"Give me your hand," exclaims Templeton, admiringly. "You deserve praise, my dear fellow. John Gilbert himself couldn't have done better, and Mr. Ray, at the Prince of Wales, was nothing to compare with you. Your acting was superb."

"Thanks," says Harry. "I rather flatter myself, my make-up was pretty good."

"Excellent, excellent. Your make-up was perfect, and your voice and manners as true to life as could be. By the by, Harry, how does that little affair of yours come on? When am I to have you for a nephew?"

Tavistock is silent for a moment he looks across the room, and is aware that several people are bowing to him. He gathers a smile upon his handsome face and bows in return.

"Excuse me," Mr. Templeton goes on, leaning on the table and looking steadily at the young man's face, "I didn't know you had made a change in your affections. A New York belle has won them, has she?"

"No," says Harry, returning the gaze, "I'm still in the same boat, Mr. Templeton. As Benedict says: 'I do suffer love indeed!' But I fear there is no hope of my ever becoming your nephew."

The supper has come now, and as they eat, Tavistock lays before his friend all the circumstances of how Mrs. Renan forbade him the house; how a letter he had sent to Lou had been received by Mrs. Renan and returned to him unopened; how, when he had run down home of a Sunday, he had seen Lou at church, and she had acted as though unaware of his presence, though he was sure she saw him.

"It's a beastly shame," says Mr. Templeton, emphatically; "the idea of any woman being so prejudiced! My dear boy, I believe

you *are* in love with the girl. Confound it all, if you weren't you'd be so disgusted with her mother, and her own seemingly bad behavior to you, that you'd have given up all thought of her months ago, and allowed one of these New York society butterflies, that are flitting about you, to carry you off captive."

Tavistock smiles.

"I wish I could fancy them," he says; "but they are so infinitely inferior to her, that it would be poor consolation to make one a substitute for Lou."

"I'll see what I can do for you," Mr. Templeton says thoughtfully. "By Jove!" he exclaims suddenly, "I have it." Then he leans across the table and makes a proposition to Tavistock in a low voice. "Will you do it, eh?"

"Do it! Of course I will. I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Templeton. It's an uncommon jolly idea, and I dare say we can work it."

III.

"I AM really delighted, Emily, that you have come to such a very sensible conclusion. You have made up your mind that all actors are not necessarily drunkards and men of questionable character. I am glad to have convinced you of that."

It is Mr. Templeton who speaks. He is sitting with his sister on one of the wide, shady piazzas of that lady's charming old country house.

It is Sunday afternoon, warm and clear and sunny. The lawns are carpeted in richest green. The trees are flaunting their leafy banners under a sky of exquisite blue, while

"The bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year."

Strolling among the flowers, on their way to the conservatory, stopping now and then to look at a rare plant or pluck something that they particularly fancy, go Lou and an elderly gentleman who has come down with Mr. Templeton to spend the day with the Renans.

"And only think," Templeton goes on, "how you have ill-treated not only poor young Tavistock, who really is a fine fellow and a perfect gentleman, and over head and ears in love with Louise, but Louise herself. I see how badly she's looking. If you want to cure her, send an invitation to Harry at once, to come down as soon as he can. Apologize for your past behavior—it really was unpardonable, Emily, being nothing but prejudice, with not the least ground for support—and tell him he shall be welcome."

"I hardly like to do that, Edward," Mrs. Renan urges. "I have no doubt *now* that he's all you say he is, but I hardly feel like begging his pardon. All I did, I thought was for the best. If he were to come, I should receive him, and I have no objections to Lou writing and inviting him for me."

"Well, well, that will do. I'm glad, Emily, you are open to reason. There's no English blood in your veins, my dear sister; you're not half pig-headed enough to come from anything English. We're French, every inch of us."

Meanwhile the old gentleman—Mr. Henry—

a fine looking man, with hair nearly white and a beard of the same hue—a man singularly well-preserved, with scarcely a wrinkle on his handsome face, and a form supple and sinewy—walks slowly along the garden paths after Louise, who is laughing gayly as she goes. She is brighter and happier to-day than for many a month past. She has heard her uncle and Mr. Henry explaining to her mother the true character of the drama to-day; how "the purpose of playing is to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and substance;" has seen her mother gradually becoming convinced of her error, and knows that before these two gentlemen depart, she will have changed her opinion as to Harry Tavistock. And why, then, should she not be happy? Is not the love of this man all that in the world she longs for? And her uncle has told her that he will guarantee she sees him within twenty-four hours after he gains her mother's consent to ask him down.

"Your mother has some strange ideas about the profession," says Mr. Henry, as they stroll slowly toward the conservatory.

"Yes," answers Lou; "but I think you and Uncle Edward have pretty well disabused her mind of them."

"Let us hope so."

The girl turns suddenly upon the old gentleman. He has a frank, kindly face, and she feels sure he knows all about her love affair. What harm could it be to ask him for news of Harry? The merest word about him is a pleasure to her. How she pores over the criticisms of his acting in the newspapers!

"Do you know Mr. Tavistock?" she asks.

"Very well, indeed," Mr. Henry replies, looking down at her; "we are engaged at the same theater, you know."

"Oh! are you? Then you see a great deal of him, don't you? He used to live near here, you know."

"Yes; so he told me."

There is a sound of footsteps behind them on the gravel path. Both turn instantly. Lou almost expects to see Harry, so full is her mind of him, but it is only Mr. Templeton.

"May I speak to you a moment, Henry?" he says. "Excuse me, Louise, I'll only keep him half a second."

And only half a second it really is. There is a whisper, a simultaneous smile, and Mr. Templeton retraces his steps toward the house, while Mr. Henry returns to Louise, his face still overspread with smiles.

"Let us go on," he says; "is the conservatory much farther?"

"Not far. But you are in no hurry, are you? Shan't we stop here in the summer-house and talk? I want you to tell me about Mr. Tavistock."

It is a quaint, pretty little bower, clad with roses and honeysuckle, into which they step. The air is rich with the combined perfume of the flowers.

"Did you care much for Mr. Tavistock?" asks Mr. Henry when Lou is seated, and he stands in front of her, looking down at the fresh, young beauty of her *mignonne* face. "He was very fond of you, Miss Renan."

The hot blood has turned her cheeks to

crimson. Her eyes are bent upon the boards that floor the summer-house.

"You needn't answer me," the old gentleman goes on, "I know well enough. Your face has told the tale.

"How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!"

And would you like very much to see him? Would you be glad if I could, like the Genii in the Arabian Nights, call him suddenly into existence here; bring him before you at this moment?"

The girl looks up at him wonderingly. What does he mean? Is he only saying these things to torment her? How her heart longs for her lover's presence!

"It is hardly worth while to talk of impossibilities," she says, in a tone of slight annoyance. "I am quite sure Harry is nowhere about."

"Won't you let me try my magical powers?" he pleads. "Let me blindfold you a minute, and when I remove the bandage if Tavistock isn't by your side, I will make you a present of whatever you choose to name."

"Blindfold me, if you wish," she says, laughing at what she considers some practical joke of the old gentleman's; probably he will lay Harry's photograph beside her, and when the handkerchief is removed she will see it.

"Can you see?" Mr. Henry asks, when he has carefully bound her eyes, and she sits quietly on the wood seat, her rounded arm resting on the back of it—a beautiful model for a picture of Justice, only the scales are wanting. "How many fingers have I up?" (Holding three fingers in front of her in imitation of the childish test.)

One—two—three—four—five seconds slip by. There is only a sound as of hands busily at work, then something is thrown across the summer-house and falls on the seat on the other side. One footstep, and some one has taken the seat by Lou's side. Her pulses are beating madly. The blood rushes tinglingly through her veins.

"Can it really be that Harry is here?" she asks herself, and the answer to her thought comes in a full, manly voice:

"Lou, dear, shall I take off the bandage?"

A voice so different from the cracked wheeze of old Mr. Henry; a clear, rich bass that she knows so well. Already his arm has slipped about her waist. How infinitely happy she is in that one brief moment! Spenser has said:

"One loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense,"

and in this moment of bliss, as Tavistock hastily tears the handkerchief away and presses hot, passionate kisses upon her greedy lips, holding her all the while close to his breast, she feels fully repaid for all the months of longing, and oftentimes hopeless discouragement.

When at last he loosens his fond embrace, and she turns her loving eyes upon him, she is much puzzled.

Here are Mr. Henry's clothes. Mr. Henry's person all but the face, and that is, without doubt, Harry Tavistock's. There is Harry's scarlet scarf, his frock coat, his light trousers,

his duck gaiters, his patent-leather boots; but the face wears no beard, the hair is black, not white, the heavy white moustache has given place to a delicate silky brown one.

"You are looking for Henry, aren't you, dear?" he says, laughing, "He is not far off. Here is part of him" (pointing to himself). "There" (pointing to where on the seat across the summer-house lies a white beard, moustache, and wig) "is the rest of him. You never saw me *act* before, so I thought it no harm to give you a specimen. It was part of the costume in which I played Col. Shendryn, and was done at the suggestion of your uncle."

"You old fraud, you!" the girl exclaims. Reaching up she takes his handsome face between two hands, and drawing it down to her gives him a rousing kiss. "There," she says, "that's your reward."

"But it is not all I shall get," he says. "Sweet as it is, it won't pay me. Come, dear, we will go back to the house, and I think I can persuade your ma to make the present I crave. She must reward me by giving me her daughter."

Out of the Night.

BY GRETA.

ALL day the bitter winter wind
Had lurked behind the flying rain,
Tossing the shivering, leafless trees
Until they moaned in helpless pain.
Poor timid day went hurrying
Into the outstretched arms of night,
And sobbing lay upon her breast,
Dying at last in sheer affright.

IN anger night drove back the moon
Behind the clouds, and bade them pour
Their fiercest torrents on the earth,
To drown the wind's exultant roar.
And so the fateful hours sped on;
Without contended wind and rain,
Within we watched, in hopeless dread,
A futile strife with death and pain.

SO silent were we that we heard
Beneath the storm the slightest sound,
And sighed when to our ears was borne
The wailing of a homeless hound.
The clock ticked loud, a cricket chirped,
The death-watch sounded from the wall,
As with our tear-dimmed eyes we saw
Across her face death's shadow fall.

TILL loud without the fierce wind raged,
No longer fell the weary rain,
But gusts of blinding snow and sleet,
Were dashed against the window pane.
On such a night, ah, cruel death,
To take her from our warm embrace!
Then kneeling low beside her couch,
Awe-struck, we gazed upon her face.

GONE were the wrinkles time had made,
And with them every trace of care;
Maiden in bridal robes arrayed
Was never more serenely fair.
Softly we closed the tender eyes,
And said, she does not heed the night—
Untouched by darkness or by storm
Her soul has found eternal light.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT TO DO WITH A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

WHAT use can I put a thousand dollars, so as to help me toward earning a living?" This was the inquiry propounded recently by a very intelligent woman, and it is one which is in the minds of many more at this moment, probably some who will read these lines, for it is one of the most common conditions in which women find themselves—deprived of accustomed support, and with a sum of money in hand not sufficient to insure against want for more than a very short space of time, yet enough to be a serious loss in case of disastrous investment, and a help in making an addition to a limited income. That women who have lived all their lives as the inmates of quiet homes, who have no knowledge of the ways or means of making or doing business, should be perplexed and troubled under such circumstances, is not surprising. Men, as well as women, are afraid of the unknown, and the risk to them is more than of life—it is of the means to preserve life and respectability.

What to do with a thousand dollars under these circumstances is a problem of not easy solution; but it must, of course, depend largely upon the habits and capacity as well as the environment of the individual owner of the capital.

Let us see what some women have done with a thousand dollars? One poor woman, left not long since with this sum, and three small children to support, determined to open a little store in the suburbs of New York, and for this purpose, having secured the store, went down town to purchase a stock of goods. Her anxiety in regard to her money was so great that she would not trust it out of her own pocket, and she kept her hand upon this pocket constantly in the stage. This undoubtedly attracted the attention of an individual who sat on the opposite side. He began playing off all sorts of absurd tricks upon a friend beside him, and who pretended to be so indignant that, as the omnibus thinned out, he left his side and went over to that of the woman, who still kept her hand upon her pocket. The monkey-tricks became more ludicrous than ever—"It was as good," as the woman afterward said, "as a circus." She forgot her precautions, relaxed her hold, thought of nothing but the drollery of the mountebank whom she became absorbed in watching, for the three, by this time, had the stage all to themselves. Finally the "circus" man began moving toward the door, still keeping up his jugglery; seeing this, the man at her side jumped and got out first; the other, in descending, made a tragico-comic gesture of farewell.

The poor woman wiped her eyes, for she had laughed till she cried; suddenly remembered her thousand dollars, put her hand in her pocket—it was gone, of course. She screamed and acted like a demented woman, tore up and down the streets, invoked the aid of the police; but all in vain; she never looked upon her thousand dollars again.

Another woman, left with a thousand dollars and three little girls, one almost a baby, to provide for, secured a moderate-sized house in a quiet, respectable part of the city, put nearly the whole of her one thousand dollars in furniture, and opened it for boarders. Of course the sum was not sufficient to properly furnish even a moderate-sized house, but she offered her second floor and back parlor at reduced rates to persons who were willing to furnish, and succeeded in finding desirable parties. Kitchen, dining-room, third floor, and attics she made out to supply with what was necessary, and gave the "parlor," or boarders' sitting-room, a home-like air, that many preferred to greater elegance and cost. For ten years she struggled hard, worked early and late, accomplished more than half, and by far the most valuable half of the work of the entire house, besides taking care of her children, yet never looked other than the self-respecting mistress and lady in her black dress and pretty white apron. At the end of that time she had succeeded in inducing the owner of the house to put a mansard roof on it, on the payment of three hundred dollars additional per annum. She had her house completely and handsomely furnished from top to bottom; she had graduated her oldest girl at the Normal College, and was training the second thoroughly in music, for which she showed decided aptitude, and was sending her youngest to a good "pay" school. But she had not relaxed her own efforts—she still attended largely to the domestic concerns, made all her own dainty dishes, did all her own buying for cash, and maintained the order and liberality for which her house was famous. Though not a costly house, one of its rules was to have fresh or stewed fruit on the table at every meal, and this is a boon rarely found, even in what are called "fashionable" boarding-houses, much less a second-class one; but it was doubtless one of the reasons why her one-thousand-dollar investment was so successful, and has now become a source of permanent and ample income.

As an offset to this woman's success, the story may be told of another woman, a widow also, with two children—a girl and a boy—who came to New York from a small town with five thousand dollars, partly the savings of her husband's lifetime, partly the results of the sale of their pretty home. Her ideas were larger than those of the first woman—she considered herself a lady, took a furnished house in a fashionable street, kept four servants, and went in for style, "entrées," and the like.

She had the help of an influential relative, who assisted in filling up her house, and she secured a very nice class of boarders; but in four years her five thousand dollars were all gone, and she had gone to the country home of a sister with her little girl, her son having

been provided with a place in a store. The reasons were patent, and the final ending could easily have been predicted from the start. They were: unwise expenditure, want of personal energy and aptitude, and an excess of personal vanity and pride, which prevented her from making personal efforts to render her large family happy and at home, while her "touchiness" rendered her absurd in the eyes of indifferent persons.

The story has been told in these pages of a woman-farmer who with a thousand dollars bought twenty acres of land in the vicinity of a large city (Philadelphia), and in the space of twelve years made of it a model farm—dairy and stock principally—brought up and educated her children, took the most devoted and unremitting care of an invalid husband, graduated twelve orphan girls and several boys from the Homes for the Friendless into good positions and homes of their own, and is to-day care-taker and benefactress to many, though bound to incessant guardianship of a once good and noble, but for many, many years imbecile and entirely helpless husband.

Think of the millions of an Astor, a Stewart, and a Vanderbilt, and then imagine the influences for good gained out of one thousand dollars by the energy, the wisdom, the persevering goodness and lifelong service of this one woman!

One thousand dollars seems a large sum when a part of it would rescue us from impending peril; but it is a very small and an utterly discouraging sum when it stands alone between us and the pitiless waves of the great, unknown, and cruel world, with which we are too old, or too weak, or too ignorant to battle, and which we have good reason to fear will swallow us up, thousand dollars and all, if we trust to its mercy.

The wisest men know not where to invest money so that they shall find it when they want it, much less make it make money for them as it goes along, so that it is not at all surprising inexperienced women should be puzzled. It is useless to simply bury it; the only way to make it serviceable is to put it into something which we can enlarge and enrich by personal labor. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the women first mentioned were thrown upon their resources, "keeping boarders" seemed to be the only alternative to making shirts at six cents each. Here and there a progressive woman like our model farmer taught a different method, but such an exception was and is very rare. Still, women, both young and middle-aged, who find themselves obliged without much warning or preparation to work their own way, have made great advances in the strength, purpose, and varied aptitude which they bring to bear upon it. Some simply put the money in the best savings-bank they can hear of, and go to work—at painting, writing, lecturing, dress-making, book-keeping—anything at which they can earn enough to live upon, leaving their capital as a resource for a "rainy day" and extras. There are others who plunge boldly into business—a small "notion" or millinery store, a trimming shop, or a confectionery; and, insignificant as these ventures seem to be, what courage and resolution they

require in a poor woman who has but one thousand dollars, and young children to support and prepare for an honorable future.

One of the most novel and interesting ventures made by a woman with a thousand dollars or thereabouts, was by putting it in a laundry. She was a large, healthy, handsome, and especially what would be called a wholesome-looking woman, with one daughter. She had been well reared and educated, and her friends expressed at first both surprise and disgust at her choice of a profession. But she had thought the matter out for herself, and was determined to work it out. Her daughter was sensible like herself, and happy at the prospect of having a home with her mother, rather than taking a place in a store.

The lady—she was a lady—set herself up with a washing-machine and a small mangle. She offered her services for families' or gentlemen's washing. Her beginnings were very small, but she used improved methods, and soon became in great demand by gentlemen, who found their clothing washed in a superior manner, and so well cared for by buttons put on and occasional stitches taken, that better prices were volunteered than they had been accustomed to pay. Help she had for the roughest work, but she always sorted and superintended the soaking and other processes herself, her daughter keeping the books and helping a little maid up-stairs to do the work of their own apartments.

It is rather a sorry, but it is a true termination to the story, to state that the daughter finally married one of their wealthy and admiring customers—a widower—who could not have been actuated by the desire to always have his shirts washed under the same auspices, for he insisted on the establishment being broken up, and took his wife and mother-in-law both to Europe. I saw their names in the passenger lists the other day.

This seemed to me a real pity, a loss to women and humanity at large—the only compensation is that they have not, and probably do not propose to write a book about their success. Nearly all the women who make a venture, work away for a while, and then stop, and write a book about their extraordinary achievements. The book is the last one ever hears of these in that particular direction, probably because the book brings them fame and fortune enough without farther effort.

It is surprising that more women do not invest small sums of money in such nice articles of household furnishing as pottery, china, and special bits of furniture—stands, shelves, small, cabinets, and pretty sitting-room chairs, of comparatively inexpensive style. In most small and particularly new towns and enterprising villages, there is room for such an undertaking, and money, if not "millions" in it. A visit to the Trenton and other American pottery works—a search through the great depots for the supply of household furnishing—would reveal a vast number of new and useful appliances, not expensive, suggestive, capable of varied application, and easily reproduced, which would be purchased with alacrity by intelligent housewives, were they once brought to their notice.

A woman-dealer ought to be able to special-

ize her wares so as to make them attractive. Ladies are usually obliged to go to the most expensive establishments for "willow ware," a dainty tea or tête-à-tête set, a luncheon set, odd little pieces, or anything of the kind, not necessarily costly, but modern, and for which they have a fancy, because the male buyers and proprietors of minor stores do not know anything about decorative art, or decorative wares, or what women are thinking or talking about; and goes on in the same old way, ordering his "white" ware, and "yellow" ware, and "stone" ware by dozens, and laying it all to the score of modern extravagance, and the buyers pass his door, and take the next train to the city, when they want so much as a milk-bowl or cream-pitcher.

Another excellent business for women is upholstery, window-furnishing, and the like. No very great capital would be required; but taste, judgment, intelligence, a power of accurate calculation, and business promptitude would be indispensable. A woman possessed of tact, originality, industry, suggestiveness, in addition, would find a field for the display of all her qualities, and soon increase her capital beyond its original dimensions.

But the work must be well done, and the charges moderate—not the work ill done, and the charges exorbitant—which is sometimes the case with the work of women, particularly in new fields.

The great desideratum in putting a limited sum to its best and most profitable use is, that the method should have some elements of novel enterprise in it, and that strict personal service and effort should be given to carrying out the idea. You cannot intrust small interests, in which are involved great personal risks, to other hands; because they require incessant nursing to bring them up and rear them.

It makes very little difference what a person engages in or produces, if it is only something she can do well, or that many people want; persevering industry is sure then to crown her with success.

A woman (shall I say lady?)—she had had her own pleasant home, had kept a servant, and lived a pleasant, cared-for life—lost her husband; not by death, but by the wickedness of another woman; and in her distress begged a gentleman friend who had often visited her husband and herself in their home to tell her what she could do for the support of herself and child.

"I know nothing," she remarked; "I cannot even embroider; all I know is how to keep my own little home and take care of baby."

The gentleman thought a moment. "Mrs. Blank," said he at last, "you make a most delicious kind of dumpling; I have eaten it at your house; it would make your fortune in a restaurant; why do you not open a lunch-room in a business neighborhood? I will be your security to a certain extent, for I am certain you will succeed. Make one or two specialties, among them my dumpling."

The idea struck her favorably—she acted upon it. She made delicious fritters, waffles, and some dishes that are rarely found good restaurant. Her one room, with a little hen at the back, had to be enlarged.

Large parties of gentlemen would come in, attracted by the fame of her puddings, her waffles, her oyster fritters, and her old-fashioned fried chicken, with which she always served currant-jelly of her own making. The lunch-room grew into a restaurant for dinner and lunch parties in a fashionable quarter, where she comes in a coupé and takes the money, but no longer makes the fritters or the waffles, and fried chicken has been banished from the bill of fare. But a shabby-looking man shuffles in every day, takes his seat in an obscure corner, and eats his dinner free; no bill is ever handed to him, and if, on a rare occasion, the mistress of the house meets, she does not speak to him. The employés suppose him to be a poor and disgraced relation, for they have been ordered to attend to his wants, and if he is ill, care for him; but they do not know he was once the husband of the reserved, self-contained woman they know as a wealthy proprietor, or that she began her self-supporting life on the strength of knowing how to make a dumpling, and with barely a thousand cents, much less dollars, as capital.

Homeless.

(See Steel Engraving.)

It is a pitiful tale that our picture tells, and one worthy the powerful strokes with which Doré, the great painter, transferred it to his canvas. Can the mind conceive a sadder lot than a woman with her child—houseless, homeless, penniless, and therefore friendless. For who is to care for her? There is no home that dares to take the risk of her, and her circumstances and possibilities. There is no possible refuge except the shelter afforded to the wretched castaways from humanity, when they have arrived at the last stages of their misery.

Protected women, those who have never known what it is to want shelter, can hardly realize the horror, repeated every twenty-four hours, of the darkness, and night, to those who have no refuge from the street, the alley, or the highway. Oh! that the sky would close in upon them and cover them, is the cry of many a poor hunted or forsaken wretch, as the veil descends, shutting out light and hope.

It must not be forgotten, however, that for such dreadful straits as the one to which this poor, homeless mother is reduced, the sufferer herself is largely responsible, and though it should not lessen our pity, or reduce our efforts on her behalf, yet it should serve as a continual warning to us not to be led for one instant from the strict path of duty, and not form relations of friendship or affection but from the highest motives. A constant life of integrity, a good record, does not save us from sorrow, or from sharing the consequences of the faults of others, but it preserves from the results of our own errors; and these are always the most serious to us, and create friends and circumstances which often favor and help us in time of need.

Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play.

BY H. F. R.



THE meilern drama arose in the rude attempts of minstrels and traveling buffoons to illustrate portions of Scripture at fairs in France, Italy, and England. Later, stories from the Bible were represented by the priests, and were the origin of sacred comedy. So early as the year 364 A. D., Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the early church, is believed to have constructed a drama on the Passion, in order to counteract the evil tendencies and profanity of the heathen stage, which is perhaps the earliest example we have of the "miracle plays" which arose and attained such wide popularity during the next twelve hundred years. Fitzstephen, who died about the year 1190, states, in his life of Thomas à Becket, "that London had for its theatrical exhibitions holy plays, and the representations of miracles performed by holy confessors, and at Clerkenwell, where was situated the hospice of the Knights Templars, and where now stands the old Shakespearean Sadler's Wells Theater, plays and "miracles" were performed by the parish clergy in the open fields in 1397. In fact, up to the end of the fifteenth century, the only dramatic representations were those in which sacred subjects formed the chief theme.

In the earliest times to which we can trace these shows the actors were generally monks, friars, and other ecclesiastics; the representations were generally given in the churches, seldomer in the open air; and the aim was the religious training and instruction of the people by means of amusement. In these last respects the modern drama, whose rise we have just sketched, differed not at all from the first inception of the ancient Greek drama, for from the very earliest ages down to the time of Solon, religious feasts were accompanied by songs and dances. As is well known, there was in the early Christian church, composed as it was of large numbers of heathen converts, a constant tendency to perpetuate heathen practices and observances, as witness the many customs surviving to-day, whose origin can be traced back to a pagan parentage; and to prevent the introduction of the heathen theater, with all its abuses, the church may have felt itself forced to provide a dramatic entertainment in which sacred subjects took the place of those of mythology—a course that probably achieved the end aimed at.

No doubt we can thus account for the custom which prevailed, even in apostolic times, of reading at Easter the narrative of the Passion, the various parts distributed among different personages; which later came to be accompanied by an interpolated dialogue and gestures, and also, probably, the readers officiated in what they considered appropriate dresses. So that even here we have a very close approach to the genuine passion play.

In due time other days and feasts than Easter came to be devoted to these representations, and as they grew in length and the number of persons engaged increased, ecclesiastics ceased to take any direct part in them, confining themselves simply to the training of others to the work, and, under the name of *mysteries*, the plays were acted after the sermon. As a general rule, the *mystery* play was taken directly from the biblical record, and the *miracle* plays from legendary subjects; for instance, the reported miraculous doings of some saint, as the legend of St. Catharine; but this nomenclature has never been strictly adhered to, and the general character of both was about the same, each containing a nearly equal proportion of biblical quotations and profane dialogues.

The mysteries, strictly so called, were representations, often of great length, requiring several days' performance, of the Scripture narrative, which was usually followed most faithfully in its minutest details.

The clergy, however, were soon entirely superseded by the laity, who formed themselves into companies and guilds for the purpose of representing mysteries, and very soon every considerable town had its fraternity for this purpose. This change from clergy to laity was eagerly welcomed, for the chief reason that hitherto the dialogue had been held in Latin, whereas the laity gave their representations in the vernacular; and in this way the mystery plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries played no unimportant part in the development of the people's language.

The most important of these guilds was the *Confrérie de la Passion et Résurrection de notre Seigneur* (Brotherhood of the Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord), which was composed of Paris artisans, citizens, and a few others of higher rank. By authority of King Charles VI. they were empowered to act "any mystery whatsoever, either before the king or before his people, in any suitable place, either in the town of Paris itself or in its suburbs." Upon this they established themselves in the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, outside the Porte St. Denis, and there on public holidays they gave representations of pieces drawn from the New Testament, which were attended by crowds of the clergy, nobility, and those of humbler rank.

In time, however, abuses crept in, and under cover of the miracle plays gross immoralities were perpetrated, fully equal to the blasphemies of the pagan drama which originally they had superseded. So in 1799 a manifesto was issued by the prince-archbishop of Salzburg, in Germany, condemning them, and prohibiting their further performance, on the ground of the impious mixture of the sacred and profane, and the scandal arising from the exposure of sacred subjects to the ridicule of free-thinkers. This ecclesiastical prohibition was vigorously seconded by the civil authorities, and soon the passion play was a thing of the past. One exception was made, however, to the general suppression, and now we come, after this brief introductory sketch, to the subject of our paper, the sole miracle play that survives.

In the year 1634 the village of Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian highlands, was devastated

by a pestilence, and in their extremity the survivors vowed to perform every tenth year the Passion of Christ, if they should be spared—a vow which has ever since been regularly observed. The town is situated in the valley of the Aumer, 46 miles south-west of Munich, and the inhabitants, who number about a thousand, are chiefly engaged in the carving of wood.

The performance lasts for twelve consecutive Sundays during the summer season, occurring every tenth year, the last representation having occurred in 1870 (which, by the way, was interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war, and resumed in 1871), and at this writing (June, 1880), the play is being represented for the twenty-third consecutive decennial. The inhabitants of this secluded village, long noted for their skillful workmanship in their craft, have a rare union of artistic cultivation with perfect simplicity. Their intense familiarity with religious themes is far beyond what is usually the case, even in Alpine Germany, and they partake in the representations and look on with much the same feelings that their ancestors did five hundred years ago. What to many appears impious and trifling with sacred subjects is to these Alpine peasants intensely devout and edifying. The man who personates Christ, and who has done so for a number of times, considers his rôle an entirely religious act, and he and all of the other players are said to be chosen with a view to their purity of life and morals, and are consecrated to their task with fervent prayer.

Altogether, nearly five hundred persons are engaged in the play, as many as three hundred being upon the stage at one time, and are recruited entirely from the villagers. Although they have no dramatic training whatever, except such as the parish priest can give, they display no inconsiderable skill and talent, and a fine and delicate appreciation of character.

The performances usually last from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., and are attended not only by thousands of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, but by many tourists from this and other countries. The theater building will seat about two thousand spectators, and the auditorium is unroofed, only the stage being covered, so that the audience have above them the blue vault of heaven, and around them the picturesque Bavarian hills.

The New Testament text is most strictly followed, the only interpolation being the legendary handkerchief of St. Veronica; the intervals between the acts alternate with prophetic tableaux from the Old Testament, and with choral odes. The following is an account of the principal scenes as given by an eye-witness:

"1. The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem; the children and people shouting 'Hosanna!' and strewing clothes and branches. This introduced the Saviour and the apostles, and formed in itself an admirable prelude to the whole. There were certainly no less than two hundred persons in the crowd, including seventy or eighty children.

"2. The long and animated debates in the Sanhedrim, including the furious evidence of the expelled money-changers, and later the in-

terview with Judas when the contract was ratified between him and the priests by the payment of the thirty pieces of silver. Nothing could be more characteristic, real, and unaffected than these.

"3. The Last Supper and the washing of the apostles' feet. Here the table was arranged on the model of the well-known picture of Leonardo da Vinci.

"4. Next came all the scenes in which Christ was brought in succession before Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod; the 'Ecce Homo,' the scourging, etc. In some of these as many as two hundred and fifty persons were at once on the scene; infuriated mobs of priests, money-changers, Roman soldiers, etc.; and, violent as were the passions personified, there was not the slightest approach to rant, nor the slightest transgression into irreverence or improbability. In the course of these scenes a striking occurrence was the contrast of Barabbas—a brutal and squalid figure—with the noble form and countenance of the sacred sufferer—the latter formed more after the model of Albrecht Dürer than of any other painter. Both Pilate and Herod were admirably represented, but especially the former.

"5. The whole long procession, at the slowest pace, from Pilate's house to Golgotha; our Lord and the thieves carrying their huge crosses; his interview with his mother and the other women of Jerusalem. This contained the legendary or traditional incident of the wiping of Christ's face by St. Veronica; but there was no attempt to show the miraculous impression of the sacred countenance on the handkerchief, which forms the point of the legend.

"6. Last of all came the last dreadful scene—the uprearing of the three crosses with their living burdens, and all the cruel incidents of that most cruel and lingering death."

In connection with this last scene it may be remarked that at the representation held this year the acting of the man who personified Christ was on all hands held to have been a most finished performance. The strict adherence to the lines of the sacred text, as all will remember, gives to the principal performer but very few words to say; consequently nearly all his acting must be simple gesture alone. Perhaps no better example can be cited than that afforded in the last scene. After the most tedious agony on the cross, all of which was most faithfully portrayed to the minutest degree, the last moment comes when the Divine Person gives up the ghost. Of a necessity, in suspending a mere actor upon the cross, no nails or other visible supports could be used. At the supreme instant the actor, with a sigh that could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the vast auditorium, droops his head and all is over. Then for twenty minutes more, by a splendid effort of gymnastics, he supports himself in his necessary painful position, giving the while to his limbs the tense muscles and the gradual rigidity of death. Even when the descent from the cross occurs, the same admirable immobility is sustained.

So with the actors in the minor parts. Their rôles are, in many cases, simply those

of action, the vast majority of them having nothing to say. It will be readily seen to what a height their training must have soared, when these otherwise untutored peasants can hold spellbound one or two thousand of their fellow-beings for ten hours at a stretch.

Of course the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is an anachronism in this busy nineteenth century. It is a link between an age of enlightenment and an age of feudalism and superstition. Nevertheless, though each representation may be the last, it may be devoutly hoped that a reverence for the antique may preserve for many a coming decennium the curious and somewhat edifying spectacle of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

Sonnet.

TO-DAY, delicious Agnes, blonde and fair,
In humble ways I reverently greet
Thy youth that blossoms in woman's grace
complete,
Crowned by the golden glory of thy hair.

IN thy deep eyes of blue, intense and rare,
My sad and musing spirit loves to meet
A soul whose essence is sublime and sweet,
Soft as the breath of dawn, and pure as
prayer.

AND when on thee in rapture I gaze,
Vague dreams my wandering fancy will
surprise;
Visions of Phidias and his unfound goal!

AND I too timid e'er to speak or praise,
Think that I do behold in modern guise
Some white Greek statue that enshrines a
soul!

F. S. SALTUS.

A Misconception.

EXCEPT on the ground that "Art is long and time is fleeting," an amazing multitude of errors of understanding in relation to various art subjects would hardly be accounted for. In this way must be explained an assertion contained in a paper read before a prominent literary society by one of its official members, that there were no feminine artists previous to the sixteenth century. By assuming this to be a fact, sufficient basis was supposed to be afforded to the idea that to the modern religious spirit woman has been exclusively indebted for such privileges of intellectual advancement as she now has. It would of course be unreasonable to doubt that an extension of culture has very greatly dignified the whole state of womanhood; while it is equally beyond dispute that through this

modern spirit of free and universal enlightenment have been produced no Sapphos or Erinias, how much soever to be desired beyond that of poesy the present varied capacities of the sex may be.

But the best advantage to be gained in viewing these matters in the light of fact is that of being informed to some extent by no less than the historians themselves; such advances evidencing if it has so happened that development in art has been so different from that in literature, that from their having been no women painters under old systems there should come to be many in modern times of deserved note, it is certainly a course of events worthy of some study.

As reported by Pliny, a daughter of the renowned Micon, named Timarate, painted a Diana at Ephesus, which, he adds, was one of the oldest panel paintings known. According to the same authority Irene painted a notable figure of a girl, which was to be seen at Eleusis, a Calypso, an Aged Man, the juggler Theodorus, and Alcisthenes the dancer. This painter was a daughter and pupil of the artist Cratinus. An Æsculapius is mentioned which was painted by Aristarite, daughter and pupil of Nearchus. Of the works of Jaia of Cyzicus, who always remained single, and who painted at Rome in the youth of M. Varro, "both with the brush and with the graver upon ivory," it was reported: "At Naples there is a large picture by her, the portrait of an Old Woman; as also a portrait of herself, taken by the aid of a mirror. There is no painter superior to her for expedition; while at the same time her artistic skill was such that her works sold at much higher prices than those of the most celebrated portrait painters of her day, namely, Sapolis and Dionysius, with whose pictures our galleries are filled." De Pauw refers to this artist in connection with an account of Varro, without, however, giving her name: "It was a woman born in Cyzicum, but then established in Italy, who possessed the happy talent of coloring such prints with uncommon taste as well as truth." This had reference to the engraved plates first employed by Varro to stamp the profile and principal features of portraits, the pencil and brush being afterward used as necessary to add the shades and suitable colors; this art was hence called *inventum Varronis*. The artist could not bear the idea that the "lapse of centuries should get the better of mankind." Accordingly seven hundred likenesses of illustrious men were copied in this manner from ancient busts and statues, and inserted in a Greek work which Varro entitled *Hebdomades* or the *Images*. Below each portrait were some Greek or Latin verses, and accompanying Homer's portrait were these lines:

*Capella Homeri candida hæc tumulum indicat;
Quod hæc Fetæ faciunt mortus sacra.*

From this circumstance De Pauw supposes the victim which the inhabitants of the island so immolated on the tomb of Homer to have been always colored in white in the engravings of Varro.

Olympias was another of the feminine

artists whom old writers noticed, and who had Autobulus for her pupil; and very probably Helena, who painted an important battle-piece for Alexander the Great, who held a rank not inferior to that of Elizabeth Thompson in our day. In sculpture women are not unheard of in those distant times. More than six centuries before Christ, Kora and her father worked together modeling clay. This was the maiden artist whose profile drawing of her lover upon the wall was said to have been the origin of a new art, that, namely, of portraits in relief, the father, Dibutades, having filled the outline with clay, forming a medallion.

It was in very ancient times, as is well known, when the Grecian matrons had already carried the art of embroidery to such high perfection that it became, as Wornum says, "painting in principle, though not actually in practice; it is textile painting, or painting with the needle, and this is what it is termed by the Romans." It is alluded to in a similar manner by several poets. In the splendid diplax of Helen, Homer noted the embroideries, representing the battles of the Greeks and Trojans; and a very remarkable piece of embroidery belonging to a citizen of Sybaris was noticed by Aristotle. The latter writer also describes a certain magnificent purple shawl, or pallium, supposed to have been of Milesian wool, and which was made for Alcisthenes, a native of Sybaris. It was embroidered with the representation of cities, of gods, and of men; and as an eminent German writer has concluded, from the Greek word used to signify the representations, the cities also, as well as the gods and men, were represented in human form. Above was a representation, probably an allegorical female impersonation, of the city of Susa; below were figures of Persians; in the middle were Jupiter, Juno, Themis, Minerva, Apollo, and Aphrodite; on one side was an impersonation of Sybaris, on the other the portrait of Alcisthenes himself. "This shawl was the wonder of the Haliots; it came subsequently into the possession of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, about 400 B.C., who sold it to the Carthaginians for the enormous sum of 120 talents, about £29,000 sterling. In the grand spectacle given by Ptolemy Philadelphus were hung garments embroidered with gold, and most exquisite cloaks, some of them having portraits of the king of Egypt embroidered on them, and some, stories taken from the mythology." No art is more highly celebrated in poetry than that of the *pictura textilis*, as wrought by women of the classic epoch, forming very frequently the royal gift, or, under exigency, selling for a fabulous price. We find Dido in her entreaties for Æneas to remain with her, promising to repair his Trojan ships, and telling him how she will have

"The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy—but not Troy's overthrow."

Hero is represented as designing a wondrous scarf with

"A virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested, bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander."

This was folded about her white neck like a purple sphere, with the ends casting their full breadth down the back. One flame was wrought full of ships, Leander being represented as that ship where passed all her wealth. And

"In that sea she nak'd figur'd him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live.

* * * * *
Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought.

* * * * *
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy,
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But as she prick'd it grew more perfect still."

Farther than exhibiting a high order of fancy in the mere sentiment of the piece, she is shown as managing the technique with no want of skill.

"His shoulders and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim."

Art, in this form at least, is altogether inseparable from the woman of antiquity as poetically represented. A considerable part of such art must have been devoted to the purpose of personal adornment at a time when even military rank was denoted by magnificence of embroidery. Generals who had been victorious in battles had their togas splendidly embroidered, and as in the *Æneid*,

"The leaders are distinguished from the rest,
The victor honored with a nobler vest;
When gold and purple strive in equal rows
And needlework its happy cost bestows."

The girdle as well illustrated this beautiful art of needlework, with which the article was sometimes covered in solid mass, as the one mentioned by Homer, which besides having been a work of art, had on one occasion proved a valuable shield for its wearer, who thus explains his deliverance:

"Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repelled the flying wound."

Minerva, disrobing herself before arming for battle, untied a radiant veil which her own hands had adorned with flowers and art diversified:

"The labor'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove."

Helen amidst her coquetries found time for the practice of this noble art. As a gift to Telemachus on his departure from the kingdom of Menelaus, the fair queen presents him a lovely veil embroidered by her own hands, "with no vulgar art," telling him to place it in his mother's care until required to deck his bride; at the same time the beautiful donor seems to signify having grown a sadder woman by mentioning that the exquisite shining veil was by Helen wrought "long since in better days."

It is no doubt equally difficult to determine when women commenced designing and executing pictorial subjects, as to discover the origin of man's efforts in art, but not more so. If we accept Vasari's view on the latter point, we should perhaps credit something of the same primitive artistic impulse to the first created woman, who is believed to have been

not behind her companion in experimental enterprise. But there is no difficulty in discovering how very generally poets and historians have associated ancient womanhood with the pencil and needle, as well as frequently with the brush. Nor is the idea limited to any country or any system of religious life; the women of North and of South were skilled in art needlework, and the feminine designer figures in Norse art as disclosed in the Edda of Saemund: "She, for my solace, wrought in gold, southern halls and Danish swans." And throughout the middle ages, although so considerable an amount of the art executed for the Church is not traceable to individual authorship, since the glorification of the artist was no part of its purpose, it is still a fact known to everybody how largely feminine hands contributed to the work. Among the distinctly personal accounts is that of the Abbess of Quedlingberg, whose works in miniature painting were celebrated in the twelfth century; and many of the nuns of that period occupied themselves with this art, as well as that of illumination. But in the ornamentation of manuscript books it has been noticed that there appears to have been a division of labor; some laid on the colors of arabesques and gold and silver ornaments, while others traced the letters, and were hence called *pulchri scriptores*. A very great degree of skill was displayed by a nun in the Carthusian convent in copying and illuminating religious works with Gothic letters and miniature pictures, and a number of folio volumes were thus enriched by her admirable art. Another nun of this time was the possessor of such distinguished talent as to have been canonized under the title of *Beata* as a patron saint of the fine arts. Neither was feminine art practiced for the Church alone in those days. Other women than those of the convents attained various ranks in painting; of the worldly number, for example, was Onorata, of the earlier part of the fifteenth century, who loved warfare, and, attired as a man, lived for many years the soldier's life, but who used the pencil equally as well as the sword. Margareta von Eyck was another artist not without celebrity in her time, if second to her brothers, Hubert and John. The development of feminine artists during the grand epoch of art in Europe was probably in proportion to the progress of the other sex, and accordingly more is heard of them from that time. But one hardly needs, in traveling through European countries, that the guide-book should instruct him as to many works in prominent places executed by women at an earlier day; for such definite inscriptions are occasionally to be found as that of a scroll borne by the St. John occupying an exterior niche of Strasburg cathedral. Sabina von Steinback was her father's assistant in designing the façades of the beautiful tower which was the work left him by his predecessor. The daughter receives her benediction from the St. John; on a scroll, of which one end is held within his lips, are engraved these words:

"The grace of God be with thee, O Sabina,
Whose hands from this hard stone have wrought
my image."

