

those who cultivate the shifting and change-ful aspects of life, quite as much as by those who rest in its shaded nooks. The world is made up of the same elements everywhere, and the regularly trodden paths lead to very much the same terminus, and we consider ourselves fortunate, if it is one where we can obtain a good supper and a bed.

There is, however, a monotony that is slavish and dreadful—a monotony which becomes sickening, so that one feels one must run away from it, or have one's reason destroyed by it; the use of our reason and intelligence should save us from such monotony as this, should give to us the variety necessary to "spice" our lives and save them from insipidity. But variety should be the spice, not the principal element in our lives, that should consist of more permanent material.

If every one spent their lives in roaming from place to place, we should not have got beyond the condition of the nomadic tribes, or wanderers, who lived in tents, and had no abiding place. It is not those who spend their lives in travel, or those who flit from place to place, who are of most use in the world, no matter how rich or learned they may be; it is those who form neighborhoods and communities; who are law-abiding, and assist to make others so; who create houses and schools, and support them; who lay the foundation of the honor and respectability which makes that county, that township, that neighborhood good for others to come to and build homes in.

The essential things in our lives, then, are the permanent things, and it is these we should stick to,—home, friends, work, and whatever helps to render these more useful, more enduring, more attractive to us, or more in sympathy with what is best and truest in us. Constant growth, constant effort toward what is best, gives variety, and will teach us how to vary both our work and our play without sacrificing any of the essential elements in life or character, and teach us also that lesson of charity and toleration which the majority find it so difficult to learn, viz., that something quite as good as anything they are able to take cognizance of may exist outside as well as inside their experience. Working out what is best in ourselves is not enough; let us see if there is not something better existing somewhere that we can aspire to; above all things let us do it, not theorize about it, for if a certain place is paved with good intentions, it is certainly papered with theories; a little stick-to-it-iveness is worth all the theoretical wind in the world, which is only another way of repeating the old saw in regard to precept and practice. Thus, while we stick to the essentials, we can afford latitude in regard to the non-essentials. We can let people do as they please in minor matters, without criticism or fault-finding, so long as they do their work and fulfill their obligations. If they fail in these, they injure the whole community and deserve censure; but if they perform these to the best of their ability, then they deserve well of those among whom they live, and their minor rights should be respected, not abused by them.

It is too much the habit in communities, and

especially in small neighborhoods, to insist not only that men and women shall do certain things, but that they shall do them in a certain way, and this insistence spreads till it covers all the minor, as well as all the principal affairs of life, stifles individuality, and renders living as cut and dried a thing as a string of sliced apples.

Many a man and many a woman would have "stuck to" all that was necessary for the strength and development, the healthfulness and beauty of life and character, had they met encouragement, toleration, charity, instead of hard, bitter prejudice, and blind, obstinate, unreasoning opposition in matters of minor as well as graver importance.

We cannot live the lives of others, nor control them beyond a certain limit, but we can influence them immeasurably by wise guidance, and a faithful example; in short, by always "sticking to it," if it is a good and right thing—ourselves.

"Detected."

(See Steel Engraving.)



THIS beautiful engraving, so life-like and expressive, carries us back to those days of "merrie England" when Christmas was a period of rare hospitality and unfettered mirth. Those were the days when the yule log burned brightly on the hearth; when the peacock, amid the sound of music, was brought into the dining-room on a "lordly dish;" when the boar's head smoked on the bounteous table; and the evening ended with the "country dance" and Sir Roger de Coverley.

Those were the days when the mummers, in fantastic garb, went from house to house; when "shoe the wild mare," and "snap-dragon," and "kissing through the poker" were the favorite games, and when children and youth filled the frosty air with their sweet Christmas carols. From the oaken ceiling and walls hung the mistletoe wreaths with their gleaming white berries, under which the gay maidens were wont to stand to receive the desired kiss. For did they not know that the maid who was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married that year?

In the engraving "Detected," which is taken from a painting by J. C. Horsely, of the Royal Academy, we have a glimpse of this once popular custom. But the young cavalier, for such his dress indicates that he is, who, in his eagerness to bestow a kiss upon the lady of his love, makes an effort to anticipate the agreeable occasion when this gift is allowable, is destined to meet with a disappointment. With plumed hat in hand, and an innocent expression of face not at all in harmony with his intentions, he enters the room where the ladies are preparing Christmas garlands of the mistletoe. The mother, not suspecting his intention, courteously rises to receive him, while the younger daughter turns her sweet

face laughingly toward him, and raises her scissors as if to playfully ward off the intended gift, many of which she has, perhaps, received before. The elder sister, by her decisive gesture, shows that she has detected the piece of mistletoe which the young cavalier holds behind him, and which he intends to raise above the youngest lady's head as an excuse for giving the kiss. Standing in the door, with a face full of expectation, the servant waits to see the result.