And after the death of Erwin of Steinback, which happened in 1318, when his work was incomplete, the construction of this most wonderful tower was carried on first by his son and afterward by his daughter alone.

The Wayfarers.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THIS strikingly beautiful picture, the original of which is in the collection of Mr. J. C. Northcote, of England, possesses the peculiarity of being the work of two artists, one of whom painted the landscape, while the other introduced the figures. The former, Mr. Thomas Creswick, was born in England in 1811, and died in 1869. He was renowned for his faithful delineations of English scenery, his landscapes being always bathed in the glow of summer, or radiating with the milder light of spring. The other artist, Mr. Frederick Goodall, was born in London in 1822, and when-but fourteen years of age received a prize from the Society of Arts for a drawing of Lambeth Palace. While Mr. Creswick performed the larger part of the work on this attractive picture, that done by Mr. Goodall cannot be underrated; for however beautiful this rural landscape, the effect is greatly heightened by the introduction of the figures.

The scene is one not uncommon in English life. A group of weary wayfarers, overcome by the summer heat, have stopped to rest themselves in the fields that skirt the village beyond. The prostrate tree, spanning the rocky stream from bank to bank, affords a convenient seat, and here the old man sits, bending his head contemplatively over his stick, while beside him is his little granddaughter, her youthful arms encircling the baby, the mother meanwhile standing by the gate industriously knitting. To give further domesticity to the family group, a dog is seen lapping up the refreshing water of the silvery stream with evident enjoyment. Through the tall trees the breeze is blowing, swaying gently the branches, and refreshing the tired group sitting beneath its shade. Across the green fields clearly outlined against the sky gleams the village church, partly hidden by the trees, while above soar the birds as if rejoicing in the aerial blue.

There is a calm tranquillity about this beautiful picture that seems to steal into the heart of the beholder. The varied yet exquisitely blended shades of green, forming a harmony as sweet as music; the serenity of the skies, with here and there golden and silver clouds reposing in still, soft beauty; the intermingling of light and shade that flits across the landscape, the glow of which no smoke of busy life has ever dimmed; and the restful attitude of the figures, giving life to the scene, combine to produce an effect that soothes even while it delights. The painter resorted to the green fields for an inspiration of beauty, nor sought in vain. Every stroke of the brush shows a quiet power, bringing nature closer to the heart, and fixing on the canvas a scene of imperishable beauty.

The Trumpet-Major.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANNE JOINS THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.



ANNE fearfully surveyed her position. The upper windows of the cottage were of flimsiest lead-work, and to keep him out would be hopeless. She felt that not a moment was to be lost in getting away. Running down-stairs, she opened the door, and then it occurred to her terrified understanding that there would be no chance of escaping him by flight afoot across such an extensive down, since he might mount his horse and easily ride after her. The animal still remained tethered at the corner of the garden; if she could release him and frighten him away before Festus returned, there would not be quite such odds against her. She accordingly unhooked the horse by reaching over the bank, and then, pulling off her muslin neckerchief, flapped it in his eyes to startle him. But the gallant steed did not move or flinch; she tried again, and he seemed rather pleased than otherwise. At this moment she heard a cry from the cottage, and turning, beheld her adversary approaching round the corner of the building.

"I thought I should tole out the mouse by that trick!" cried Festus exultingly. Instead of going for a ladder, he had simply hid himself at the back to tempt her down.

Poor Anne was now desperate. The bank on which she stood was level with the horse's back, and the creature seemed quiet as a lamb. With a determination of which she was capable in emergencies, she seized the rein, flung herself upon the sheepskin, and held on by the mane. The amazed charger lifted his head, sniffed, wrenched his ears hither and thither, and started off at a frightful speed across the down.

"Oh, my heart and limbs!" said Festus under his breath, as, thoroughly alarmed, he gazed after her. "She on Champion! She'll break her neck, and I shall be tried for manslaughter, and disgrace will be brought upon the name of Derriman!"

Champion continued to go at a stretch-gallop, but he did nothing more. Had he plunged or reared, Derriman's fears might have been verified, and Anne have come with deadly force to the ground. But the course was good, and in the horse's speed lay a comparative security. She was scarcely shaken in her precarious, half-horizontal position, though she was awed to see the grass, loose stones, and other objects pass her eyes like strokes whenever she opened them, which was only just for a second at intervals of half a minute; and how wildly the stirrups swung, and that what struck her knee was the bucket of

the carbine, and that it was a pistol-holster which hurt her arm.

They quickly cleared the down, and Anne became conscious that the course of the horse was homeward. As soon as the ground began to rise toward the outer belt of upland which lay between her and the coast, Champion, now panting and reeking with moisture, lessened his speed in sheer weariness, and proceeded at a rapid jolting trot. Anne felt that she could not hold on half so well; the gallop had been child's-play compared with this. They were in a lane, ascending to a ridge, and she made up her mind for a fall. Over the ridge rose an animated spot, higher and higher; it turned out to be the upper part of a man, and the man to be a soldier. Such was Anne's attitude that she only got an occasional glimpse of him; and, though she feared that he might be a Frenchman, she feared the horse more than the enemy, as she had feared Festus more than the horse. Anne had energy enough left to cry "Stop him; stop him!" as the soldier drew near.

He, astonished at the sight of a military horse with a bundle of drapery thrown across his back, had already placed himself in the middle of the lane, and he now held out his arms till his figure assumed the form of a Latin cross planted in the roadway. Champion drew near, swerved, and stood still almost suddenly, a check sufficient to send Anne slipping down his flank to the ground. The timely friend stepped forward and helped her to her feet, when she saw that he was John Loveday.

"Are you hurt?" he said hastily, having turned quite pale at seeing her fall.

"Oh, no; not a bit," said Anne, gathering herself up with forced briskness, to make light of the misadventure.

"But how did you get in such a place?"

"There, he's gone!" she exclaimed, instead of replying, as Champion swept round John Loveday and cantered off triumphantly in the direction of Overcombe—a performance which she followed with her eyes.

"But how did you come upon his back, and whose horse is it?"

"I will tell you."

"Well?"

"I—cannot tell you."

John looked steadily at her, saying nothing.

"How did you come here?" she asked. "Is it true that the French have not landed at all?"

"Quite true; the alarm was groundless. I'll tell you all about it. You look very tired. You had better sit down a few minutes. Let us sit on this bank."

He helped her to the slope indicated, and continued, still as if his thoughts were more occupied with the mystery of her recent situation than with what he was saying: "We arrived at Radipole Barracks this morning, and are to lie there all the summer. I could not write to tell father we were coming. It was not because of any rumor of the French, for we knew nothing of that till we met the people on the road, and the colonel said in a moment the news was false. Buona-

parte is not even at Boulogne just now. I was anxious to know how you had borne the fright, so I hastened to Overcombe at once, as soon as I could get out of barracks."

Anne, who had not been at all responsive to his discourse, now swayed heavily against him, and looking quickly down, he found that she had silently fainted. To support her in his arms was of course the impulse of a moment. There was no water to be had, and he could think of nothing else but to hold her tenderly till she came round again. Certainly he desired nothing more.

Again he asked himself, what did it all mean?

He waited, looking down upon her tired eyelids, and at the row of lashes lying upon each cheek, whose natural roundness showed itself in singular perfection now that the customary pink had given place to a pale luminousness caught from the surrounding atmosphere. The dumpy ringlets about her forehead and behind her poll, which were usually as tight as springs, had been partially uncoiled by the wildness of her ride, and hung in split locks over her forehead and neck. John, who during the long months of his absence had lived only to meet her again, was in a state of ecstatic reverence, and bending down he gently kissed her.

Anne was just becoming conscious.

"O Mr. Derriman, never, never!" she murmured, sweeping her face with her hand.

"I thought he was at the bottom of it," said John.

Anne opened her eyes, and started back from him. "What is it?" she said wildly.

"You are ill, my dear Miss Garland," replied John in trembling anxiety, and taking her hand.

"I am not ill, I am wearied out," she said.

"Can't we walk on? How far are we from Overcombe?"

"About a mile. But tell me, somebody has been hurting you—frightening you. I know who it was; it was Derriman, and that was his horse. Now do you tell me all."

Anne reflected. "Then if I tell you," she said, "will you discuss with me what I had better do, and not for the present let my mother and your father know? I don't want to alarm them, and I must not let my affairs interrupt the business connection between the mill and the hall, that has gone on for so many years."

The trumpet-major promised, and Anne told the adventure. His brow reddened as she went on, and when she had done she said, "Now you are angry. Don't do anything dreadful, will you? Remember that this Festus will most likely succeed his uncle at Overcombe, in spite of present appearances, and if Bob succeeds at the mill there should be no enmity between them."

"That's true. I won't tell Bob. Leave him to me. Where is Derriman now? On his way home, I suppose. When I have seen you into the house I will deal with him—quite quietly, so that he shall say nothing about it."

"Yes, appeal to him, do! Perhaps he will be better then."

They walked on together, Loveday seeming to experience much quiet bliss.

"I came to look for you," he said, "because of that dear, sweet letter you wrote."

"Yes, I did write you a letter," she admitted with misgiving, now beginning to see his mistake. "It was because I was sorry I had blamed you."

"I am almost glad you did blame me," said John cheerfully, "since, if you had not, the letter would not have come. I have read it fifty times a day."

This put Anne into an unhappy mood, and they proceeded without much further talk till the mill chimneys were visible below them. John then said that he would leave her to go in by herself.

"Ah, you are going back to get into some danger on my account."

"I can't get into much danger with such a fellow as he, can I?" said John, smiling.

"Well, no," she answered with a sudden carelessness of tone. It was indispensable that he should be undeceived, and to begin the process by taking an affectedly light view of his personal risks was perhaps as good a way to do it as any. Where friendliness was translated as love, an assumed indifference was the necessary expression for friendliness.

So she let him go; and bidding him hasten back as soon as he could, went down the hill, while John's feet retraced the upland.

The trumpet-major spent the whole afternoon and evening in that long and difficult search for Festus Derriman. Crossing the down at the end of the second hour, he met Molly and Mrs. Loveday. The gig had been repaired, they had learnt the groundlessness of the alarm, and they would have been proceeding happily enough but for their anxiety about Anne. John told them shortly that she had got a lift home, and proceeded on his way.

The worthy object of his search had in the meantime been plodding homeward on foot, sulky at the loss of his charger, encumbered with his sword, belts, high boots, and uniform, and in his own discomfiture careless whether Anne Garland's life had been endangered or not.

At length Derriman reached a place where the road ran between high banks, one of which he mounted and paced along as a change from the hard trackway. Ahead of him he saw an old man sitting down, with eyes fixed on the dust of the road, as if resting and meditating at one and the same time. Being pretty sure that he recognized his uncle in that venerable figure, Festus came forward stealthily, till he was immediately above the old man's back. The latter was clothed in faded nankeen breeches, speckled stockings, a drab hat, and a coat which had once been light blue, but from exposure as a scarecrow had assumed the complexion and fiber of a dried pudding-cloth. The farmer was, in fact, returning to the Hall, which he had left in the morning some time later than his nephew, to seek an asylum in a hollow tree about two miles off. The tree was so situated as to command a view of the building, and Uncle Benjy had managed

to clamber up inside this natural fortification high enough to watch his residence through a hole in the bark, till, gathering from the words of occasional passers-by that the alarm was at least premature, he had ventured into daylight again.

He was now engaged in abstractedly tracing a diagram in the dust with his walking-stick, and muttered words to himself aloud. Presently he arose and went on his way without turning round. Festus was curious enough to descend and look at the marks. They represented an oblong, with two semi-diagonals, and a little square in the middle. Upon the diagonals were the figures 20 and 17, and on each side of the parallelogram stood a letter signifying the point of the compass.

"What crazy thing is running in his head now!" said Festus to himself with supercilious pity, recollecting that the farmer had been singing those very numbers earlier in the morning. Being able to make nothing of it, he lengthened his strides, and treading on tip-toe overtook his relative, saluting him by scratching his back like a hen. The startled old farmer danced round like a top, and gasping, said, as he perceived his nephew, "What, Festy! not thrown from your horse and killed, then, after all!"

"No, nunc. What made ye think that?"

"Champion passed me about an hour ago, when I was in hiding—poor timid soul of me, for I had nothing to lose by the French coming—and he looked awful with the stirrups dangling and the saddle empty. 'Tis a gloomy sight, Festy, to see a horse cantering without a rider, and I thought you had been—feared you had been thrown off and killed as dead as a nit."

"Bless your dear old heart for being so anxious! And what pretty picture were you drawing just now with your walking-stick?"

"Oh, that! That is only a way I have of amusing myself. It showed how the French might have advanced to the attack, you know. Such trifles fill the head of a weak old man like me."

"Or the place where something is hid away—money, for instance?"

"Festy," said the farmer reproachfully, "you always know I use the old glove in the bedroom cupboard for any guinea or two I possess."

"Of course I do," said Festus ironically.

They had now reached a lonely inn about a mile and a half from the Hall, and, the farmer not responding to his nephew's kind invitation to come in and treat him, Festus entered alone. He was dusty, draggled, and weary, and he remained at the tavern long. The trumpet-major, in the meantime, having searched the roads in vain, heard in the course of the evening of the yeoman's arrival at this place, and that he would probably be found there still. He accordingly approached the door, reaching it just as the dusk of evening changed to darkness.

There was no light in the passage, but John pushed on at hazard, inquired for Derriman, and was told that he would be found in the back parlor alone. When Loveday first entered the apartment he was unable to see anything, but following the guidance of a vig-

orous snoring, he came to the settle, upon which Festus lay asleep, his position being faintly signified by the shine of his buttons and other parts of his uniform. John laid his hand upon the reclining figure and shook him, and by degrees Derriman stopped his snore and sat up.

"Who are you?" he said, in the accents of a man who has been drinking hard. "Is it you, dear Anne? Let me kiss you; yes, I will."

"Shut your mouth, you pitiful blockhead; I'll teach you genteeler manners than to persecute a young woman in that way?" and taking Festus by the ear, he gave it a good pull. Festus broke out with an oath, and struck a vague blow in the air with his fist; whereupon the trumpet-major dealt him a box on the right ear, and a similar one on the left, to artistically balance the first. Festus jumped up and used his fists wildly, but without any definite result.

"Want to fight, do ye, eh?" said John. "Nonsense! you can't fight, you great baby, and never could. You are only fit to be smacked?" and he dealt Festus a specimen of the same on the cheek with the palm of his hand.

"No, sir, no! Oh, you are Loveday, the young man she's going to be married to, I suppose? Dash me, I didn't want to hurt her, sir."

"Yes, my name is Loveday; and you'll know where to find me, since we can't finish this to-night. Pistols or swords, whichever you like, my boy. Take that, and that, so that you may not forget to call upon me!" and again he smacked the yeoman's ears and cheeks. "Do you know what it is for, eh?"

"No, Mr. Loveday, sir—yes, I mean I do."

"What is it for, then? I shall keep smacking until you tell me. Gad! if you weren't drunk, I'd half kill you here to-night."

"It is because I served her badly. D—d if I care! I'll do it again, and be hanged to ye. Where's my horse Champion? tell me that," and he hit at the trumpet-major.

John parried this attack, and taking him firmly by the collar, pushed him down into the seat, saying, "Here I hold ye till you beg pardon for your doings to-day. Do you want any more of it, do you?" And he shook the yeoman to a sort of jelly.

"I do beg pardon—no I don't. I say this, that you shall not take such liberties with old Squire Derriman's nephew, you dirty miller's son, you flour-worm, you smut in the corn! I'll call you out to-morrow morning, and have my revenge."

"Of course you will; that's what I came for." And pushing him back into the corner of the settle, Loveday went out of the house, feeling considerable satisfaction at having got himself into the beginning of as nice a quarrel about Anne Garland as the most jealous lover could desire.

But of one feature in this curious adventure he had not the least notion—that Festus Derriman, misled by the darkness, the fumes of his potatoes, and the constant sight of Anne and Bob together, never once supposed his assailant to be any other man than Bob, believing the trumpet-major miles away.

There was a moon during the early part of John's walk home, but when he had arrived within a mile of Overcombe the sky clouded over, and rain suddenly began to fall with some violence. Near him was a wooden granary on tall stone staddles, and perceiving that the rain was only a thunderstorm which would soon pass away, he ascended the steps and entered the doorway, where he stood watching the half-obscured moon through the streaming rain. Presently, to his surprise, he beheld a female figure running forward with great rapidity, not toward the granary for shelter, but toward open ground. What could she be running for in that direction? The answer came in the appearance of his brother Bob from that quarter, seated on the back of his father's heavy horse. As soon as the woman met him, Bob dismounted and caught her in his arms. They stood locked together, the rain beating into their unconscious forms, and the horse looking on.

The trumpet-major fell back inside the granary, and threw himself on a heap of empty sacks which lay in the corner: he had recognized the woman to be Anne. Here he reclined in a stupor till he was aroused by the sound of voices under him, the voices of Anne and his brother, who, having at last discovered that they were getting wet, had taken shelter under the granary floor.

"I have been home," said she. "Mother and Molly have both got back long ago. We were all anxious about you, and I came out to look for you. O Bob, I am so glad to see you again!"

John might have heard every word of the conversation, which was continued in the same strain for a long time; but he stopped his ears, and would not. Still they remained, and still was he determined that they should not see him. With the conserved hope of more than half a year dashed away in a moment, he could yet feel that the cruelty of a protest would be even greater than its inutil-ity. It was absolutely by his own contrivance that the situation had been shaped. Bob, left to himself, would long ere this have been the husband of another woman.

The rain decreased, and the lovers went on. John looked after them as they strolled, aqua-tinted by the weak moon and mist. Bob had thrust one of his arms through the rein of the horse, and the other was round Anne's waist. When they were lost behind the declivity the trumpet-major came out, and walked home-ward even more slowly than they. As he went on, his face put off its complexion of despair for one of serene resolve. For the first time in his dealings with friends he entered upon a course of counterfeiting, set his features to conceal his thought, and instructed his tongue to do likewise. He threw fictitiousness into his very gait, even now, when there was no-body to see him, and struck at stems of wild parsley with his regimental switch as he had used to do when soldiering was new to him, and life in general a charming experience.

Thus cloaking his sickly thought, he de-scended to the mill as the others had done before him, occasionally looking down upon the wet road to notice how close Anne's little

tracks were to Bob's all the way along, and how precisely a curve in his course was fol-lowed by a curve in hers. But after this, he erected his head and walked so smartly up to the front door that his spurs rang through the court.

They had all reached home, but before any of them could speak he cried gayly, "Ah, Bob, I have been thinking of you! By gad, how are you, my boy? No French cut-throats after all, you see. Here we are, well and hap-py together again."

"A good Providence has watched over us," said Mrs. Loveday cheerfully. "Yes, in all times and places we are in God's hand."

"So we be, so we be!" said the miller, who still shone in all the fierceness of uniform. "Well, now we'll ha'e a drop o' drink."

"There's none," said David, coming forward with a drawn face.

"What!" said the miller.

"Afore I went to church for a pike to de-fend my country from Boney, I pulled out the spigots of all the barrels, maister; for, thinks I—hang him!—since we can't drink it our-selves, he shan't have it, nor none of his men."

"But you shouldn't have done it till you was sure he'd come," said the miller aghast.

"Chok' it all, I was sure!" said David. "I'd sooner see churches fall than good drink wasted; but how was I to know better?"

"Well, well; what with one thing and an-other this day will cost me a pretty penny," said Loveday, bustling off to the cellar, which he found to be several inches deep in stagnant liquor. "John, how can I welcome ye?" he continued, hopelessly, on his return to the room. "Only go and see what he's done!"

"I've ladled up a drap wi' a spoon, Trum-pet-major," said David. "'Tisn't bad drink-ing, though it do taste a little of the floor, that's true."

John said that he did not require anything at all, and then they all sat down to supper, and were very temperately gay with a drop of mild elder-wine, which Mrs. Loveday found in a bottle. The trumpet-major, adhering to the part he meant to play, gave humorous accounts of his adventures since he had last sat there. He told them that the season was to be a very lively one—that the royal family was coming, as usual, and many other inter-esting things; so that when he left them to return to Radipole few would have supposed the British army to contain a lighter-hearted man.

Anne was the only one who doubted the re-ality of this behavior. When she had gone up to her bedroom she stood for some time looking at the wick of the candle as if it were a painful object, the expression of her face being shaped by the conviction that John's afternoon words when he helped her out of the way of Champion were not in accordance with his words to-night, and that the dimly-realized kiss during her faintness was no im-aginary one. But in the blissful circum-stances of having Bob at hand again she took optimist views, and persuaded herself that John would soon begin to see her in the light of a sister,

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DISSEMBLER.

To cursory view, John Loveday seemed to accomplish this with amazing ease. When-ever he came from barracks to Overcombe, which was once or twice a week, he related news of all sorts to her and Bob with infinite zest, and made the time as happy a one as had ever been known at the mill, save for himself alone. He said nothing of Festus, except so far as to inform Anne that he had expected to see him and been disappointed. On the eve-ning after the king's arrival at Weymouth John appeared again, staying to supper and describing the royal entry, the many tasteful illuminations and transparencies which had been exhibited, the quantities of tallow can-dles burnt for that purpose, and the swarms of aristocracy who had followed the king thither.

When supper was over Bob went outside the house to shut the shutters, which had, as was often the case, been left open some time after lights were kindled within. John still sat at the table when his brother approached the window, though the others had risen and retired, and Bob was at once struck by seeing how his face had changed. Throughout the supper-time he had been talking to Anne in the gay tone habitual with him now, which gave greater strangeness to the gloom of his present appearance. He remained in thought for a moment, took a letter from his breast-pocket, opened it, and, with a tender smile at his weakness, kissed the writing before restoring it to its place. The letter was one that Anne had written to him at Exeter.

Bob stood perplexed; and then a suspicion crossed his mind that John, from brotherly goodness, might be feigning a satisfaction with recent events which he did not feel. Bob now made a noise with the shutters, at which the trumpet-major rose and went out, Bob at once following him.

"Jack," said the sailor ingenuously, "I'm terribly sorry that I've done wrong."

"How?" asked his brother.

"In courting our little Anne. Well, you see, John, she was in the same house with me, and somehow or other I made myself her beau. But I have been thinking that perhaps you had the first claim on her, and if so, Jack, I'll make way for ye. I—I don't care for her much, you know—not so very much, and can give her up very well. It is nothing serious between us at all. Yes, John, you try to get her; I can look elsewhere." Bob never knew how much he loved Anne till he found himself making this speech of renun-ciation.

"O Bob, you are mistaken!" said the trumpet-major, who was not deceived. "When I first saw her I admired her, and I admire her now, and like her. I like her so well that I shall be glad to see you marry her."

"But," replied Bob with hesitation, "I thought I saw you looking very sad, as if you were in love; I saw you take out a letter, in short. That's what it was disturbed me and made me come to you."

"Oh, I see your mistake!" said John, laughing forcedly.

At this minute Mrs. Loveday and the miller, who were taking a twilight walk in the garden, strolled round near to where the brothers stood. She talked volubly on events in Weymouth, as most people did at this time. "And they tell me that the theater has been painted up afresh," she was saying, "and that the actors have come for the season, with the most lovely actresses that ever were seen."

When they had passed by, John continued: "I am in love, Bob; but—not with Anne."

"Ah! who is it, then?" said the mate hopefully.

"One of the actresses at the theater," John replied, with a concoctive look at the vanishing forms of Mr. and Mrs. Loveday. "She is a very lovely woman, you know. But we won't say anything more about it—it dashes a man so."

"Oh, one of the actresses!" said Bob, with open mouth.

"But don't you say anything about it," continued the trumpet-major, heartily. "I don't want it known."

"No, no—I won't, of course. May I not know her name?"

"No, not now, Bob. I cannot tell ye," John answered, and with truth, for Loveday did not know the name of any one actress in the world.

When his brother had gone, Captain Bob hastened off in a state of great animation to Anne, whom he found on the top of a neighboring hillock, which the daylight had scarcely as yet deserted.

"You have been a long time coming, sir," said she in sprightly tones of reproach.

"Yes, dearest; and you'll be glad to hear why. I've found out the whole mystery—yes—why he's queer, and everything."

Anne looked startled.

"He's up to the gunwale in love! We must try to help him on in it, or I fear he'll go melancholy-mad like."

"We help him?" she asked faintly.

"He's lost his heart to one of the play-actresses at Weymouth, and I think she slights him."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

"Glad that his venture don't prosper?"

"Oh, no; glad he's so sensible. How long is it since that alarm of the French?"

"Six weeks, honey. Why do you ask?"

"Men can forget in six weeks, can't they, Bob?"

The impression that John had really kissed her still remained.

"Well, some men might," observed Bob judiciously. "I couldn't. Perhaps John might. I couldn't forget *you* in twenty times as long. Do you know, Anne, I half thought it was you John cared about; and it was a weight off my heart when he said he didn't."

"Did he say he didn't?"

"Yes. He assured me himself that the only person in the hold of his heart was this lovely play-actress, and nobody else."

"How I should like to see her!"

"Yes. So should I."

"I would rather it had been one of our own neighbor's girls, whose birth and breed-

ing we know of; but still, if that is his taste, I hope it will end well for him. How very quick he has been! I certainly wish we could see her."

"I don't know so much as her name. He is very close, and wouldn't tell a thing about her."

"Couldn't we get him to go to the theater with us? and then we could watch him, and easily find out the right one. Then we would learn if she is a good young woman; and if she is, could we not ask her here, and so make it smoother for him? He has been very gay lately; that means budding love, and sometimes between his gayeties he has had melancholy moments; that means there's difficulty."

Bob thought her plan a good one, and resolved to put it in practice on the first available evening. Anne was very curious as to whether John did really cherish a new passion, the story having quite surprised her. Possibly it was true; six weeks had passed since John had shown a single symptom of the old attachment, and what could not that space of time effect in the heart of a soldier whose very profession it was to leave girls behind him?

After this John Loveday did not come to see them for nearly a month, a neglect which was set down by Bob as an additional proof that his brother's affections were no longer exclusively centered in his old home. When at last he did arrive, and the theater-going was mentioned to him, the flush of consciousness which Anne expected to see upon his face was unaccountably absent.

"Yes, Bob; I should very well like to go to the theater," he replied heartily. "Who is going besides?"

"Only Anne," Bob told him, and then it seemed to occur to the trumpet-major that something had been expected of him. He rose and said privately to Bob with some confusion, "Oh! yes, of course we'll go. As I am connected with one of the—in short, I can get you in for nothing, you know. At least, let me manage everything."

"Yes, yes. I wonder you didn't propose to take us before, Jack, and let us have a good look at her."

"I ought to have. You shall go on a king's night. You won't want me to point her out, Bob; I have my reasons at present for asking it."

"We'll be content with guessing," said his brother.

When the gallant John was gone, Anne observed, "Bob, how he is changed! I watched him. He showed no feeling, even when you burst upon him suddenly with the subject nearest his heart."

"It must be because his suit don't fay," said Captain Bob.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT THE THEATER ROYAL.

In two or three days a message arrived asking them to attend at the theater on the coming evening, with the added request that

they would dress in their gayest clothes, to do justice to the places taken. Accordingly, in the course of the afternoon they drove off, Bob having clothed himself in a splendid suit, recently purchased as an attempt to bring himself nearer to Anne's style when they appeared in public together. As finished off by this dashing and really fashionable attire, he was the perfection of a beau in the dog-days; pantaloons and boots of the newest make; yards and yards of muslin wound round his neck, forming a sort of asylum for the lower part of his face; two fancy waistcoats, and coat-buttons like circular shaving glasses. The absurd extreme of female fashion, which was to wear muslin dresses in January, was at this time equaled by that of the men, who wore clothes enough in August to melt them. Nobody would have guessed, from Bob's presentation now, that he had ever been aloft on a dark night in the Atlantic, or knew the hundred ingenuities that could be performed with a rope's end and a marling-spike as well as his mother tongue.

It was a day of days. Anne wore her celebrated celestial blue pelisse, her Leghorn hat, and her muslin dress with the waist under the arms; the latter being decorated with excellent Honiton lace bought of the woman who traveled from that place to Overcombe and its neighborhood with a basketful of her own manufacture, and a cushion on which she worked by the wayside. John met them at the Radipole Inn, and after stabling the horse they entered the town together, the trumpet-major informing them that Weymouth had never been so full before, that the Court, the Prince of Wales, and everybody of consequence was there, and that an attic could scarcely be got for money. The king had gone for a cruise in his yacht, and they would be in time to see him land.

Then drums and fifes were heard, and in a minute or two they saw Sergeant Stanner advancing along the street with a firm countenance, fiery poll, and rigid, staring eyes, in front of his recruiting-party. The sergeant's sword was drawn, and at intervals of two or three inches along its shining blade were impaled fluttering one-pound notes, to express the lavish bounty that was offered. He gave a stern, suppressed nod of friendship to our people, and passed by. Next they came up to a wagon, bowered over with leaves and flowers, so that the men inside could hardly be seen.

"Come to see the king, hip, hip, hurrah!" cried a voice within, and turning they saw through the leaves the nose and face of Cripplestraw. The wagon contained all Derriman's workpeople.

"Is your master here?" said John.

"No, Trumpet-major, sir. But young maister is coming to fetch us at nine o'clock, in case we should be too blind to drive home."

"Oh! where is he now?"

"Never mind," said Anne, impatiently, at which the trumpet-major obediently moved on.

By the time they reached the pier it was six o'clock; the royal yacht was returning: a fact announced by the ships in the harbor firing a salute. The king came ashore with his hat

in his hand, and returned the salutations of the well-dressed crowd in his old indiscriminate fashion. While this cheering and waving of handkerchiefs was going on, Anne stood between the two brothers, who protectingly joined their hands behind her back, as if she were a delicate piece of statuary that a push might damage. Soon the king had passed, and receiving the military salutes of the picket, joined the queen and princesses at Gloucester Lodge, the homely house of red brick in which he unostentatiously resided.

As there was yet some little time before the theater would open, they strayed upon the velvet sands, and listened to the songs of the sailors, one of whom extemporized for the occasion :

"Portland Road the King aboard, the King aboard!
Portland Road the King aboard,
We weighed and sailed from Portland Road!"

When they had looked on awhile at the combats at single-stick which were in progress hard by, and seen the sum of five guineas handed over to the modest gentleman who had broken most heads, they returned to Gloucester Lodge, whence the king and other members of his family now reappeared, and drove, at a slow trot, round to the theater in carriages drawn by the Hanoverian white horses that were so well known in Weymouth at this date.

When Anne and Bob entered the theater they found that John had taken excellent places, and concluded that he had got them for nothing through the influence of the lady of his choice. As a matter of fact, he had paid full prices for those two seats, like any other outsider, and even then had a difficulty in getting them, it being a king's night. When they were settled he himself retired to an obscure part of the pit, from which the stage was scarcely visible.

"We can see beautifully," said Bob, in an aristocratic voice, as he took a delicate pinch of snuff, and drew out the magnificent pocket-handkerchief brought home from the East for such occasions. "But I am afraid poor John can't see at all."

"But we can see him," replied Anne, "and notice by his face which of them it is he is so charmed with. The light of that corner candle falls right upon his cheek."

By this time the king had appeared in his place, which was overhung by a canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold. About twenty places were occupied by the royal family and suite; and beyond them was a crowd of powdered and glittering personages of fashion, completely filling the center of the little building: though the king so frequently patronized the local stage during these years that the crush was not inconvenient.

The curtain rose and the play began. Tonight it was one of Colman's, who at this time enjoyed great popularity, and Mr. Bannister supported the leading character. Anne, with her hand privately clasped in Bob's, and looking as if she did not know it, partly watched the piece and partly the face of the impressionable John, who had so soon transferred his affections elsewhere. She had not long to wait. When a certain one of the subordinate

ladies of the comedy entered on the stage the trumpet-major in his corner not only looked conscious, but started and gazed with parted lips.

"This must be the one," whispered Anne quickly. "See, he is agitated!"

She turned to Bob, but at the same moment his hand convulsively closed upon hers as he, too, strangely fixed his eyes upon the newly-entered lady.

"What is it?"

Anne looked from one to the other without regarding the stage at all. Her answer came in the voice of the actress who now spoke for the first time. The accents were those of Miss Matilda Johnson.

One thought rushed into both their minds on the instant, and Bob was the first to utter it.

"What—is she the woman of his choice after all?"

"If so, it is a dreadful thing!" murmured Anne.

But, as may be imagined, the unfortunate John was as much surprised by this rencounter as the other two. Until this moment he had been in utter ignorance of the theatrical company and all that pertained to it. Moreover, much as he knew of Miss Johnson, he was not aware that she had ever been trained in her youth as an actress, and that after lapsing into straits and difficulties for a couple of years she had been so fortunate as to again procure an engagement here.

The trumpet-major, though not prominently seated, had been seen by Matilda already, who had observed still more plainly her old betrothed and Anne in the other part of the house. John was not concerned on his own account at being face to face with her, but at the extraordinary suspicion that this conjuncture must revive in the minds of his best-beloved friends. After some moments of pained reflection he tapped his knee.

"Gad, I won't explain; it shall go as it is!" he said. "Let them think her mine. Better that than the truth, after all."

Had personal prominence in the scene been at this moment proportioned to intencness of feeling, the whole audience, regal and otherwise, would have faded into an indistinct mist of background, leaving as the sole emergent and telling figures Bob and Anne at one point, the trumpet-major on the left hand, and Matilda at the opposite corner of the stage. But, fortunately, the dead-lock of awkward suspense into which all four had fallen was terminated by an accident. A messenger entered the king's box with dispatches. There was an instant pause in the performance. The dispatch-box being opened, the king read for a few moments with great interest, the eyes of the whole house, including those of Anne Garland, being anxiously fixed upon his face; for terrible events fell as unexpectedly as thunderbolts at this critical time of our history. The king at length beckoned to Lord —, who was immediately behind him, the play was again stopped, and the contents of the dispatch were publicly communicated to the audience.

Sir Robert Calder, cruising off Finisterre, had come in sight of Villeneuve, and made

the signal for action, which, though checked by the weather, had resulted in the capture of two Spanish line-of-battle ships, and the retreat of Villeneuve into Ferrol.

The news was received with truly national feeling, if noise might be taken as an index of patriotism. "Rule Britannia" was called for and sung by the whole house. But the importance of the event was far from being recognized at this time; and Bob Loveday, as he sat there and heard it, had very little conception how it would bear upon his destiny.

This parenthetic excitement diverted for a few minutes the eyes of Bob and Anne from the trumpet-major; and when the play proceeded, and they looked back to his corner, he was gone.

"He's just slipped round to talk to her behind the scenes," said Bob knowingly. "Shall we go too, and tease him for a sly dog?"

"No, I would rather not."

"Shall we go home, then?"

"Not unless her presence is too much for you?"

"Oh—not at all. We'll stay here. Ah, there she is again."

They sat on, and listened to Matilda's speeches, which she delivered with such delightful coolness that they soon began to considerably interest one of the party.

"Well, what a nerve the young woman has!" he said at last in tones of admiration, and gazing at Miss Johnson with all his might. "After all, Jack's taste is not so bad. She's really deuced clever."

"Bob, I'll go home if you wish to," said Anne quickly.

"Oh! no—let us see how she fleets herself off that bit of a scrape she's playing at now. Well, what a hand she is at it, to be sure?"

Anne said no more, but waited on, supremely uncomfortable, and almost tearful. She began to feel that she did not like life particularly well; it was too complicated; she saw nothing of the scene, and only longed to get away, and to get Bob away with her. At last the curtain fell on the final act, and then began the farce of *No Song no Supper*. Matilda did not appear in this piece, and Anne again inquired if they should go home. This time Bob agreed, and taking her under his care with redoubled affection to make up for the species of coma which had seized upon his heart for a time, he quietly accompanied her out of the house.

When they emerged upon the esplanade, the August moon was shining across the sea from the direction of St. Alban's Head. Bob unconsciously loitered, and turned toward the pier. Reaching the end of the promenade, they surveyed the quivering waters in silence for some time, until a long, dark line shot from behind the promontory of the Nothe, and swept forward into the harbor.

"What boat is that?" said Anne.

"It seems to be from some frigate lying in the Roads," said Bob carelessly, as he brought Anne round with a gentle pressure of his arm, and bent his steps toward the homeward end of the town.

Meanwhile, Miss Johnson, having finished

her duties for that evening, rapidly changed her dress, and went out likewise. The prominent position which Anne and Captain Bob had occupied side by side in the theater, left her no alternative but to suppose that the situation was arranged by Bob as a species of defiance to herself; and her heart, such as it was, became proportionately more embittered against him. In spite of the rise in her fortunes, Miss Johnson still remembered—and always would remember—her humiliating departure from Overcombe; and it had been to her even a more grievous thing that Bob had acquiesced in his brother's ruling than that John had determined it. At the time of setting out she was sustained by a firm faith that Bob would follow her, and nullify his brother's scheme; but though she waited, Bob never came.

She passed along by the houses facing the sea, and scanned the shore, the footway, and the open road close to her, which, illuminated by the slanting moon to a great brightness, sparkled with minute facets of crystallized salts from the water sprinkled there during the day. The promenaders at the farther edge appeared in dark profiles; and beyond them was the gray sea, parted into two masses by the tapering braid of moonlight across the waves.

Two forms crossed this line at a startling nearness to her; she marked them at once as Anne and Bob Loveday. They were walking slowly, and in the earnestness of their discourse were oblivious of the presence of any human beings save themselves. Matilda stood motionless till they had passed.

"How I love them!" she said, treading the initial step of her walk onward with a vehemence that walking did not demand.

"So do I—especially one," said a voice at her elbow; and a man wheeled round her, and looked in her face, which had been fully exposed to the moon.

"You—who are you?" she asked.

"Don't you remember, ma'am? We walked some way together toward Overcombe earlier in the summer." Matilda looked more closely, and perceived that the speaker was Derriman, in plain clothes. He continued: "You are one of the ladies of the theater, I know. May I ask why you said in such a queer way that you loved that couple?"

"In a queer way?"

"Well, as if you hated them."

"I don't mind your knowing that I have good reason to hate them. You do too, it seems?"

"That man," said Festus savagely, "came to me one night about that very woman; insulted me before I could put myself on my guard, and ran away before I could come up with him and avenge myself. The woman tricks me at every turn. I want to part them."

"Then why don't you? There's a splendid opportunity. Do you see that soldier walking along? He's a marine; he looks into the gallery of the theater every night; and he's in connection with the press-gang that came ashore just now from the frigate lying in Portland Roads. They are often here for men."

"Yes. Our boatmen dread them."

"Well, we have only to tell him that Loveday is a seaman to be clear of him this very night."

"Done!" said Festus. "Take my arm and come this way." They walked across to the footway. "Fine night, sergeant."

"It is, sir."

"Looking for hands, I suppose?"

"It is not to be known, sir. We don't begin till half past ten."

"It is a pity you don't begin now. I could show ye excellent game."

"What, that little nest of fellows at the Three Tuns? I have just heard of 'em."

"No—come here." Festus, with Miss Johnson on his arm, led the sergeant quickly along the parade, and by the time they reached the Narrows the lovers, who walked but slowly, were visible in front of them.

"There's your man," he said.

"That buck in pantaloons and half-boots—a-looking like a squire?"

"Twelve months ago he was mate of the brig *Pewit*; but his father has made money, and keeps him at home."

"Faith, now you tell of it, there's a hint of sea-legs about him. What's the young beau's name?"

"Don't tell!" whispered Matilda, impulsively clutching Festus's arm.

But Festus had already said, "Robert Loveday, son of the miller at Overcombe. You may find several likely fellows in that neighborhood."

The marine said that he would bear it in mind, and they left him.

"I wish you had not told," said Matilda. "She's the worst."

"Dash my eyes now; listen to that! Why, you chicken-hearted old stager, you was as well agreed as I. Come now; hasn't he used you badly?"

Matilda's acrimony returned. "I was down on my luck, or he wouldn't have had the chance," she said.

"Well, then, let things be."

(To be continued.)

Correspondents' Class.

THIS department is intended exclusively as a means of communication between those who have questions to ask in regard to art decorative, industrial, or art proper, and those who have information to give to those seeking it. Questions in regard to literary and social matters, household, fashions and the like, belong to the department of the Ladies' Club. The "Class" must adhere strictly in future to its original purpose.—(Ed.)

"MRS. D."—*To paint on velvet.*—Any of the ordinary non-corrosive pigments or liquid colors, thickened with a little gum, may be employed in this art, preference being given, however, to those that possess the greatest brilliancy, and which dry without spreading. The following are used. Some of them are very beautiful. Those containing litmus are, however, fugitive. Those made with strong spirit do not mix well with gum water, unless somewhat diluted with water. *Velvet Colors—(Blue).*—Prep. 1. Dissolve litmus in water, and add one third of spirit of wine. 2. Dilute Saxon blue, or sulphate of indigo, with water; for delicate work neutralize the acid with chalk. 3. To an aqueous infusion of litmus add a few drops of vinegar until it turns to a full blue.

(*Green.*)—1. Dissolve crystallized verdigris in water. 2. Dissolve sap-green in water, and add a little alum. 3. Add a little salt of tartar to a blue or purple solution of litmus, until it turns green. 4. Dissolve equal parts of crystallized verdigris and cream of tartar in water.

(*Purple.*)—1. Steep litmus in water, and strain the solution. 2. Add a little alum to a strained decoction of logwood. 3. Add a solution of carmine to a little blue solution of litmus or Saxon blue.

(*Red.*)—1. Macerate ground Brazilwood in vinegar, boil a few minutes, strain, and add a little alum and gum. 2. Add vinegar to an infusion of litmus until it turns red. 3. Boil or infuse powdered cochineal in water containing a little ammonia or sal volatile. 4. Dissolve carmine in liquor of ammonia, or in weak carbonate of potash water; the former is superb.

(*Yellow.*)—1. Dissolve gamboge in water and add a little alum. 2. Dissolve gamboge in equal parts of proof spirit and water. Golden-colored. 3. Steep French berries in boiling water, strain, and add a little alum. 4. Steep turmeric, round zeodary, gamboge, or annatto, in a weak lye of subcarbonate of soda or potash. These colors, thickened with a little gum, are also used as inks for writing, as colors to tint maps, foils, paper, artificial flowers, etc.

"DE VRIES."—Oil paintings when *cracked* have to be restored by careful touches applied by an artist, and is considered very delicate and skillful work.

"ARIOLE."—A method by which flowers may be preserved for months is to carefully dip them as soon as gathered in perfectly limpid gum water, and after allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, to set them upright or to arrange them in the usual manner in an empty vase. The gum gradually forms a transparent coating on the surface of the petals and stems, and preserves their figure and color long after they have become dry and stiff.

"HOME DECORATION."—The first step in the execution of a stained-glass painting is the preparation of a *full-sized* design or cartoon, upon which are marked the shapes of the various pieces of glass, with the patterns which are to be painted upon them. These are to be clearly and legibly drawn, as by doing so it will greatly facilitate the progress of the work in its future stages. A piece of ordinary thin glazed calico or tracing paper is then laid upon the cartoon, and a skeleton tracing made, showing only the outline of each separate piece of glass. This is technically called a "cutting drawing," and is intended for the purpose of cutting from and for glazing on. This separate drawing is not absolutely necessary, as the cartoon itself could be used for the purpose; but as the design is sometimes of considerable value, and may be required again, it is advisable to preserve it. The cut line may also be found very useful in laying the pieces of glass on while painting. It is well to indicate on the cutting drawing the colors to be used. In making both the drawing and outline, it must be borne in mind that the shapes of the pieces of glass must in every instance be as simple as possible.

QUESTIONS.

"COR. CLASS.—Can you give me directions for the following processes in 'Glass Painting'?"

"1. Cutting the glass.

"2. Matting the surface.

"3. Stippling.

"4. Tracing the design.

"HOME DECORATION."



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"I WOULD like to ask a question," announces Miss Annie Wells, in her rather precise manner, "but I hardly expect to receive a satisfactory answer."

"Is that a fair conclusion?" I inquire.

"Oh, I don't mean to imply that your answers are not even more than satisfactory," explains Annie, "but I mean I think I shall ask an impossibility."

"If it is a riddle, ask me," murmurs Jennie, while I beg the young lady to tell us her difficulty.

"It is less than a year," she began, "since we had our sitting-room repapered with a lovely paper in imitation of robin's-egg blue Pompeian tiles. Everybody admired it, and it has been such a comfort to me and me, for all the other rooms have such old-fashioned, dreary papers on the walls that it is a real relief to have one pretty room to go into and forget the rest."

"Surely nothing has happened to your pretty wall-paper?" I say, sympathetically. "I hope not, for I particularly admired it when I called at your house, and almost envied you for having it."

"Yes, indeed, something has happened to it," answers Miss Wells. "We have had a visit from a friend, who brought her two little children, and the good-for-nothing little things have bread-and-buttered our new paper high and low, or, rather, low, for they could not reach very high, but that hasn't made much difference, for their father came and spent Sunday, and he oils his hair, and tips back in his chair, and there are two ugly dark spots to mark the places he selected to rest his head on, and keep us from forgetting him."

"*A la* Mr. Jellaby," suggests Jennie, but Miss Wells doesn't read Dickens, so fails to see the parallel.

"What very annoying visitors," I say. "Deliver me from my friends. But I am not sure that there is no way to restore your paper. I suppose that is the question you were about to ask?"

"Do you really think anything can be done?" says Miss Wells in surprise. "I was going to ask if there could be, but it seemed hopeless."

"I really think the marks of the small, buttery fingers can be taken out," I say, hopefully, "but I am less sanguine about the oily impression of your friend's classic head. Still, you can try; what I have to suggest will at least make the spots no worse."

"I will try anything you say," says the young lady, cheerfully.

"My remedy is simple, but takes a little patience," I continue. "I have seen the plan tried with such success that I asked the friend who tried it to write down the method for me, for one is so apt to forget the details. Take a loaf of bread, forty-eight hours old—get the round baker's loaf that is called pan bread, and has crust all around. Cut it into quarters and halve the quarters, unless the loaf is very small. Take hold of a piece by the crust, and rub the grease spot with the crumb or soft part. Rub lightly and always one way: downward will be the most convenient. Keep cutting away the bread as it gets dirty, and take a fresh piece whenever the crust is reached. You may have to use several pieces on each spot, but if the strokes are light and even, and never taken across, the paper will not be defaced, and I hope you will find that the spots have nearly, if

not quite, disappeared. Undoubtedly you would be more certain of success if the application had been made as soon as the spots were discovered, but I hope it is not yet too late."

"I should like to ask," remarks Miss Lucy Little, "what kind of care is required to keep matting in order. It is a new idea for us to have any, but mother writes me that she has been having it put down in one of the bedrooms."

"It requires very little care," I answer, "except to use a soft rather than a hard broom to sweep it with; and if it gets stained or dirty, clean it with a cloth dipped in salt water, and wipe it dry with a soft towel. The salt preserves the color of the matting."

"Salt and water," I proceed, "is also an excellent thing to clean cane-seated chairs with. Use a great deal so that the cane will be thoroughly saturated, and scrub with a brush if the seat is very dirty. Turn the chair upside down, so you can get at the unvarnished side of the cane, as the varnish will resist water."

"What is the object of soaking it?" asks Miss Little.

"To shrink the cane," I answer; "wipe it and stand the chair in the sun to dry, and the seat will tighten up and be as firm as when it was bought, unless some of the strands are broken."

"That is a good thing to know," says Sophie Mapes, "for really cane seats do sag lamentably."

"Now," says Jennie, "would any one like me to mention a useful fact that is apropos to nothing, but just happened to pop into my head?"

"I dare say we should all like to hear it," I reply, "especially if it is one of your grandmother's items. I regard most of her ideas as eminently valuable, for she is a practical housekeeper of such long experience."

"Yes, this is one of grandma's notions, as she calls them. You must know, the dear old body is awfully afraid of sleeping in damp sheets."

"I agree with her fully there," I assent.

"She says," pursues Jennie, "that she has heard of three people who have come to their deaths, and one who is all curled up with chronic rheumatism, in consequence of sleeping in damp beds, so she is determined not to suffer a similar fate, and whenever she occupies any bed besides her own she tests its dryness herself."

"How does she do it? by putting her hand in between the sheets?"

"No; she says you can't rely on the feeling. She is very fussy when she comes to see us, and has a hot flatiron, as we have no warming-pan, put into the bed before she retires, and as soon as it is taken out she sticks in a goblet, and she says there will be vapor condensed upon the sides of it unless the sheets are quite dry. Often in traveling, she says she has found beds damp enough to form large drops in the glass. She says, too, that beds that have been made up a long time gather dampness, especially if the sheets are linen."

"Yes, I often feel afraid of spare beds," I say, remembering some past experiences.

"Really," remarks Miss Kitty, "your grandmother must be a very original and ingenious old lady."

"Oh! she didn't invent the plan I have just told you of," says Jennie. "I suppose she must have read it in some philosophy; it sounds like one of the 'interesting experiments' in 'Young Student's Recreations,' or some such book."

"But what does she do," asks Miss Kitty, "if her interesting experiment develops the fact of there being a large amount of dampness in the bed?"

"Puts in flatirons, or hot bottles enough to dry it, I suppose," says Jennie. "But I can assure you she is quite capable of sitting up all night, if her bed was not exactly to her satisfac-

tion. She believes in warming-pans, and says she can't see why they ever went out of fashion."

"They belonged to the time of cold bed-rooms and unheated halls," say I. "Modern houses are so equable in temperature and so comfortable in every way that we do not have much need of the old-fashioned appliances, that were necessary to make life tolerable in those days."

Care of the Eyes.

THE following paper read before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement is reproduced from the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*. The subject is of such vital importance, so many parents are indifferent from ignorance of the whole matter, until their attention is suddenly called to it by irremediable injuries inflicted upon their own children, that we offer no apology for presenting it entire:

ON THE PREVENTION OF NEAR-SIGHT IN THE YOUNG.

BY HASKET DERBY, M.D.

A BOY or girl is observed by the teacher, during the early years of school life, to see maps and drawings on the blackboard, across the room, less readily than the other scholars. After a time the parents' notice may be called to the fact, and in a small number of cases the child is brought to the surgeon. Expressions of incredulity are subsequently exchanged for those of astonishment when it is demonstrated to the parents that the child cannot see the largest letter of the test-card across the room, and that his farthest point of accurate vision is perhaps within twelve inches of his eyes. He has, without the knowledge of his family, become near-sighted. A difficulty has been fastened upon him that will act to his serious disadvantage through life, and the tendency to which he may transmit to his children. Though its progress may be modified by following suitable advice, it is now no longer capable of removal. Such cases occur with great frequency.

According to the best attainable statistics, there is found in the United States only about one-third as much near-sight as is met with in Europe. And yet its prevalence in New England may be estimated from the fact that one person in ten who consults the ophthalmic surgeon does so on account of this very difficulty.

That near-sightedness is always a serious disadvantage to its possessor, that such an eye is in fact a diseased eye, that the affection is one that tends between certain ages to increase, and that exceptional increase may with advancing years lead to blindness, are facts so often insisted on as to have become familiar to all who take an interest in this subject. Few states of the eye have been more accurately studied. The statistics collected have reached the limit of usefulness. The age at which myopia is likely to begin, the period of life during which it generally increases, the influence of civilization and education on its development, are all satisfactorily known. The hopelessness of its cure is universally conceded. But in my opinion, far too little study has been bestowed on the possibility of its prevention. It is to this branch of the subject that I briefly invite attention.

The first question that arises, then, is as to whether prevention is possible. In answering this, two facts are to be taken into consideration: *First*, that near-sight is seldom, if ever, congenital, though a tendency to its development may undoubtedly be inherited. *Secondly*, that it is usually a product of civilization. This view receives support from those who have had the opportunity of examining the eyes of savage tribes. Furnari,

among others, found no near-sight among the Kabyis. Macnamara states that he, some years ago, was among the Southals, the aborigines of Bengal, dwelling among the Rajahmahal Hills. "I took," he says, "every opportunity of examining the eyes of the people I was brought in contact with, for the purpose of discovering if myopia and such like diseases existed among them, but I never yet saw a young Southal whose eyes were not emmetropic" (that is, perfect). Other testimony is in the same direction.

The following is a brief summary of our knowledge regarding the appearance and progress of near-sight:—

It is not generally found at all among children who have not commenced school life.

Between the ages of six and seven some three school-children in a hundred are found, in this country, to be near-sighted.

This percentage steadily increases, and at the age of twenty at least twenty-six in a hundred are thus affected. The percentage rises to forty-two in Russia, and to sixty-two in Germany.

Other things being equal, the children of near-sighted parents are more apt to acquire near-sight than are those whose parents have normal vision.

The development of near-sight is furthered by the following causes:

- (1.) Work by insufficient light.
- (2.) Work on minute objects, such as fine print, intricate maps, and the like.
- (3.) Work in a constrained or stooping position.
- (4.) Continuous study, and
- (5.) Prolonged or excessive study.

The action of this last is well illustrated by an example given by Erismann. Four thousand three hundred and fifty-eight scholars being in the habit of studying out of regular school hours, he found

Of those studying two extra hours 17 per cent. were near-sighted.

Of those studying four extra hours 29 per cent. were near-sighted.

Of those studying six extra hours 40 per cent. were near-sighted.

Such being the causes of near-sight, a large portion of the success that is likely to attend its prevention would depend on their judicious elimination. So much has already been written on this subject that it is needless to reiterate the advice given from every quarter. The necessity of well-lighted rooms, of clearly-printed textbooks, of properly constructed desks and seats, has been clearly dwelt upon. The subject of prolonged study must be left to those more familiar than myself with the forcing system of modern education. A single word may, however, be permitted regarding the continuous use of the eyes in young children, and the mechanism of the production of near-sight.

A normal eye becomes myopic, of course, by growing longer, by the bulging out of its posterior segment. There is excellent authority for believing that this is peculiarly apt to take place in the children of near-sighted parents. They inherit a diminished power of resistance in this part of the organ of sight. The length of the eye may be normal at birth, but the scleral tissue of its posterior half is unduly elastic, and gives way more readily than it ought, during the period of development of the body. After this time is passed it may acquire new strength, and cease, after the twentieth year, to be liable to give way. Let us bear this tendency in mind, and remember, moreover, Eulenburg's statement that ninety per cent. of curvatures of the spine, which do not arise from a special disease, are developed during school life. If now, in the case of a growing child, a constrained and unnatural position, long continued, may cause malformation of so solid a

structure as the vertebral column, why may not a similarly constrained position (so to speak) of the eye cause a change in the shape of that organ? A bow must be kept unstrung to retain its elasticity. The continued effort of accommodation for near objects is accomplished by the change in shape of the crystalline lens from its least to its greatest convexity. And just as the bow, too long or injudiciously stretched, fails to regain its pristine shape, so does the crystalline, overstrained or fatigued, often refuse for a greater or less time to relax into the shape of rest, when the eye is sought to be adapted for only distant objects. This inability to relax we call "cramp of the ciliary muscle," "spasm of the accommodation," and it is the first step in a downward course.

Now one of the principal factors in bringing about the change of shape or lengthening in the posterior segment of the globe is this very exercise of the accommodation. It probably acts by throwing the choroid into a state of tension and inducing congestion. The eyes, therefore, used so continuously as to undergo spasm of the accommodation, are even more likely to become near-sighted than those in which the accommodation is relaxed as soon as near objects are no longer regarded.

Near-sight may then begin with spasm of the accommodation. A single case will serve as an illustration of this fact.

I examined the eyes of a student at Amherst College, at the commencement of his freshman year, in November, 1875. He presented himself toward the close of the day; the afternoon was a dark one, and he had just been reciting. There was a slight degree of near-sight in each eye. In October of the next year I examined him again, and found his near-sight entirely gone. He had been laboring under accommodative spasm. But in June, 1879, at the completion of his college course, true near-sight, to a considerable amount, had made its appearance, and the ophthalmoscope showed it to be real, and not due to spasm.

This case is of great interest as illustrating the theory that near-sight frequently commences in the above manner; how frequently cannot at present be estimated. According to many, such cases are the rule, others think them the exception. But allow the fact that they do exist, and we have an important clew to the prevention of near-sight; for this spasm or cramp of the ciliary muscle yields readily to appropriate treatment. How often do we hear complaints from children that, after studying a time, distant objects appear blurred and indistinct! They can no longer tell time by the clock across the room, no longer make out figures on the blackboard. Such cases are often brought to the ophthalmic surgeon. With some of the children the spasm has already disappeared. With others a rest of a few days suffices to remove it. Others, again, require to be put under the full influence of atropine, to which, sooner or later, the thing must yield, as in the following instance:—

E. S., at the age of twelve, had never considered himself near-sighted. Both parents have normal vision. His brother, aged seventeen, who came under my care at the same time, had a considerable amount of myopia, which up to the present has gone on steadily increasing. His sister, slightly older than himself, is similarly affected. In March of this year, E. S. came to me again, complaining of pain in eyes on use, and inability to see distant objects distinctly. He was now near-sighted, and could not see sharply any object removed more than thirty-nine inches from him. I kept him three weeks under atropine, and the near-sight entirely disappeared, he being able, according to his own expression, to see as far as ever. We are warranted in the supposition, that had the difficulty not been recognized and the

treatment employed, he would, like his brother and sister, have become near-sighted for life.

Assuming, then, as we are amply justified in doing, that cramp of the ciliary muscle is the first step in the development of near-sight in a number of cases, and knowing that the spasm, as such, is readily curable, the desirability of watching for its occurrence becomes evident. In fact, the extreme importance of recognizing all near-sight in its very earliest stage has been far too little insisted upon, for it is at this precise period that so much may be expected from judicious treatment, as well as from careful regulation of the child's habits, method of study, and length of time spent in school.

Unless measures be taken to prevent it, the percentage of near-sight among us is liable to increase as time goes on, largely through the transmission of the hereditary tendency.

What course shall be adopted to prevent this? I would suggest the following plan: Let all children have their vision tested as soon as they know their letters; let a careful record be kept of the result; have the examination repeated at least twice a year during the whole of school life; and let near-sight be promptly treated as soon as its commencement is detected.

A school committee, for instance, might adopt some such plan as the following: A brief document couched in popular terms, could be circulated among the teachers in the public schools, explaining the views just rehearsed, and giving instructions in the use of the test-types of Snellen or Monoyer. Each school should be provided with one or both of these cards, the price of which is trifling. The card itself should be hung in a room of sufficient length, and illuminated artificially at the time of examination, thus securing uniform intensity of light on every occasion. At its entrance into the school each child should have its vision tested by the card, in each eye separately, and a record kept of the result. This examination might be repeated at least once in six months during school life, and any change noted.

If sufficient interest can only be awakened in the subject, and if this course be followed, I do not see why the amount of near-sight in the community may not ultimately be considerably diminished. Let the absurd traditions of the past, that myopia is due to an increased convexity of the eye, and is even an evidence of strength of sight, be once fairly banished from the popular mind. Let it be insisted on in season and out of season that near-sight is a disease, a product of civilization, arising generally during school life, often curable if promptly met, always incurable and often progressive if neglected, invariably a disadvantage to its victim, and sometimes in later life fatal to sight; let these facts be fairly brought forward and understood, and the next generation will have better and stronger eyes than those of the past, and that of the present.

There will be no near-sighted children turned out by the schools of Dr. Richardson's City of Health.

To the Homely—Greeting.

BY ANNIE M. STARR.

Is it wicked to wish to be beautiful?

I think not. It is wrong, of course, to grieve because one is homely; for it does no good. Thank fortune, taste is so varied in this world that a body has to be entirely hideous to suit no one's taste. It is indeed remarkable how differently we look upon the same person. Again, people who are at first glance set down as plain—nay, downright ugly—so change upon acquaintance that we are astonished that we ever thought them plain. So

wonderful is the ascendancy that a lovely mind has over the countenance.

Now girls—I mean you homely ones, of course—you no doubt think that I am going to sermonize about the necessity of cultivating your intellects. You never were so mistaken in all your lives. I know very well that you have been aware from your earliest youth that your minds are your capital, and that now you need no prompting to improve them. The first time that you fully realized that you were ugly girls was when you went to your mother complaining that your bosom friend was "mad at" you and had taunted you with having a snub nose and freckles.

"Never mind, dears," said your mother, "let her see that handsome is as handsome does."

Very consoling, very; but your mother did not say that you were pretty, did she?—and that was what you wanted her to say. Alas! and you were then convinced that there was no beauty in you, and that all the world was a wilderness. I know—I know all about it; for I am a homely girl.

So, knowing your plainness, you sometimes forget to make your outside selves as attractive as you might. Your eagerness in pursuit of knowledge has made you oblivious of the claims that society has upon you. In fact, you rather view with contempt mere physical beauty. You are wrong; so I mean to tell you that I think any harmless method that you can adopt to make your visible selves attractive is perfectly proper—nay, even your duty.

Take the golden rule—Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you—and you will see that you ought to consider your appearance. Every one loves beautiful things and harmonious sounds. An ill-dressed or neglected person is like fly-specks on a crystal goblet or a discordant note in a favorite song: it irritates us. Gorgeousness is not beauty, though beauty is sometimes gorgeous; neither is simplicity beauty, though it more frequently approaches real loveliness, and that, too, without making any pretension.

Clean, healthy skins, well attended nails and teeth, becomingly arranged hair, nicely fitting clothes, harmonious colors, are all little matters in themselves; but, like a well-chosen background in a portrait, not much noticed perhaps, form a harmonious setting from which the genius of the artist startles us into vivid admiration. Besides, who wishes to have it said of her, "'Tis true she is not very nice in her appearance; but then we must put up with her little peculiarities, for she is so smart."

Having proven to you that it is your duty to be as beautiful as possible, I shall now proceed to give you a few hints how to be attractive personally. "Beauty is but skin deep," is a false saying; for a good skin is the outward sign of inward wholesomeness. If the stomach is disordered, the skin is almost certain to be bad. Some folks have the digestion of ostriches, and can devour anything without damage—but such persons are exceptions; so do not follow their example, even when one of them says, "Oh! dear, yes! it is perfectly harmless. I have eaten it for years. It never hurt me."

Salt is injurious, except in small quantities and as a medicine. Salt is a fertile source of boils, pimples, and many other ugly skin eruptions; and salt should be used only in moderation by everybody, and not at all by those who are subject to prickly-heat, cat-boils, etc. Fresh bread of all kinds will cause dyspepsia, as will all sorts of griddle cakes, and when to these hot breads is added melted butter, the injury to the digestive organs is really terrible. Sweets should be avoided, as well as every variety of stew, hash, rich gravies, and *fried* food.

Avoid overloading the stomach. Never eat late at night, unless it is broths, or an egg beaten with milk or sugar. Pastry of all kinds should be

avoided; also alcoholic drinks, unless prescribed by your physician. Fruit should form a large portion of your daily food.

If you are of a robust frame, a daily plunge bath is absolutely necessary to your health and complexion; but if you are not strong, such a bath once or twice a week is sufficient. During hot weather, and in cold also if you like, a morning sponge bath is as good for the delicate as a bath in the tub for the strong. A small half-teaspoonful of ammonia in a basin of water will remove all unpleasant odors from the skin, and cleanse it as nothing else will do, except a steam bath.

Good soap will not injure the skin, if care is taken to rinse it off thoroughly with clean water before wiping the surface dry; and soap is as necessary for cleansing the face as it is for any other part of the body. After bathing it is a good plan to rub the face and hands with sweet mutton tallow that has been prepared for that purpose. Rub the tallow into the skin with the fingers, then take a soft linen cloth and rub it off. Finally, if the skin seems parched, apply some finely-powdered starch—the best is corn starch—with a flannel or a baby's puff. Do not use the powders offered for sale by the perfumers; for these powders are in general very injurious, containing, as they do, sugar of lead and other deleterious substances.

I will give you a recipe for toilet-tallow, as it is good for many things besides bathing. It is an excellent remedy for parched and chapped lips, hands, sore throats, and abrasions. When once used it will always be found on your toilet. Toilet-tallow keeps best in glass. A small glass box can be bought of the druggist for ten cents. China will do, but not so well as glass, because it is apt to absorb hot grease.

Take a quarter of a pound of fresh mutton suet, melt it slowly, taking care that it does not scorch. Put in your glass box or cup four or five drops of sweet-oil, and, if you please, add a few drops of some liquid scent; then pour in the box the hot tallow and set it in a cool place to harden. For summer use the oil is not needed, as it will be soft enough without it.

Teeth should be rinsed after each meal, having with a toothpick previously removed all particles from between them. Once a day, just before retiring, is often enough to brush the teeth; the brush used should be only moderately stiff. Dentifrices are generally hurtful, as most all of them contain acids that eat away the enamel. Prepared chalk and magnesia are the simplest and best tooth-powders, and even they should not be used more than once or twice a week.

To preserve the hair, and make it smooth and glossy, it is necessary to brush it well with a stiff brush at least once a day. Be careful to remove all dandruff and brush the hair in the direction that it grows. The ends of the hair should be cut about once a month. For the sake of regularity most girls select the new of the moon for trimming the hair. Many a girl, whose only beauty is a fine head of hair, dresses it so shockingly that she makes herself look untidy as well as unattractive. Curling and crimping are not necessarily injurious to the hair, unless hot irons are used. It is a fine thing to have good hair, but what is the use of it if it makes you look like a fright? I would rather see a few thin locks becomingly arranged than heavy coils dressed in some ugly or dowdy fashion. Curl and crimp your hair if it improves your appearance, but do not use hot irons nor hot slate-pencils; they kill the hair, and dead hair is lusterless and stiff.

Fresh air is absolutely needed in the forming of a good, pure complexion; consequently, have your sleeping apartments well ventilated, and daily spend as much of your time out-doors as you possibly can. Take the air in through your nostrils, so that it will be purified before it enters the lungs

by the sieves prepared for that purpose. Many persons breathe through their mouths; that is very wrong, for the air with all its impurities is then taken directly into the lungs, causing much unexplained suffering.

A parting word. Throw back your shoulders; breathe deeply; don't lace, homely girls—don't. But there! I shall say no more on the subject. I shall not even say—wear your corsets loose, homely girls. But if you only knew how much nearer beauty you would be without lacing, you would select your corsets so large that you could take a full, deep breath in them with pleasure. If you only knew of the wasted life-forces that must help sustain the awful strain made upon them by that dreadful habit—the life-forces that would otherwise put a brilliancy in your muddy complexions, a fire in your dull eyes, and help you to be things of vivacity and joy, instead of listless, tired, ugly creatures—you would at once emancipate yourselves from tight lacing, wear loose corsets, and never look at a monstrously small waist without a shudder of dislike, and a thrill of joy in your freedom, homely girls.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE women of a generation or two ago were more familiar with the name of the great Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, than are the girls of to-day. Her books are found in every public library, and extracts from their pages are in most manuals of literature; but the pressure of current fiction is so immense, that she, with many of her contemporaries, has gone a little out of fashion, and is less popular than classic. She deserves a different fate. Few authors have written in a style of such simplicity and purity, few have been so uniformly religious, without being in the least bigoted, and few have kept so steadily before them the aim of elevating home-life and enlarging the sphere of woman. The latter idea possessed her from her girlhood, and she was among the first to see where old traditions fettered our sex, and to say that there was no *reason* in shutting women out from any profession or business on which they choose, after honest preparation, to enter.

Miss Bremer was the daughter of a prosperous iron-master who lived at Abo, in Finland. His family had immigrated thither from Sweden, and his grandfather had amassed great wealth and bought large estates. Fredrika was born here in August, 1801, and in 1804, in consequence of political changes, her parents sold their property and removed to Sweden.

The picture of child-life incidentally given by Charlotte, Miss Bremer's sister and biographer, contrasts curiously with child-life as we know it. The little Bremers were duly provided with a devoted nurse and a faithful governess, and as they advanced in years, masters came from the capital to their father's beautiful country-seat, to give them instruction in music, drawing, and languages. In one particular their education anticipated our period, for, true to the thrifty and sensible ideas of the North, the Bremers were resolved that their daughters should understand housekeeping in every department. A cook was for several summers engaged, whose sole office it was to induct the young ladies into all the mysteries of the culinary art, and never did their father praise them more than when some proof of their progress was brought on the table. But their relation toward their parents from infancy until maturity was characterized by an extreme distance. The little things feared their beautiful mamma fully as much as they loved her.

"During the winter," says Charlotte, "our parents used to be out a great deal in the fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely, except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come to say 'Good-morning' first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door, to renew our promenade, courtesy, and kiss her hand. If our courtesy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit, or courtesy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence."

This sort of training, though severe, was not upon the whole injurious to the children. It was otherwise with their mother's notion that eating too much would make them dull, that high necks and long sleeves would make them apt to take cold, and that too much exercise would make them hoydens. The little things were fed sparingly, a very small basin of cold milk and a very thin bit of dry bread constituting their breakfast and their supper through the first sixteen years of life. Only at dinner were they permitted to eat enough to satisfy appetite. In consequence of this mistaken regimen, they grew up slight and short of stature, and were never very strong. Many a time they shivered in the grand drawing-room, in their ethereal low-necked dresses, and often, when they begged for liberty to take a run or a walk, they were told to stand with their hands on the back of a chair, and jump if they needed exercise.

Fredrika was, it must be owned, a trying child. She had a passion for cutting holes in the carpet and curtains, for investigating her dolls and toys with a pair of scissors, and for throwing things into the fire to see the blaze. The earliest of her writings which has been preserved, was found in a copy-book which she used when about eight years old. Even then she was fired with the idea of becoming the champion of her sex. Neither capitals nor commas adorn this stanza, which has notwithstanding its flavor of Attic salt.

can man not learn the art of saving
could not our stronger sex be taught
not from their poor wives all help craving
to save their wages as they ought
to give up cards and take to reading
not novels—no—but books more meet
and from mad scenes of mirth receding
to fly from art to nature sweet.

Fredrika's first venture upon the sea of literature was modestly and timidly made, when she was very young, and her main object in publishing her sketches was to gain a little money of her own to use in charity. The success they met was a charming surprise. Her sisters and a brother were in the secret, and enjoyed with her the delight of revealing it to their parents, when all the world was wondering who the new and gifted young author might be. In 1850 she visited America and made many friends. Her fame had preceded her, for she was now known as a star in the firmament, having produced several popular works, and received two gold medals from the Swedish Academy. On her return from America, she gave herself distinctly to the work of emancipating Swedish women from the restrictions of their lot in life. The things she asked in their behalf were then revolutionary enough—they seem less so in the retrospect. She wished that woman should, like men, and together with them, be allowed to study in the elementary schools and academies, in order to gain an opportunity of obtaining employments and situations suitable for

them in the service of the State. She was convinced that "they could acquire all kinds of knowledge just as well as men, that they ought to stand on the same level with them, and that they ought to prepare themselves in the public schools and universities to become lecturers, professors, judges, physicians, and functionaries in the service of the State." Her sister, who throughout life was the special darling of her heart, was very conservative, and argued against Fredrika, that the work of the wife, mother, and the teacher of childhood was far superior to any more conspicuous office, as in some regards it certainly is; but Miss Bremer was born to be a pioneer, and the pioneer cannot be a conservative.

In the whole range of womanly biography, there are few more shining examples of truth, tenderness, and single-mindedness, than are afforded by the transcript of Miss Bremer's life. She wrote delightful letters, pouring out her heart in them in a way singularly sweet and winsome. Her family were the objects of a passionate enthusiasm, and on one or two friends she lavished an idolatry of love, which is a contradiction indeed to those purblind souls who are skeptical as to the possibility of a lofty and exclusive friendship between women.

Miss Bremer died in 1865, leaving a record of good work behind her. Like Goethe's, almost her last words were, "Light! eternal light!" "Ah! my child," she said to her nurse, "let us speak of Christ's love—the best, the highest love!"

Her coffin was almost hidden by the flowers sent by friends, and on the plate under her name was engraved those words of Jesus:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The children of the "Silent School," for whom she had labored, sent the loveliest garland of all, composed of white camellias and feathery grasses.

Over her grave in the cemetery at Arsta stands a monument of polished granite, with a cross at the top, and the words, engraved in golden letters,

"Here sleeps
Fredrika Bremer,"

with the dates of her birth and death, and a favorite quotation from the Psalms.

Shops in Rome.

SOME of the Roman shops are curious to look at just now. It has become the fashion to erect pyramids and buildings, with the goods exposed, in imitation of some of the shows in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. For instance, there is a German linen warehouse that shows a complete railway-bridge and station, and on the bridge is a complete train of first, second, and third class carriages and engine, and the whole is made of rolled handkerchiefs. The letters on the handkerchiefs mark the name of the railroad. The whole is capitally done. Then there is a silversmith who makes a balloon of spoons and forks, and a perfumery shop that represents all the flowers in creation, and a corset shop that portrays the human figure in Venus-like beauty, and so on. Our Roman shops seem very small to those who come from Paris, London, New York, and even other Italian towns, but they appear very large to Romans, who were not accustomed to free trade before 1870. Till then there were only as many drapers, milliners, bakers, butchers, milkmen, mosaicists, cafés, jewelers, picture shops, book shops, restaurants, hotels, etc., as pleased the authorities to have. Now any one who will, sets up any shop he will, and makes it as large as he likes, and as showy as he likes, to the dismay and mortification of the older Roman shopkeepers, who had been accustomed to nothing but the little

dark holes which we still see side by side with the newer shops. "This free trade is ruining Rome," say the old Roman shopkeepers, who see their holes abandoned for their more brilliant neighbors. "And this accounts for all the failures that now occur," they add. "But when all Rome has transformed itself into better shops there will not be so much grumbling. In the mean time, there are few things now that cannot be procured in Rome, if you only know where to go for them. There are foreign milliners, dressmakers, flowers, bootmakers, upholsterers, hairdressers, and lastly, what was more wanted than all, a corset warehouse has been opened on the Corso, where corsets of every celebrity can be had.

Lace Albums.

A "LACE ALBUM" is one which is either a specimen or a painted imitation of a specimen of all the different kinds of real lace issued since the manufacture of lace began. The whole of a design must be given. Fragments of real lace of family interest as having been worn by members of a remote ancestry are introduced, each one being labeled with the name of the lace, and there is besides attached the account of any great occasion upon which the lace was worn. All the fragments are attached either to silk or satin, the last being greatly preferred as better displaying the pattern. Where it is possible to procure a fragment of lace worn by a really great celebrity, it is thought desirable to have the autograph also, if obtainable. A fragment, for example, of lace worn by Marie Antoinette has an authentic letter written on some interesting occasion, and this is on the page opposite the lace.

Fashionable Nicknacks.

FASHIONABLE nicknacks are the *simile bronze niellé* coffers and vases. On the closest examination the effect of the gilt metallization is perfect as well as that of the *niellé* tracery. Imitations of Japanese lacquer on hardware are greatly sought. Strange to say, imitations in cast iron of hardware are fashionable for large decoration. The imitation of satin in ostrich eggs for jewel-boxes is the more perfect as the painting is in water-colors, thus following the manner of the decoration on that fabric. These jewel-boxes have motto-borders. Large natural nests filled with exquisitely imitated eggs of ivory, mottled with water-color, and on which stuffed birds survey their private possessions of a promising character, are used to ornament corner brackets of gilt wicker. Large bouquets are set in what resembles a reversed cap of china, having what appears to be a border of lace, but which is also of china. The cap is of the *paysanne* shape.

Yellow Satin Buttercups.

SOME artificial flowers are easily made, and not only easily made, but with a little skill can be fashioned so as perfectly to imitate nature. In order to make the yellow satin buttercups, which are now the fashion, it is necessary only to have the satin itself, some green floss silk, some wire, and a very small quantity of white floss silk, as well as a little gold leaf and gum-arabic. The larger the bunch of buttercups, the larger, of course, the piece of satin and quantity of wire, etc., but, unless leaves are wished, there need be no green satin provided. Most bunches are leafless as now worn. Cut the satin into double pieces—for front and back of flowers—shaped from a natural flower. Perforate with wire after twisting it with the green floss. Attach the white floss in a compact bunch for center, touch with gold leaf and gum-arabic, and your buttercup is made.

YOUNG AMERICA

Where the Harebells and Violets Grow.

BY ELIZABETH KIRKWOOD.

(Continued from page 447.)

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSPIRACY AND THE RIVER STYX.

THE lunch-bell rang just as Miss Leslie finished. The books were put away and they went down.

"We had a real story to-day, mamma, instead of history," said Kittie, as she helped herself to honey. "Miss Leslie agreed to it, as it was so very warm."

"Was it a good story?" asked Mrs. Clair.

"Pretty good," answered Fred. "Better than a lesson, anyway."

"Hurry up, Fred," said Kittie, mysteriously. "I want to consult you about something after lunch. I have an idea."

"Take care of it, Kittie," said her mother, smiling.

"It is a pretty good one," laughed Kittie; "but I don't believe you and Miss Leslie would like it so much as I do."

"Some mischief, I suppose," said Miss Leslie.

Kittie looked wise, but said nothing.

"A conspiracy?" asked Fred, looking at his sister, and raising his eyebrows inquiringly.

Kittie nodded. "Regular Guy Fawkes. Aren't you ever going to finish your lunch?"

"By and by," he answered coolly. "That bee story has given me an appetite for the honey; so pass it over here again, won't you?"

"Bother!" exclaimed Kittie. "Do hurry."

"Well, then, come along," said Fred, after a minute or two. "I hope you have something good to tell a fellow after making such a fuss."

"You'll see," cried Kittie, dancing off to the garden. And merry shouts of laughter went ringing out that afternoon, seeming to confirm Kittie's opinion that her idea had been a good one.

The next day Miss Leslie did not notice that Kittie concealed a long black bottle under her apron, as she entered the school-room, which she placed behind the leg of her desk, so that it could not be seen.

Kittie was very fidgetty all morning and could not keep from exchanging merry glances with her brother, which were generally followed by subdued laughter. The lessons were very poorly said, and Miss Leslie looked tired and discouraged.

"Suppose you both take a five-minutes' run around the garden and come in fresh," she said, after hearing a blundering French lesson. To her surprise, they hesitated and looked at each other.

"Oh! if you don't want to, you need not," she continued; "but you are usually ready enough. And I could correct these exercises while you were gone."

"Well, let's go, Kit," and Fred started off.

"Ring when you are ready for us to come, please," cried Kittie, looking back as she followed him.

"Do you think she will find them?" said Fred.

"No; she'll never think of looking there, and besides, she is going to correct the exercises, and that will keep her busy enough; for mine is one mistake from beginning to end."

"I like French," said Fred; "it is so jolly easy."

"Easy!" cried Kittie. "Then why didn't you say your lesson better? You made as many mistakes as I did."

"Wait till you begin Latin," replied Fred, assuming a superior tone; "then you'll see if French isn't easy."

"I don't want to know Latin," said Kittie.

"But you must, you know."

"Not yet, anyhow. Let's run a race to the garden gate and back."

The little bell rang just as the race was ended, and the children took their places flushed and panting.

Miss Leslie often found that a five-minutes' run in the garden saved an hour's dullness in the school-room, and she generally allowed it when signs of the fidgets appeared, or when the lessons were very stupidly said.

"There, Fred, I did not correct your exercise at all; for I feel certain that half these mistakes are from carelessness. You know better than this, I am sure, after studying French for a year. Such an easy exercise, too. See here, and here, what bad mistakes."

"I'll write it over carefully, Miss Leslie," answered Fred, who felt rather ashamed of himself, especially after his remarks to his sister.

"And Kittie, I have corrected yours. Learn it as it is corrected for to-morrow."

"Yes, Miss Leslie."

The lessons went on better till they began to draw, and then Miss Leslie, after listening a moment or two, said, as she opened her book, "Isn't there a sort of humming somewhere?"

"Bees, most likely," said Fred solemnly.

"Yes," remarked Kittie, "the garden is just full of them."

Miss Leslie began to read, and then Kittie bent down quietly and drew the cork from the long black bottle. A bumble-bee flew out, and then another, and another, till there were nearly a dozen of them flying wildly about, delighted to be free after a night's imprisonment in a black bottle, and buzzing loudly as they bumped against Miss Leslie's desk.

Miss Leslie was afraid of bees, and jumped up alarmed. "Where do these come from?" she cried. "Come into the hall, children, quick! we shall all be stung." And she ran out, upsetting in her haste a large bottle of ink that stood on her desk. "Come, come!" she called from the door, peeping in with her handkerchief thrown over her head. "Why don't you come? Kittie, Fred!"

But they laughed uproariously and showed no signs of fear.

"O Miss Leslie," cried Kittie, as well as she could for laughing; "don't be so frightened. They are only white-heads. Can't sting at all."

"Come back, they won't hurt you," said Fred. "We caught them all yesterday. How jolly of you to be so frightened."

"There go two out of the window; let's chase the rest out now," said Kittie. "But oh! look at the ink. Miss Leslie, the ink's upset!"

"Too bad," said Miss Leslie, hurrying in. "What shall we ever do to clear it up?"

"The river Styx, the river Styx!" shouted Fred, as the wide black stream wound slowly over the floor.

"Get a basin and a sponge, Kittie, as quick as you can, and let us try to get this stopped."

"Oh! the river Styx!" moaned Fred, twisting himself about with laughter.

"Never mind the river Styx," said Kittie; "but help to clear up this ink, won't you?"

"You apply what you learn very well," laughed Miss Leslie; "but you do so in rather a funny way. Come, throw this out, and bring me a basin of clear water."

Fred ran off with the basin, and hurrying back ran against a little girl, who was just entering the room with his mother. Crash! went the basin on the floor, and everybody scampered to get out of the way, for the clean water mixing with the ink spread off in every direction. Mrs. Clair rang the bell, and Sarah came hurrying up. "My eye, what a mess!" she said as she looked in.

"Bring some floor-cloths here, and clear this up, Sarah. Quick, before it spreads farther."

"Yes'm," and Sarah bustled off.

Fred in the meantime stood with his hands and his cuffs dripping, and a most rueful expression on his face.

"How did all this happen?" asked Mrs. Clair. "I heard the noise down-stairs, and could not imagine what was wrong."

"It all came out of the 'conspiracy,'" said Miss Leslie, smiling, as she unbuttoned an inky cuff.

"Well, come down now—when you are ready. Sarah will clean this up, and the luncheon-bell is about to ring. This is Nellie Bradley, Miss Leslie, quite an old friend of Kittie's; but the disaster here seems to have made her lose her memory."

"O Nellie, how do you do?" cried Kittie, delighted. "Do you know, I could not see your face under your hat, and you have had your curls cut off shorter, and I've been wondering all the time who you could be."

"Nellie has come to stay with you, Kittie," said Mrs. Clair; "so take her to your room and help her off with her things. Her mamma came to see me this morning, and I asked her to let Nellie stay with us. Her trunk will come this afternoon."

"We might give up the lessons for the present," continued Mrs. Clair, after Nellie had taken off her hat, and they had all gone down to luncheon.

"How jolly," said Fred, who now entered with dry cuffs and very smooth hair. "How do you do, Nellie? I am very glad to see you. How's Jack?"

"He's well. But he won't be home from school for a week yet," answered Nellie.

"He is coming here as soon as his holidays begin," said Mrs. Clair.

"Hurrah!" shouted Fred. "There'll be fun, I tell you. How soon? a week? Bully!"

"O Fred," said Miss Leslie, "you promised me you wouldn't say that word any more."

"What?" asked Fred, innocently.

"That word."

"But what word?" he persisted.

"Bully," said Miss Leslie, not suspecting his motive.

"Mamma! Kittie! Miss Leslie said 'bully!'" shouted the incorrigible boy. "Just think of that!"

They laughed heartily, and Miss Leslie laughed too.

"But you made me say it, Fred."

"Never mind how it happened; you said it. But I didn't mean to say it just now," he added soberly. "I forgot, and it slipped out in my joy. Jack is such a b—jolly boy. You don't object to jolly, I suppose?"

"Oh! no," replied Miss Leslie, "you may say that."

CHAPTER VI.

BAKING.

KITTIE'S friend Nellie was a pretty little girl about her own age, and with sweet, winning manners. Mrs. Clair liked to have them together; for

Nellie's gentleness, she hoped, might prove a corrective to Kittie's more boisterous ways. Mrs. Bradley was an intimate friend of Mrs. Clair, and the children had always known each other well and loved each other dearly.

They were very happy all that week, making preparations and laying plans for grand things to be accomplished when Jack came, and Miss Leslie had enough to do to listen to all the wonderful things that happened and should happen. She joined kindly in all their amusements, and they began to think no fun was complete without her; and certainly no one was so good at making suggestions.

Kittie looked mournfully out of the window one rainy morning and wondered when it would clear up. Nellie stood beside her, holding old Grim, and stroking her head affectionately.

"You don't like the rain, pussy, any more than we do," said Nellie to the cat. "But *you* didn't want to go to the woods this morning to get the sweetest humming-bird's nest you ever saw. And no birds in it; all ready to add to my collection. And I did."

"What collection?" asked Mrs. Clair, laying down her magazine and smiling pleasantly.

"I am collecting birds' nests, Mrs. Clair, and I have seven already. I can tell you which belongs to the different birds, too."

"Why, how did you ever come to think of such a thing?"

"I don't know. But I thought it would be nice to have them. I like things of that kind very much."

"What a funny idea," laughed Kittie, and then turning to Miss Leslie, she said: "Do tell us something nice to do to amuse us. Rainy days are so very long."

Miss Leslie thought a little while, and then said:

"Suppose we all go off to the woods to-morrow and take our lunch with us, and if your mamma approves, let us make some little cakes now to take with us. I'll mix them and you may help, and then we'll bake them in those pretty little pans down-stairs."

"Oh! yes, all shapes; rounds, hearts, and everything. What do you say, Nell?"

"Splendid!" cried Nell, dropping the cat.

"May we?" she said, appealing to Mrs. Clair.

"Oh! certainly; but brush off all those cat-hairs first, and find two large aprons to cover up your dresses. Have as good a time as you can."

"Don't you want to come, Fred?" asked Nellie.

"Not I. I'll eat the cakes with you any day; but bake them—no, thank you."