This picture, so wonderfully expressive, is replete with that original humor for which the painter is justly celebrated. The drawing of the figures is remarkably fine, the expression of the faces highly suggestive, and the accessories given with great fidelity and careful elaboration.

It is true that those joyous Christmas days, with their quaint customs, have passed away; no morris-dancers, decked in gay ribbons, are seen; the yule log and the wassail bowl have gone, and kissing under the mistletoe no longer calls forth the blushes and laughter of England's merry girls, keeping Christmas in their ancestral homes.

But the painter's "wondrous art, infused with the power of life," brings back the customs of the past, and again we see the yule log burning on the hearth, the merry dancers in Sir Roger de Coverley, and the happy young people kissing under the mistletoe bough at the joyous Christmas season, when the world rings with the angel's anthem, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Between the Ebb and Flow.

THE evening breeze is singing low
A lullaby to-day;
I have a question I would ask,
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low;
A little form is standing there
Between the ebb and flow.

TANGLED mass of soft brown hair,
Two eyes cast meekly down;
A little face the sun has kissed,
Two cheeks a little brown.
Two little lips that pout and say,
"I do not think I know."
Two little lips that tell a fib
Between the ebb and flow.

LITTLE heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear;
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah! little heart that whispered "Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No;"
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.

LITTLE face half frightened, when
I turn to go away;
Two little hands that shyly reach,
As if to bid me stay.
A little voice that softly says,
"I did not mean that 'No;"
A little pride that well was lost
Between the ebb and flow.

Johann Friedrich Schiller.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.



N little Marbach town in Germany, where, along by ancient castles and lovely vineyards, the river Neckar hurries on to meet the Rhine, one cold November day a joyous peal rang out from the old church tower. While the festive bells were ringing, in a small house, whose narrow gable windows faced the street, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy was born, and the mother's joyful thanksgiving went up to Heaven with the old church chime. The happy father wrote in the Bible, "On the tenth of November, 1759, God has sent us a son." When the boy was baptized, the name was added, "Johann Christoph Friedrich."

Still may be seen in the father's handwriting the prayer he made at the child's birth, that the great Father of all "would supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction."

He lived to write long after, when the boy had become a beloved and world-honored man, his fervent thanks, that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

His father, Johann Caspar Schiller, was first a surgeon in the Würtemberg army, and raised to the rank of captain, and so much away in the wars that Schiller's earliest years were under the care of his poetical young mother, with only occasional visits from the "doctor captain" father. His mother was Elizabeth Dorothea, daughter of George Rodweis, the landlord of the Golden Lion.

She was tall and gracefully formed, with gentle manners, and a thoughtful, tender, refined face. Children always loved to gather round her. Little Schiller had a face strikingly like his mother's. He loved to hear her read and repeat her favorite poets, and to walk beside her to church, and would often climb up on one of the nursery chairs and preach a sermon to his mother and his sister Christophine, and any others who might be present. He would preach with most earnest emphasis; but if any one of his hearers laughed, he would run away, and it would take much coaxing to get him back to finish his discourse.

When he was a very little boy his mother moved from Marbach; but she brought him back one day to visit their old friends, and they went into the churchyard to see the new graves. There, in the grass by the wall, stood the old church bell, the metal so cracked that it could never chime more. The mother stood sorrowfully

looking at the bell, and told the boy how many, many years it had rung for the people's joys and sorrows—how cheerfully it rang out and how happy she was when he was born. The boy bent reverently down and kissed the old bell, and its sweet tones echoed forever in his memory, and pealed forth in after years in his beautiful "Song of the Bell." We are told by Hans Andersen that the bell, sold for old copper, was carried far away to Bavaria and melted in a furnace, and when a monument was made long after to honor the great poet Schiller, part of the metal was used for the head and bust of the statue; and one hundred years from the day when the bell chimed his birth hour, one bright November noon, when all the flags waved and all the bells rang, the statue was unveiled in the Royal Square, and from its glowing face the old bell speaks in silent music yet.

Peace came at last, and, with the father

home once more, the family moved to Ludwigsberg, where, in his ninth year, Schiller first saw the splendors of the theater, giving color and shape to so many of his after dreams. Then they lived awhile at Lorch, where the ruins of an old castle and a convent greatly delighted his young imagination. When a very little boy he showed a great love for everything grand and sublime. One day during a severe thunder storm, when the terrified family were all grouped together, Schiller was missing, and no one knew where he was. The anxious father went out into the storm to find him. After a long search he found him in a very lonely place in the top of a high tree, looking up at the stormy sky and watching the flashes as in "quick succession they threw their lurid gleams over it." To the expostulations of his father he replied, "that the lightning was so very beautiful, he wanted to see where it was coming from." With these first lightning-flashes



JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

glowing still in his soul, he writes in after years, "Spread out the thunder into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children; pour it forth together in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens." Schiller's father and mother had a reverence for all things good and true, and a religion that mingled with every motive and action of their lives; these, with the mother's enthusiastic love of poetry, expanded and beautified Schiller's character.