"You take a great deal of trouble, my dear," said Mrs. Clair to Miss Leslie, as she rose and put a marker in the book she had been reading.

Miss Leslie laughed.

"Oh! no; I love children, and appreciate the dullness of a rainy day, too. And it is so easy to make the little ones happy."

Kittie and Nellie were tied up in checked aprons, and Miss Leslie rolled up her sleeves over her pretty white arms, and tied on a big white apron with a bib, which was very becoming. She sifted and stirred and mixed, and the children beat up eggs till their arms ached and their cheeks glowed; then ran for the sugar; brought the salt; ran back for the right box, and made a dozen mistakes that were all funny, and then they got the little tins ready, and solemnly prepared to pour in the batter.

"O Miss Leslie, you didn't put in any currants!"

"Not in this kind, Kittie; I'll make some with currants while these are baking."

"That will be nice; I was afraid the fun was over already. Pass me a heart, please, and a diamond."

"Give me a triangle, please," said Nellie, dipping a big spoon carefully into the pan. "How shall we know when these are done?—when they are brown?"

"Yes; and you put a broom-straw in, too, and find out that way. If it sticks it isn't done, and if it comes out all dry it is."

"Oh! I see."

"Clap these in the oven," said Kittie. "And now for the currants. I'll get 'em."

"Which is the nicest kind, Miss Leslie?" asked Nellie.

"I like those we have just made best myself; but Kittie thinks no cake is good without currants."

"These are the best," said Kittie, coming back from the store-room with the currants. "Are the others done yet?"

"You had better look; but don't burn yourselves."

"Get a broom-straw!" cried Nellie, anxious to experiment. "Where is the broom?"

"Here, behind the door, Miss," said Ann, the cook. "And here's a good long straw."

"Thank you. Now, Kittie, open the oven; here's the straw all ready. Oh! that's done."

"Beautifully!" said Kittie; "brown as can be. Shall we take them out, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes; or let Ann do it; I'm afraid you will burn your fingers. No? be careful then, and hurry; for I am about ready for you again."

"There's Grim; take care, she will eat all she can get. Put them on the table."

"Why, they would burn her nose!" said Nellie.

"But they won't take long to cool," replied Miss Leslie.

"And Grim can stand the greatest heat," said Kittie. "I never saw such a cat."

Grim looked wistfully at the little tins and mewed faintly; but finding herself neglected, she prudently crept up to the range, and went sound asleep.

"She isn't at all hungry," remarked Kittie; "but she likes a cake at odd times. It agrees with her."

"With you, too, doesn't it?" said Miss Leslie.

"Yes," answered Kittie, "I shouldn't wonder. What shall we use for these?—we have filled all the shapes."

"Then take the little square pans."

"Dear me, they aren't half so pretty!"

"Just as good, though," said Nellie.

"And here's a big round one," said Miss Leslie.

Waiting for these to bake was not so exciting as the first time; but they looked very nice as they came out of the oven, and they carried them to the table and admired them very much.

"What a lot," said Kittie. "Can't we have some for luncheon to-day?"

"I think we might. And it must be near time; for I heard Sarah setting the table some time ago. Come, now, if you are ready."

"Boo!" cried a voice at the door, and they all jumped.

"Give a fellow a cake," said Fred, walking in. "I'll give you some news for it."

"Did yer ever see the loikes o' thot bhoy?" cried Ann, standing with her iron upraised.

"Didn't he startle me out o' me sinces!"

"What's the news?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Cake first."

"Oh! tell us!" cried both the little girls.

"Cake first."

"Well, what shape will you have? The shapes have no currants; but they are the prettiest."

Fred looked at them all critically, and said, sentimentally, "A heart, if you please;" laying his hand on his side and bowing to Miss Leslie.

"You goose," she said, laughing; "here's the biggest one I could find. Now the news!"

"Really, Miss Leslie, you have as much curiosity as the little children here."

"Haven't you grown up rather suddenly since an hour or two ago?" asked Kittie, saucily.

"The news," said Fred, biting the cake—"Moses! how hot it is!"

"The news?" inquired Nellie, laughing.

"No; the cake. Well, the news is that—I—have—a—letter," said Fred, speaking very slowly, "from—Jack—and—he—is—coming—to-morrow morning!"

"Oh! how good! where's the letter?"

"In my pocket."

"Show it to us," said Kittie.

"I can't show my private correspondence," said Fred, loftily, "without another cake."

"Then we shall have to go without; for you will probably charge a cake for every word. There's the luncheon-bell, and we are not ready! Come, Nell," and they ran off. Miss Leslie rolled her sleeves down and followed.

It did not clear up all day, and there was every prospect of the next day being the same; but in the morning the sun rose brightly, and the sky seemed twice as blue as before. The woods looked fresh and green, and Mrs. Clair, Miss Leslie, and the little girls set off in high spirits, carrying the lunch-baskets and chatting merrily. Fred stayed behind to meet Jack, who was coming by an early train.

After Nellie had found her bird's nest they selected a pretty, mossy place, and spreading their water-proof cloaks down to guard against dampness, they all sat down, after putting the baskets at a little distance. They had their work-bags on their arms, and the two little girls had brought their dolls, and now prepared seriously to fashion some new garments which had the one merit of being original in design.

"May I have your thimble, Miss Leslie—just for a minute?" asked Nellie. "Thank you. What a pretty one it is. Gold thimbles are prettier than silver ones, aren't they, Kittie?"

"Yes," replied Kittie. "I think perhaps I might learn to sew if I had one. I stepped on my silver one and mashed it. What are you going to make?"

"A cloak," answered Nellie, as she laid the piece of white muslin down and began to pencil scallops all round it, which she shaped by the thimble. "And here's the collar scalloped just the same; I made it yesterday."

"How pretty it is," said Kittie. "But my doll is a Mexican. All I have to do is to take this square of red flannel—piece of my red sack, you know—chop a hole in the middle, and stick her head through. Now, she's dressed!"

"There is a certain grace in it too," remarked Mrs. Clair. "It is better, anyway, than an ill-made dress. But you want a big hat to complete the costume."

"Here's a leaf," said Kittie. "I can cut a hole in it and fasten it on her head—so. How does that look?"

"Horrible," said Nellie, "and there's a spider on it!"

Kittie dropped her doll and ran away. "Take it off! take it off!" she cried.

"What a goosey," laughed Nellie. "There, it is gone. I'm not afraid of spiders."

"But you can't climb a tree," said Kittie.

"No; I'm afraid," answered Nellie.

"Well, I am afraid of spiders, and some other things—caterpillars. Oh! I hate 'em! But I don't see anything to be afraid of in climbing a tree."

"You might fall down and kill yourself, and spiders don't bite or anything."

"Kittie isn't afraid of bees," said Miss Leslie, smiling, as she remembered the conspiracy.

"But spiders are so ugly," said Kittie.

"They can't help that," answered Nellie; "and they make pretty things. A spider's web is pretty; a round one, you know. Here's your thimble, Miss Leslie. Let me put it on your finger. What a little hand, and oh! what a beautiful ring. May I look at it closer?"

"Yes, certainly. Do you like it so much?"

"It's lovely."

"I know who gave her that, Nell," said Kittie. "You don't."

"O Kittie," said her mamma, "you should not always tell everything you know."

Miss Leslie smiled. "Oh! I don't mind," she said; "Kittie may tell if she chooses. It isn't a secret."

"May I really?" asked Kittie.

"Certainly."

"It was Mr. Allan," said Kittie, "and he is splendid, Nellie. A clergyman, but not at all awful, you know. Doesn't look at you as if he thought you didn't know your catechism. And he tells the best stories I ever listened to. Better than the old red story-book, I can just tell you."

"There is praise for him, Miss Leslie," said Mrs. Clair, laughing. "Would not he be flattered?"

"I think he might with reason," answered Miss Leslie. "It is always pleasant to be liked."

"Is he going to marry Miss Leslie?" asked Nellie solemnly.

"Yes, they are engaged—" began Kittie; but the conversation, which might have become embarrassing, was interrupted by a "whoop!" from the depths of Fred's lungs.

"Here!" shrieked Kittie.

"Kittie dear!" said her mamma; "not quite so loud. That went through my head."

"Maybe he's lost himself! No, there he is, and Jack too! Come, Nellie!" and they dashed off to meet them.

"How do you do, Jack?" said Mrs. Clair. "We are glad to see you."

"Thanks, I'm jolly," replied Jack. "How do, Miss Leslie? How picturesque and everything we are here, aren't we?"

"Are you tired and everything after your journey?" asked Miss Leslie, laughing.

"Don't criticise a fellow's speech the first thing, Miss Leslie; really, it's embarrassing, you know."

"Well, then, are you tired?"

"Not at all. Had a first-rate time coming down, enjoyed everything. And you can't think how the country looks after the dusty city. The sky so blue and the air so sweet."

"I say, isn't it time for luncheon?" demanded Fred. "Those baskets look sympathetic."

"Very well, unpack them and make ready," said his mother. "The substantial things are in the large one, and a table-cloth too, I believe."

CHAPTER VII.

"THERE WAS AN OLD FROG."

It was great fun to unpack, for the baskets were packed tight, and they never knew what was coming next. A shout announced the discovery of anything that particularly pleased them. Fred tugged away at something that was sticking up, and nearly fell backward when it yielded suddenly. It proved to be the drumstick of a roast chicken. Sandwiches were packed down below, and the smaller baskets con-

tained the cakes and other sweet things, besides several little tin cups.

"I never had such an appetite in my life," cried Jack, waving a chicken-bone. "It's too jolly for anything, this lunch in the woods. I'm so glad I came in time."

"Yes; we are glad too," said Mrs. Clair.

"Have another drumstick? Here's a nice one."

"Thanks," replied Jack, "I will."

"I will too," said Fred.

"Unfortunately, these chickens were not quadrupeds," said his mamma, smiling. "I thought two chickens would be enough for us; but if everybody wants drumsticks, I ought to have had half a dozen to secure legs enough. Try a wing, won't you?"

"Yes, a wing—anything. Thank you. Pass the salt, Nell, good girl. Have a pickle?"

"No, thanks," replied Nellie, who was struggling with the other wing, and looked as if she had enough to do.

"Now it's cake time!" said Fred, after some minutes of silence. "Here's the basket. My eye, what a lot!"

"O Fred, don't say 'my eye,'" entreated Miss Leslie. "You ought not to copy Ann."

"I only said it in fun, Miss Leslie. Let a fellow have a little peace once in a while, won't you?"

"Not I; if you say things like that."

"You said 'bully' one day."

"No, I didn't. You trapped me into it. I don't think it is fair to accuse me of that, do you?"

"Perhaps not. But won't you have a cake? I've held the basket till my arms ache."

"Thank you, yes."

"Let's go to the spring, now," said Kittie, picking up a little tin pail when the baskets were repacked.

"Where is it?" asked Nellie.

"Oh! not far, and the sweetest place you ever saw."

The children started off merrily, and soon reached the spring. Truly, it was a pretty spot. Mr. Clair several years before had had the sides lined with stones, and built up square above, partly covering it. Deep green moss had gathered thickly over the stones, and delicate little ferns were growing up in the crevices, while larger ferns waved all around. A little beaten path led up to it, and here the children delighted to come, for the water was pure and cold as ice. Fred filled the tin pail, and then they all gathered round to fill their cups.

"Oh! how cold it is!" cried Nellie.

Kittie stooped to fill her cup, but drew back before it reached the water. "Martin says a frog lives in here; I'm afraid of it."

"You dunce!" said Jack, "it couldn't hurt you."

"But I don't like frogs."

"Oh! fill your cup and don't be foolish," said Fred, giving her a little push.

Kittie slipped and plunged headlong into the spring. The boys pulled her out quickly, but she was shivering with cold and terror. "Oh! the frog! the frog! the frog!" she moaned with her eyes shut; "I felt it—I know I did. So cold and slippery, oh!"

Kittie looked funny enough as she sat rocking herself to and fro, dripping wet, with her eyes shut; but none of them thought of laughing till afterward. They were looking at her ruefully when a sudden splash made them jump, and they saw the frog's legs just disappearing into the spring, which looked so muddy now from Kittie's invasion that it is doubtful whether the creature recognized its home.

"The frog wasn't in there at all," said Fred, "so you needn't sit there groaning. Better run back to mamma as fast as you can, or you may catch a bad cold."

"There was an old frog who lived in a spring," sang Jack.

They went back as quickly as possible, and explained the mishap to the astonished ladies. Kittie was soon wrapped up in a shawl, but she sat with her teeth chattering.

"There are some matches in the basket yonder," said Mrs. Clair; "and I packed in some coffee in case we might need it. So build a fire, boys, and we'll dry this child, and give her something hot. It is too far for her to walk home so wet."

"First rate!" cried Fred. "What a good thing you fell in, Kit; now we'll have the fun of building a fire, and coffee besides!"

The fire soon blazed brightly. Three sticks were crossed gipsy fashion, and the tin pail, full of water from the spring, hung above. The water boiled in a little while and the coffee was soon ready. There was a package of sugar in the basket that held the coffee, and a very little tin pail with a tight cover, holding about a cupful of milk. They dipped the coffee up carefully with one of the cups, and helped everybody, and then they sat around the fire and drank it.

"It's mighty hot, any way," said Jack.

"Good though," answered Fred.

"It never tasted so good before," said Kittie, who was beginning to dry comfortably. "I should like to have it in a tin cup every day."

"It wouldn't taste so good in the



THE SPRING.

house, Kittie," said Mrs. Clair. "It is the novelty of drinking it in the woods, after making it yourselves, and the appetite the exercise has given you. I remember once your papa came home after a hunting excursion and insisted on having cold pork and cold potatoes for his dinner, because he had come across a little hut up in the mountains when he was tired and hungry, and the woman who lived there had given him some. His appetite was so keen that he thought the fare delicious, but when I had the same served in our own comfortable dining-room, he could not touch it. He said it was not so good as that the old woman gave him. Fresh air and fatigue will make even cold pork and potatoes palatable, you see, and I am very certain that if I placed a little row of tin cups on the breakfast-table to-morrow morning, and gave you your coffee in them, you would all beg for china before you passed your cups for more."

"Try it, won't you please?" said Jack, laughing.

"Do," begged Nellie; "for I never liked coffee half so much before to-day, and I'll have some more, Fred, please."

Fred dipped out another cupful. "Lend a fellow your spoon, Nell. Thanks," he said, stirring vigorously. "This is so pleasant—one spoon to three. Won't you try that to-morrow too, mamma?"

"No; that would cause rather too much confusion, I am afraid; but I will try you with the cups. Now, if you are all ready, we had better pack up and go home. We can come out again some morning whenever you like. I think we have had a very pleasant time in spite of Kittie's mishap. Are you quite dry now, dear?"

"Oh! yes, perfectly. And warm, too." They walked home through the pleasant fields, enjoying the clover-scented air, and all found themselves tired enough for a sleep before dinner.

Mr. Clair was greatly entertained by the description of the gypsy lunch, and laughed heartily over Kittie's plunge, and her false alarm about the frog. He was besieged by all the children with requests for a story of his adventures while hunting, and was obliged to abandon his evening paper in despair as twilight came on, and give them a minute description of the cottage where he got the cold pork; what he had been doing before, to give him such a capital appetite; what the old woman was like, and exactly how much game he got. This they found very interesting, and when the tea-bell rang the boys went in, planning a great hunting tour. And the girls begged that they might be allowed to join the party.

The next morning, when the children went down to breakfast, they found the tin cups for their coffee, and though they looked funny on the damask cloth beside the pretty china, they expected to like them much better than the usual cups.

"Oh! how hot this is!" cried Kittie at last. "I don't think I like a tin handle very much. It gets twice as hot as the china."

"Ma was right," said Fred. "I give in. Let me have some more in a china cup, please. And Sarah, do take this away."

"I don't like it at all!" said Nellie.

"Nor I," said Jack. "I've been trying to get mine down this last ten minutes, for I didn't want to be the first to speak; but I'll follow my leader, and have some more in a china cup, if you please."

"Sarah," said Mrs. Clair, "take the tin cups away, and bring some more china ones. I thought you would find it so, children; it is just like Mr. Clair's cold potatoes."

"Well, I couldn't have believed it," sighed Kittie. "It tasted so very good in the woods."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Tabby Grey.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

THREE snowy babies once
Had Mrs. Tabby Grey,
To climb upon her back,
And round her feet to play;
All dressed in purest white,
So pretty and so neat,
Their eyes so soft and bright,
And dove-like faces sweet.

SHE can't bring up these babies all,
Her mistress said one day;
When she goes out to make a call,
I'll steal one sly away,
And put it in a pretty box,
And take to Mrs. C.—
She wants a little cat so much,
Delighted she will be—

FOR Puss has never been to school,
And surely can't count three;
Two babies are enough to climb
And dance around her knee.
And Mrs. Puss one day went out,
To make a morning call
On Mr. Mouse, and Mrs. Mouse,
And their six children all.

WHEN she came back, she eager ran
Her little babes to meet—
But one came not to dance around
Its darling mother's feet.
She gave one sharp and bitter cry,
And then through kitchen, hall,
Up stairs and down, she searched in vain,
To hear her baby's call.

WHEN from the door she frantic ran
To every neighbor's near;
Through every house she looked in vain,
To find the little dear;
Till, joyful, smiling through her tears
At Mrs. C.'s at last
She found the child and brought it home,
And close she held it fast,

AND laid it by its sister's side,
Who washed its velvet face,
And danced around in loving pride,
To see it in its place.
She nursed it well one happy month
With a most tender care,
And washed and ironed its pretty dress,
And smoothed its face so fair.

AND one bright day when Mrs. C.
Sat knitting in her chair,
And through the blinds the morning sun
Was smiling on her hair,
Came softly through the garden gate
Good Mistress Tabby Grey,
And brought her baby, too, to call
On Mrs. C. that day.

SHE purred around the lady's feet,
To make her look that way,
Dropped in her lap the baby sweet,
As if to softly say:
Just see how pretty she has grown,
How fat and cunning too;
Now you may have her for your own,
I've brought her here for you.

YOU'll bring her up, in these hard times,
Better than I can do:
It takes most all that I can earn
To feed the other two.
Then Mrs. C. made a warm bed
For little Kitty Grey,
And gave her best of milk and bread
For breakfast every day—

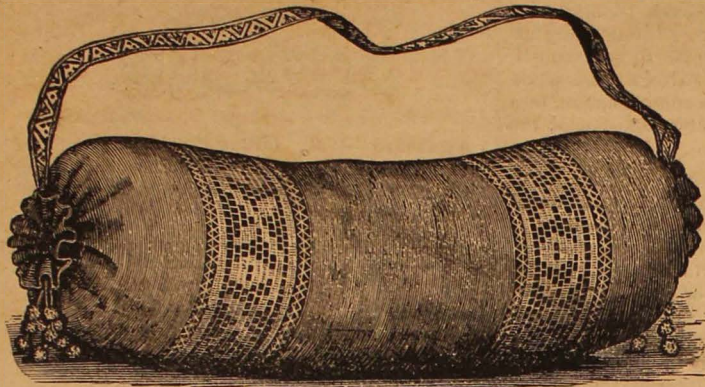
WILL she grew up as noble cat
As ever cat can be,
And traveled with her mistress, too,
Across the land and sea.
This story, my Aunt Mary says,
Is every word most true—
She knew this Tabby Grey so well,
And all her babies too.

SOLUTION TO ILLUSTRATED REBUS IN AUGUST.

- C. Conform to all good rules,
- D. Decay visits all mankind.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS—SOLUTION IN OUR NEXT.

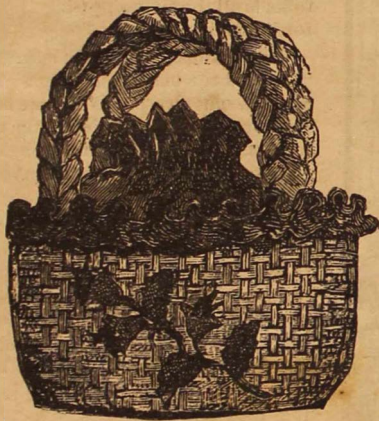


Bolster for Chair.

FOR supporting the head on a large chair this bolster, hung across the back of a chair, is very comfortable.

The illustration is covered with Java canvas, and the stripes are of antique lace, with a color set underneath. Finish the ends like a ruffle, and tie it round with a cord and tassel. The band to go over the chair is of ribbon covered with lace on both sides.

The bolster is cooler if filled with curled hair.



Bags.

MAKE a bag of cashmere and cover two-thirds of it with dark brown Java canvas, on which embroider a spray of rosebuds and green leaves. Finish the top of canvas with a full ruching of satin ribbon the color of the cashmere.

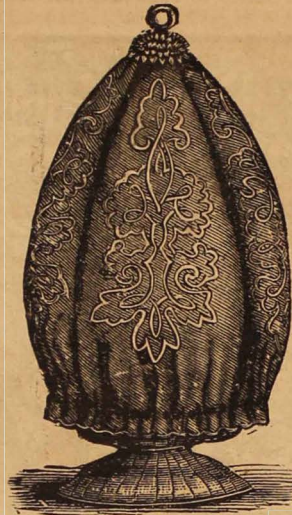
The handles are made of plaited ribbon or straw.

Knitted Pincushion Cover.

FOUR needles, No. 18: Cast 45 stitches on each of three needles, 15 being required for each stripe.

First round.—Begin with the cotton forward, purl two stitches, pass the cotton back, knit one, taking it at the back, purl two, pass the cotton back, slip one stitch, knit one, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit six, bring the cotton forward, knit one—this increases two loop-stitches; repeat this all round. You will find you have increased one stitch in every fifteen.

Second round.—Begin with the cotton forward, purl two stitches, knit one, taking it at the back, purl two, slip one, knit one, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit plain until you come to the next purled stitches, and continue as before. In this and every alternate round, no loop stitches are to be made, but the purled stripes and decrease to be done as before, which will reduce the stitches to the original number. Knit these rounds alternately, making the two



BIRD CAGE COVER.

holes which occur in every alternate round, one stitch sooner each time; that is, knitting five, then four, then three, then two, then one, instead of six stitches as mentioned in the first round. You will then have six rows of holes, which completes the leaf, and you will find the holes brought to the side of the stripe opposite to that on which they began; you must then begin again as at first. Nine rounds of leaves complete a pincushion.

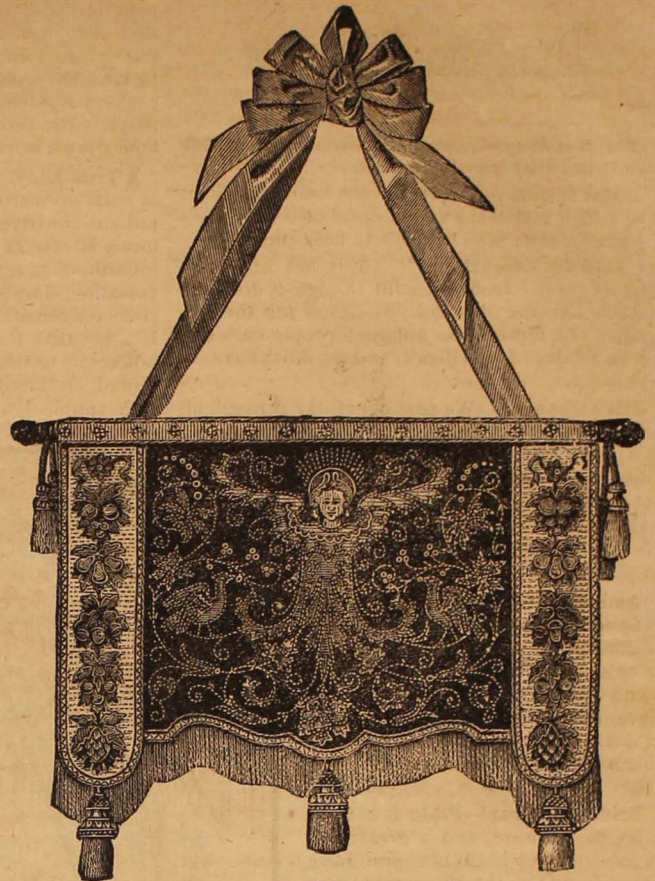
Bird Cage Cover.

THERE are so many birds that take cold from being left by an open window at night, we would suggest as a preventive, our cage cover. Measure the size round the bottom of the cage, and cut five pieces the shape shown over the cage in design. Dress bunting is the best material to use, as the air can readily pass through it. Have the sections stamped, and braid with bright colors; scollop the edge and bind with braid or ribbon. Put an elastic at the top and bottom to hold it firmly over the cage.

Rugs.

INEXPENSIVE rugs can be made of gray and brown blankets worked with worsteds, in an open floral pattern. The easiest mode of fixing the pattern is to trace it on tissue-paper, pin it on the blanket, and with white cotton run round the outline; then tear away the paper, and the pattern will be found easy work. If not familiar with the shading of flowers, roughly paint a flower, and keep in front of you while working. These blankets can be made very elaborate, and with the addition of different colored tassels or fringe around the edge, can be used as a table-spread.

Split double Berlin wool will be found to work better than crewels.



Shaving Case.

CUT four pieces of cardboard the shape of design, cover two of them on one side with black velvet, embroidered in colors, and on each end put a strip of light blue fancy ribbon; cover the two remaining pieces on one side with blue silk and overhand a silk and velvet piece together.

Take a hoop stick and cut it the desired length for the bar at the top, and wind it with blue satin ribbon studded with beads.

Finish the bottom with bullion fringe and tassels, and hang it by a wide satin ribbon and large bow.

Stitch for Square Crochet Shawl.

THE following is an extremely pretty stitch, if eis wool is used; if Shetland, not quite so clear, but still uncommon. A large needle is required, No. 2. Make a chain the length you require the size of the inside of shawl.—1st row, 1 treble long stitch on the 1st chain, 3 Ch., take the wool round the needle, draw it level with the long stitch, insert the needle in the 3d Ch., draw through and work 4 Ch., take the wool on the needle again, draw through the next chain stitch on the foundation, 4 Ch., take the wool on the needle again, take up the next chain of the foundation, and make 4 more chains; you now have on the needle the last stitch of 4 separate loops of chain and three loose threads, draw the wool through all at once, and make 4 Ch., miss the next 3 Ch., and repeat from * to the end of the row, work 1 long, and fasten off. Commence again with a long on the 1st long of last row, * take the wool on the needle, draw through the 1st of the next 3 Ch., 4 Ch., the wool on the needle, draw through the 2d Ch., 4 Ch., the wool on the needle, take up the 3d Ch., 4 Ch., draw through all at once, 4 Ch., repeat from *, work 1 long on the last long stitch. Repeat these 2 rows the size required, working the end in at each side of the work.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT

The Best Way.—Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

Makes it Ours.—A love for the beautiful in art and nature makes the whole world of beauty one's own, no matter who happens to hold the deeds.

"Good in Everything."—All is not attractive that is good. Iron is useful though it does not sparkle like the diamond. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower. So different people have different modes of excellence, and we must have an eye to all.

Life's Changes.—We pass every day through all the changes of human experience.

We are children in the morning, with their fresh young bodies and feelings; we are middle-aged at noon, having seen an end of all perfection; we are old and weary and worn out at night.

Ambition a Torment.—Ambition is torment enough for an enemy, for it affords as much discontentment in enjoying as in want; making men like poisoned rats, which, when they have tasted of their bane, cannot rest till they drink, and then can much less rest till their death.

—Hall.

Pride a Beggar.—Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

Health.—There is one blessing of which people never know the value till they have lost it—and that is health. Health seldom goes without temper accompanying it; and that fled, we become a burden on the patience of those around us, until dislike replaces pity and forbearance.

Read and Remember this.—Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active; and, depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

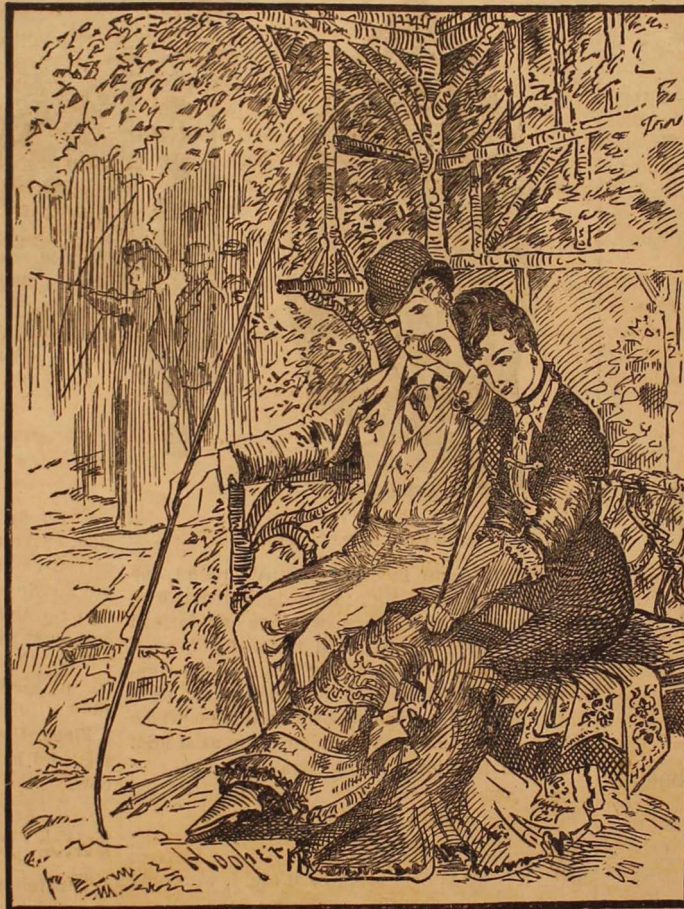
"Impressionable" People.—The impressionable temperament distinguishing all sympathetic people is either a strength or weakness according to the character allied to it. As sympathy gives an angelic grace to virtue, food to genius, and steadfastness to social relationships, so it can degenerate into nothing but perilous over-facile sensitiveness to the passing impressions of the moment.

"Impulsive" People.—There is a sort of impulsiveness which often gets people into serious trouble. We are fretted and vexed at the acts of somebody else, and we do not wait to think, but say out our irritation, and wound deeply some sensitive spirit. We are angry, and we let passion rule us instead of calm reflection. The impulsive person who cannot control his temper is like one carries fire near gunpowder.

A Wife's Education.—George Eliot says:—"It is better to know how to make home happy to

your husband than to read Greek to him; and that even music and singing—although very attractive to family visitors—cease to be a substitute for the commoner virtues after a time. Good cookery is a most valuable accomplishment in a wife's education, after the first delusion of the honeymoon is over."

A True Lady.—A true lady not only is always at ease, no matter with whom she is conversing, but she contrives also to make her companion as much at ease as herself. Some people, quite unintentionally, cause uncomfortable pauses in conversation, simply by the habit of hearing in perfect silence a remark which is not actually a question. It is not that they wish to ignore it, but it does not occur to them that a reply or comment is required, so the unfortunate utterer of the remark feels snubbed, and ceases to chat with the same



ARCHERY.

AN ARCHERY REPLY.—George. "Which bow do you like the best?" Arabella. "Why, George, how ridiculous. You know I—I—I—prefer y-e-w."

animation as before. One simple rule to bear in mind will go a great way toward winning the reputation of being a pleasant companion. It is, always to show some interest in whatever is said to you.

The Dead.—Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them.—George Eliot.

Moral Architecture.—We are building up our characters and lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us, by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we put ourselves. By looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction.

SPICE BOX

Awakened.—"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have."—Then she sprang up, and cried, "Goodness, John, have you been eating my lip-salve?"

Sensible Child.—"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl.—"No, but your ma did," was the answer.

Save me from my Friends.—"Isn't that your friend, Mrs. S., who is dancing there?"—"Yes."—"That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on."—"Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

Wasn't He Mean!—"Don't you think that a good likeness of me?" said a pretty wife to her small fraction of herself called her husband.—"Very good," was the reply, "except that there is a little too much repose about the mouth."

Help in the Wrong Place.—"Oh, yes," said a grumbling beggar, "folks al'ays helps them as don't need any help. Why, there's lightnin': it can git down to the ground fast enough, all by itself, and city folks is all the time a putting up rods for it to slide down on."

What Audacity!—Mamma.—"What's the matter, darling? You don't seem pleased to see me?"—Precious darling.—"No, I am not, mamma. I find you have gone and engaged yourself to be married again without my approval, when I had already promised you to one of Gerty's uncles."

Poor Woman!—Some people are born to ill-luck. An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years has never been ill a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged.

Study from Life.—I must tell you of a conversation I overheard at Brighton beach between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl, "Do you wish to be my little wife?"—The little girl, after reflecting, "Yes."—The small boy, "Then take off my boots."

A Feeler.—"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound."—"Oh, yes, you can," said a smart boy.—"John Wilkins," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?"—"A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart boy.

Great Trust.—"Neighbor Jones, you occupy a position of very great trust in this community?"—"Yes, neighbor Smith, I find that I have to trust almost everybody."

A Vile Scandal.—"I gave my seat in the 'bus to a very nice little lady from abroad," remarked an ungentlemanly wretch at a tea-table last night.—"How do you know she was from abroad?" inquired one of the fair tea-drinkers. "Did you ask her?"—"No, I didn't address her at all," replied the first speaker; "but when I got up to give her a seat, she said, 'Thank you sir,' and then I knew she must be a foreigner."—Here the conversation ended.

What Women are Doing.

Miss Betham-Edwards has written a volume of "Six Life Studies of Famous Women."

The Paris Salon.—Only one medal was awarded to a woman artist this year, and it was well deserved—Mlle. Muratori.

Miss Emma Abbott's first book, to be published this fall, is entitled "The Story of a Great Singer."

Mrs. John Lillie, who has written several interesting papers for *Harpers' Monthly*, is an American lady living in London. Her husband translated Prince Metternich's Memoirs with Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Mrs. Lillie's maiden name was Lucy White. She is the daughter of the late Judge White.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has received a prize offered by *The Winsted* (Conn.) *Herald*, for the best communication on the subject of Woman Suffrage. It was at once the most logical and literary.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who, as Miss Dixwell, of Cambridge, was famous for her artistic needlework, is exhibiting at the shop of a picture dealer in Boston some of her landscapes done with silk thread on silk panels.

Mrs. Clara T. Folsom, of Springfield, has been appointed on the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity; and the action meets general approval.

An Excellent Charity.—Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, Chadd's Ford, Delaware County, Penn., originated "The Children's Week" in Philadelphia and directs the charity. It provides a week in the country for children needing it, whose parents cannot afford to pay for it.

A Much Needed Work.—Mrs. John C. Green has given \$100,000 to the American Sunday-school Union, to be used in developing a higher order of Sunday-school literature.

Mlle. Thénard, of the Comedie Française, delivered, at the Salle de Conférences, in the Boulevard des Capricines, a lecture on the "Art of Public Reading." Mlle. Thénard maintains that reading aloud is a gift possessed by all.

Miss Abby W. May has been re-elected a member of the State Board of Education, being the first person elected after the eight years term decision.

A Costly Luxury.—Sarah Bernhardt's price for reading or acting in private houses is \$300 a night. She is reported to have made Lady Bostwick's guests cry smartly the other evening in London in a play entitled "Jean Marie."

Mrs. C. M. Nordstrom, for the past six years Registrar and Book-keeper at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., will enter Boston University in October next for a four years' course of medical study.

Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart, of Olympia, W. T., is now holding, for the third consecutive term, her commission from the Governor as President of the Board of Immigration for that Territory.

Japanese Girls at Vassar.—A Japanese girl, Miss Yama Kawa, is leader of one of the classes at Vassar College. Another, at the same institution, Miss Spinge Nagas, is doing remarkably well. Both are from the *élite* of Japanese society, and are stylish and popular.

Mrs. L. A. Cones, of Cincinnati, has recently been appointed official reporter for the courts of Washington County. This, says the *Dayton Record*, is perhaps the first case of a lady's being appointed to such an office in this State.

Mrs. William Gammell, of Providence, the daughter of the late R. H. Ives, is said to be the

wealthiest married woman in America; and Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York, is said to be the wealthiest unmarried one.

Female Exhibitors in the Paris Salon.—The *Gazette des Femmes* says that there are 1,081 female exhibitors in the Paris Salon of this year. The number has gone on steadily increasing each year. In 1874 there were 286 ladies who exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie; in 1875, 312; in 1876, 446; in 1877, 648; in 1878, 762; and last year 876. The quality of their work is also much improved.

Woman Nihilists.—Among the Nihilist prisoners condemned at the late trials in St. Petersburg, were four women: Vitania, Natauson, whose husbands had been already exiled to Siberia—these two addressed the Court, and spoke at some length; and Katinkina and Matinosfsky, who declined to speak.

Miss Longfellow has been placed in charge of the library at Mount Vernon by the association of ladies who control the home of Washington. The library is called the "Massachusetts Room."

Ludmilla Assing, the niece of Varnhagen von Ense, has bequeathed all her uncle's collections, books, sketches, MSS., etc., to the Royal Library at Berlin, upon condition that they shall all be exhibited under the title of the Varnhagen Collection.

Mrs. N. K. Allen, of Iowa, a lady of leisure and means, has received the appointment as notary public and pension agent, in order to give her services to poor women who cannot afford to pay for such work. She has written bills, collected claims, and aided her sister women in many ways.

Provided the Means and Conditions are equal. Mrs. Lockwood.—The other day, at Chicago, Mrs. Belva Lockwood denounced as a crime the action of the Chicago School Board forbidding the employment of married women as teachers, asserting that a woman has as much right to support her husband as a husband has to support his wife.

University Honors.—In connection with the commencement exercises of the University of California it is noteworthy that the highest honors were borne off by two young ladies. The class was a large one, and the advocates of the idea of feminine intellectual inferiority will have to score two more points to their opponents. One of the young ladies has already made a good beginning as a writer.

Mrs. Amelia Howell was elected last year one of the St. Pancras Poor Law Guardians. This year she was opposed because she was not a resident of the ward, nevertheless, she was re-elected at the top of the poll. Miss S. W. Andrews, a resident, was also elected, coming in second.

Lady Cowper, the wife of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is described as an accomplished sportswoman, few men being able to throw a trout or salmon fly with more dexterity. And, Henry rifle in hand, she has proved herself an excellent huntress.

Madam Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lives in a large and pretty house in South Kensington, within a few doors of Madame Albani. It is surrounded by trees and flowers, and furnished with the modern art draperies and quantities of pictures and old china.

Unsupported Women.—It is said that more than three millions of women in England and Wales are earning a living—or trying to earn one—in the various trades and industries. But their wages are so low that six years ago a society—the Women's Protection and Provident League—was organized to raise them.

George Sand's Birthplace.—A memorial tablet is to be placed on the house, No. 15 Rue Meslay, where George Sand was born, July 5, 1804. The

illustrious author never seems to have had a very vivid remembrance of this early home, for she says in her "Histoire de ma Vie": "We left the house, and I don't know where it was situated. I have never returned to it since. But if it still exists I think I should recognize it."

Princess Louise, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, has adorned with her own hands the panels of a white door in her boudoir at Ottawa, by painting thereon the branch of an apple tree in leaf and fruit so artistically that it is said the apples "are ripe and rosy enough to cause a second fall."

A Beautiful Work.—Miss Grant, niece of the late President of the Royal Academy, is rapidly completing a fine reredos in marble for the new cathedral in Edinburgh. Some of the groups, especially that of the Marys, with Mary Magdalen at the foot of the cross, are very happily conceived and executed. They are in bold alto relievo, in Carrara marble. The reredos represents the whole scene of the Crucifixion as told in the Gospels, the background being filled with incidents in the awful story, indicated in lower relief after the manner of the Ghiberti gates at Florence.

Queen Victoria's Gratitude.—A handsome fountain has just been erected as a memorial of General Sir Thomas Biddulph. It is placed between the Victoria and chain bridges at Balmoral, and bears this inscription: "To the honored memory of General Sir Thomas Middleton Biddulph, K. C. B., P. C., this fountain is erected by Queen Victoria, in grateful and affectionate remembrance of his faithful services to the Queen and royal family for twenty-seven years. Born July 27, 1809, died September 28, 1878."

A London Hospital for Women.—The Princess of Wales will lay the foundation stone of a Hospital for women next month. The object of the institution is announced to be "to provide for the reception and treatment of gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, and respectable poor women and others suffering from those distressing diseases to which the female sex is liable, irrespective of social position."

What the Vassar Girls Eat.—Picture it; think of it! During the past year the Vassar girls consumed forty-five tons of fresh meat, two tons and a half of smoked meats, two tons of poultry, three tons of fish, five barrels of mackerel, 28,000 clams, 442 gallons of oysters, five barrels of pork, 255 barrels of flour, two tons of buckwheat, thirty-six bushels of beans, 1,919 bushels of potatoes, 8,409 dozens of eggs, 93,602 quarts of milk, 8,005 bananas, 22,611 oranges, and other delicacies and substantial in proportion.

Ladies' Clubs in London.—To sum up in a few words the characteristics of the three principal ladies' clubs now established in London, remarks the *Parisian*, it may be said that the Victoria is a club to which ladies alone are admitted; at the Albemarle ladies have access equally with gentlemen; while at the Lotos Club only such ladies are, as a rule, to be found, as other ladies would not care to associate with.

Madame Dora D'Istria will, it is said, visit America soon, and may be here by the time these lines are in print. Madame D'Istria will be welcomed as no other woman ever has been in this country, for her genius, and elevation of character have given her a world-wide fame accorded to few women, and her influence has been ennobling as it is far-reaching.

Mrs. Van Cott, the eminent evangelist, has traveled a distance of 143,417 miles in the fourteen years of her ministry, has preached 4,294 sermons, besides conducting 9,333 other religious meetings, and writing 9,853 letters. The strain of so much work has, however, proved too great

for her nervous system, and she now retires from the field, probably forever.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts was asked by the chairman of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's committee to contribute toward his expenses as candidate for Middlesex. To the English mind, therefore, it would seem proper for a woman to mingle in politics so far as to give money for her favorite candidate, but not to vote for him. Truly, that is a fine discrimination of proprieties. But it is not peculiar to the English mind.

Russian Convicts.—A *Times* correspondent speaking of Russian convicts in Siberia, says: Women who are sent to Saghlieff and to the sea-coast province, have sometimes the good fortune to be taken into the house of government officials as servants. This, the authorities under certain restrictions are allowed to do, the servant population in those regions being so sparse. In two houses in which I stayed all the servants were convicts. Some of these servants, moreover, were getting very good wages. It sounded strange to hear that a highly educated lady had to intrust her child to the care of a murderess as nurse, but her mistress gave her an excellent character, paid her £12 a year, gave her clothes, and found her a home in the best house in the province.

Anna Randall-Diehl, to whom the *New York Times* gave the credit of clambering upon the railing, and waving a flag in each hand, at the same time shouting in the Republican Convention at Chicago, writes to that paper to say she was in her country home on Long Island all the time, and in reading the reports of the convention was shocked to find herself paraded in that undignified and untrite manner. She says: "Oh, Grant me honest fame, or Grant me none."

Madame Anchieux, who has her soirees at the Prefecture of Paris, is, says a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, a woman of refined manners and tall, elegantly-formed figure. She is unaffectedly polite, and the cordiality of her disposition is evinced, even on state occasions, in the sweetness of her smile. Her intimate circle is Alsatian, she being a native of Alsace, and fondly attached to it.

A Good Purchase.—Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, of this city, has bought, for \$4,000, the painting by P. A. Cot, called "L'Orage," which was in the Salon. It is a companion to the well-known and charming "Springtime," by the same painter, which is owned by Mr. John Wolfe, and was much admired at the last Loan Exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art. In "L'Orage," a sketch of which, by the painter, was published in the *Art Amateur* last December, a youth and maiden, clad in similar Arcadian costumes to those of the handsome pair in "Springtime," are flying together down a tropical mountain path and before a rising storm.

Dr. Alice Bennett, who has been connected with the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia for several years, has received the appointment of medical superintendent of the new Hospital for the Insane, at Norristown, Penn. A new departure has been made in the management of this asylum, in having a woman physician in charge of the female department, who has absolute control, and is responsible only to the Trustees.

Miss Scott, who recently took so high a position at the Cambridge (England) examinations, is employed there now as a mathematical lecturer on analytical conics. Four sets of college lectures are open this term to women who receive special permission to attend—Mr. Browning's on ancient law, Mr. Pethero's on Greek history, Mr. Hammond's on European history and the history of treaties, and Mr. Sedgwick's on metaphysics.

Women as Mathematical Teachers.—Dr. Bickers, Titular Headmaster under the Netherlands' Gov-

ernment Education Act, writes to the English-woman's *Review*, from Lewisham: "I have often contended that it is extremely easy to learn, but very difficult indeed to teach mathematics.

In Holland, where educational methods stand exceptionally high, my proposition on this point has never been contested, and, in conjunction with this, I am now gratified to inform you that a lady instructor of mathematics has been appointed at the Higher Burghal School for Girls in the very town—the Hague—where I gained myself my mathematical spurs. Miss Jacobs is second sister to Doctor Aletta Jacobs, the only lady physician, at present, in Holland."

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union will hold a two days' meeting at Ocean Grove, August 9 and 10; a five days' meeting at Round Lake, August 11-16; one day at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 15; and one day at Old Orchard, August 28. These meetings will be under the direction of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Union, who will secure the presence and help of the best speakers East and West.

Heroism Recognized.—Mrs. General Gibbon accompanied her husband during his campaigning in the war of the rebellion, and was well known to a portion of the Federal army. She went with him also to attend the recent soldiers' meeting at Milwaukee. It is said that the wildest cheers greeted Grant and Gibbon—who were presumably in a carriage—but when the soldiers caught sight of Mrs. Gibbon by her husband's side "there was still greater uproar, and they pressed forward, eager even to touch the hem of her dress, many of them breaking into tears and sobs." A reception like that repaid Mrs. Gibbon in some measure for the fatigues and dangers she had undergone in camp.

The Census Enumerators of Louisville, Ky., found centenarians in every block. One registered the name of a lady who reached her 115th birthday last month. She walks about the house with ease, is unusually affable, has never been sick in her life, and can thread a needle as quick as a young girl. She resides with her great-grandniece, who is her only living relative. James Stone is 103 years old, and says he has been married eleven times. A colored woman named Rosette Washington has reached the 117th year of a checkered existence. She was very certain of her age, because she remembered very distinctly doing up the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes for her old Virginia master's family to wear to Washington's inauguration. She remembered all about the Revolutionary War.

A California Heroine, who lives upon her father's ranch in Siskiyou County, was recently introduced to a bear in the absence of her father. She did not close and bolt the doors and take refuge under the bed. She summoned the family dogs, and turned them loose upon her visitor. Bruin made a masterly retreat to the nearest tree. Miss Jennie took down her father's Winchester rifle, and walking to the foot of the tree, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately, the first shot proved a mortal one, and the bear fell from his perch dead. Miss Jennie is said to be a young lady of diminutive physique and unusually quiet demeanor.

Several Benevolent Women are raising funds for the establishment, in Washington City, of a Home for sick women whose circumstances do not enable them to secure suitable care. Owing to the character of the population of Washington, largely made up of female clerks of small means, and dependent upon the favor of persons in power for support, an institution such as is proposed will find a useful field for work. Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Waite have each agreed to furnish a room. The Home will be under the care of Miss Rebecca Hart, who will graduate from the Bellevue Train-

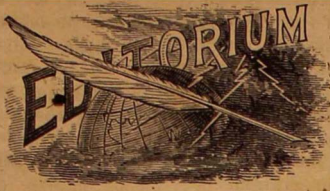
ing School for Nurses in October, and she will be assisted by some of the female physicians at the Capital.

Mrs. Prudence Glover, who lives with her daughter on the Reading Road, near Cincinnati, being a hundred years old on Monday last, had a birthday party, to which many friends were invited. She showed few signs of having passed so far beyond the allotted age of man. She is perfectly erect, moves without support of cane or friendly arm, and would anywhere be taken for a woman of seventy-five. Her eyes are bright, and her voice as clear as a girl's, and her laugh as merry. Her faculties are entirely unimpaired, with the exception of a slight deafness. She received her guests with cheerful greeting, welcoming old friends and making new ones at ease. The Rev. Mr. Hobbs made an address at supper, in the course of which he computed that Grandmother Glover's heart had kept time at least three and a half billion times to the march of life. "She has reached five score," he added, "with strength still firm, and vision clear enough to become a bride. And if any eligible centenarian of good looks and manly courage doubt it, let him pop the question. She might blush a little, I know, and appear somewhat coy, but, sir, press your suit, and there may be yet a sensation for the newspapers—a wedding in high life."

Defying the Tax Gatherer.—There is a widow lady living at Freeport, L. I., who has a decided antipathy to tax collectors and assessors. She is the owner of considerable real and personal property, but the officials have failed to collect her taxes for several years. A few days ago, Assessor Treadwell called at her house to assess the property, but was refused admission. Receiver of Taxes Nichols also called to collect her unpaid taxes and was ordered away. The school tax collector also called, and he too was ordered to leave the place. The census enumerator had a similar experience. The lady is reported to keep a shotgun in readiness for such emergencies. On Saturday the old lady was informed by the County Treasurer that her property would be sold if she did not pay the taxes. About three months ago a commission de lunatico inquirendo investigated her case, and came to the conclusion that she was able to attend to her own business.

"A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century" finds an admirer in an English essayist, who, while admitting that in literature Olympia Morata is little more than a name, yet believes that the record of her simple life of self-devotion to the cause of truth and intellectual freedom is more precious than a library full of her writings. In her intellectual character we can clearly see the meeting of the two great movements that produced modern thought—the Renaissance and the Reformation. To the culture which came from the study of classical antiquity she added the seriousness and sincerity of the new religious life. She showed an example—rare in any age, most rare in the age in which she lived—of a religion that was free from fanaticism, from affectation, from intolerance, from desire for controversy.

A Favorite Restaurant for artists in Paris is the Buffet Alsacien, in Jacob Street. It closes at midnight. The hostess is Mlle Clarisse, "an ancient maiden," who, according to the *Parisian*, "remains in the back room, but kindly allows her visitors to contemplate her fair features in the picture that hangs in one corner of the *grand salon*. Her chief favorites are her *garçon*, who, be it known, is a very solemn-looking individual, her cat, her dog and her album. Yes, her album; for Mlle. Clarisse has an album which she cherishes as Cornelia did the Gracchi. This is not a photographic album, but an album that contains verses, pictures, sketches and autographs by ancient visitors of her humble abode."



Waste of Modern Life.

WHAT becomes of the pins? used to be thought a pertinent and interesting question. What becomes of the enormous waste and refuse, especially in cities, where there are no lumber-rooms, attics, or store-garrets, is an inquiry of much greater moment. City space cannot be given to refuse, nor indeed would one room suffice for the tin cans alone which are thrown out after having been deprived of their contents—soup, vegetables, fruits, meats—by the cook, in any well-provided family. Of course these, and the boxes, and the small lard-pails, and the bottles, and the cases, are all the cook's perquisites, and eventually find their way to the junk shop, where they gradually find themselves undergoing transformations which will eventually bring them back to original purchasers, and induce them to pay out more money for their possession.

But it is not from the kitchen department alone that the waste proceeds. It is forced upon the occupants of the parlor also. Neither space nor neatness admit of the care of all the dainty little articles that accumulate; that come in the shape of cards, and circulars, and business notices; that are received as programmes, and as birth-day and Christmas remembrances.

Upon numbers of these a great deal of time, labor, and money have been expended; they are so pretty that we hate to throw them away, until they accumulate past toleration, and then they pass, first to the children, and afterward to the catch-all or waste-basket. This rapid and natural accumulation of rubbish renders it all the more important that we should guard against the trifling and the ephemeral in the acquisition of the ornamental as well as the useful, both for ourselves and our friends. One article of real beauty and permanent value is worth dozens of light and trifling mementos. Yet we would not undervalue these either, for they have their use; they are welcome reminders of affection and friendship; but they are temporary reminders, and must be renewed again next year, for before the first months were gone they had probably found their way to that unknown bourne whence pins, pretty cards, painted menus, frail boxes, gingerbread panels, decalcomanie candles, and the like never return.

The "Golden Mean."

A CITY clergyman recently preached a sermon, in which he took strong ground against the accumulation of riches. He declared wealth to be, as the Scripture states, an almost insuperable barrier to an advance in goodness and unselfishness. The possession of money created artificial wants, which in time were considered necessities, though they were not so at all; and persons accustomed to the disbursing of these large sums would learn to look upon a hundred-thousand-dollar house as a necessity, when a twenty-five-thousand-dollar residence was sufficient for comfort; and an income of twenty thousand dollars per annum as hardly enough to meet the requirements of civilized life, when five thousand dollars disbursed yearly should be ample for the reasonable purposes of a moderate-sized family.

Fashionable dress-money he puts down at two

thousand dollars per year when five hundred dollars should suffice. We may, therefore, set down the "golden mean" of the Rev. Dr. John Newman as the possession of a house worth \$25,000, \$5,000 per year income, and an expenditure for dress yearly of \$500. This is a fair average of what is really required for anything like comfort in a great city like New York; but it would be considered ridiculously over-stated by thousands of intelligent people who live in the country, and who would reckon the "golden mean" between poverty and riches at something between five hundred dollars per annum and perhaps twenty-five hundred, according to their habits and ideas.

One cannot, therefore, think or lay down the law for another, nor should one judge another: what would be comparative wealth to one is poverty to another; and what is poverty to a third, would be comfort to a fourth. What we have no right to be is, wasteful of any good in our possession, or of anything that can be made a source of good to another. But we cannot judge of each other's wants or necessities, for they depend largely upon the circumstances of our lives—where we live, who are bound to us by ties for care and protection, and our own habits, strength, or weakness. What are real wants and real necessities to-day would have been considered entirely artificial and unreasonable fifty or a hundred years ago, and at the expiration of another century, what are now considered artificial wants, may be the common possession of all who aspire to respectable living, and other luxuries been created, which will be deemed unnecessary and artificial, as the ultra refinement of civilized life is now.

Save the Children.

PHILANTHROPIC effort is gradually and wisely directing its main efforts toward the rescue of the children from the terrible conditions into which the vices of parents, and the relaxation of old ties, and modes of discipline and government seems to plunge them. It is beginning to be understood that but little can be done with adults; habit, custom, inclination, ungoverned passion, and appetite are strong within them; besides which, until they break the law, they are amenable to no authority, and are jealous of the least influence that looks like the curtailing of their liberties, even if it is to the injury of themselves and others.

But children can be reached. Few among them but can see the difference between crime and goodness, idleness and industry, violence and gentleness, disorder and order; and few, if they are left to follow their instincts, but work toward something better and brighter in the future than they have known in the past.

The various movements for taking children out of the city, and giving them homes in the country, or even glimpses of home-life in the country, through excursions, and sanitariums, and fresh-air funds, and the like, are all admirable, and will lead to the very best results. We do not agree with some philanthropists, that life is the great thing—especially weak life, diseased life, burdened and helpless life; there are wretched children who never ought to have been born, and to whom death is no scourge, but an angel of mercy; it is not wise to sacrifice healthy, useful lives that such as these may live. But there are naturally sweet and healthy little lives that are constantly becoming tainted with the foulness which lingers in the close habitations of a great city, and many more that know nothing of the world that exists outside of a narrow room, the street, and the gutter. To such the free air, the sunlight upon the meadows, the woods, the quiet, peaceful home-coming, the abundant food, the kind treatment they ex-

perience from good people, are realizations of Paradise, and though they may come back to the streets and the gutters, they will carry a memory of the country in their hearts which some time will take them back to its pleasant industries, its certain rewards.

The transfer of the children to country homes is the only solution to the problem of what to do with the Arab population of our large cities. In the country on the farms they are needed; made acquainted with the life while they are young, they learn to love the country, and even if they leave it for scenes of greater activity, will go back to it. But in the crowded, jostling city it is a hand-to-hand conflict all the time, and it is the weaker who must always go to the wall.

Summer Troubles.

PEOPLE suffer much more from summer sickness than there is any need of, if they only knew how to treat themselves properly, and had resolution enough to do it. In the first place, summer, the warm weather, even *very* warm weather, is not a misfortune, but a blessing; besides the wealth of fruit, and flowers, and grain it ripens and gives to us, it does good to human beings, if they will only let it. There are persons, men and women, who will pay fifty cents, a dollar, and even a dollar and a half, for a Turkish bath, which is simply staying in a heated room until the perspiration starts, and then going into a cooler room to wash it off; yet will fly from a few days of warm weather, which would give them a succession of Turkish baths at no cost at all, and with the additional advantage of getting them by natural instead of artificial heat. This perspiration is one of nature's methods, and a most important one, of throwing off bodily impurity. The skin is a safety-valve, and to shut it down when there is something bad and unwholesome that needs discharging through it, is to risk much more serious trouble in the future.

It is just so when persons are attacked with what is known as "summer complaint," diarrhoea, cholera morbus, or any other of this class of diseases. The first thing the doctors try to do is to *numb* the pain, and violently stop the symptoms. This succeeds, and the patient is supposed to be better; but this is doubtful. The symptoms in the first place began, probably, in an effort of the organs to throw off something it was necessary to get rid of. This good work has been hastily and prematurely stopped, and the whole system has been rendered feverish yet inactive by the bad treatment it has received, by numbing poisons on the one hand, and exciting stimulants on the other.

Under the influence of these agents the patient goes about daily business, and eats his usual meals, composed of many things which are more or less injurious to him, and doubly so at this time. He has a relapse, and it is an even chance, dependent on constitution, whether he struggles through and comes out alive, but very much debilitated and enfeebled, after a final depleting process, or whether he succumbs to the doctors, and adds one more to the long list of those who have died of ignorance and tradition.

Had the patient been put on a diet of roasted rice coffee, raspberry-leaf tea, plain rice well boiled (no tea, no coffee, no sugar), and milk boiled with a teaspoonful of flour, mixed smooth, to a pint of it, and poured over a slice of well toasted bread, medicine would not be needed. The patient would lose no strength, and after a couple of days of absolute quiet in bed, could take a piece of tender broiled steak and dry toast without fear of consequences. Should medicine be needed, charcoal, sulphur, magnesia and pure

argols, bottled in powder, at a high temperature, is an absolute regulator; invaluable either for adults or children, and particularly so for babies, as the stomach is kept sweet and it is perfectly harmless.

It is impossible to measure the evil occasioned by the violent methods resorted to in order to get rid of a little temporary pain or inconvenience. Pain is not always an enemy; sometimes it is our very good friend, and were it allowed to perform its mission, would save us vastly more suffering in the future than we experience from it in the present. Let us remember that drugs never cure disease; they may alleviate symptoms, but it is often at great risk, and they never cure; that is effected by natural processes, with such aid as they may receive from good air, right diet, careful nursing, proper temperature, and the like. The nurse is often more important than the doctor, and patience must be exercised in getting rid of an evil which may have been long in coming, and finds conditions which are favorable to its stay.

Editorial Correspondence.

SARATOGA, AUGUST 1st.

SARATOGA is not properly known or estimated by those who consider it merely a fashionable watering-place, a village sprung into notoriety by the possession of one or more mineral springs of doubtful value, whose principal use is to bring people together; to repeat the social follies during the summer upon which they have exhausted themselves during the winter.

The very name of Saratoga shows how far back its reputation extended, for it was conferred by the Indians centuries ago, and means "Place of the Miraculous Water." In those days High Rock Spring was the only one known, and to this the Indians brought their sick from long distances; and to this also, the Indians brought the first white man some time about 1760. The second known white visitor was Sir Wm. Johnson, and he was carried to the spring on a litter also by Indians in 1767.

The first road to the spring, through the forest was made in 1783, by Gen. Philip Schuyler, and here he erected a tent and lived in it through the summer. The following year he put up a rude frame house of two rooms, and this was the first residence built at Saratoga Springs.

As late as 1792 the town consisted of only two rude log houses, which some rough additions converted into temporary inns, for the accommodation of a few guests.

In the rear was a primitive blacksmith's shop made by simply putting stones one on top of the another. At a short distance was the summer home of Gen. Schuyler, which still consisted of two rooms with a wide stone fireplace and chimney between.

In the August of that year, a few visitors had gathered at the High Rock tavern, known among the Indians as the "Great Medicine Spring." Among them was Gov. John Taylor Gilman, of New Hampshire, who had been a delegate to the Continental Congress. Wandering about the woods with his gun, in search of game, he came to a little waterfall, and found that from the foot of it issued a jet of sparkling water. He made known his discovery, and the spring was christened on the spot by its present title, in honor of the Continental Congress.

One of the persons present at the christening is said to have been Indian Joe, who came from his "clearing" on the hill, where the Clarendon now stands.

The entire region around Saratoga is one of peculiar and picturesque beauty, as well as historical interest. Valuable mineral waters abound in

every direction, and are of the most distinctive and varied character, adapted to the cure of almost every form of human ailment; and to the medicinal qualities of these waters is added the reviving and strengthening element of air, quickened by its passage through the Adirondacks, and laden with the breath of the pine which abounds in the region.

Fashion has set its seal on the beautiful drive to Saratoga Lake, which is one of the most charming in all Western New York, embracing within its nine miles of length, and three of breadth, all the attractions which the lovers of scenery, of sport, or smooth water rowing could desire. Snake Hill affords the favorite point for observation, and the lake is almost a bed of water lilies, which are vended everywhere.

Transient visitors, who simply come to drink the waters, and who see Saratoga only from the piazza of a fashionable country hotel, know very little of the real charm or out-lying elements which enter into its permanent life and interests. Broadway in Saratoga is one of the finest streets in the world, and is shaded its entire length by elms which rival those of New Haven. It is lined with beautiful residences, and contains a resident population of more than average culture and intelligence. There are two literary clubs, one of which is twenty years old, and both of which admit ladies and gentlemen to equal membership. Of one, the "Shakespeare" Club, the President is a lady, Mrs. E. H. Walworth; of the other, the "Art and Science Club," she is Vice-President. The latter organization is a field club, holding its meetings out of doors, and exercising a powerful influence in the cultivation of useful aims in social and recreative enjoyments.

The investigation of the interesting and historic spots in and around Saratoga is well worth more time and attention than the usual visitor bestows upon it. The battle-ground of Saratoga, the scene of Gen. Burgoyne's surrender, Mount MacGregor, Prospect Ridge, the White Sulphur Spring and Park Round Lake, and Wearing Hill are rather long but delightful drives, and afford points of view from which the most extended prospects can be gained. The Green Field Hills, otherwise known as Prospect Ridge, is a boundary line of the Kayaderosseras Valley which is formed on the other side by the Kayaderosseras Range, a lower spur of the Adirondacks. On the crest of the Green Field Hills stands a solitary poplar tree, straight up against the sky, and this is usually the objective point of a drive in this direction. Mount MacGregor is a favorite resort of picnickers.

The shorter drives, in addition to Saratoga Lake, are to the Geyser and Spouting Springs, to Glen Mitchell and to Loughberry Lake.

Notwithstanding the extent to which the Saratoga spring water has been employed, and found medicinally useful, there is, in reality, very little known in regard to the actual value of the waters, or their adaptation to the different forms of disease. A spring becomes the fashion, and everybody drinks of it, irrespective of its suitability to their requirements. For many years the Congress Spring held the foremost place, and even yet there are old *habitues*, who consider it superior to any other, and will not listen to arguments in favor of the more recent and popular Hathorn. The most that has been done to formulate a system of drinking the waters, is to take those which possess cathartic qualities, as the Hathorn and Congress, before breakfast, and the tonic waters, as the Washington, the Columbian, and the Hamilton, in the middle of the day and before retiring.

But there are other springs which possess a distinctive quality of their own, and which are not so much used, simply because they are at a distance from the fashionable center, and because

very little is known concerning them. One of these is the Vichy Spring, which possesses powerful alkaline qualities, but is less saline than most of the other springs. Its analysis approaches very nearly to the European Vichy, and its taste also is similar. In common with the Spouting Springs, it is radiantly clear; spurting up from the ground into the air, the drops looking like diamonds in solution.

No such collection or variety of mineral waters exists in the world, as is to be found in Saratoga, and its healthfulness, its freedom from malarial influences, from mosquitos, and the common torments of so many country places, will always render it one of the most delightful of summer resorts. Its system of hotels is now conceded to be the finest in the world, and the public spirit of Judge Hilton in introducing new features for the summer entertainment of guests, such as garden parties; in building one of the finest and most elegantly appointed hotels (the Windsor), and in adding a new park at the head of Broadway to the permanent attractions of the town has done much to build it up, and encourage others to a display of enterprise and originality.

Congress Park has been made one of the most beautiful of the daily resorts. The inclosure consists of the grounds belonging to the original Congress Spring, and its terraced elevations form a natural amphitheater intersected by walks, and crowned with a fine grove of trees. A trout pond, and a deer park are among the features, while abundance of seats are provided for the convenience of visitors who wish to listen to the music of an excellent band, that plays in the morning, afternoon and evening. Promenade concerts are given every night during the season, and these, in addition to the excellent music furnished by hotels, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure.

Saratoga is bound to thrive so long as people have stomachs, and abuse them, for its waters are a panacea for such ills as come from over-indulgence in the good things of this life, and they might also be considered a consolation in their absence.

An Overland Trip.

THE following home letter from a son of the proprietors of this magazine, was not strictly intended for publication, though having made a beginning it may be followed by others. In fact, we are promised a second, giving some idea of the fashions of the California watering-places.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1880.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—You know well what it is to cross the ocean? Well—take your ship, put it on wheels, drop the sea-sickness, and—Presto! you are on the "Overland Train!" The similarity between the two voyages is remarkable, especially while crossing the Great American Desert, where nothing can be seen but billows of sand from horizon to horizon.

The promenades at the stations, often over half an hour in duration; the ladies, sewing, reading, and alas! gossiping; the gentlemen in the "smoke-room" playing cards: everything, even to the evening sing, and "strictly amateur entertainment," reminds one forcibly of a trip across the "big pond." I want to take you with us in fancy on our trip to California. You will necessarily have to travel fast, for young people are not likely to have much need for "rest."

The traveler from the East finds little to surprise him before reaching Omaha, unless it be the

charming dining cars. If one has never dined in this way, as was the case with "yours truly," the sensation is somewhat peculiar. As for me, I kept up such a broad grin the whole time, that I am persuaded the waiter thought me some harmless lunatic, and my friend my keeper. To think of dining from a bill of fare Delmonico need not have been ashamed of, while flying along at the rate of forty miles the hour! Nine courses, at the low price of seventy-five cents, I thought remarkably cheap. But to return to Omaha. The starting point of the Union Pacific is properly at Council Bluffs, directly opposite Omaha, on the east bank of the Missouri. But the "fun" is at Omaha. The bustle and excitement is as much as if the train started only once a year, instead of every day. We stopped over a day to "do" this town. (Private advice to parties who intend to visit Omaha for pleasure. "Don't!") But the whistle blows, and we must hurry aboard. There is a little preliminary grumbling about "the upper berth," from the military-looking man up front, and then we settle down for our trip.

But not comfortably. We are all sitting as straight as Methodist deacons. Everything is as solemn as a funeral. By and by the little boy with the piece of cake, who soon will ripen out into the *enfant terrible* of the car, reaches over and drops some crumbs down the back of the pale young man with the light mustache. He smiles a sickly smile, and tries to look at the mother as if he thought it very funny. But it's no use. Now the pretty young lady drops her book, and the gallant young gentleman just opposite picks it up in a twinkling, and presents it with the most fascinating bow imaginable. She smiles and nods her thanks, and immediately the young fellow becomes ecstatically happy. None of us appear to have seen all this, *but we have*. Just as we are beginning to drop off into an uncomfortable sermon-time doze, the fat man at the end of the car tries to walk down the aisle. The train goes round a curve—he wavers—clutches at the arm of the seat—misses it—tries another—misses that also—and goes—bang! on to the floor of the car. The roar of laughter that goes up, when his red face appears above the seats and it is ascertained that he is not hurt, would startle an oyster.

From that moment the ice is broken. The person who doesn't enjoy himself till the journey is over is either ill, or ought to be. I must, however, except the jealous young man. He had an introduction to the pretty young lady at Chicago, but the young man of the book episode receives all the smiles from across the aisle. Her "Ma" thinks the smiles altogether too frequent.

I have heard that on the railroads in Mexico, the train hands stop at the stations to make a cigarette and smoke it. But surely I never was on such a "free and easy" road as the U. P. If "time is money," they should immediately raise the rate of fare one hundred per cent. But still the trip is thoroughly enjoyable. It's true, the meals along the road are simply execrable, but then one has such a small amount of exercise that as little as possible should be eaten. But by all means one should have a lunch-basket along, for the meal stations are placed at charmingly irregular distances.

The first day out from Omaha we pass through a prairie country, with thriving, busy towns at short intervals. After a few hours, however, the towns become further and further apart, the "settlements" gradually disappear, and we begin to approach the great plains, where we first come to the "Alkali Region." I felt like turning back. Desolation—utter and complete—is written on every side. On each horizon rises a low line of hills, sometimes quite near, and at others faint in the distance, rough, and with the scantiest signs of vegetation. All around roll the billows of alkali

sand, with nothing growing but the sage-bush and plants of a like character. Now and then a sort of flower is seen, which rather increases the loneliness of the place than otherwise. The wagon-trains travel for days without finding water or green herbage. On disturbing the sand with a kick or otherwise, a fine powder arises, which fills the nostrils, eyes, and ears, and causes, with some persons, inflammation to a degree that, though not severely painful, is very annoying.

Now get out your latest novel or the "euchre-deck," for there is nothing to attract your attention in the way of scenery. The gallant young man reads Tennyson to some one, I believe, but we did not have his "roost," as the "Bad Man from Bodie" said. (Bodie is a rather disreputable mining town, so I am told.)

On reaching Cheyenne the passengers for Denver leave us, but luckily we lose none of the jolly party in our car. Our life for two or three days now may be summed up in "eating, drinking, and sleeping," or, as in Mark Twain's Diary, "got up, washed, went to bed." We have some fine scenery crossing the Black Hills, but this pleasure does not really commence, with the single exception of Echo Canyon, till, after changing cars at Ogden, we leave the "Union" and take the "Central" Pacific Railroad. We concluded to "take in" Salt Lake City on our return, and so, having changed cars, we sped along the shore of the Great Salt Lake. By sundry nods and winks to the ticket-agent we kept the same party together in our new car, and to celebrate the success of our diplomacy, we gave that same night a "Grand Concert and Jubilee." Have you ever seen the piece that has been so successful during the past season called the "Tourists in a Palace Car?" That's the idea. We sang a chorus or two, then followed a solo from the young lady, after which the pale young man recited the old stand-by, "Shamus O'Brien."

Then we had a medley of the jolliest and funniest things imaginable. The fat man tried to dance the "Highland Fling," but somehow he did not seem as successful as his best friends could wish, altogether we kept it up till the porter insisted that it was time for him to transform our opera house to a dormitory. Hours after that we could faintly catch the touching strains of "We won't go home till morning," proceeding from the gentlemen's smoking room. All the next day we sped along through sagebrush and alkali, with now and then a beautiful valley, or a herd of antelope, to relieve the monotony, till night, when we two miserable boys were compelled to make our affectionate adieus to our pleasant companions. For here, at Reno, we were to lay over a night in order to see the Sierra Nevada mountains by daylight.

Till the moment of parting we did not realize how much we, who were total strangers five days ago, had become attached to one another. The gallant young man had become "attached" so much that he felt compelled to go on, though he had fully intended to stop over with us. I have since been informed that he saw the Sierras *by moon-light* (without any moon) from the steps of the car—and had company too, till "Ma" interfered at eleven!

Well, how shall I give you even a faint idea of the grandeur of the scenery on the following day? Of the mountains on the one hand, towering above till they seem to overwhelm you; on the other ravines, which make you dizzy to look down into; of the boundless expanse of waving pines, massive rock, and rushing river. My pen fails me. Come and see it yourself. Put off the "tower" to Europe, and see the beauties and grandness of your own country. I know it's more "swell" to go "abroad," but truly this is a country of "magnificent distances," and after

making this trip you will never hear "West" without having a desire to "go." That morning at Reno I wore my overcoat. At eleven I had to take it off to be comfortable. At twelve-thirty we had a snow-ball fight at a way station on the top of the mountains; at three, at the foot of the mountains, I was compelled to take off my *under-coat*, it was so warm, and on arriving at Oakland (the Brooklyn of San Francisco), where we took the ferry-boat, I was obliged once more to don my overcoat, tying a handkerchief, in addition, around my neck. How is that for climate?

Still, I must confess, I have since found "the glorious climate of California" to be the most delightful I have ever experienced. While we read of our own townspeople dying off by scores with the extreme heat, we still wear our heavy underclothing, and often our overcoats evenings. Where we stopped for dinner the last day of the journey, I had occasion to purchase something a short distance from the station. Entering a store, and picking up the desired article, I asked, "How much is this, please?" "Two bits, sir." "I beg pardon?" "Two bits, sir." "You really must excuse me," said I, "but I have neglected to bring my interpreter with me. Would you mind translating your language into the Eastern dialect?" With a glance of scorn that made me wish I had made a more complete study of modern languages, he snapped out "Two bits is twenty-five cents!" As I hurried out to catch the train, I could plainly hear the other clerks laughing at the fool of a Yankee, who didn't know the value of a "bit." I am informed that until a year or two ago, they did not reckon anything less than a bit. Now they have a few five cent pieces, though they are scarce. We are stopping while in this city at the Palace Hotel. It is by far the largest "caravansary" in the world, and to my mind, the best kept. Perhaps I am prejudiced, for Mr. Sharon, the owner, has been extremely kind to us. Rome, with its seven hills, cannot compare in that respect to "Frisco." There seems to be over 1700 mountains on which the city is founded. They pull the *horse-cars* up the steep streets by an endless chain which runs along under-ground between the rails. The conductor rides on the car, while in front is the "dummy," in which stands the engineer with an apparatus, by which he grasps and releases the chain at will. Passengers ride both on the car and dummy. The latter switches off at the top of the hill, and horses take its place. The fine residences are on the heights, and really magnificent they are too, surpassing anything we have in the East. All the "swells" are out of town now, at the watering places. Will write my impressions of them when I view their highnesses. Yesterday we visited the noted "Chinese Quarters." I haven't gotten the stench out of my nostrils yet! Our own Five Points in its "palmy days," was nothing in comparison to this district. We found in some of the lodging houses, as many as seventy-five men in a space 10 x 45, all smoking, and no ventilation. Opium dens, pawn-shops, gambling hells, and places of a like character are huddled together, and all those wretched people (forty-two thousand in winter), live in a total space of eight blocks! Think of it, ye who oppose legislation on Chinese immigration! I must confess, my opinions have undergone a most decided change in the past few days. I am, perhaps, not quite ready to shout with Dennis Kearney, "The Chinese must go!" but at least my cry is, "They must not come!"

We start for the Yosemite Valley in a few days, and I will pen you a letter from that (if all accounts are to be accepted) delightful spot.

Till then, yours, on the wing.

W. C. D.

Current Topics.

Conversations on Events of the Day.

THE WONDERFUL AND STARTLING THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.— CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Conversation First.

Mother. Husband, I have invited the children to the sitting-room this evening so that we may talk to them of the events which have occurred during the past few weeks. It seems to me that our children ought to be interested in the topics of the hour. I am surprised how ignorant many of my friends are of contemporary history. When I express surprise at their not knowing of this or that event, they say that the newspapers are so devoted to finance and politics and, to them, other uninteresting matter, that they prefer reading something else.

Father. Your idea is a good one, wife. I suppose the difficulty with the newspapers is that they are edited by men, and, usually, educated men. They make the mistake of supposing that readers are all college graduates, and that they want essays in ponderous language instead of the events of the day written in a plain, straightforward fashion.

Daughter. Now, father, are not the newspapers "pokey"? I would a great deal rather read the monthly magazines and the weekly story papers, for they have pictures, and the stories if not true are, to me at least, interesting. Why can't they publish newspapers for women and young people as well as men?

Son. Yes, father, sister's idea is a good one. There are lots of interesting things occur which even sister reads, such as marriages, deaths, accounts of parties, balls and the theatres. I like to read about the boat matches and athletic sports, but I do not want to take the sporting papers, for there is a great deal in them that I do not like.

Father. It is a pity that the interesting events of the day are not presented so that everybody could read and understand them. We live in a wonderful age. There have been more important discoveries within the last twenty-five years than in any one century in the past. What were called miracles in olden times were very tame affairs compared with the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone and the electric light. If we could interest our children by conversations, the subject matter being the news of the day as given in the daily papers, I think we might pass many evenings of the month very profitably. Now suppose each of us look over the papers, and, when we meet let us discuss the most interesting topics as they arise. It is an old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," and if our talks of an evening are not as interesting as the most absorbing novel, it will be because we do not understand the art of "putting things" so as to be interesting.

Mother. Well, husband, we will try this for a while. It will be wholesome for the children if they can become as much interested in the facts of the day, in current events, as they are now in cheap romances. There are many things in the papers which we do not care for our son and daughter to see, and this method of imparting news to them will certainly be unobjectionable in a moral point of view.

Son. Here is a matter which interests me. It seems that a certain Doctor Calantariants has invented what he calls "crystal ice," for skating purposes. It is a combination of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid on the floor, makes a splendid surface over which to skate at all seasons of the year. It looks like ice; is elastic and smooth, and indeed, as sixty per cent. of it is water, it is solidified or crystallized water in a new form. It "cuts up" of course, but it can be planed, steamed, and smoothed so as to afford a perfect surface. It has been tested at Scarborough, England, and according to the paper I saw, a flooring is soon to be laid at Prince's, London; so it seems that we have a prospect of skating all the year round.

Daughter. Won't that be fun! It will be so much nicer than the parlor rolling skates which always seemed to me ungraceful. Skating proper is a delightful exercise, and every girl I know would like to continue it throughout the year, and we will be particularly pleased if we can have skating without the accompaniment of blue noses and frozen fingers and toes.

Mother. What you say is quite true, daughter. It shows how modern improvement extends to our amusements as well as to the necessities and luxuries of life. I remember when I first came to New York that our strawberry season lasted only a few weeks. This was before steam was used in bringing fruits from the North and South. But now our strawberry season extends over nearly half a year, for we get them at first from Florida in March, while our market is supplied up to July from regions to the north of us. And so with other fruits and berries. We not only make real artificial ice, but, if what you say is true, we can have another kind of ice, or rather a substitute for it, so that the healthful skating season can be kept up all the year.

Son. Yes; and I see that a Mr. Soule has invented skates which can cross water. It seems to be a kind of small canoe, which is fitted one on each foot, and when in the water they are out of sight. They make quite good time. It seems that a system of paddles is attached to the bottom of these skates, which are shoved outward as the skater propels them through the water. In an experiment on the Harlem River, above High Bridge, the new invention worked quite nicely. Just think of being able to cross rivers and lakes standing—not exactly walking on the water, but able to move your feet backwards and forwards in getting across.

Father. Well, that sounds all right, but perhaps it may require some additional experience to allow the walker on the water to keep his balance. Still more wonderful things than that have been done by invention, and it may be possible to make real what was deemed a miracle in the past—that is, practically walk the water. But, children, have you read about the curious yacht launched in England, and intended for the Czar's pleasure boat?

Son. No, sir; I did not.

Father. It seems on July 7th there was launched on the Clyde, in Scotland, the imperial yacht Lavadia. Though it was called a pleasure yacht, yet there is no doubt the Russian government intend to test it fully as a fighting vessel, because the structure is very novel indeed. Instead of being long and narrow like ordinary vessels, it resembles a floating fort; or rather, to get an accurate idea of it, you must take two saucers and place them one above the other with their concave sides facing inwards. Then, according to the description, you must take a slice of bread and, cutting it in the form of a clipper-prow of an ordinary merchant sailing vessel, place it across the center. The object is to get a steady platform. This will prevent sea-sickness, and will be of an enormous advantage in fighting at sea, because the guns can be handled with as much accuracy as on land. This vessel is the most extraordinary specimen of marine architecture afloat. It is two hundred and thirty feet long, one hundred and fifty-three feet wide, and eighteen feet deep. The bottom has an area of fourteen thousand five hundred square feet. At the edges the surface trend outwards and upwards all around the ship toward the water line. It is expected that the waves will spend their force gradually instead of striking the boat and causing it to keel over. The Lavadia is beautifully decorated inside, and has sumptuous apartments for the Czar and his friends. The vessel will require a crew of two hundred and

sixty men, and it is expected she will attain a speed of fourteen knots an hour.

Son. Why don't we have some iron-clads?

Father. Practically we have no navy and no big guns. The fleets of Europe are modelled upon the monitor first made by Captain Ericsson, which did such good service during the war in defeating the rebel iron-clad, the Merrimac. While all the nations of Europe have copied this vessel, and have fleets of monitors, we are to-day practically without them, and it would take at least two years to make one fit to cope with an English, French, German, or Russian iron-clad. All our available ships are wooden ones.

Son. Is there not danger in case war should break out between the United States and any other nation? Would not our coast be ravished?

Father. It is true, we have neither guns nor ships. We also made the first great cannon during the war, but to-day we have not got any. There are an abundance of them in France, Germany, and England, but we have not the machinery to make them now. According to our naval officers any foreign fleet could easily seize our sea-coast, including the cities of New York, Boston and Baltimore.

Son. Do our people understand this?

Father. I think not. You see we know that we are potentially very powerful. I mean if we were armed and equipped we could beat any two nations of the world. We have a brave population, great inventors, and many trained military chiefs, but we have neither an army nor a navy competent to cope with even a tenth-rate power. Members of Congress from the interior cannot believe that any nation would want to attack us, and they do not realize the necessity for strengthening the harbors of New York and Boston, or having any vessels fit to fight with those of other nations.

Son. How about torpedoes?

Father. They may help to defend us in case of war. Our naval officers are all trained in the handling of torpedoes. Every summer certain sections of the graduates at the Annapolis Naval School are taught how to attack and blow up the enemies' vessels. This school is at Newport. The trouble is that our torpedo systems have not yet been tested in actual warfare.

Son. Do you think, father, we ought to have armies and navies like they have in Europe?

Father. Oh! dear, no. I think we ought to have a somewhat larger army, at least three or four iron-clads capable of protecting our coast, some great guns in position to protect our principal cities, but it would be cruel to inflict an army such as that of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, or Russia, upon the United States. Just think of it! France has a standing army of 500,000 men, each one of whom costs about \$220 a year. The total expenditure is over \$100,000,000. Germany has 422,000 soldiers, which cost the nation about \$90,000,000; Austria has 233,000 men, which cost about \$70,000,000; Russia has 760,000 men, which cost \$150,000,000 per annum. Even Italy has a standing army of 204,000 men, costing \$40,000,000 per annum. England spends £15,000,000 on her army, and the number of men is only 135,000. This is the home army of Great Britain. The Indian army numbers 233,000 men. These gigantic figures tell the story of the misery of the people. We are a happy people to be exempt from these military burdens, but there is real danger that having these great armies and navies, and we unprotected, some European nation might think it worth its while to attack our sea-coast and exact a heavy indemnity for releasing our cities from the fleets of an enemy.

Conversation Second.

Mother. Here, children, is something that struck me as being curious. You have seen turtles of course. I do not mean the little mud turtles in our garden, but the great large turtles we make soup of sometimes, and eat in the form of steak. They are very large, and often weigh a couple of hundred pounds. It seems a vessel, the schooner Andrews, last June encountered a squall in the Gulf of Mexico, near Sabine. The water became agitated, when suddenly, Captain Rogers found himself in a sea of green turtles, some of them as large as an ordinary round dining table. They were all on their backs. The turtles formed an area of eight miles in width, and ten miles in length. It was a vast sea of turtles. This was between Sabine and Calcasieu. If you look on the

maps, children, you will doubtless find the place. What was also curious; among the turtles were seen swarms of Spanish mackerel, which were jumping in the air in a very excited state. Where all these turtles and mackerel came from no one can say.

Daughter. Are turtles good eating, mamma?

Mother. Yes, they are nutritious and fattening, but should not be partaken of too freely. Our systems require different kinds of food. Starch, sugar, gluten and nitrogen, such as you find in meats. It is a great mistake to live on one or two articles of diet. The human being is what you call a composite animal, and derives his subsistence from the whole vegetable and the animal creation.

Daughter. I see a little vessel was spoken in mid-ocean by the chief officer of the Bremen steamer Neckar. It is called the Little Western, and it sailed from East Gloucester, Mass., on June 10. It was spoken on July 10, and reached Cowes on the 25th of July. The Little Western is no bigger than an ordinary life-boat. It had two men on board, and was so well provided for, although a month out, that they refused provisions from the Neckar. Is it not very dangerous and very foolish for people to venture their lives in this reckless way?

Mother. I certainly think so. Journeying by land is lonesome enough, but being on the water night and day, merely sleeping, eating and sailing, unable to stir about or move your limbs, it must be very tiresome, and I cannot but regard it as in every way reprehensible.

Son. Well, I think it would be fun, at any rate for a while. There has been quite a number of people sailing in miniature ships across the ocean. I remember reading of a man and wife, who crossed from England to this country, in a little vessel barely large enough to hold sufficient provisions.

Father. I agree with your mother that it is a foolish risking of life, but still mankind always admires courage, and it is these daring adventures which show what can be done by brave men. Were it not for the spirit of adventure, the thirst for fame, and willingness to run peril of life and limb, this world would not have been inhabitable, and civilization would never have made the advance it has done. See how determined men are, to solve the secret of the North Pole. Every attempt has so far failed, and now here is the Gulnare as well as the Jeannette on their way to the Arctic ocean, to accomplish the feat.

Son. As I understand it, father, the Jeannette is an enterprise of Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald. But what is the Gulnare?

Father. The most sensible scheme, I think, which has yet been proposed for reaching the North Pole. The intention is to establish a colony which will remain all next winter, which will build houses, secure a depot of supplies, and in another season, will advance still further toward the Pole to organize a new depot, but keeping open its base of supplies. It may take ten years to reach the Pole by this means, but it is a certain way of getting there, for advantage can be taken of a very open season, to make a dash at the Pole. In less than five years, the problem of the open Polar Sea will be solved. Captain Howgate of the weather bureau is the originator of this scheme, and he deserves much credit for it.

Daughter. Papa, what is a meteor? I see in one of the papers that a very remarkable one was witnessed in Georgia. It blazed across the heavens as large and as bright apparently as the sun.

Son. Oh yes, I read about that; but here is a paragraph in a still later paper which you did not see [reads]: "The meteor which astonished Macon, Ga., a few nights ago was found, it is said, imbedded in the fork of a tree several miles from town. It seems to have fallen with great force, burying itself so deep in the tree that it had to be cut out with an axe. It is about the size of a man's head."

Father. A meteor or shooting star is really a mineral or metallic body which has been floating about in the interstellar spaces and has become entangled in our atmosphere.

Daughter. Now, Papa, why do you use these big words? If I catch your meaning they are great boulders of earthly mineral or metallic matter between the earth and the moon, or midway in the spaces between the stars. How did these get there?

Father. It is supposed that planets must have

been broken in pieces by collisions—that is, a large body, or a planet like our earth has been shattered in pieces—indeed we know as a matter of fact, the spaces between the stars contain a very large amount of mineral masses, outside the attractive force of any of the stars or planets. When they get entangled in our atmosphere they are attracted to our earth with such force as to become red hot. Heat is generated, you know, by arrested motion, as when you strike one hand against the other. So when a mass of mineral matter strikes our elastic atmosphere, it becomes red, or rather white hot, and hence what are known as meteors or shooting stars. The one seen in Georgia was unusually brilliant, but was only a piece of stone after all.

Son. Do the additions made to the earth from these outside sources amount to much in the course of years?

Father. Yes; this star dust, as it has been called, must have added greatly to the bulk of the earth. Ancient cities are found buried beneath sand and earth, much of which undoubtedly comes from outside of our atmosphere. You know that Troy was found beneath three other towns or villages; that is to say, when Troy was destroyed it became covered with a soil; then another town was built. When that became depopulated, the soil again accumulated, and so a third and fourth town was built, one above the other. These earthly and metallic bodies are constantly entering into our atmosphere adding to the bulk of the earth. In the Augusts and Septembers of certain years it is known that the earth enters into a region in the heavens, very thickly filled with aerolites. If the night is moonless, the heavens seem filled with these shooting stars. One thing they prove, that the universe outside of us is composed of the same materials we find on this earth.

Daughter. Papa, tell us about Cleopatra's needle. I see it has arrived in New York and is to be set up in the Central Park.

Father. Cleopatra's needle is called a monolith. You can see one like it in New York, erected to the memory of Gen. Worth of Mexican war repute. This needle is an upright column tapering to a point. It is said to have cost Wm. H. Vanderbilt \$100,000 to bring it to New York. No doubt the people of that city will be pleased, but it seems to me to be an absurd waste of money. In Egypt it was a striking object. It has but little significance in New York.

Daughter. Has not this obelisk a history? When was it first erected?

Father. It was first constructed in the reign of Thothmes II., fifteen hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. It was removed from the temple at Amen at Heliopolis to Alexandria, by order of Augustus Cæsar, in the 8th year of his reign, twenty-three years before the birth of Christ. Cleopatra had nothing to do with the so-called needles, as she died six years before they were erected on the Nile. The column is seventy feet high, eight feet square at the base and weighs 200 tons. There is much interest in the hieroglyphics, because of their resemblance to certain Masonic emblems. I think the \$100,000 might have been better spent.

Daughter. Papa, I see we are going to have a great statue in New York harbor. Liberty enlightening the world.

Son. Oh, yes; what you have said about Worth's monument recalls the fact that in Madison square there is a pedestal on which is a huge hand holding a blazing torch. Is it not true that that is to be affixed to an enormous statue which is to be placed on Bedloe's Island overlooking the sea?

Father. It is true; the French people have raised the money to construct this great statue. I am sorry to say, that not being able to collect sufficient money by subscription, a lottery was resorted to. Bertholdi is the name of the sculptor who conceived the idea of this statue; and he will win great fame by constructing it. We will have to supply the pedestal; but I hope we will not have to resort to a lottery to raise the money.

Son. Do I not understand, father, that it will be one of the first objects seen by ships as they come in sight of land?

Father. So they say. It will be very picturesque. The female figure amply robed, bearing aloft, high in air, a burning torch. It recalls the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world.

Daughter. What was the Colossus of Rhodes, and what were the seven wonders of the world?

Mother. That is not a fair question, daughter. We are talking about the events of the day. There

are plenty of books to tell you about the history of the past. Bertholdi's statue was evidently suggested by similar memorials which come down to us from the past.

Conversation Third.

Father. Many things have occurred since our last conversation. Here is this tunnel disaster, whereby a score of poor workmen lost their lives.

Daughter. Was any one to blame?

Father. Yes; but it is not for me to fix the responsibility. It seems the method by which the tunnel is being constructed is a patent, and the accident which occurred was pointed out as likely to happen by a weekly trade journal. Still, working under the bed of a river is a dangerous business. When the Thames tunnel was being constructed by the famous Engineer Brunel, some six accidents occurred. The river broke into the tunnel, and in one case five workmen were drowned by the flood, and Brunel himself was driven down through the passage and up through the shaft by the inflowing waters.

Mother. What is the use of building a tunnel under the North River, anyway? We cross easily in ferry-boats, and then a bridge over the river would certainly be pleasanter traveling.

Father. The tunnel is really a great and important work, and this accident will attract attention and give the world an idea of its magnitude. The traffic between the East and the West is now interrupted by the Hudson River. But when this tunnel is completed there will be no impediment to freight and passengers being landed directly in New York. It will add immensely to the trade of the metropolis, while the tunnel itself will be an engineering feat of which the United States may well be proud.

Daughter. But, papa, I do not see how this will make good the loss of the husbands to the wives who have survived them; nor will it make the lot of the orphans any more endurable.

Father. There seems to be no help in this life for such disasters as these. People who make their living in mines are liable to deadly accidents. Just see how many frightful disasters occur in coal mines. In Avondale, a few years back, over a hundred men lost their lives by a fire which took place in the shaft. The papers of to-day tell us of an explosion which occurred in a mine near Newport, in Wales. One hundred and twenty-eight men were killed. These disasters often occur through the negligence of the workmen themselves. In coal mines a gas is generated which explodes if fire is struck. Men will light their pipes and run the risk of their own and their fellow-workmen's lives.

Son. What was the Tay Bridge disaster?

Father. That is an old story now. In that case the responsibility was brought home directly to a certain Sir Thomas Bouch. There was a tubular bridge over the river Tay similar to the one which crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It was supposed to be very strong; but a train, in dashing over it with a great number of passengers, was suddenly precipitated into the river, and every soul perished.

Daughter. What other tunnels are there besides the Thames and this one under the Hudson River?

Father. There is quite a remarkable one at Chicago, which is run two miles under Lake Michigan, and which is intended to supply that city with pure water. There is also a tunnel under Lake Erie at Cleveland; but the greatest enterprise of all is the projected tunnel under the Straits of Dover, between England and France. You know passage across this channel is always dreaded by travelers—the short "chopping" seas make them sick; and then if a tunnel was built, the railway system of England could be connected with that of the Continent. The tunnel will be some twenty-five miles long, and when completed will rank as the greatest engineering feat of any age.

Daughter. Father, what is meant by this French celebration, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille?

Father. France has now been a republic for some eight years, and this holiday was to keep in mind the destruction of a great political prison which occurred during the French Revolution. Kings and prime ministers, as well as court favorites, were allowed to imprison any one they pleased in the Bastille. Innocent people, with no

charges against them, would be seized and lodged for years in the dungeons of this gloomy building. The injustice done by the ruling powers in connection with this prison was one of the causes of the French Revolution. The people arose in insurrection against their rulers, and one of their first acts was to tear down the Bastille and liberate its prisoners.

Daughter. But I thought the French revolutionists were very wicked people.

Mother. So many of them were; and they committed some frightful cruelties. Revolutions are generally due to some indignation on the part of the community at a great wrong, which they wish to see redressed. But in times of violence very dangerous men sometimes come to the front as leaders; and this was the case in the French Revolution. Yet it did a great deal of good, for it got rid of many bad things besides the Bastille.

Father. Yes; I suspect that the French revolutionists were not so bad as they were painted. There were some twenty-five hundred persons guillotined; but as they happened to belong to the wealthy, educated classes, the former rulers of France, their killing caused much more commotion than would ten times that number of poor people. Yes, the French Revolution was a great benefit to mankind.

Conversation Fourth.

Son. Father, what do you think of the shooting at Dollymouth and Wimbledon?

Father. It is very natural that when Americans enter into a contest with foreigners that their friends at home should be interested. We certainly beat the world in marksmen, though we were worsted at Wimbledon. I suppose it comes from the fact that our country is so large and so many of our people are practiced in shooting. Beyond the killing of game I do not see much practical utility in being able to hit a bulls-eye at a thousand yards. Good sharpshooters are useful in armies; but then we do not expect to do any fighting. I hope, my son, when you go to college, you will spend your time at your studies instead of athletic games.

Daughter. Surely you would not want brother to pass all his time over books.

Mother. Certainly not. The body ought to be trained as well as the mind, and some boating, ball playing, and training in gymnastics, is not only unobjectionable but desirable. But the applause which is bestowed upon a successful boat crew is apt to turn a young man's thoughts from the serious purpose of life to amusements which waste time and are sometimes physically as well as morally hurtful.

Son. I see Yale has conquered Harvard this year in the boat race. Why should there be so much interest in these contests?

Father. Because they are honestly conducted. It is almost certain that the races between professionals like Hanlan and Courtney are dishonest, that the men contesting are in the interest of gamblers. Base-ball is a good game and attracted deserved attention some years since. But as soon as it became a professional business, the gamblers ruined the reputation of an honest game, by so manipulating the matches as to win money from the public. I must say that I anticipate much good from the attention given to out-door sports, provided the young people are always cautioned that physical exercise should be subordinated to good honest work and study.

Son. What do you think of bicycling? All the fellows are buying the improved machine. I should like to take a trip some time with some friends and explore the country during my summer vacation.

Father. It would be a good thing to do. I think our young people might utilize their summer months by traveling from point to point on bicycles. The journeys could be made instructive as well as pleasant. It strikes me as remarkable that the bicycle should not have been discovered until within the last twenty years. I think there is danger if used too much, that only certain muscles will be brought into play, and the physical system then become warped. Indeed there is said to be a tendency among wheelmen towards bow-leggedness and an unnatural turning in of the toes.

Mother. Talking of summers being made profitable as well as pleasurable, what is there to be said about the Concord school of philosophy?

Father. That school is a regular summer's gathering of somewhat notable people, who have, how-

ever, but a small following. Among the lecturers are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Olcott, Wm. H. Channing, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Cheeny, and others of like repute. The lectures are on philosophical topics. I question if they are of much practical value. Transcendentalism, as it is called, was rife in New England 30 to 40 years since, but it has not made any progress since that time. This Concord experiment shows how education differs now from the methods pursued by the ancients. In Athens the philosophers gathered around them their pupils and lectured to them in the Academic groves, answering questions and explaining the mysteries of the universe so far as they understood them. They passed their days in the "still air of delightful studies." Plato and Aristotle, among the other philosophers, made their groves famous for all time. The attempt at Concord is an endeavor to reproduce not only the ideas and philosophies, but the very methods of the ancients. But modern study involves science, and not mere theory; and hence our students require libraries, laboratories, recitation rooms, and an organized staff of professors, each an expert in his own specialty. You cannot re-introduce ancient Greek customs into our modern life.

Son. I have heard of parties being organized to study during the summer months. Twenty or thirty young people would get together with camping materials, and led by a competent professor, would go out into the fields botanizing, studying minerals, soils, and the flora and fauna of the world about them.

Daughter. I think that would be very pleasant, only it must be dismal to spend the night in a canvas tent when the rain is pouring. One cannot dress or keep clean.

Father. And yet, daughter, I think a little "roughing it" would do you good. It takes a good deal of the nonsense out of young women, if they experience some of the unpleasantness of camping-out life. It makes them handy and hardy, and they learn to appreciate the comforts of civilization by contrasting it with the unpleasant experiences of living and sleeping in forest and field. I hope to live to see the time when literally thousands of parties of young people will be traveling about in this way in summer time, becoming acquainted with birds, insects, flowers, plants, trees, and other objects in nature.

Conversation Fifth.

Father. I am open for questions.

Son. Have you any hope that Greece will ever regain her former glory? The modern Greek complains that his territory is not large enough. But Athens and Sparta were mere spots upon the surface of the map, and see what renown they gained.

Father. I think there were many illusions respecting the possible greatness of Greece current in Europe when they were released from the yoke of the Turk. Nations and races seem to have their periods of vigor and then of decay. Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Greece, Rome, Spain, France, Germany, England, each seem to have had their day of material power and intellectual vigor; but so far it has been impossible to revive an ancient civilization, or restore the intellectual supremacy of a people who have become effete. The Greek of to-day is shrewd, active, and knows how to make money, but he is treacherous and unwarlike. The educational advance of Greece since she was free has been very great. The schools are as well attended as in the United States, and the government is as free as that of Great Britain. It is a very interesting country, and perhaps may have a future.

Son. Father, is there any danger of the failure of the coal supply in England? Would it not be a great thing for this country if coal or iron should give out in Europe?

Father. According to the scientists there was a real danger that, at the present rate of consumption, the coal-fields of England would be exhausted in three hundred years; but I see that recently new coal beds have been discovered within a few miles of Birmingham. Enough new coal has been found to postpone the exhaustion for another hundred years at least. England's commercial greatness depends upon the proximity of her coal and iron fields. Ireland is poor and unprosperous because its soil contains neither coal nor iron. Agriculture is about its only industry; and all purely farming communities are poor. Should England's coal give out, the manufacturing of the

world would be transferred, in great part, to this country.

Mother. Husband, what is the latest news about the crops? Are they abundant this year?

Husband. We are assured of an immense wheat crop, larger than that of last year. It is a matter of some doubt whether prices will be quite so high, owing to better crops in western Europe, but England, France, and Germany cannot compete with the United States in the production of grain. We are certain to have another prosperous year—an abundance of food and an active trade. No country was ever favored with such a continuance of good crops as we have had for the last twenty-five years. Indeed, certain writers have warned us that we cannot expect the earth to produce so abundantly always; and that, like Joseph of old, we must expect our seven years of famine as well as our twenty-five years of plenty.

Mother. Husband, what is this trouble about the Indian Territory? Why should it be necessary to drive out the white man who wants to settle in the country set apart for the Indians?

Father. The Indian Territory, so-called, is just west of Arkansas and Missouri, and north of Texas. It is larger than New England and New York together, and is a very beautiful and fertile region. Some thirty years ago it was set apart for the Georgia and Florida Indians, and it was decreed that no white man should be permitted to hold any land unless he married an Indian squaw. The Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles and other Indians, were placed upon this great reservation, and it is said they have made some progress in education and knowledge of agriculture. But during the last thirty years, Texas, on the south, and Kansas, on the north, have become thickly settled, while the Indians are decreasing in numbers. The whites have pretty well occupied the land in all the States bordering upon the Indian Territory, and it is tantalizing to them to see millions of fertile acres untouched with a plow, and bearing no harvests but wild grass and weeds. I traveled through this Territory myself about a year since. I left at Parsons, Kansas, a populous and prosperous region. On entering the Indian Territory the scene entirely changed. The country was wholly unsettled. For two hundred miles the railroad ran through an artificial desert until it reached Denison, Texas, and again I was in a prosperous and populous country. Efforts have been made in Congress to change the present arrangement—to give every Indian one hundred and sixty acres of land, which he is not to be allowed to sell, and then, in addition, to sell the other lands for his benefit. We have not treated the Indians right, but it would not be treating our own people justly to keep them back from a country which they would improve, but is a desert in the hands of the Indians.

Son. Father, I see one of the papers says that a certain Prince Demidoff, a Russian, lost at play in one night \$1,600,000. The dispatch says that the winners were Count Shouvaloff and Messrs. Beatem and Boblinski.

Father. Well, my boy, what is peculiar about it?

Son. The dispatch says it was the largest sum ever lost at gambling. The game was called bacarat, and it was played in the yacht club in Paris. Is there any gambling in this country?

Father. A great deal of it, my son. More than ought to be permitted by the authorities. We have stringent laws against gambling, but they are not enforced as they should be. Lotteries, which are very common in Europe, are not legally permitted in this country, and our people do not generally patronize them. I see the Czar interfered in the Demidoff case, and forced the winners to return a great part of the money.

Son. Is it more wicked to gamble with cards than in stocks or merchandise.

Father. Certainly! There is no equivalent rendered. That is you get nothing for your money in gambling on cards. If I buy a thousand barrels of flour for \$5 a barrel expecting that, if I store that flour, in six months time that it will be worth \$6 a barrel. I have speculated, it is true, but I have done no harm to the community. It is a legitimate business. So if I buy stocks or wheat at a low price expecting that it will rise to a higher price, that also is perfectly legitimate. The person who sells wanted the money or he would not have offered his wares on the market. I may buy an article for \$5 and sell for \$6, and yet really benefit the person from whom I bought, because the money was the one thing needful for him just then. The speculator is often a benefactor in

disguise. Suppose the crops fail, the speculator jumps in and buys up the flour on the market, expecting to make a handsome advance. Of course it looks cruel to make money out of the necessities of the community, but don't you see that if the speculator did not buy and advance the price of food, that it would be eaten up before a fresh supply could be secured. It is the enhanced price that checks consumption, and the speculator who does that performs a useful function in society, though there are often ignorant prejudices excited against men of means who use their money to make money in the necessities of life.

Conversation Seventh.

Mother. I see that a person claims to have invented a new immortality. What does he mean?

Father. Well, immortality is hardly the right word to use in that connection. It is a fact that, when we dream, time and space do not seem to be factors in the operation. It is known that the act of opening a door has just slightly disturbed a sleeper, and in the process of awakening up to the time the door is entirely opened, and the sleeper called, the latter has had a dream which seems to have extended over several years. Edison, the famous inventor, in falling from a sofa to the floor, had a dream which seemed to him to occupy two years, and thousands of instances are upon record where a dream apparently took a long time, when really, measured by our waking moments, only a few seconds of time had elapsed.

Daughter. But what has this to do with immortality?

Father. Well, you see, the discoverer or inventor of this new notion points out the fact that we can control, in a great measure, the character of our dreams. People who use opium or tobacco have very vivid visions of a certain kind. Each kind of liquor has its own separate effect upon our mental constitution. Beer gives heavy dreams; champagne, hopeful and joyous ones; liquor stimulates the passions. Then the phenomenon of laughing gas is really extraordinary. A person "gives himself away" under the influence of nitrous oxide. Then each of the thirteen anaesthetics discovered when given to persons affects them differently. Keeping in mind this ability to control the character of our dreams, and, as in the case of Indian hemp and opium, to cause dreams of a very surprising character, the writer in the newspapers, to whom you refer, argues that a new immortality may be invented. In other words, that the time may come when we can get such control of the mental and emotional nature of mankind, that every night when we lay down to sleep we may have pleasant dreams—these dreams apparently lasting through eternities.

Daughter. O papa! won't that be nice? Just think of being able to go to sleep, and to wish for an eternity of companionship with those we love. Playing in gardens, with the sound of murmuring fountains in our ears; flowers of every beautiful description about us; song-birds filling the air with music; the temperature just right—not too warm or too cold; the heavens all aglow; sunlight, but not too strong; starlight so bright that you might read in the open air. Would not that be delightful?

Mother. Yes; but, as I understand, all this must take place in a short period of time—within a few seconds.

Father. Yes, that is the understanding. It is doubtful if all our dreams do not take place at the moment of awakening. The old German philosophers, and indeed the old Greeks, some of them, argued that there was no such thing as time or space really—that they were merely conditions under which humanity made itself visible and lived its life; necessary conditions, mind you, but still that they were true only of the human race, and not necessarily, true of the universe at large. We conceive of time and space as without limit. It is unthinkable to imagine a universe in any way bounded, with no "beyond," and so we cannot imagine a time when time was not or will not be. You remember the old definition of God—"a Being whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere."

Son. But how are these blissful dreams to be brought about?

Father. Well, the writer thought that as we had narcotics, stimulants, and anaesthetics which would produce certain conditions of the body that would give us dreams and visions, that in the progress of science new chemical compounds would be dis-

covered that would give man complete control over his sleeping hours, and hence the inventor insists that the time cannot be far distant when man can enjoy apparently endless ages of delight, so far as his bodily senses go; delights of which he will be conscious; which he will be able to recall; which, while untrue to any one else, will be vividly real to him. Any one who has experienced nightmare will tell you what a terrible thing it is, and how real it is to you while it lasts. Unhappily, our pleasant dreams are not so intense, but the power to feel vividly, which can be induced by liquor, by opiates, by nitrous oxide, and sometimes by a late supper, shows that man is a sensitive instrument, upon which science may yet play and produce curious and perhaps delightful music. But all this is fanciful as yet, and it is a matter for science to pass its verdict upon. You remember what Hamlet says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Son. Father, I see a great deal in the papers about Dr. Tanner and his great feat.

Father. Well, don't read them. Beyond advertising the doctor, the matter has very little scientific value. There are plenty of poor people who do not get enough to eat, and if there is one matter that has been tested to man's entire satisfaction, it is that he cannot live on without eating. It is said that "an army moves on its belly," owing to the necessity which exists for constantly supplying the soldiers with food. Our bodies are in a constant state of decomposition. We are losing the solid and liquid portions of our frames every moment, and unless they are repaired by food we suffer pain, and finally die. According to the best medical experts, from thirteen to eighteen days is about as long as men can last without food. Tanner has more than doubled that period, but there is no certainty that he has not had food in spite of the careful watching to which he has been subjected. If he could live one hundred days it would prove nothing except that he, and he alone, was able to perform that feat. The matter is not worth the attention it has attracted.

Daughter. Let us change the subject. I see that a carrier-pigeon reached his coop in Hudson City, N. J., in the evening of the 26th, at eight o'clock, having started from Columbus, Ohio, at fifteen minutes past five o'clock on the morning of the 25th of July. The distance, by an air line, was four hundred and seventy miles. The papers say it is the quickest time on record. It seems this was a match—four birds on one side and two on the other. The winner was called the Columbus, and is owned by William Verrinder. He is said to be a beautiful bird, of large size and weight, dark color in the body, tapering off to a dark blue at the tail and neck. He won the first prize at the Cresson match, flying two hundred and thirty-seven miles in four hours and fifty-eight minutes from the top of the Alleghany mountains to his coop. This was on the 31st of May last. The same bird flew from Steubenville, Ohio, three hundred and forty-three miles from his coop. He was the second bird in twenty-one, being beaten by his own son. Columbus is the champion of the United States, having flown the longest distance in the shortest time. His owner refused one hundred dollars for him.

Mother. Daughter, you have read the papers with some intelligence. It is astonishing what unerring sight and sagacity these carrier-pigeons possess. Before the telegraph, they were often used to send dispatches from vessels coming in at sea from Europe. But in these days of telegraphs, one cannot see the utility of breeding carrier-pigeons. It is simply an amusement.

Son. Is not yachting equally useless, in view of steam superseding sailing vessels for all purposes of commerce between nations?

Father. That is quite true. The money spent on yachts may give a return in healthful sport; but the models of sailing vessels are no longer of value, and improvements in them are unprofitable. In one point of view the carrier-pigeon, however, does more than merely amuse. Some day mankind will navigate the air, and the way in which birds get through the atmosphere will be of great service in solving this problem.

Son. I suppose that gas will have to be used in navigating the air.

Father. People who have studied this matter doubt the practicability of gas for that purpose. So much of it is required that it makes a bulky body, unmanageable by any machines yet invented. It has been found that birds and insects overcome

the resistance of the air in twelve different ways, and none of them use gas or any substitute for it. Whenever we discover a motor powerful enough to raise a vessel which will hold a man, the weight of which, with the man inside, will not be more than three hundred pounds, then the problem of air navigation is solved. If giant powder could be made to burn so slowly that the motive power could be under control—that is to say, if the gas generated could be accurately determined and managed—then it might be possible to shoot an air vessel from New York to the top of the Alleghany mountains in as short a time as the carrier-pigeon Columbus took from the capital of Ohio to the city of New York.

Daughter. Do you think, father, that aerial navigation will be discovered in our day?

Father. I hope so, dear, but I do not care to be booked for the first trips.

Daughter. Speaking of carrier-pigeons suggests sea-lions, because probably of their unlikeness. One goes through the air and the other through the water. I see that eight sea-lions escaped from the aquarium at Coney Island not long since. One was shot on the Raritan river. It must have swam thirty-five miles. Did sea-lions ever frequent our waters before the white man came to this country?

Father. No; they inhabit colder regions. These poor beasts must lead a wretched life in our warm atmosphere and water. Visitors to San Francisco, by going a few miles in a horse-car to the Pacific coast, can see a colony of sea-lions out in the ocean within a pistol shot of the shore. There is a rock there upon which literally hundreds of these unwieldy beasts are to be seen uttering their hideous cries and amusing themselves by plunging in and out of the water. It is against the law to shoot them, but the water is so cold on that coast that even in mid-summer you cannot bathe in it with any comfort. At Santa Barbara, however, and other points in Southern California, the water is so warm that you can take a bath in February. But sea-lions are not likely to live and multiply in the warm waters of the ocean adjacent to New York City.

Mother. I see that there have been apprehensions of another eruption of Mount Vesuvius. As the railroad now runs to the very mouth of the crater, there will be a chance to observe the phenomena of the fiery mountain under better circumstances than ever before.

Father. Yes, wife, but do you notice how man has again got the best of nature? Brilliant as is the conflagration made by a mountain on fire, the electric lights of man are even more brilliant and dazzling. It seems that excursionists now start in the middle of the day from Rome—say on Saturday—go to Mount Vesuvius, and return in time for business on Monday morning. The time for visiting the burning mountain is at night, and fifteen electric lights are used for these trips. Each light is equal to forty gas-lights. The effulgence is so extraordinary that it far eclipses that of the streams of lava which can be seen and traced as they course madly down the mountains.

Mother. In one of the New York papers I saw that in the villages of Parsippany and Whippany, Morris County, New Jersey, there are a number of very old persons. In a population of one thousand four hundred and forty-five there are four persons over ninety years of age, and twenty-four over eighty. Of the four over ninety, one woman is said to be one hundred and twenty. She was married five times, the last time when she was one hundred and seven. All the people over ninety were women.

Father. It is very doubtful if more than a dozen persons have reached the age of one hundred. You will notice that these claims for extreme old age are always made on behalf of old women whose birth-record has not been officially kept. There are probably hundreds of old colored women in the South whose friends claim that they have lived over a hundred years. But the best medical authorities have now come to the conclusion that centenarians are exceedingly rare. All history fails to record one among the classes the dates of whose births are known accurately—that is, kings, queens, and nobles. Certain races and families are noted for longevity, and eighty to eighty-five is not an uncommon age. We ought to live to a hundred, for in the animal kingdom it is found that five times the period required from infancy to adolescence is about what may be expected of any bird or beast, provided accident does not intervene to kill them.

Son. That statement is a little obscure, and you used a big word. Give us an example.

Father. If it takes twenty years from the time of your birth until you become a man, it would follow that you ought to live for five twenties. But then all but a small percentage of mankind are murdered.

Daughter and Son (together). Murdered?

Father. You seem surprised; but you must know that very few persons die of old age, or what you would call a natural death. Nearly every death is one of violence. The lungs decay, and that breaks down the rest of the organism. The kidneys wear out, and the rest of the body cannot live without them. The liver and stomach become disordered in their functions, whereupon life becomes extinct. Sometimes it is the heart, then the nervous system—but these break-downs are all deaths by actual violence. Fevers come from poisons which enter into the blood and system.

Mother. That is not a very pleasant outlook. We can certainly prolong our life by good habits and proper surroundings. We at least can aim at dying naturally in our bed from the natural decay of our faculties.

Conversation Eighth.

Daughter. I notice that the stars are very brilliant this summer. I have been thinking that we ought to know more about the heavenly bodies. I am just beginning the study of astronomy in school. We do not always see the same stars in winter and summer, do we?

Father. Not all the same. But certain of the stars are always in view in a clear moonless night, though in different parts of the heavens. Kant, the great German philosopher, said that two things always filled him with astonishment and reverence: one was the starry heavens above us; the other, the moral law within. There is a peculiar elevation of feeling in looking out upon the stars.

Son. Father, let us come to the window and point out to us some of the stars of the "summer tide."

Father. Look above and you will see Altair, Antares, Arcturus, Adridded, Lyra, Capella, Deneb, and Arinech, or the Daisy. Then there is the Great Bear forever encircling the pole in his perpetual flight from the never-ending chase of Bootes. The stars of the Great Bear, commonly called the "Dipper," never set in this latitude. The same is true of the glittering chair of Cassiopeia, which is to be found on the side of the polar star opposite the Dipper. These two groups of stars are very brilliant this summer. Now let me point you out the various stars. You see the Great Bear, or Dipper; draw a line due south and you will see a bright ruddy star, which is Arcturus. At one time it was supposed to be the nearest of the fixed stars. Edgar A. Poe, the poet, had a fanciful notion that it was his birthplace and primal home, and in the Night of Time would be his abiding residence. To the south, and a little west of Arcturus is the Virgin's Daisy. Its light, you notice, is cool and pure, and it is isolated. It is a white star. To the north-west is Capella, the gold star, which emits a subdued orange radiance. It sets early and rises in the north-east before morning. In the center of the sky, and extending eastward, is to be seen a magnificent triangle, each angle tipped with a star of the first magnitude. The westernmost one, now almost in the zenith at ten o'clock, is Lyra, a white star of great splendor, which, astronomers tell us, will, in about ten thousand years, be the North pole star of this earth. It will far outvie in splendor the present North star. The star tipping the north-eastern angle of the triangle is Adridded, or the White Swan star. It forms part of the great Northern Cross, and is the chief star in that constellation. The easternmost star in this triangle is Altair, a bright white star; indeed, all three of the triangle are peculiar for their soft, white luster. North of west, about eleven o'clock, is a very brilliant star, Deneb, or the Lion's Tail. It is the westernmost angle of that great triangle composed of itself, Arcturus, and the Daisy. There are other summer stars, but these must suffice now.

Daughter. How far distant are those stars?

Father. Lyra, 122,241,910,000,000; Arcturus, 148,482,320,000,000; Capella, 409,972,128,000,000. These figures are inconceivable to us inhabitants of this planet; but one is lost in perpetual amazement in looking out upon the starry heavens and remembering the vast distances that are between them.

Son. Now for a very different topic. I see that there is some trouble over the property left by John Morrissey. I thought he was a rich man.

Father. There are fewer rich men than is generally supposed. The wealth of noted persons is apt to be overrated. Morrissey was a very bad man—commenced his career as a prize-fighter; then became a gambler and politician; and finally died of weakness brought on by injuries received when he was a prize-fighter.

Son. But, father, if athletic sports are good, why should not prize-fighting be good for the health, even if bad otherwise.

Father. Prize-fighters, of course, are strong, robust men, but they generally die in middle life of consumption or some disease affecting the throat or chest. The beatings on their chests in their contests injure the muscles, the breast, and lungs; so they pay the penalty by dying before their time. Morrissey, from the terms of his will, supposed he was rich; but the associates of gamblers are not those one can trust when dying. From what has been published it seems that many of his associates helped to eat up the estate, leaving nothing for the widow. It is surprising that Morrissey should have been so popular while he lived. He was a man of rough common sense, and a frank, open, earnest manner. But he was one of the dangerous classes—a violator of law, and his example was pernicious. But then, courage is always admired; and any man who can rise from being a prize-fighter to a position of leadership in politics will have a following. It is one of the dangers of republican government that bad men like Morrissey, if they have courage, capacity, and some generous instincts, are liable to become popular leaders of the people.

Son. Father, what is this I see about the new boundary of Greece, the Berlin conference, and what does it all mean?

Father. When Greece secured her independence, by the help of Russia and other powers, the Porte was strong enough, backed by influential European states, to cut down the dominions of the new nation so as not to include the most important parts of Greece proper. The new kingdom was confined to the lower part of the peninsula; and the mountains and valleys of the north, with a population of more than half a million, were still left under the control of the Turks. The Grecian race is spread over all the islands near the Peninsula of Greece, and to make the new kingdom respected there was required more territory. In the late war between Russia and Turkey, Greece would have taken an active part, were it not that she was promised a large addition to her territory if she kept quiet. She did so, and in the treaty of Berlin it was provided that there should be a rectification of the boundaries of Greece so as to extend her dominions. Now it happens that the races which inhabit northern Greece, that is old Macedonia and Thessaly, are fierce and warlike, and they have not been willing to be annexed to the Grecian kingdom; hence, if transferred, these mountain tribes must first be conquered. Greece is hardly powerful enough to do it herself, and it may be that this will yet bring about quite a general war. The Turks, you know, were defeated by the Russians, their finances are in disorder, and it is felt all over the world that the Turk is out of his place in Europe—that he ought to retire to the wilds of Asia, from whence he came, and that the beautiful and great city of Constantinople should pass into the possession of some power which could develop its immense possibilities as a commercial city. Russia ought to possess Constantinople, so as to have an outlet for her immense productions, but the western powers fear Russia, and they entered upon the Crimean war to prevent the development of that great empire. The Turk has been maintained in Europe because of the fear of Russia felt by the western powers. It is not improbable that there will be another great war for the possession of Constantinople, and this little Grecian matter may be the beginning of it.

Daughter. I see there was a party injured in trying to ascend to Mount Washington. I read in the paper that a coach upset on the way from Glen House to the summit of Mount Washington, that one lady was killed and quite a number seriously injured, and all it seems because the driver was drunk.

Father. Some time when you see Mount Washington you will be surprised that more accidents have not occurred. The road by carriage seems dangerous enough, but the trip by railroad up the mountain is enough to take away one's breath. It is really very secure, for there are several devices

employed to hold the car in its place. It literally creeps up the mountain, step by step. The railroad up Mount Washington is very remarkable in itself, and well worth the expense of a trip to that region.

Son. Are there any other remarkable railway enterprises like Mount Washington?

Father. Well the switch-back at Maunch Chunk, Pa., is also very curious. It is what is known as a gravity road, and was constructed to bring down coal from the upper portion of the mountain. The track was laid around the mountain in such a way that it finally reached the bottom without the use of steam or any motor whatever. You apparently glide on without any motive power, and you go very swiftly too. There is a brakeman with a brake, and that is all. I once ascended a mountain in Colorado, near Central City, by steam, and I confess to being very much frightened. The car reaches the top of the mountain by a kind of seesaw. It first runs up one incline, then is switched off to another incline, and so goes up the mountain like a weaver's shuttle, shot first this way and then that, and you are apparently going over the same course, but really every backward and forward movement is on a new track. It seems to you it will certainly run off the mountain on one side, or fall off the precipice on the other. The ingenuity exhibited has been wonderful in the construction of railways climbing apparently inaccessible heights. You know it is now possible to go up Mount Vesuvius in eight minutes. It used to be quite a job toiling over the pumice stone, shifting sand, and lava dust, but now it can be taken quite comfortably, and you can get to the mouth of this terrible crater without fatigue. The history of Pompeii is never to be repeated on that mountain. Had there been steam in the ancient times, the people of Pompeii could have been saved before their houses had been destroyed by lava.

Son. You spoke recently of Vesuvius showing signs of renewed activity. I notice that other volcanoes are reported as being in active operation.

Father. Yes; what is called "a belt of volcanic agitation" seems to be in operation all around the globe. The city of Guatemala, in Central America, lies between two volcanoes, Agua and Fuego. A terrible earthquake occurred in 1873, which laid old Guatemala in ruins, and since then the two fiery mountains have made life in that city often very uncomfortable. It seems it is Fuego that is now on fire. For miles the skies are black with smoke, and fine dust from the volcano is falling in quantities even so far away as on the coast of San Salvador, and beyond San Benito in Mexico.

Daughter. Yes, father; and I see there have been earthquakes in the Philippine Islands recently, and some three hundred and twenty lives were lost, and great damage done.

Father. It is evident that this agitation of the earth extends all around the globe. By the way, these Philippine Islands have been the scenes of the most terrible earthquakes. Sir John Waring writes that in the olden times "the earthquakes overturned mountains, filled up valleys, and devastated extensive plains." In the Island of Baniayan, in 1640, a huge mountain disappeared, and its place is now replaced by a lake. The land under the sea from Java to Japan seems to be in an uneasy state, and it is probable that new islands are forming. Like the human body, the earth seems to be in the process of waste and repair. New land is being made from out of the edges of the ocean, while on many parts of the coast the shore is being eaten away by the sea.

Son. So the British have been badly beaten in Afghanistan?

Father. Yes; and it has made Mr. Gladstone, the British prime minister, sick. It was the Tory Government which commenced this very unjust and impolitic war, and it is a hard fate which inflicts this blow on the British arms just as they were about to retire from the country by the orders of Mr. Gladstone. It will prolong the contest.

Son. What was Lord Beaconsfield's excuse for beginning the war?

Father. A fear that Russia would seize the country, and so menace the continuance of the British power in India. The Russians are gradually becoming possessed of all Central Asia, and will, no doubt, in time conquer the whole continent.

Son. Will that be a benefit to mankind?

Father. I think so. I seems to be the mission of Russia to civilize the nomadic and half-wild tribes of Asia. Some time or other the armies of England and Russia will feud for dominion in the East, the prize being Asia.

Science in Small Doses.

Clearing Soil of Grubs.—If potting-soil is placed for a day or two in the hen-yard, every particle of it will be dug over by the fowls, and all grubs and eggs of insects picked out.

Preservation of Pencil Marks.—A thin wash of gum-arabic in water is sometimes used by artists as a preparation for slips of paper which have lead-penciling on them, to keep the marks from being erased. Skimmed milk will also answer very well.

Dew.—Dew forms most abundantly on cloudless nights, since the heat which is radiated by the earth does not return to it. The temperature of the earth, and the air immediately upon its surface, is therefore lessened, and dew is formed.

Improving the Growth of the Pineapple.—A beneficial effect is found to be produced upon the growing pineapple by burning straw in the houses in which it is cultivated. This was discovered at the Azores where pineapples are forced under glass in cold weather.

The Red Indian.—The Earl of Dunraven says that the Red Indian will be remembered by two things at least—the birch-bark canoe, which no production of the white man can equal for strength, lightness, gracefulness, sea-going qualities and carrying capacity; and the snow-shoe, which appears to be perfect in its form, and, like the violin, incapable of improvement.

Dry Wash.—To clean white Shetland shawls, put the soiled article into a large bowl, throw over it half a teacupful of flour, "dry" rub thoroughly, as if washing, and then thoroughly shake out the flour. If the article is not clean, repeat the process in clean flour. Articles cleaned by this process will retain a new look as long as there is one thread left.

Disease from Cow's Milk.—According to the experiments of Dr. Bollinger, the milk of cows suffering from tubercular disease is capable of communicating this affection to human beings. As five per cent. of cows, when advanced in life, suffer from this disease, the danger is considerable. Boiling the milk is not a safeguard.

Cheap and Light Coverlets.—Coverlets filled with cork will be found to be not only cheaper and healthier—since exhalations from the body do not adhere to it—than those filled with feathers, but also for the same weight to be warmer than those of the finest down. A thickness of only one and a half inches is sufficient to keep the heat in. It is necessary to be careful to sew up the cork filling in sections, so that it does not settle to the lower parts.

Vermis-breeding Refuse.—A custom prevails in the market and other gardens around London of simply throwing away the old stumps of cabbages when the fields are cleared. These are all more or less covered with the galls of the *Centorhynchus sulcicollis* (cabbage and turnip gall-weevil), and all the galls have living maggots within them, which develop into perfect insects, ready to ravage the nearest crop. All old cabbage-stumps should therefore be burned as quickly as possible.

How to Get Rid of Field-Mice.—A correspondent gives the following method of destroying field-mice: "Cut in small pieces—half an inch at most—a common sponge, and fry them in dripping, like fritters, until they harden; then scatter them at the spots infested by the mice. In a few days the swollen and dead bodies of the mice will be found everywhere. As the bait is more alluring for them when dry, it is better to choose fine weather to do this. The remedy is easy, cheap, and infallible."

To Lessen Noise in Workshops.—In workshops of several stories it is sometimes desirable to

check the noise transmitted through the floors to the apartments below; this may be done by the use of rubber cushions under the legs of the work-bench, or of kegs of sand or sawdust applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or sawdust is, as described by a contemporary, first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block, upon which the leg rests, and around the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or sawdust. Noise and shock are prevented; and an ordinary anvil so mounted may be used in a dwelling-house without annoying the inhabitants.

Neutralizing Poisons.—If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient, and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teaspoonful of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.—*Medical Brief.*

Obstinate Neuralgia.—*La France Médicale* mentions several obstinate cases of neuralgia of the fifth nerve rapidly and completely cured by the administration of ammoniacal sulphate of copper. The formula employed is the following: Distilled water, 100 grains; syrup of orange flower or peppermint, 30 grains; ammoniacal sulphate of copper, 0.10 to 0.15 centigram—to be taken in the course of twenty-four hours, especially during food, in order to avoid irritating the stomach. The dose in question is the medium one, and is to be continued for from ten to fifteen days, even after the complete disappearance of the pains.

Gapes in Chickens.—Gapes may be cured by giving a piece of camphor gum, the size of a small pea, every day until the chick seems well. Sometimes two or three liberal doses of pepper will effect a cure. If the chicks are very bad, fumigate with sulphur, and give two or three drops of solution of carbolic acid and water; sixty drops of water to one drop of acid form a solution. Do not hold the chicks directly over the fumes of burning sulphur, and do not fumigate too long, or the remedy may prove worse than the disease. Let the chicks inhale the fumes for two or three minutes, and in most cases that will be sufficient to effect a cure.

Cleaning Ornamental Brass Chains.—To clean the brass chains of German clocks and ornamental stands, it is best to proceed in the following manner: A wineglassful of strong vinegar and a dessert-spoonful of salt are put into a dish, and the chain placed in it for about ten to fifteen minutes, until the dirt adhering to it is dissolved; the chain is then taken out and well rubbed between the hands, then well washed in clean water, and dried with a clean cloth. In this manner the chains will become quite bright, the proceeding being both effective, cheap, and simple.—*Design and Work.*

Watering House-Plants.—The *Garden* disputes the rule that water should be given in moderately small quantities, and supplied frequently. If the causes of failure where plants are cultivated in windows were minutely investigated, the dribbling system of watering would be found to be the principal cause. A plant ought not to be watered until it is in a fit condition to receive a liberal supply of that element, having previously secured a good drainage, in order that all superabundant water may be quickly carried off. Those

who are constantly dribbling a moderately small quantity of water upon their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition for any length of time. This must be obvious to all; for it is quite evident that the moderately small quantity of water frequently given would keep the surface of the soil moist, while at the same time, from the effects of good drainage, which is essential to the well-being of all plants in an artificial state, all the lower roots would perish for want of water, and the plant become sickly and die.

The Influence of Gaslight on the Eyes.—The German Minister of Instruction, in a recent report on the influence of gaslight on the eyes, concludes that no evil results follow a moderate use of gas, if the direct action of the yellow flame on the eyes is prevented. Grave objections he makes to the use of zinc or lead shades, most evils affecting the eyes being traceable to them. Their use, it is said, inevitably tends to blindness or inflammation, and other harmful effects. The milky-white glass shade, or as we call it the opal, is the best, as it distributes the light and has a grateful effect on the eye. The burner should not be too close to the head, as congestions of the forehead and headaches result from the radiated heat. The glass saucer below the gas is especially useful for the purpose, as it causes an equal distribution of the light—necessary where a number are working at one burner—prevents the radiation of heat, and tends to a steady illumination by shielding the flame from currents of air. In cases of highly inflamed eyes he recommends dark blue globes.

Poisonous Color upon Christmas Cards.—A trade which has of late years sprung up and assumed enormous dimensions, is that of Christmas cards and illuminated almanacs. The results to the purchaser are extremely beautiful, and one can scarcely believe that in such innocent presents a serious danger lurks, arising from the free use of bronzing and emerald-green powders, which the makers of these pretty things are obliged to handle and breathe, whether they like it or not. Factory inspectors are careful to call the attention of the masters to the risks run by their employees, and in general the precautions taken are ample, though every now and then some painful fact comes to light which shows either that they have been neglected, or that they were too feeble to stem the mischief. Such a fact was detailed in the last Factory Report, in the case of a girl aged sixteen, who had been employed in a factory for making illuminated tin plate boxes, her especial occupation being to dust the colors upon them. The poor girl fell ill and died with all the symptoms of color-dust poisoning, and the analyst who gave evidence at the inquest proved that the enamels on the boxes were composed of carbonate of lead, sulphide of mercury, and others which, though not positively poisonous, were anything but wholesome to inhale.

Few Women know that the white wax which is so largely used in sewing, is the diseased secretion of a peculiar species of fly, found in the eastern parts of Central China. These flies become diseased from feeding on the leaves of a certain kind of evergreen tree or shrub of which they are fond. The twigs of these trees in certain seasons of the year are covered thickly with flies, who, in time, leave upon them a thick incrustation of white matter. When this has increased to a sufficient size, the branch is cut off and immersed in boiling water, which causes the wax to come to the surface in the shape of a viscid substance, which is skimmed off, cleansed, and allowed to cool in pans. The trade in this article is quite an extensive one, as it is estimated the crop was worth last year not less than \$3,250,000.



Calves' Liver.—Cut the liver and heart in thin slices, and put them in a pie-dish or jar with layers of sliced potato and onion, chopped sage and herbs, pepper and salt. A few slices of bacon may be added. Cover with a thin layer of potatoes, and bake one and a half hours, slowly.

Brown Fricassee.—Stew the chickens until tender. With a sharp knife remove the largest bones; flour the pieces and fry them a light brown color, and pour into a frying-pan a tumblerful of the broth they were stewed in. Dredge in an even tablespoonful of flour, cover the pan with a lid, and stew until the gravy is thick enough. Pour this over the fowl, and serve hot. Onion shred fine may be used if the flavor is relished, and parsley chopped into powder.

Rice Griddle Cakes.—One pint and a half of cold boiled rice; mash the rice well and make a batter with one quart of sour milk, one light quart of flour, salt to taste, and two eggs well beaten. The batter should be moderately thick. Stir in a teaspoonful of soda just before frying. Fine batter cakes may be made of stale, light bread; trim off the crust, soak the bread, and make it by the above recipe. Sour bread may be used to advantage this way.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs, one quart of flour, one gill of baker's yeast, one salt-spoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in boiling water. Set this to rise in a warm place for about four hours; when ready to boil, stir in a quart of berries well dredged with flour. Boil in a buttered mould for two hours. Eat hot with sauce.

Lemon Sauce.—One large cup sugar, butter size of an egg, one egg, one lemon—all the juice and half the grated peel—one teaspoonful grated nutmeg, three tablespoonfuls water. Cream the butter and sugar, and put in the egg whipped light, the lemon and nutmeg. Beat hard ten minutes and add boiling water. Put in a tin pail and set in the uncovered top of a teakettle.

Pêche à la Crème.—Take a quart of peaches cooked in sugar, and put in the bottom of a pudding dish. Take a quart of milk and make a blanc-mange of corn-starch. After it is boiled pour hot over the peaches. Make a meringue with the whites of two eggs. Pour over the top and place in the oven just long enough to set the meringue. Eat cold. (A favorite dish with "Helen's Babies.")

Canned Peaches or Plums.—Take fair, well-ripened fruit, lay in a preserve kettle, add in the proportion of one quarter of a pound of granulated sugar and a cupful of water to a pound of fruit. Boil slowly until the fruit is tender enough to be pierced by a straw. Remove the fruit with a ladle carefully, put into jars; boil the syrup until quite rich, and pour over the fruit while hot. Immediately screw down the covers of Mason's jars. When cool, screw as tight as possible.

Soup à la Reine.—Take all the white meat from a roast chicken, and pound it with half a teacupful of rice which has been slightly cooked. When well pounded together, add one quart of stock, salt and pepper to taste. This soup should be neither too clear nor too thick.

Broiled Hare. (Luncheon dish).—Leg and shoulders of a roast hare, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, and a little butter are used. Cut the leg and shoulders from a roast hare, season them highly with salt and cayenne, and broil them over a very clear fire for five minutes. Serve hot, rubbed over with a little cold butter.

Broiled Pigeons.—Take care that the pigeons are quite fresh, and carefully pluck, draw, and wash them. Split the backs, rub the birds over with butter, season them with pepper and salt, and broil them over a moderate fire for one quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Serve them very hot, with either mushroom sauce or a good gravy.

Broiled Mushrooms.—Cleanse the mushrooms by wiping them with a piece of flannel and a little salt; cut off a portion of the stalk and peel the tops. Broil them over a clear fire, turning them once, and arrange them on a very hot dish. Put a small piece of butter on each mushroom, season with pepper and salt, and squeeze over them a few drops of lemon juice. Serve hot and quickly.

Bill of Fare. (Family dinner for September).—

BOULLON.

PIGEON PIE. RIBS OF BEEF.

CURRENT JELLY.

FRENCH BEANS.

POTATOES.

CUCUMBERS STEWED WITH ONIONS.

PLUM PUDDING.

PEACH FRITTERS.

FRESH FRUIT IN SEASON.

COFFEE.

Bouillon.—Take three pounds five ounces of meat, twelve ounces of bones, five and a half quarts of water, two ounces of salt, ten ounces of carrots, ten ounces of onions, one ounce of celery, nine ounces of turnips, one and three-fourths ounces of parsnips, and two cloves.

Keep the fire at a gentle, regular heat, and if well made at first, will not require re-making during the process. Bone the meat, and tie it up with a string. Break the bones with a chopper, place them at the bottom of the stew-pan and put the meat on them; add the water and salt and make it boil. Care should be taken in putting on the cover of the stew-pan to leave an opening about the width of an inch. The soup or broth deteriorates through being confined in a vessel tightly closed. As soon as the scum rises, add one half a pint of cold water, and take off the scum with a skimmer. Let the broth boil up three times and skim three times. After this it ought to be perfectly clear. Wipe the edges of the stew-pan carefully, and add the vegetables. This will stop the boiling. As soon as the broth boils up again, place the stew-pan at the side of the fire, when cooking it on an open range. Subdue the heat of the fire, and keep the soup over it for five hours. If more salt is required, add it when the soup is in the tureen. Remove the meat from the soup and take the fat off the broth. Do this while gently boiling on the fire.

Roast Ribs of Beef.—Put the meat down to a nice, clear fire; put some clean dripping into the pan, dredge the joint with a little flour, and keep continually basting. Sprinkle some fine salt over the joint (when dished), pour the dripping from the pan, put in a little boiling water slightly salted, and strain the gravy over the meat. A Yorkshire pudding should accompany this dish.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Put six large tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin with a salt spoon of salt, and stir gradually into this enough milk to make it into a stiff batter. When this is perfectly smooth add about a pint of milk and three eggs, which should be well beaten. Beat the mixture for a few minutes and pour it into a shallow tin which has been previously rubbed with beef dripping. Put into the oven and bake for an hour. Then for half an hour place it under the meat to catch the gravy. Cut the pudding into small square pieces, and serve with the meat.

A Quickly Made Gravy.—Cut up one half pound thin of beef into very small slices: slice one half onion and a quarter of a carrot, and put them into a small saucepan, with a little butter. Stir over a

sharp fire till they have taken a little color, then add parsley, savory, and three-quarters of a pint of water. Simmer for half an hour; skim, strain and flavor with cayenne and mace to taste, and use.

Pigeon Pie.—Cut one and a half pounds of rump-steak into pieces about three inches square, and with it line the bottom of a pie-dish, seasoning it well with pepper and salt. Clean some pigeons; rub them with pepper and salt, inside and out, and put a small lump of butter in the body of each. Lay them on the steak, with a piece of ham on each pigeon. Add the yolks of four eggs, and half fill the dish with good stock. Place a border of puff round the edge of the dish; put on the cover in any way preferred. Place three of the feet, well cleaned, in a hole in the crust at the top. Glaze the crust with the white of an egg, and bake about an hour and a half.

To Boil Potatoes.—Take ten or twelve potatoes, pare them, take out their eyes and specks, and as they are peeled throw them into cold water. Put them in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them; and to each half gallon of water allow a heaping tablespoonful of salt. Let them boil gently until tender. Find out when done by thrusting a fork in them; taking them up the moment they feel soft through. Drain away the water; let the potatoes get thoroughly dry, but not burnt, by putting the saucepan by the side of the fire, with the lid half covered, to allow the steam to escape. Send to the table quickly and very hot.

Stewed Cucumbers with Onions.—Pare and slice about half a dozen cucumbers; take out the seeds; and cut three good-sized onions into thin slices. Put both these into a stew-pan, with not quite a pint of white stock, and let them boil for fifteen or twenty minutes. Beat up the yolks of two eggs; stir these into the sauce. Add cayenne and salt to taste, and a little grated nutmeg. Bring these to the boiling point, and serve. Don't let the sauce boil, or it will curdle. This is a favorite dish with chops and steak.

Beef à la Mode.—Remove the bone from a round, weighing ten or twelve pounds; keep it until tender. The day before it is to be cooked spread over it a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of salt, two of fine black pepper, one of pulverized saltpetre. Beat together one teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of ginger, mace, allspice, cloves, and coriander seed, all beat together and sifted, then moistened with vinegar. At ten o'clock next morning fill the space from which the bone was taken with a rich stuffing, seasoned highly with thyme, parsley and onion. Roll the piece a good circular shape, and bind tight with a broad tape; lard it well with narrow strips of fat bacon. Put a small trivet in the bottom of a pot or deep oven; pour in a pint of warm water; place the meat upon the trivet; cover tight; put it to bake, and, as soon as it is heated, begin to baste with good sweet butter. Continue the basting with the gravy. Half an hour before the meat is done, baste and dredge with flour; bake a light brown color. Thicken the gravy a very little with brown flour; pour in a teacup of boiling water; let it boil up once, and pour into the gravy boat. If too greasy, remove the superfluous fat. This is excellent cold, and will keep well. It will require at least four hours' bakiag.


Peach Fritters.—Make a nice smooth batter of half a pound of flour, half an ounce of butter, one half salt-spoon of salt, two eggs, and sufficient warm milk to make it of proper consistency. Skin, halve and stone the peaches, dip them in the batter, and fry in hot lard or clarified dripping, which should be brought to the boiling point before the peaches are put in. Fry from eight to ten minutes. Drain.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

THE COSMOPOLITAN
IN STYLE
FURNISHING

PERFECTION
OF ARTISTIC
EXCELLENCE



We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.

ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION,
And the Medal of Superiority at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Models for the Month.

THERE is no evidence as yet of any departure from the short dresses for street and walking wear. The advent of another fashionable city season will furnish a more abundant use for trained dresses—for costumes of elaborate design and finish—than exists during the summer, but the short dress promises to survive all these mutations of the seasons, and will be retained largely by young ladies for visiting and dancing purposes, as well as the promenade. One of the great advantages it possesses in some eyes is its youthfulness. There is a time when girls are extremely anxious to put on long trains and parade as women. But it takes but a very short time to discover that age, for a woman, glides on quite fast enough—that people associate maturity with very long skirts, and are liable to add several years to their estimate of a girl's age if they can remember her, say five or six years ago, as wearing trained dresses. There are very many young ladies, therefore, who have sported trains that now gladly return to short skirts, in order that, being twenty-one or two, they may look like seventeen, when at seventeen their great ambition was to look like twenty-one or two.

Among our illustrations for the present month will be found two short costumes, both of which can be arranged with considerable elegance in the proper materials. One of these is the "Gilda," the other the "Elgiva" costume. The first is charmingly made in black satin, and damasked or brocaded grenadine, also in plain twilled Corah and figured Surah silk, or in satin and Surah. The effect of this latter combination is very rich, yet it is not necessarily very expensive. The pleated flounces of satin may be mounted upon a lining, and the overdress only requires eight yards of the Surah. Satin, with a fine, thick surface, and well adapted for trimming purposes, can be bought for one dollar per yard—Surah for two; so that for twenty-five dollars the materials for a costume could be obtained which, when com-

pleted, could not be purchased in any store for less than sixty-five to seventy-five dollars.

The Elgiva is charmingly adapted to fine, light wool, in ivory tints, in combination with a rich but small-figured brocade. Except the coat, the entire dress is made of the tinted wool, which is almost as thin as muslin, and the effect of the color and rich material over the softness and semi-transparency of the plain fabric is exceedingly good.

The same design can be used for white India muslin, and satin of a decided color—gold, wine-colored red, or heliotrope. These combinations have all been used during the summer, and will be fashionable through the fall and winter.

A good design for an independent coat for an older lady is the "Isaline." It is broader in the lappels, and less fanciful as to cut than the one previously mentioned, and therefore well adapted to gold tissues, and the fine, rich mixtures which show a clouded surface without any decided design. It may also be used for figured velvet, or cloth, but the costume should either be all of one color, or those of which it is composed be exceptionally rich and handsome. Only about four yards and a half of ordinary-width goods are required for the garment, but it should be lined, or at least faced, with silk or satin, and the buttons should be handsome.

Those who wish for suggestions for fall will find them in the "Clorinde" basque, a beautiful and effective design, which will be fashionable all winter, and the "Anastasia" train with which it may be very properly associated. Nothing can be more graceful and elegant than this design, which is simple, yet most effective, and specially adapted to rich, plain silk, or Satin de Lyon, with Surah or heavier brocaded trimming. Instead of the brocade, beaded passementeries may be used, or rich embroidery, or these mingled with *coques* of ribbon and cascades of lace. The mounting of the skirt would be executed upon a lining, therefore eighteen yards of material would make the dress entire, seventeen of the plain being required, and two of the trimming fabric.

A stylish princess dress is shown in the "Fabrice." This is a combination design, particularly adapted to the recent introduction of light, rich, figured silks, such as Surah, which are made for drapery. A very pretty fichu adorns the neck, and the front of the bodice has a pretty arrangement of cords with spiked ends, which are so new and so fashionable. A modification or variation of the corded part of the skirt may be introduced by inserting finely pleated gores. This will save the additional material almost entirely which is needed to complete the trimming.

A pretty, quaint polonaise, is the "Amandine." This part of a costume is too useful to be discarded, and to some (small, slight figures) it is extremely becoming. About eleven yards of goods are required to make as it is seen in the illustration, handkerchief included; and it is best produced in chintz cotton, with plain red or brown trimming, or in a *petit pois* pattern, with trimming in a solid and striking color.

The "Lucrece" casaquin is a capital model for a cloth jacket for fall wear, or for traveling. All outside jackets are now made plain—that is, without mixture of color or combination of material, the buttons being the only finish, or rather ornament. Four yards and one-half of the material (twenty-four inches wide) are required for this jacket; but it should be faced with twilled silk, or "farmer's" satin.

A more dressy outside garment, one adapted to heavy black silk, satin, or fine cashmere, is given in the "Stephanie" mantelet. The finish of this is peculiarly rich and elegant, and may be executed in beaded passementerie and fringe, or fringe and embroidery. Three rows of fringe give the effect of a Carrick collar, which is very becoming either in fringe or lace. The material for this mantelet is nothing—only three yards and one quarter are required. It is the trimming which costs, for it must be handsome or it is ineffective; and over eight yards of fringe, and five of the flat trimming, will be required to produce the pictured effect.



Dressy Toilets.

FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 525.

Review of Fashions.

FASHION has won golden opinions even from its critics this season for the beautiful realities and sensible possibilities which it has presented to its votaries. What was once arbitrary has become eclectic and many-sided, so that a fashionable assemblage is the most diversified collection of the best in form, style, color, fabric, and finish, that can be found. It draws from all sources, artistic as well as industrial, and reproduces the ideas of the past, modified by the practical necessities of the present. It is impossible to say that such and such is fashion, in the sense of limitation, because the boundaries have been gradually changed. Formerly they were set by enactment, now they reach out in every direction as far as good taste and fitness will permit. That which is fashion at one time and in one place is not fashion in another.

It is too much to expect that we shall ever find correct ideas in regard to dress equally distributed, or its true causes generally and exactly obeyed. Scripture says, the poor ye have always with you, and we must also expect that the world will be always full of persons of various grades of development—people who occupy the variously ascending places in the scale of being—who have means without knowledge or refinement, or who inherit taste and preferences which are not in accordance with the advance in modern social life.

All these causes tend to diversify the elements of fashion, while at the same time they prevent many from apprehending the nice differences, the refinements, the subtle distinctions which articulate fashion, so to speak, and afford some compensation for the loss of the national and characteristic elements which a certain fashionable uniformity tends to do away with. For example, there is a suitable dress for ladies in the mountains, at the seaside, at the watering places, and the country homestead. From all these places the heavy silks and velvets, the long trains and the costly jewels should be banished. They are out of place, they are unsuitable, and this gives them a certain appearance of vulgarity in addition to their inconvenience.

Very elaborate costumes and very costly jewels are all right in a city drawing room, where the splendor is at once softened and enhanced by myriads of wax-lights. But the publicity of hotel parlors, the garish light of day, and the necessity for parading the most striking ornaments upon the person, at all hours of the day (this being the safest place for them at watering-places), should induce ladies to leave their diamonds at home, unless they can carry a safe for their secure bestowal.

Besides the greater convenience, there is the relief from responsibility, the pleasant change to a less burdensome style of dress, and the satisfaction obtained from a sense of the eternal fitness of things. It is absurd to follow the same routine through the al-fresco sweetness of a divine summer that one does in the darkness, the artificial heat and gaslight of a city winter. The only possible excuse for carrying city fashions into the country is the absence of opportunity for displaying them in the city. And, indeed, the exhibition of dress at the great hotels of Saratoga and Long Branch is almost wholly confined to persons of whom one sees or hears little outside of these places to which all can gain admittance.

Observe a peculiar simplicity, a refinement of dress and appearance, a total absence of show and anything that can attract attention, and you will discover upon inquiry that these represent the oldest and best of our blood—the aristocracy, so far as we possess any, of mind as well as manners.

This season fashion has lent itself particularly

to the picturesque blending of the practical with the historical. Summer dress revives in a hundred different ways the prettiest features of the past, and utilizes them so as to add not only to the beauty but the comfort of the present styles.

The short dress, which is universal, permits the wearing of a thousand dainty materials which could not be drawn through the dust and mire without instant destruction. These are in white or light tints, and their soft outlines, unmarred by stiffness or starch, by hoops or tournures, follow every motion of the form. A beautiful figure is now of more importance, as it should be, than a handsome face. For many years previous to the last ten or twelve it was so disfigured that it was of no account. The present style reveals to us how much injustice has been done American women in this regard. It was said that the absence of natural form and symmetry compelled women to resort to the numerous methods of concealment. That this is a libel the most superficial observation will prove. The present modes have not only enormously increased the personal attractions of the majority of women but have largely increased the number of positively beautiful women, the aggregate including beauty of form as well as well as feature. Artificial exaggerations, or anything more than such fine appliances as assist instead of destroying nature, will hardly find votaries during this generation at least.

Dressy Toilets.

(See Illustrations, page 524.)

FIG. 1.—Reception or visiting dress of Veronese green brocade velvet and *satin merveilleux*. The design used is the "Elgiva" costume. The redingote or coat is of satin-brocaded velvet, and the rest of the costume is of Veronese green *satin merveilleux*. Bonnet of cream-colored *tulle*, with scarf and brides of Malines lace, fastened in front with gold pins. Three ostrich tips of cream-color and dark green rest upon the crown of the bonnet. Cream-colored gloves and bouquets of Maréchal Niel roses. This costume is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.

FIG. 2.—Bridal toilet of satin brocade and plain white satin made after the design of the "Fabrice" princess dress. The dress itself is of white *satin de Lyon*, and the drapery of brocade satin. The neck is cut out in V shape and trimmed with point lace, and the dress is laced across the front with a white silk cord, terminating in pearly satin spikes. The sleeves are demi-long and trimmed with point lace. Veil of white *tulle* with coronet of white roses and orange blossoms. Orange blossoms and white roses also support the drapery on the front of the skirt. White satin boots and white gloves. Pearl ornaments. The design used for this toilet is given among the separate fashions. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.

FIG. 3.—The "Clorinde" basque and "Anastasia" train skirt are combined to form this elegant dinner or reception dress, made of heliotrope satin brocade and *satin de Lyon*. The basque and skirt are of plain heliotrope *satin de Lyon*, and the panels of the skirt and trimming on the basque of brocade heliotrope satin. The train is trimmed on the bottom with *coquilles* of *satin de Lyon*, and the drapery with fringe, combining shades of heliotrope, old gold and red. Full "Bernhardt" *ruche* and vest *jabot* of *point de Venise*. Tea roses and Parma violets are worn in the hair and on the left side of the corsage. Both the basque and train are illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern of train, thirty cents. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents, each size.

The Oxford Cloak.

THE most original garment which has made its appearance of late years, has been worn by a few daring leaders of fashion in England, and consists of a straight full skirt, gathered on a band, and like the proverbial shirt, fits only where it touches. It is described as "hunchy" on the shoulders, and as being absolutely shapeless. That such a garment should obtain any recognition at all, in these days of devotion to form and high art, seems absurd. It is, as near as one can get at it, the "smock-frock" of an English carter, plus a band, minus the yoke.

At present there is every prospect that round cloaks will be fashionably worn during the coming fall and winter season. As fur-lined wraps they have become indispensable, but it is likely that very handsome modifications will also fit them for more dressy purposes. Capes have been among the most popular street garments of the season, and the enlargement to the cloak will follow as a matter of course.

Artistic Dresses.

THE London *Queen* says: "Artistic dresses are on the increase. In the Row during the week many are to be seen, as, for example, a short dress of brocade China silk of a grass green shade, the bodice pointed back and front, fastened with a double row of buttons up the back, and slightly gathered in front; the sleeves of the old leg-of-mutton form, gathered on the outside of the arm at the shoulder and wrist, the skirt draped and scanty, a large collar of lace reaching to the shoulders, accompanied by a broad-brimmed straw hat with flowers of all kinds. Old-gold finds many patrons among artistic dressers. With a short skirt of satin de Lyon and a long pointed piece coming from the back of the waist, a cream bodice and tunic of soft woolen material was worn, the sleeves puffed and tied between the puffings with bands of old-gold. A gathered plastron of old-gold on the front of a black or cream pointed bodice, and laced across with cord, is a favorite style. A dark green merino dress, the plain skirt gathered to the full short-waisted bodice, was cut rather low for a high dress at the neck, and worn with a turn-down collar fastened with amber bows, which appeared also at the wrists, the tight sleeves made with one deep puff to the elbow. An Indian red soft silk was made with a very wide Watteau plait at the back, and a full banded bodice with tight sleeves. Some dark green velvet dresses now being worn by two sisters have plain skirts edged with silk plaitings and meet up the front in points over pink satin puffings, the same introduced into the slashings of the sleeves. A full bodice, cut half high in the neck, confined at the waist by a belt, and worn over a chemisette of the same, is another artistic and easy style of making, chiefly adapted to cashmeres and soft woolen stuffs, such as chamois piped with lemon, a pretty mixture of coloring. In the evening artistic dressing takes the form of a Watteau plait. A low square-bodiced dress of tussore silk with one of these, worn at a dinner party last week, had the front gathered, but cut in one with the skirt, and not drawn in at all to the figure—a veritable smock."

Daisies and Pond-Lilies.

At Saratoga and Richfield Springs, where pond-lilies are found, they have been the chief ornament of the lady visitors, who rarely appear without a bunch at their belt. Field daisies are used when pond-lilies are not obtainable.

Necklaces, Pendants, etc.

No. 1.—A very pretty necklace in "rolled" gold, formed by round links of frosted Roman gold, alternating with long links of polished gold. Around the upper part of the long links are two round links of frosted gold, surmounted by a polished *plaque*. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. The neck chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain two inches. Price, \$5.75.

No. 2.—A locket, appropriate for a gentleman's watch guard. One side is onyx, and the other has a cameo *intaglio* set in highly polished copper-colored "rolled" gold. It has places for two pictures. Price, \$2.25.

No. 3.—A beautiful pendant of "rolled" Roman gold, enriched with fine scrollwork in filigree. Leaves of frosted red and green gold, with a real pearl ornament, a raised oval in the center which is surrounded by a polished gold rim. It opens in the back, and has a place for one picture. Price, \$3.25. The same style of pendant, with a coral rose instead of the pearl, can be furnished at the same price.

No. 4.—An exceedingly pretty charm in "rolled" gold, intended for a lady's watch chain, comprising a thimble, pair of scissors, and a needle-case in miniature, having the scissors and needle-case very finely chased on a polished surface, and exquisitely finished. Price, \$1.25.

No. 5.—A handsome necklace in "rolled" Roman gold, having flat links of ribbed gold, each ornamented with a *plaque* on top, alternating with round links of ribbed gold. An open bar, with a polished ornament at each end, is placed diagonally across the round links, and across the bar is a leaf of frosted gold, each alternate one being red and the other green. The neck chain measures eighteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, \$6.

No. 6.—A beautiful pendant in "rolled" Roman gold. It is nearly square, and has filigree work at the corners of both the back and the front. The front is ornamented with a spray of "lily-of-the-valley," the flowers in light-colored gold, and the leaves in green and red. It opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$3.

No. 7.—A handsome pendant in "rolled" gold, furnished with a pin at the back, so that it may be worn as a brooch. The cameo is a white head on black ground, and has a plain setting of polished gold. Outside of this, and forming a framework for it, are four bars of frosted Roman gold, having highly-polished ends, and covered with leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$5.50.

No. 8.—A simple style of necklace in "rolled" gold, composed of links of Roman and polished gold very finely woven together. The neck chain measures eighteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, \$5.25.

No. 9.—A hand-ome neck chain in "rolled" gold, formed by a double

row of long links in Roman gold, entirely covered on the upper side by leaves in frosted green and copper-colored gold, alternating with highly polished *plaques*. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. The neck chain measures eighteen inches and a half, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, \$7.

No. 10.—A very elegant oval locket in "rolled" Roman gold. The design is very chaste. The back and the front are finished near the edge with delicate filigree. A cameo head ornaments the concave center on the front, and is separated from the filigree by a highly polished rim. It opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$4.75.

No. 11.—A very handsome oval locket in

"rolled" Roman gold, with delicate filigree around the edge of the front. In the center is a pearl, surrounded by a wreath of alternate green and red frosted leaves. This is separated from the filigree by a highly polished rim. It opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$4.25.

No. 12.—A handsome necklace in "rolled" gold, formed by long links of Roman gold, around the upper part of which are three links of frosted gold covered by a leaf of frosted green and copper-colored gold and a highly polished ornament. These are connected by round links of polished gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. The neck chain measures eighteen inches and a half, and the pendant chain two inches. Price, \$6.50.



NECKLACES, PENDANTS, ETC.
ACTUAL SIZES.

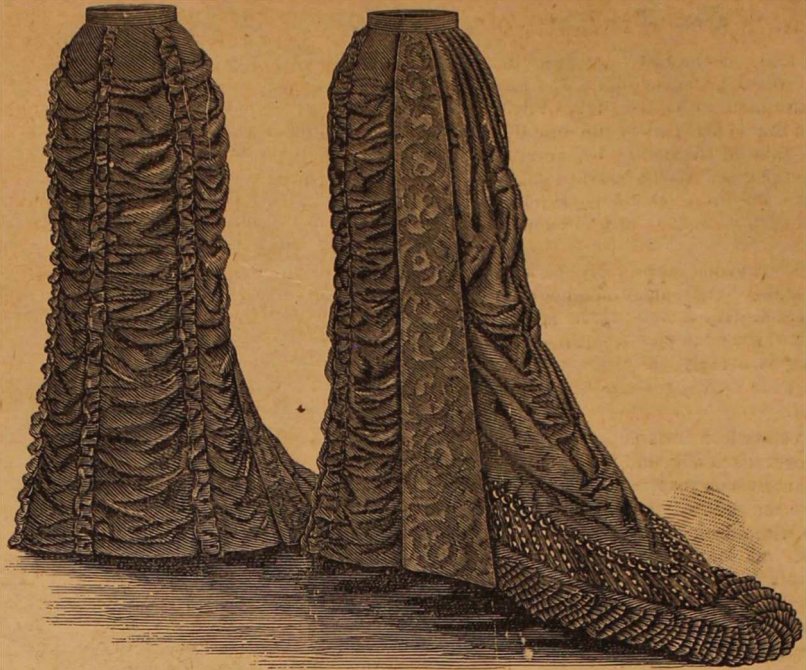
No. 13.—A stylish sleeve-button of black onyx, inlaid with an initial of white enamel, and solidly framed in highly burnished "rolled" gold. It is finished with a slide similar to that on No. 15, the illustration showing it open for inserting the cuff. Price, with any desired initial, \$1.85 per pair.

No. 14.—A lyre-shaped pendant in "rolled" Roman gold, ornamented with very fine filigree work. The concave center is in Roman gold, surrounded by a highly polished gold rim, and is ornamented with a dove in frosted green and copper-colored gold, having a band around the neck from which hangs a pearl in crown setting. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. It opens at the back, and has a place for one picture. Price, \$6.25.

No. 15.—A sleeve-button with an imitation cameo head in black on a deep carnelian background. The setting is polished copper-colored gold. It is provided with a simple, patented slide, that can be pushed one way to permit of the insertion of the button in the buttonhole, and then pushed back to keep it in place. The illustration represents the slide as closed, after inserting in the cuff. No. 13 shows the slide open for the purpose of inserting it in the cuff. Price, \$2 per pair.

No. 16.—A very tasteful necklace in "rolled" gold, formed by round links of frosted Roman gold, connected by leaves of frosted green and copper-colored gold, alternating with small, highly-polished hexagonal ornaments, in the top of which is cut a Maltese cross. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Length of neck chain, nineteen inches. Length of pendant chain, two inches. Price, \$5.75.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs are facsimiles of those made in solid gold.



ANASTASIA TRAIN.

Anastasia Train.—The front of this *distingué* design is covered with wide puffs, finished with frills on the front edges; the sides are ornamented with plain panels, extending the entire length, and it has graceful drapery in the back. The bottom, back of the panels, is trimmed with fine plaitings, arranged *en coquilles*, but any style of flounce can be used that is preferred. The design is most appropriate for dressy fabrics and thin materials. The front view is illustrated on the full-page engraving, in combination with the "Clorinde" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

A BAG OR RETICULE is now a regular accessory of the toilet. The bags are of silk or satin, a reduced copy of the bags our grandmothers carried their knitting-work in. They are hand-painted or embroidered, sometimes with the monogram of the owner. The reticules are of leather, or have leather centers, and are suspended from the belt; they close with a spring, and are useful for holding change, tickets, and the like, as well as the handkerchief, for the make of many dresses hardly admits of pockets.



ISALINE COAT.

Isaline Coat.—The "Isaline" is one of the most *distingué* of the numerous masculine-looking designs now so popular for ladies' wear. It is tight-fitting, the fronts double breasted, and ornamented with broad Directoire *revers*, and fitted with two darts in each; there are side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and

a seam down the middle of the back. The back pieces extend the entire length of the garment, but a separate skirt is added to the fronts, side gores, and side forms. It is most appropriately used to complete a street costume, and is most effective if made in a different material from the skirt worn with it. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



SORELLA OVERSKIRT.

Sorella Overskirt.—A graceful overskirt, having the apron looped high in the middle, and the back draped in a moderately *bouffant* manner. The simplicity of the design renders it particularly appropriate for washable fabrics, while it is suitable for all classes of dress goods, especially those which drape gracefully. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Fete Dresses.

Now that out-door fetes, "garden" parties, "lawn" parties, and the like are so popular, it is very convenient to have a pretty, stylish kind of costume that is made short and in variety. This season has seen many such, and among the prettiest are the cream white, robin's-egg blue in the fine wool, known as *toile religieuse*, or nun's veiling. The front of the skirt is usually a succession of fine platings from which the upper part is draped away *en panier*; or, the skirt will be draped from the left, and a surplice waist crossed and confined with a belt which starts from the side-seams, the bodice having a basque back. The trimming is usually white lace, and satin ribbon—white with a gold reverse, or robin's-egg blue and gold.

A charming fete dress consists of black gauze ruffled over black silk, and finished with a coat of gold tissue, which reappears in an interior plaiting upon the edge of the skirt, and in a mixture of gold with black satin in the trimming upon the skirt, but sometimes they show printed borders in shaded colors, or a light and effective embroidery.

A gold-colored silk Jersey formed part of a dress which fitted a pretty brunette to perfection. The only opening was at the top and bottom; the ribbed top was concealed by rows of gold lace, forming a lace collar; and a gold Surah sash was draped over a silk skirt of same shade, made in a succession of flat kilt platings. The hat was a turban, mounted with Surah. Jerseys do not find much favor here, however; they are very expensive in silk, and not becoming to one woman in ten. When they are becoming, as a lady recently observed, they are not decent, unless worn over a very carefully-made bodice.

The silk muslins are charming over a silk of the same color. This is because the tints are soft, and the purity and delicacy of tone is preserved throughout. The shades preferred are pale heliotrope, lemon, dull écar, stone-color, and very pale pink. The yellowish lace wrought with gold trims these costumes exquisitely, and not unfrequently to this is added bands of silk embroidery, representing fuschias, carnations, or other flowers conventionalized, and without foliage.

The simplest fete dresses are white striped nan-sock, or dotted muslin, trimmed with needle-work and made with a straight bodice and straight-floated skirt with apron front. A quaint little fichu, or cape, gathered upon the shoulder, always accompanies this dress.



LUCRÈCE CASAQUIN.

Hats for the Country and the Mountains.

THE size of the hats worn in the country during the present season has been a general source of comment. At the watering-places it has heretofore been customary for ladies—young ladies especially—to travel about the streets and highways with uncovered heads, or still more recently, with a handkerchief tied across peasant fashion. This fancy, however, which afforded no protection from the sun, and was only occasionally becoming, has given place to the much more sensible fashion of large, picturesque straw hats, which give character to the entire costume.

The most popular are of coarse, yellow straw, trimmed with mull and lace. Some have a bunch of grasses or fruit fastened to one side, with a large pin, and instead of a facing of mull, are lined with a color.

Black straws of the same description have been prepared for the mountains, but the trimming of these consists of an immense bow of velvet and a plume of cock's feathers, which are not injured by weather. These cock's plumes are revived for fall wear, mounted as a *panache*, which is set high on the side, and sweeps the crown to its lower edge.

Very large hats of black chip will, it is asserted, be worn even in the city, trimmed entirely with black plumes, and a large velvet bow.

LOUIS XIII capes, all of fringe or lace are much worn.

DAISIES, or a single sunflower, are worn on rough, white straw bonnets.

Late Summer Novelties.

THE later summer novelties include soft checked silks with a border, which gives them the appearance of gingham, or what are technically known as "handkerchief" dresses. They are showy and pretty for some figures, but only suitable for occasional wear, and for persons who can afford a great variety in their wardrobe. Another French style of dress, imported in patterns, consists of two kinds of soft silk, one figured, the other plain but twilled. The combinations of some of these are charming.

Another late style is shown in embroidered pongees, the work being executed to form a border or apron, *a la fish-wife*, and bands upon the plain écar ground. There are also some fine woolen materials upon which a border is printed in new shades and very artistic, though necessarily conventionalized patterns.



Gilda Costume.

THE "Gilda" costume, made of cashmere *broché* in oriental colors, and pheasant-brown silk. The underskirt is of silk with deep side-pleatings, and the polonaise is of figured, oriental goods, trimmed with bands of *loutré* satin and bows and loops of pheasant-brown, satin ribbon. The neck is filled in with a *ruche* and *guimpe* of plaited, Breton lace. Price of pattern, thirty cents, each size.

Lucrèce Casaquin.—Suitable either for house or street wear. This very stylish garment is tight-fitting, has two darts in each front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. It is suitably made in all classes of dress materials, many suit goods, and the lighter qualities of fabrics that are used especially for out-door garments. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

Lingerie.

In lingerie there is a beautiful novelty in the shape of a long, scarf-like fichu of yellow crape, having a crimped surface, as though the crape had been drawn through a ring and doubly wrinkled. This odd and pretty fabric is plainly hemmed, and above the hem is a stitching of white floss representing ivy-leaves. It is untrimmed, and simply folded in the formal Martha Washington folds, and attached above the belt with a knot of wine-colored velvet, fringed with silver thread and having a stitching of silver thread on its edge. The soft, creamy hue makes this fichu very advantageous to the complexion.

A novel cravat, shaped exactly like a gentleman's, is intended to be worn with a habit-shirt. It is of wine-colored silk, embroidered on the inner piece and crossing pieces with floss silk in a design representing grapes and their leaves and tendrils. Another of similar form in old-gold satin is embroidered with holly berries without leaves.

In handkerchiefs, the transparent French mulle is greatly used for the newest styles, and these are trimmed with fine lace. Drawn work, by some called "tied work," is the supreme novelty in handkerchief decoration, while the monogram continues to be very small and worked in floss silk. Yellow-white French lawn is much liked for handkerchiefs.

Silk Coats.

AMONG the prettiest of the recent novelties are the silk or satin coats in heliotrope, gold, peacock-blue, or red, over ruffled skirts of white tulle or mull. Gold brocade, in small feather patterns, is also most effective.



STYL



STYLISH COIFFURES.

AN AUTUMN NOVELTY consists of feather fans made of small feathers laid flat, and in alternating rows of black with peacocks' eyes, or gray with maroon, entirely around the fan. Others are all of one color, and these exhibit their most exquisite hand-painting in dainty figures, with delicate landscape surroundings. Birds and storks, water fowl and swallow, with wings spread, are used.



FABRICE PRINCESS DRESS.

Gloves.

The broad inserted bands of lace still worn in kid as well as in silk very elegant twelve-buttoned glove beading extending from the middle, the fingers, up to the very edge of the hand. An odd extreme of fancy is shown in a glove into which an appliqué of lace is set in which are placed four tiny bits of gold-colored silk so that they appear as precisely to imitate gold coins. This is finished by a gold and white tassel. The material is very-white and extremely fine kid, and intended for evening wear. Caroubier red, currant and scarlet have appeared for fall wear in kid, as also a curious and rather dingy shade which is called old gold, but does not give the peculiar tint aimed at, yet is said to have the advantage of harmonizing with a great many different shades of costume and of not soiling the fabric. Dark grape, dark wine-color, bronze-green, and a shade resembling brass-color will be the fall tints. A very elegant appliqué of lace appears upon the wrist in a novel glove introduced by a well-known maker. Mitts will continue to be employed for evening wear, especially at concerts and receptions of a quiet kind, and run up to prices that are anything but small.

"Turban" Bonnet.

A VERY novel and elegant bonnet is of a low-crowned shape, setting close to the head and covered with old-gold-colored satin. It is trimmed with a scarf a yard and a half long, of black Chantilly net, upon which are embroidered tiny crescents in gold thread. It is finished by a hand-made fringe of mingled skein-silk and gold thread two inches wide. What distinguishes this bonnet from other styles is the disposition of the scarf, which is confined in the exact center above the forehead by a small and very finely-wrought crescent in gold filigree, having a plume-like ornament in crimped gold thread, which is placed upright. It is two inches high, and so set as to be by no means conspicuous, seeming merely to serve to give a turban-like look to the loose folds of the

scarf, and this adjustment is the more easy as the front of the bonnet has no visor or coronet. At the back the folds of lace and the fall simulate the arrangement of turban ends in a way that is strikingly oriental.

A turban-like adjustment of folds, either of lace or satin above the forehead is said by one of our most fashionable milliners to owe its coming favor to the fact that it "dresses" the face and helps the plainness of a close, narrow-shaped hat or bonnet.

Fall Walking Costumes.

New costumes, in preparation for fall, discard much of the patchy trimming which has been in vogue recently, and follow the style of the summer traveling dresses, which have been largely made of plain woolen materials of light texture, in dark green, dark blue, and gray. Dark green and stone gray are favorite shades, and the newest modes show walking-skirts shirred at the back, a trimmed or apron front, and a bodice with, or without basque at the back, and straight across the front. Some of these are accompanied by a round mantle, with hood to match; the hood lined with a color.

Another style consists of skirt and straight coat, cut up into lappels, and ornamented with heavy cords with spiked ends. These are usually lined with a color when the material is plain, but quite frequently the coat is of silk or woolen brocade, and some are being made of velvet. When plain woolen suits are lined with a color, the red, or whatever it is, reappears at the neck as a handkerchief, the corners of which are no longer concealed, but are fastened down flat, so as to form a small three-cornered fichu.

This autumn bordered and embroidered handkerchief will be used for the neck; that is, handkerchiefs embroidered in border patterns. Some have been used this summer in white pine-apple silk, with gold embroidery, and as the fall advances the handkerchief will be embroidered and trimmed on as part of the dress, or a round collar will take its place, which will extend down upon the front.

Fabrice Princess Dress.—This distinguished toilet has for its foundation a tight-fitting princess dress, on which is arranged simple, but very graceful drapery. The neck is illustrated as open in V shape, but the pattern is only marked, not cut out. This design is illustrated on the central figure in the full-page engraving. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Shoes and Boots.

An entirely novel shoe, has a top of fine patent leather stitched on in a scollop. It laces with a narrow ribbon, has a broad heel and small toes, as, indeed, have all the dressy shoes and boots now made. A novel boot, has a black cloth top stitched on with a scollop, but with white stitching, the effect of which is very dressy and yet not too conspicuous when the showiness of the light and checked cloth tops so much worn is considered. The very general liking shown for the Oxford tie has brought into favor a more low cut shoe than was previously worn, and like the button boot these now button more often than lace. The open "sandal" boot with intersections of lace is much used for evening, though it failed to find favor at first, and to prove this the observer will find that a star-like radiating inlet piece upon the instep of kid slippers and shoes is beginning to be looked upon with liking. Anything that displays a pretty stocking is liked and will be liked for home and evening wear. Red kid shoes and slippers for home wear are trying to make their way to the front, and, such is the passion

still unabated for red, that they will succeed is predicted.

especially in the creamy and tea shades, and, if French and carefully selected, it is exceedingly serviceable. The finer kinds are handsomely adorned with hand-embroidered bands.

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It is the first record that a ladies' paper has attained the circulation of six hundred thousand within the first year of its existence. But we can say with truth, that six hundred thousand comprises the edition with which we shall start our fall number of this latest of our fashion publications. The cheapness at which we have put this popular publication for the household, must be considered a great reason for its rapid advancement. It not only gives the latest news in regard to fashions, but more valuable and instructive reading for the money, than any other paper published in the world. Our vast facilities do not admit of rivalry in our own field, and our friends know that we are not only as good, but better than our word. Demorest's Illustrated Journal is issued quarterly with the seasons, sixteen pages 10½ by 11½ inches (same size as the Illustrated Weeklies), and the price is only five cents per copy, or fifteen cents per year, including postage. Try it for one year.

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ELGIVA COSTUME.

Elgiva Costume.—The coat which completes this *distingué* costume has very long cut-away fronts, while the back is ornamented with large, square pockets, and is open, disclosing the moderately *bouffant* and very graceful drapery of an overskirt that has a short, irregularly draped apron. The shirred *plastron* on the front of the waist renders this style very desirable for slender figures, and the broad flaring collar is especially stylish. The coat is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front in the usual cases, and a deep dart taken out under the arm; has side forms carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The underskirt may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style that is preferred. The design is suitable for all kinds of dress goods, except, perhaps, the thinnest, and is most effective if made in a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

New Styles of Polonaises.

The long polonaise, which promises still to be retained and is always so graceful, is perhaps longer than ever, very much drawn up, elaborately wrinkled in the front breadths, and with long, artistically draped folds in the back, and so numerous as to do away with any need of a bustle, even with the flattest figure. It appears to be a resolve with all ladies that bustles, if worn again at all, shall not be till it becomes very cold again. Pockets are by no means discarded, nor likely to be, and fall styles will retain the fichu ends, long in front, and drawn into either a sailor's knot or a simple bow-knot. On some styles of polonaise the basque is still outlined, and of these the set is always good. Surplice folds reappear, terminating in a dressy bow.



GILDA COSTUME.

Gilda Costume.—This novel and stylish design is composed of a cuirass basque having skirts attached which give it the effect of a dressy polonaise with a pointed apron, deep points at the sides, and moderately *bouffant* drapery at the back, looped in a graceful and ingenious fashion. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in each front, has side gores under the arms, side forms in the back carried to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. In the illustration the skirt is trimmed with three side-plaited flounces, but any other style of flounce may be employed that is preferred. The design is suitable for all classes of dress fabrics, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials or colors. One view of this design is illustrated elsewhere. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Novelties in Table-Cloths.

A VERY elegant novelty in table-cloths, for cover but not for service, is in gray linen combined with decoration in white silk, woven in Egyptian designs representing the Sphinx in the four corners, and with large open scrolls of papyrus between the corner figures. Others of the same kind have elaborate borders of garlanded roses so wide as almost to cover the entire cloth. The fabric of these table-cloths is so fine that they weigh but a few ounces. For lunch-cloths, on which red borders have of late been favorites, an entirely novel style has blue borders and fringe, and still another buff borders and fringe, the designs being arabesques. With these the napkins match, and are large. A very heavy white table-cloth has a rich and large design of roses running all over it, and meeting the very florid and handsome rose-vine border. Nothing can exceed the elegance of new linen goods for table and boudoir, and, besides these, there are the most tempting novelties in materials for underwear and toweling—such as make every one wish to be buying a trousseau or furnishing a new house. A novelty is a carriage-cloth of striped linen—gray with blue, fawn with red—to protect the clothing from dust. New tidies are all ornamented with "tied" or "drawn" work, and so are cake-cloths.

Seasonable Fabrics.

INDEPENDENT of the Persian fabrics, the unquestionable beauty of which will enable them to hold their place, there are various materials which will appear to advantage on the figure and are beautifully made up into fall styles. Albatross cloth, *satin de Lyon*, *satin de Chine*, *satin merveilleux*, nun's veiling of a heavy kind, bayonaise, Henrietta suiting, tamise, white and figured challies, which proved to be admirable for fall wear, white delaine with a flower-design, Surah silk, Surah satin, light French cashmere, and the beautiful "archery and lawn-tennis goods,"—all these are met with approbation; so also is Chuddah cloth, and, with red or navy-blue trimming, so too is "scrim" or cheese cloth. White bunting with a novel style of trimming, somewhat resembling the borders of the squares for the pretty and popular handkerchief suits, will be worn and are very effective. This material now enjoys much greater favoritism in fall than in summer, the experience of sufferers having proved that it is not a cool wear for the hot season. Becoming it certainly is,

Our Purchasing Bureau.

If you live at a distance from the business and fashionable centers, and want a handsome fall or winter hat, dress, cloak or mantle—if you are going to be married, and want some articles you cannot get conveniently at home—if you wish some one to select for you a nice wedding, birthday, or Christmas gift to present to a friend—or if you are a dealer in wares of any description, and do not care to spend the time or money to come to New York—just address "Our Purchasing Bureau," care Mme. Demorest, 17 East 14th street, New York City. It is wonderful what a knack it has of supplying just what is wanted. Below are a very few of the kind things said of it:

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"I appreciate the paper patterns which came with the magazine; they save so much time, and I hope it will be a welcome visitor in our family for years to come.

"Yours, with gratitude,

"MRS. A. H. H.

"MME. DEMOREST'S PURCHASING BUREAU:—The goods arrived this A.M., and suit so well that I am more pleased with the "bureau" than ever. I remit the change due in stamps, as it is the most convenient way now.

"Yours,

"M. D. R.

"CENTRAL CITY, IA.

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST:—I regret exceedingly that ill health has necessitated this delay in the acknowledgment of 'The Chain.' It came in good condition, and was every way satisfactory; and also the Premium, Tennyson's Poems. Thanks will hardly pay you or satisfy me for your kindness, care, and ability, in the selection and sending of goods and premiums.

"Respectfully and gratefully yours,

MRS. L. C. L.

Exhibition Laces.

At the international exhibition at Brussels are some very choice specimens of lace, which are thus described by a correspondent of the English *Queen*.

There are lovely parasol covers, fans, handkerchiefs, and every variety of trimmings and rich dresses. Several dresses ornamented with lace attracted special attention. One had a very delicate mauve satin skirt and train, both bordered with a deep killing; Brussels lace flounce across front breadth, edged with leaves of heartsease, folds of satin intermingled with lace; the back arranged in double folds, with revers of lace; bodice pointed back and front; short puffed sleeves, surmounted by demi-wreaths of heartsease; low bodice, edged by a deep fall of lace.

Another dress was of *viell-or* satin, ruffs of satin trimming the bottom of skirt; tunic of black Brussels lace, caught up on one side by bows of satin, on the other by bouquets of poppies, the lace falling over the whole length of the skirt at the back, another bouquet of poppies toward the center of the back near the edge of the skirt;



AMANDINE POLONAISE.

Amandine Polonaise.—Very dressy and stylish in design, but extremely simple in arrangement. This polonaise has the fronts very much cut away, and falling in points at the sides; and the drapery for the back moderately *bouffant*, very gracefully looped, and shirred at the upper part and carried up to the neck. It is tight-fitting, cut with two darts in each front in the usual places, and a deep dart taken out under the arm; and has side forms in the back carried to the armholes. The design is suitable for any dress material, and is especially desirable for those which drape gracefully. It will be very effective trimmed with bands of contrasting material. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.



CLORINDE BASQUE.

Clorinde Basque.—The shirred drapery on the front renders this a very desirable design for slender figures, while the sash gives a graceful finish to the back. It is fitted with two darts in each front, has side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam in the middle of the back. The design is suitable for all classes of dress goods excepting the heaviest, and can be made very effective with the front drapery, *revers*, sash and cuffs of a contrasting material. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

MME. DEMOREST'S What to Wear, and Portfolio of Fashion, and Illustrated Journal, all three publications for one year, postage paid, for seventy-five cents.

bertha of lace, crossed in front and fastened by a bunch of poppies; deep-pointed bodice, laced up the back.

The veil to be presented by the municipality of Brussels to the Princess Stephanie as a marriage present, is executed in the finest point à l'aiguille. The number of *ouvrières* engaged in this work was three hundred, and they worked from five in the morning till ten at night for about six months. The form is almost an oval, about four yards long and three and a half wide, the device in the center being a large bouquet, round which alternate the arms of Belgium and Austria, and intermixed with these those of the nine provinces of Belgium and twelve of Austria. The fabrication contains five hundred great divisions, and the number of the smaller devices consists of about one thousand. The arrangement and the blending are perfect; for, "harmoniously confused, order in variety we see, and there, though all things differ, all agree."

The women workers are divided into five classes; the devices are taken from the pattern by pricking every separate device on a dark-colored piece of leather with a fine needle. This is given to a tracer, who with very fine cotton joins it to some fine white material by sewing through the holes, thus leaving the pattern traced ready for the workers. The making of the net must be very fine and regular, and, as the whole fabrication is point à l'aiguille, only the very best workers are employed. It was wonderful to watch them, the deft fingers and strained eyes never faltering, never seeming to make a false stitch. From the net workers the same device passed to the next division, for the formation of shadows or closer work; then to the borderers, who, with several thicknesses of thread, completed the outline of leaves; others worked the flowers, and the most skillful of all formed different devices on plain network. The last division were the joiners, who arranged every portion into its separate place, and completed the whole.

Our "What to Wear" for the Fall and Winter of 1880-81.

THE enormous circulation that this publication has attained shows that ladies generally recognize it for what it is—a *multum in parvo* of information and direction in regard to dress and its belongings—taken from the most useful and practical side. In a handy form for reference are found all sorts of useful facts in regard to costumes, fabrics, outdoor garments, hats and bonnets, children's clothing, hosiery, and all the details of the toilet, illustrated, and embodying many new and exclusive styles. "WHAT TO WEAR" for the autumn and winter of 1880-81 will be ready on September 15th. Purchasers should send in their names immediately and prevent disappointment. The price is only fifteen cents, postage paid.

Address,

MME. DEMOREST,
17 East 14th Street,
New York.

Children's Fashions.

CHILDREN at the fashionable summer resorts have been among the most picturesque objects of the place. Quaintly dressed in straight garments, large hats, and immense lace collars, they looked like mediæval pictures cut out of some recent English publications; Kate Greenaway's "Under My Window," for example.

The "Granny" sunbonnet, the latest revival, has not yet been adopted in dressy circles, or by the belles of three years and upwards, who flourish at Saratoga and Long Branch, but they have them at Newport, where fashions follow largely the English lead in these minor details, and affect the English method of differentiating the dress of the child entirely from that of the adult.

Everywhere, however, the main features of the costumes of little girls are the same, hat, collar, hose; the latter attracting attention on account of its high color; so that very little tots of girls look like mushrooms, all hat and legs.

"Do you want to dance?" asked a fond mother of a brave little three year old boy in a white flannel suit at a Saratoga garden party.

"Yes," promptly responded the miniature man.

"Who with?" said the surprised mother, for she had expected him to be so frightened and bashful as to probably scream to be taken away.

"At itty dirl in shash, and hat, and 'tockin's," replied the youngster, pointing to a red-legged mite of about two years, of whom, indeed, all that could be seen of her, was her hat, and "shash," and "'tockin's."

This incident shows how early and sensibly dress affects the masculine half of humanity.

The straight princesse dress, more or less trimmed, remains the most popular form for girls, and little boys who have not yet been promoted to the dignity of trousers Checked gingham and Madras cottons, spotted cambries and flannels,

according to temperature, are the fabrics most in vogue for ordinary every-day wear, and have quite superseded linens. For afternoons there are dotted white muslins, and pretty lawns, lace and ribbon trimmed; and for Sundays and party occasions lace and muslin over silk, accompanied by a wide, soft, Surah sash the shade of the slip.

White dresses, of a close corded lawn or nansook fabric, are very pretty and useful for almost any occasion. They are trimmed with fine needlework, and always worn with a sash of wine-color, or pink, or blue, the shade of the stockings. If a deep round or square collar is not made as part of the dress, one is added, as this is considered an almost indispensable adjunct. Boots have superseded slippers and strapped shoes for children, except for morning and house wear, as they are rightly considered as affording more protection and better support for the feet.

We illustrate, in the present number, some designs that will be found suitable in making preparations for school and autumn dresses. One of these is the "Alma" costume for girls who have passed out of the stage when the Gabrielle dress is suitable. The "Alma" consists of kilt-plaited skirt and polonaise, the latter cut with a long coat back and draped front, trimmed with round coat collar which forms long points in front.

It may be made in a combination of plain with figured material, or in dark blue flannel, or plain wool of some kind, and faced with silk or with the same stitched on. If it is all of one material, it should be all of a color, and only faced, if preferred, on the inside with dark red; or a pale amber, dark green with red lining looks well, and is a favorite French combination.

The "Phylla" costume is in three pieces, basque, skirt, and over-skirt, and is a very pretty and stylish-looking dress, though simple and easily made, and would look well in cashmere or plain wool and velvet, in Scotch check with plain velvet, or in silk or wool with trimming of some pretty figured stuff. It is a suitable design for best walking or church dress, or for school wear, and might be accompanied by the "Borda" jacket to render it complete.

The "Breda" polonaise is also a good design for school wear in gray wool or over a gray or black skirt. It would also look well in any plain, dark material, with a kilted skirt of the same, in garnet, for example, or dark blue, green, or brown, with vest and collar of silk or velvet of the same shade, or if the skirt was striped or dotted, matching the skirt.

Children's hose are now solid above and below the calf of the leg. Around this part of the leg there is usually a band of clustered stripes, enclosed in a border, above and below, of embroidery. Sometimes the border has pendants, sometimes it consists of tiny stars or daisies set at brief intervals.

A NEW FEATURE OF IMPORTED DRESSES.

One of the new features of imported dresses for dinner wear, is the surplice waist, and belt of soft silk tied like a sash at the side, and having gathered ends to which are attached spiked ornaments.

Remember,

EVERY subscriber to "Demorest's Monthly" should be able to obtain one more name and add to their own, and thus obtain an additional premium for their trouble from our valuable list.



Phylla Costume.

MADE in ivory-white French bunting, combined with *satin de Lyon* having chintz figures on an ivory ground, this makes a lovely costume for a miss. It comprises a tight-fitting basque, coat-shaped at the back, and arranged like a deep vest in front; a gracefully draped overskirt, and a skirt bordered with a fine plaiting and trimmed in front and at the sides with panels. The dress is made of the bunting, the *satin de Lyon* being used for the vest, collar, cuffs, and panels on the skirt. The plaiting at the bottom is lined with red satin, and the bottom of the overskirt is faced to match. Cascades of red and cream-colored satin ribbon loops ornament the sides. Frill and *jabot* of India muslin, trimmed with Breton lace. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

A Million Readers.

THE aggregate circulation of our "Monthly Magazine," "Illustrated Journal," "Portfolio of Fashions," and "What to Wear," now falls little short of one million, an unexampled list in this or any other country.



BORDA JACKET.

Borda Jacket.—Simple, yet very stylish. This jacket is three-fourths tight, has one dart in each front, side gores under the arms, a seam down the middle of the back and side forms carried to the armholes. The design is appropriately made in any of the materials usually selected for street garments, and also in suit goods. A contrasting material can be used, with good effect, for the collar, cuffs, pocket laps, and *revers*. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Babies.

THERE is never much that is new to write about infants and their belongings. Still, very great changes have taken place since they were tightly swathed, bound, and bandaged on coming into the world, and kept so tied and braced that it was a wonder they could even grow; and in fact this treatment is, no doubt, responsible for malformations, and much that has been dwarfish and only half developed.

Babies, like other people, fail to appreciate their blessings, and never will know from how much they are saved, and how much they gain in being allowed freedom to writhe, to twist, to wriggle, to take all sorts of shapes, and grow all over at once. Dress, for them at least, is not now a matter of fashion, but one of comfort and health, and fashion has naught to do with it—save assist in devising pretty methods of cutting and ornamenting the material for the babies' clothing, which is always to be as fine and soft as means will admit of. It was rather

curious that while the old baby fashions enclosed the baby's body in such cruel bandages, the feeble arms and delicate neck were left wholly exposed, while the limbs were weakened by an oppressive weight of long clothing. This is partially remedied nowadays, and has been for some time, by a reduction in the length of baby clothes, and the covering of the neck and arms. The modern slip, cut in one piece, shaped, but easily adjusted, and of soft, fine, washable white material, is an almost perfect baby dress.

No starch should ever be suffered to come in contact with baby clothes, and nothing coarse or harsh in the way of material or embroidery. It is better not to have trimming, than not to have it fine and delicate. Of course, only white fabrics should be used for infants, and there need be no trouble about these, if they are only properly washed. Do not entrust white woolens of any kind to one whom you cannot trust as you would yourself. The best way is to wash them yourself—it is not disagreeable, takes but little time, and will preserve new in appearance till they are worn out.

Use soft, slightly tepid (not warm) water, in which put powdered borax—about a teaspoonful to a gallon of the water. Make a lather with white Castile soap, and in this wash your woolen garments thoroughly. Rinse in cold water, without blueing.

The most wonderful embroidery is now put on baby shawls and blankets. Instead of following stiff, rectangular patterns, artists in such matters follow nature, and design as they work—flowers, leaves, sprays, fibres, insects, stems, weeds, and whatever they find that will lend itself to the purpose of ornamenting. The only requirement is that there

shall be harmony in the carrying out of the idea. For example, if the lotus flower is selected, the figures must be Egyptian; if the primrose, the surrounding objects must possess an English rural character. French ideas are always conventionalized; the art worker draws from all sources, but is not guilty of incongruity by mixing opposites, or such things as belong to different ages, and eras, and peoples.

The round cloak is a necessity for a baby, because it can be cut longer than a sacque—but care should be taken not to make it too heavy. The most useful and convenient cloaks are made with around, soft, silk-lined, hood, instead of large cape, which can be drawn over the pretty little cap now fashionable, and forms a sufficient protection.

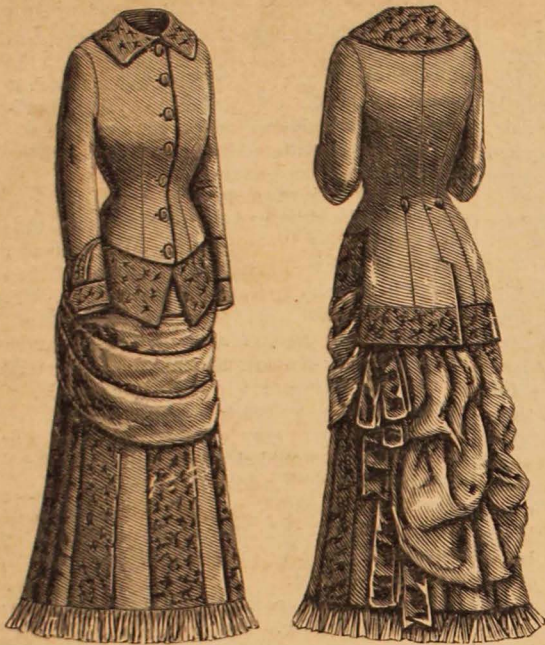
Twenty-five years ago it would have been considered dangerous for a newly born baby to go without its cap until it had acquired a covering of hair for its head, and though the abandonment of them has been recommended as a sanitary measure, still we cannot imagine it to be a very imperative one, for babies lived and grew in those days, and were blessed with abundant hair. It does not seem very much a matter for regret, therefore, that fashion has lately restored the tiny, round cap, which covered the baby's small, round, bald head, and dresses it lightly, softly, yet effectively, and without any prejudice to its temperature or circulation, for the fabric of which it is made is the lightest and finest of lace or muslin.

Our "Portfolio of Fashions."

THE singular popularity of this publication finds no better evidence than its enormous circulation. This season we start with the almost fabulous list of 120,000, and this may increase to 150,000, at its present rate of advancement, before the edition is mailed. The secret is simply that ladies want to see a truthful, pictured semblance of styles before buying patterns, and in our "PORTFOLIO" they obtain a complete gallery of designs, so large, so distinct in detail, and so well described that they are enabled to judge accurately of effects, and are not betrayed into useless expenditure. The "PORTFOLIO," with all the new designs in costume for the fall and winter of 1880-81, will be ready on September 15th, and prompt application should be made to insure delivery. Price fifteen cents, post-free.

Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street, New York City.

LARGE HATS have been literally a great feature of the summer watering-place toilets.



PHYLLA COSTUME.

Phylla Costume.—An extremely stylish model, adapted for a miss's street or traveling costume. The basque is tight-fitting, with one dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms, and side forms carried to the armholes. The skirt has a short, draped apron, *bouffant* drapery at the back, and is trimmed with a narrow plaiting around the bottom. It is suitable for any class of dress goods and is desirable for a combination of materials. Pattern in size for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.



BRÉDA POLONAISE.

Bréda Polonaise.—Novel in design. This graceful polonaise is arranged with a Louis XV. vest, the outer fronts plaited and looped very far back forming *paniers* at the sides, and the drapery at the back *bouffant*, but low down, giving a "Marguerite" effect to the waist. It is tight-fitting, with one dart in each side of the vest, deep darts taken out under the arms in the outer fronts, a seam down the middle of the back and side forms carried to the shoulders. The design is appropriate for a great variety of dress goods, and is particularly desirable for those who drape gracefully. Pattern in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



ALMA COSTUME.

Alma Costume.—A skirt finished with a kilt-plaited, Spanish flounce is combined with a polonaise to form this very stylish dress. The polonaise is tight-fitting, and is cut with one dart in each front, side gores under the arms and a "French" back. The fronts are quite long and draped at the bottom, and are ornamented with long *revers*, giving the effect of a *plastron*; and the back is in coat shape. This design is suitable for all classes of dress materials, excepting the thinnest, and will be particularly effective with the polonaise made of a different material from the skirt. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each size.



"AFTERMATH."—The Legion of Honor was founded in the First Consulate by that wonderful man at whose name the world grew pale. Goethe said, it was the only rational order ever founded. Its order and system was as methodical as the mind of its creator. There were fifteen cohorts, and each had its own chief town. In each cohort were seven grand officers, twenty commanders, thirty officers of ordinary rank, and three hundred and fifty knights, and special allowances of money were made to each member to sustain his standing in the corps.

There had been in France three great military orders: that of Saint Esprit, of St. Michael, and St. Louis. The order of St. Michael was the oldest, having been instituted in 1469, by Louis XI., as a rival to the magnificent Flemish order of the Golden Fleece. But the king made his bauble too common. The ribbon was a black one, studded with golden cockle-shells, and so many were made members that the collar was laughed at, as the general dog-collar.

In 1578, Henri III. of France, instituted the order of the St. Esprit, to match the famous order of the Garter, the color of the ribbon being blue.

Louis XIV. founded the order of St. Louis in pious memory of his devout predecessor, Louis IX., that ribbon being red.

But the order of the Legion of Honor did away with the others. The membership is now greatly reduced from what it was during Imperial times. There are nine female members, six of them being Sisters of Charity, one telegraphic operator, a mayoress of Paris, and Rosa Bonheur. The palace of the order, after being burnt by the Commune, is now being rebuilt, five hundred thousand dollars having been subscribed for the purpose.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium, in September next, the Educational League will hold in Brussels an International Teachers' Congress. Many prominent teachers and professors have promised to take part in it. One of the most interesting features of this congress will be the international competition in the production of the best and cheapest educational objects for the use of primary schools, such as a collection of instruments illustrating the laws of physics and mechanics, a collection of surveying instruments, a portable chemical laboratory, a globe and projecting maps, historical tablets, and a book descriptive of the physical, mechanical, and chemical experiments performed with the simplest and cheapest instruments and materials, even with such as are to be found in every house. All objects for the competition are to be sent to the Educational Exhibition, Brussels.

"HISTORICUS."—The Polish insurrection of 1863-64 was repressed by the lieutenants of the present Czar. Within the space of two years 83,434 Poles were condemned to perpetual expatriation, and transported to Siberia or to other outlying provinces of the Russian empire. Over 10,000 contrived to effect their escape to foreign countries, but the greater number of these suffered the loss of their entire property, confiscated by the State, and have abandoned all hope of ever returning to their native land. Three hundred and sixty patriots were hanged in cold blood by their captors. Pecuniary mulcts to the amount of 82,000,000 roubles were levied upon the "Vistula provinces," and 2,700 estates were sequestered, the majority of them being subsequently conferred by the Czar upon Russian noblemen fortunate enough to merit his special favor. Public libraries were either destroyed by Muravieff's orders, or deprived of the more valuable portions of their contents, which were conveyed out of the country, and distributed among the State libraries in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kief, and other great Russian cities. Such is, in brief, the result of the 1863 insurrection. Each is a repetition of the last, and the strife for Polish liberty is regarded by the world at large as hopeless. Poland, Hungary and Ireland have been left to their fate.

"BOTANIST."—An English gentleman residing near Nottingham, states that he brought home from the Geisbach, in the autumn of 1877, a few specimens of the *edelweis*, which he planted among some rock plants in his pleasure grounds, situated on an eminence. It disappeared gradually until last spring, when it came out

to perfection. Toward the autumn he lost sight of it again, but recently the signs of its development predict its full growth, and in greater perfection than ever.

"CURIOSITY."—No European publication has such a roll of contributors as the *Edinburgh Review*. It takes in almost every name that is distinguished in statesmanship, in eloquence, and in learning for a couple of generations. It includes a prime minister, Lord John Russell; a chancellor, Lord Brougham; a lord chief justice, Lord Denman; two chancellors of the exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice and Sir G. C. Lewis; two or three lords of session and puisne judges on the English bench; a secretary of war, Macaulay; a secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Lytton; metaphysicians, like Sir William Hamilton; historians like Henry Hallam, Carlyle, and Napier; politicians like Charles Butler and John Arthur Roebuck; political economists like John Stuart Mill and McCulloch; theologians like Henry Rogers and Dean Milman; poets like Campbell, Moore, and Rogers; essayists like Stephen and Hazlett; and novelists like W. M. Thackeray.

"BRIDESMAID."—The custom of having bride's-cake at a wedding is derived from the most solemn of the three connubial ceremonies observed by the ancient Romans, and called *Confarreatio*. This ceremony was performed by the chief priest or priest of Jupiter; a formula was pronounced in the presence of ten witnesses, and the man and woman ate of a cake of wheat bread, throwing part of it on the sacrifice, which was that of a sheep. The cake was termed, *far* or *panis farreus*, whence the name of the ceremony. By this form the woman was said to be possessed of her husband by the sacred laws, and became a partner of all his substance and sacred rites, those of the Penates as well as Lares. If he died intestate and without children, she inherited all his property. If she had children, she received an equal share with them. The offspring of this form of marriage were designated as *patrimi* or *matrimi*, from whom were chosen priests and priestesses, especially the priests of Jupiter and the vestal virgins. *Confarreatio* was dissoluble only as a form of divorce, *disfarreato*, regarded as its equivalent in solemnity. That bride-cake is a relic of *confarreatio* is evident from the fact that until two centuries since it was made of wheat or barley, without fruit. It would be a good idea now for young women of classic taste and culture to insist upon having bride-cake of the ancient sort.

"BRUNETTE."—We would not advise for your black satin de Lyon so pronounced a style as the coat basque, or the long, plain, coat forms of the "Wind sor;" these might be used for a woolen costume, but not for one which will be liberally trimmed with elegant jet passementerie, and used for dressy occasions. Make a plain train edged with thick and fine knife-plaiting, interior and exterior. Trim the skirt with a double series of folds to represent rounded aprons, edged with fringe and passementerie. Make a basque, deep, well-fitting, and rounded back and front, which trim in a jacket form with passementerie, and lace turned toward the throat. The sleeves should be short upon the arm, rather narrow, and the spring given by the fine knife-plaiting of satin and interior lace. Beaded cords with spike ends are very much used now in trimming skirts.

"ÆOLIAN."—The autograph lines are respectfully declined.

"M. B."—The laces are cotton imitations, the outlines worked with linen. They have little value, for they have not the durability of torchon. They would probably cost fifty and sixty cents per yard.

Better take your pearls to a jeweler.

"JESSIE."—"Portia," has been mailed to your address.

"ROSA."—There is nothing arbitrary in where you "begin" to cut from a paper pattern; it depends largely on convenience, and how it lays. See "What to Wear" for directions how to use "Reliable" patterns.

"LAWN PARTY."—The answer to your question depends somewhat upon what you would offer your guests in the way of amusements. Would you have lawn-tennis or croquet for the younger portion, or both, or would you have some pieces of music, and improvise a dance? You would wear a short dress and garden hat, and receive your guests on the lawn, precisely as in a parlor. Two tents would be required—one for refreshments, one for quiet and flirtations. The refreshments should be light; ices, fruits, cakes, plenty of lemonade, and fruit sherbet; at a later hour, cups of tea with slices of lemon, and thin bread and butter—also bouillons.

The invitations would be couched in terms like the following:

"Your company is respectfully (or cordially) requested at a lawn-party at the residence of — on —."

"A CONSTANT READER."—Your sample is stone-colored delaine, all wool, and a very nice quality. We should advise making it up after the "Clarissa" walking-skirt pattern, and coat basque. Kilt the front of skirt, and trim with satin.

The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, the same finger as the wedding ring, to which, after marriage, it serves as a guard. The little finger, or "pinky" as it is called in the vocabulary of young ladies, is the finger sacred to friendship. Rings are never worn now on the fore-finger or middle finger of either hand.

"THRIFT."—A new and pretty use for Christmas and other cards is to arrange them in sets or rows upon cardboard, and frame them as small racks, and the like. They sell well in this form at bazars.

"RUSTIC."—It is very fashionable to wear a waist differing from the skirt, but not a white waist. Basques and independent blouse waists are made of brocade in a small figure which thickly covers the surface; also of surah and corah silk figured, or in a bright single color covered with lace.

"LACE BOX."—There are boxes, though they are not common, the only specimens we have seen having been costly bridal presents, which contain several trays lined with satin upon which the lace specimen or article is laid.

The laces may be mere specimens of the work of different countries, or one tray may contain a barbe, another a handkerchief, another ends for a tie. All must, of course, be real and handsome, and the box itself rich for a gift, of itself alone.

"THREE SISTERS."—The object is undoubtedly a praise-worthy one, and would commend itself; but do not force any one, tradesmen or others, into "giving" to it. It is not an honest, or even reputable thing for women to do. Put your own work into it, interest your young friends, make all the pretty and useful things possible, and your bazar will be more satisfactory, and the results better than if you collect the refuse of the shops, and put yourself under painful obligation for what, after all, has not much value.

Nothing now sells quite so well as something painted—bows, ties, sachets, fans, cards with dried flowers, legends, and some pretty painted design, dainty water-color sketches, embroideries, caps, cushions, toilet sets, that is mats, and the like.

"MARY."—The word *wife* is of Saxon origin and means "*weaver*," signifying that all wives must be either housewives or housemoths. A woman must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her; the stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night, cold grass at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless.

"M. H."—The only way you can utilize your velvet cloak is to cut it over as a deep, close-fitting basque, and wear it with a black or dark skirt, either for the house or street.

"Mrs. E. G., Ill."—Use the embroidery either for an apron, or bands placed across the front of the skirt; upon the basque it should be used to form a jacket front, and as bands upon the sleeves. You can use silk for traveling in September, or wool de beige, or bunting, or almost anything. If you wish to get a new dress that you can utilize for fall wear, we should advise a dark wool, very dark green or brown, and coat basque of mixed brocade, with the greens, and browns, and gold in it. Your hat would go with it very nicely. The very best dress you can get to answer all purposes is black satin de Lyon, trimmed handsomely with jet (colored jet). Embroidered hose are not suitable for the street; if the work is fine, it is too costly for street wear; if it is coarse, it is vulgar. Foulard is a fine, thin, but close silk, sometimes plain, sometimes twilled, sometimes printed in colors. It is pretty, inexpensive, and durable, and therefore much used for lining; also for slips under lace; also for young girls' evening dresses (in light colors); for old ladies in dark colors, and is especially pleasant summer wear. The average price is one dollar per yard.

"Ivy N."—We cannot send you patterns of all you ask for, because the demand is such that they are no longer supplied free of charge. Besides, summer trim-

mings are largely made up of materials—ribbons, laces, and the like—which are selected with reference to the fabric of the dress, and would not be “trimming” for another style, or, at least, not suitable trimming. Wear plain, solid, colors mainly; black is safe; also garnet and wine color. These in wool, with white lace at the throat, are always handsome. And for best for you, nothing could be better than a black Surah silk, trimmed with very fine, rich jet and lace, or else with nothing but itself, and interior platings of white and black lace.

“RURAL GIRL.”—You had better suit your convenience in regard to time. A morning wedding can be managed with much less trouble, and very much less expense, so far as refreshments are concerned, than an evening wedding. In the evening you must have some variety, and more or less formality. In the morning, say at eleven, A. M., cake and lemonade, or whatever drinkables you prefer, is all that is required; ice-cream may be served, but is not necessary; in fact, coffee at that hour would be much better. As for dress, with what you have got, one nice garnet or wine-color, and one silk will answer, but an evening dress of fine white bunting would be useful and not expensive.

“M.”—Make your brown silk with a trimmed skirt and basque. You will find this the most useful and permanent form. A small, round demi-train would suit your purpose better, probably, than a short skirt. Trim with satin of same shade.

“Mrs. T. M. E.”—Black lace sacques are not fashionably worn, and it would not pay to piece yours down. A better way would be to wear it with the short skirt tucked into the belt of a dress skirt, and over a straight waist of pink, or blue, or wine-colored lawn, batiste, or foulard. An outside belt of satin ribbon should be worn over it, of the same color as the under waist.

“VANITY FAIR.”—You cannot keep up your friendship with your young lady friends without the liability of making the acquaintance of the young gentlemen. You are quite right as to the desirability of selecting your friends—young women as well as young men—with great care. Your future, the future of all girls, depends upon it. Begin by choosing the best, and stick to them. It is not wise to have many, and you can afford to add to the number slowly. Your last question will answer itself in time.

“HENRY” asks some of our industrious lady subscribers to give a description and receipt for a pretty afghan; also some simple but effective pattern for patchwork.

“LOVER OF DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.”—It is not necessary to go into mourning for a father-in-law at all. Mourning has been much less worn of late years than formerly, because black is so common that a simple black woolen dress, such as almost every woman possesses, serves for all the minor occasions unless in the case of husband or own father or mother. It is too late to answer your other questions, which have been fully replied to in previous numbers, and in fashion articles.

“TULIP.”—Keep your hair well brushed and clean. Put no pomatums on it. When it needs cleaning put a few drops of ammonia in the water; wash the roots thoroughly and dry well. Comb it plain, parting it in the middle, and braid in two strands which you can turn up into loops, and pin close to the head if you like that method. You must go to a good dentist to get the tartar removed from your teeth. After that keep them clean with white castile soap and water, used with a brush twice every day.

Your mother's dress would dye a seal-brown, but the success would depend upon the dyer. Taken apart, well dyed, and made up with a wool fabric for overdress, of the same shade (seal-brown), it would look very well. We know not how else it can be improved.

“JUANITA.”—Boil two quarts of bran in a thin bag in a gallon of rain-water. Strain it and wash your Persian muslin in this, without soap. Dry between sheets and iron on the wrong side. It will need no starch. It will look new.

“AUGUSTA L. B.”—Under the circumstances it would be much better for you to be married in a traveling-dress; a handsome dark green, brown, wine-color, or navy blue; wrap to match. You could have a checked circular for an outside wrap, with dark silk-lined hood, which would come in most usefully afterward. An outside jacket to match your suit would be better than a dolman. Gloves should be ivory white. The groom might wear all black, except tie and gloves.

“AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.”—We do not know what book on etiquette to tell you to get, because the good in them is mixed up with so much that is false and absurd.

Perhaps the best book is “Sensible Etiquette,” by Mrs. N. O. Ward, Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. There is also a smaller work, “Social Etiquette of New York,” published by the Appletons.

“LAURA.”—The large black chip hats are very fashionable and very distinguished; none more so. Your long plume and tips would trim very stylishly. The brim should be faced with some decided color—garnet or gold. A mantelet of rich silk would do very nicely; it should be nicely trimmed with fringe and beaded passementerie. Choose a small dolman pattern. Your mohair ulster would serve you perfectly. We should advise the dress to be made with deep basque and trimmed skirt; the basque hollowed in a little upon the hips. Lengthwise trimming. The “Anastasia” train would be a good model for the skirt. It is illustrated in the present number.

“COUNTRY GIRL.”—It is not usual for well-bred people to keep callers waiting whom they are expecting. It does happen sometimes that ladies are detained by pressing matters, but explanation then serves as apology.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“TO BRIC-A-BRAC” in *Ladies' Club*:—In the June number appears an answer to a question by “Bric-à-brac,” stating that the old house in Dedham, Mass., is the oldest in the country (of English origin). The Curtis house at Roxbury, permit me to say, is equally ancient, being built the same year, 1639, and on the site of a still older edifice, and is still occupied by the family. There are several other *old* houses belonging, I believe, to the same family.

“Yours respectfully,

“D. W. CURTIS.”

“MAGGIE.”—One stamp would not pay the postage on “same,” as they would be sent in an envelope. We sell them at twenty-five cents a hundred. “Zha-bos,” “Daniel Deronda,” “Romola,” “Middlemarch,” “Adam Bede,” and “Silas Marner” are the names of some of George Eliot's works. A lady can wear her watch as much concealed as she chooses; there is nothing unrefined in wearing a watch and chain unless the articles are common and coarse, and are vulgarly paraded.

“DUNDEE.”—“Angus Asthore” would be translated “Angus darling.” “Allanna” is a term of endearment.

“NEW SUBSCRIBER” asks for the best practical little work treating of garden and house plants. Also the author of a little poem—the name, I think, “A Dream of Roses”—some five or six verses running thus:

“I dreamed a beautiful dream last night,
Of roses in bloom when the ground was white;
And the winter winds blew wild and free
Through the clustering buds on leafless tree.”

Tamize would probably be a suitable material for your suit, but your question came too late to render an answer useful to you.

ANY of our readers who will send their address to the TOILET MASK CO., 1164 Broadway, New York, will receive without charge a Descriptive Treatise explaining how to obtain a pure and faultless complexion without using poisonous cosmetics, powders, etc. We hope that our lady friends will avail themselves of this liberal offer.

A Very Superior Chocolate for family use, because while the nutritive properties are retained, the heavy and indigestible ones are eliminated, has been found by personal testing in “Mack's Milk Chocolate.” It is further prepared in such a way as to be ready for instant use, without the addition of milk or sugar, but only of boiling water. We consider it improved by being allowed to come to a boil after mixing with the water, but this is certainly not indispensable, and the method of putting up in sealed pound boxes renders it most useful, and convenient for tourists, or persons living in the country who wish to be able to prepare this choice beverage at a moment's notice, and without any addition. To campers-out and persons going on a long voyage it is a boon which only they can appreciate.

Pet Paragraphs.

CONSCIENCE is the first faculty of the soul appearing in us; it is powerful—but blind.

Man is not always innocent when his conscience absolves him, nor always guilty when his conscience accuses him.

Man is the only one of all created beings which has been able to say Perhaps, and this word in his mouth expresses a measureless and endless power.

Our doubts and our objections serve only to elevate us. They prove that we bear within ourselves the type of a more perfect being. Hope and the beau-ideals are the keys of a world we are about to enter since we have had a glimpse of it.

From the most distant corners come our greatest comforts. From the burning sands of Africa come the winds which warm our winters, from the glaciers of the poles the breezes which refresh our summers, and nearest to us is often the cause of the most distant phenomena; in a piece of amber, the secret of thunder; in a drop of water, the explanation of the rainbow; in a coal, the diamond; in the shapeless pebble beneath our feet light emanates.

In the early spring nature wears her warm, white garment. The woods and orchards and bushes are covered with blossoms, and all these blossoms have the whiteness of snow, so nature guards the fruits of the ensuing season. The cherry, the strawberry, the pear, the apple arise from a flower as white as alabaster, and the food of the little birds is sheltered from the cold by the light covering of the hawthorn bushes.

The spring frosts sometimes destroy the fruits of the almond and peach, because their blossoms are red, but these trees in these latitudes are far from their own country; they belong to the clime of the East.

In proportion as the hoar frosts depart, the blossoms assume a darker hue, and in the heat of summer I see them clothed in robes of varied beauty. Thus everywhere in nature white is opposed to cold, and brown and black to heat. So the color of the human race is black beneath a tropical sun, and white in temperate regions. One charming exception comes to confirm this rule. Beneath the hedges all resplendent with their alabaster blossoms the violet appears in the snow clad in the dark colors of summer, but the violet hides beneath its foliage as if apprehensive of the cold which keeps it veiled; but as the earth radiates its heat to the clouds, and the clouds restore it to the earth, so the violet radiates toward the foliage which covers it, and the foliage radiates toward it, and in this constant interchange warmth is maintained. It is a second garment that nature throws over the first, but this garment warms without touching. It allows a free passage to the air which agitates the flower, and brings us its perfume; thus the violet is preserved from the cold, and its summer dress and habits form only an additional charm which nature imparts to spring.

Thus the stroke of a painter's brush suffices nature to refresh the inhabitants of the hottest climates, and to give warmth to the seeds and birds of the coldest regions.

Animals are diffused all over the globe, man alone possesses it. By clothing animals with shells and furs God has said to them as to the sea, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.

Man exists everywhere, and he can exist everywhere, because he is by nature naked, and can appropriate to himself for clothing the skins of animals and the fibers of plants. In this vast whole man always reappears as the object of creation; in every latitude and every climate, a domestic animal waits to relieve him, and to share his labors; on the plain is the horse and ass, on the mountain the cow, among the rocks the goat, the reindeer amidst the snows, amidst the sands the camel, in the marsh the buffalo, and the dog in all parts of the world. Everywhere man travels over the world, he meets a servant, and brings with him a friend. In India, where man languishes under the heat, he finds the elephant with strength proportioned to his master's weakness. Besides these, however, the air and sea are filled with traveling cohorts, and we bless the unknown law which brings perpetually to our shores the fishes of the north, and to our fields the birds of the south.

In the domain of intellect all is individual, in the region of the soul all is sympathy. From isolated intellect we see a cold egotism or a sad personality, whereas the soul covers the world with its wings, and feels itself to live by the love of God and of humanity.

Vanity; such is the object too often the tenderest mothers do not cease to show their daughters, and upon which rock the world which cheers them on sees them wreck themselves with indifference, vanity in dress, vanity in agreeable talents, vanity in instruction.

Be handsome, be polite, people see you; be gentle, be submissive, people hear you, says a mother to her daughter; that is to say, let appearance always take the place of reality. The soul, like the body, has its light dresses to which we are accustomed from the cradle, to seem, not to be, constitutes the aim of most education.