In that humble but happy home, morning and night the great Father above was thanked for every blessing, and implored for daily mercy and forgiveness.

The first poetic effusion of Schiller's of which we read was when he was eight years old. He and another little boy had to repeat their catechism publicly in church one day, their teacher threatening them "with a thorough flogging if they missed a single word." With trembling hearts the boys perfectly performed the task, and the "mollified pedagogue" gave them two kreutzers apiece. Schiller wished to invest this great sum at Hartneck in curds and cream, but in all the hamlet of Hartneck no curds and cream could be found, and the whole four kreutzers were demanded for only a quarter cake of cheese without any bread. The tired and "hungry little gastronomes" wandered on to Neckarweikingen, where they obtained, after long searching, their curds and cream in a gay platter, and silver spoons to eat it with. All this they had for three kreutzers, and one kreutzer left to get them a fine "bunch of St. John grapes."

Exhilarated and delighted with their liberal cheer, Schiller rose into a glow of inspiration. Having left the village, he mounted with his friend to the adjacent height overlooking both Hartneck and Neckarweikingen, and "there in a truly poetic effusion pronounced his malediction on the creamless region, bestowing, with the same solemnity, his blessing on the one affording him that savory refreshment."

Captain Schiller had proved himself so trustworthy and capable, that the Duke of Württemberg kept him in his service all his life, and having raised him to the rank of captain, gave him the superintendence of the forests and the nurseries in the pleasure grounds of Ludwigsburg and Solitude. The family settled at Solitude, near Stuttgart. The Rev. Philip Moses, pastor of the village of Lorch, had been Schiller's first teacher. It seemed to Schiller's boyish fancy that Mr. Moses was a most wonderful man, perhaps the wisest man he had ever known. He was very learned, and had a striking and "impressive personality." Schiller looked forward to the "splendid possibility" of his being educated for the ministry, and being such a great man as the Rev. Philip Moses.

With his kind-hearted, genial father, his mother's poetry and stories, the lively society of sisters, and the lovely surroundings of Solitude, he grew up a tall and happy boy. He made good progress in his four years at the Latin school, passing creditable examinations, and father, mother, and sisters looked forward with pleasure to one day hearing

their darling Fritz preach from the old pulpit.

While at school, Schiller frequently held devotional exercises, in which his fellow-students participated.

But his own and his parents' long-cherished plans were soon rudely broken. The Duke of Württemberg invited him to become a member of his new military academy, to be trained after the most military fashion for the public service. As Schiller had no taste for a military life, his distressed father at first respectfully declined. But the offer twice repeated was equivalent to a command, and Captain Schiller durst not again decline the duke's imperious kindness. So Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was turned away from all his cherished hopes. These six years at Stuttgart were the dullest, weariest, saddest of all his life. He "rose, dressed, prayed, marched to breakfast, pulled out his chair, and sat down, all by word of command,"—so many minutes allotted for each act—a narrow, intolerable routine, with no society but that of his severe, pedantic pedagogues. The students were divided into cavaliers and evelens, according to their births, on public occasions. The cavaliers might kiss the hand of the duke, the evelens could only kiss the hem of his garment. No ladies were allowed on the grounds, and no students permitted to visit their parents during all the years of their stay at the academy.

The duke was a narrow-minded, selfish, egotistical man. His academy was most arbitrarily conducted; the lights were ordered to be put out so early, and so much time taken up in the day with stupid nothings, that Schiller sometimes feigned sickness so as to have his light burning at night, and to read by stealth his forbidden favorites—Shakespeare, Plutarch, Lessing, Klopstock, Goethe, Herder and others. At sixteen, he was allowed to change the study of the law, he so much hated, for one he hated only a little less, that of medicine, though "he followed it with a most rigid fidelity." He wrote occasionally a few verses until his nineteenth year, when he secretly began the composition of his earliest surviving drama. He kept his manuscript unknown for more than a year, when, passing his medical examination in 1781, he was appointed surgeon in the ducal army. His first act on leaving the academy was to publish his drama, "The Robbers," at his own expense. It "was an outburst of poetry which took the world by storm." The story ran like wild-fire through Germany, and was published in most all the languages of Europe. The rough tyranny of the Karls-Schule had given birth to this wonderful drama, bursting forth like glowing lava from Schiller's long-pent soul. It was the story of two brothers, one of whom, by false accusations, villainously drives the other from his father's heart and home. The deceived father curses his banished boy, but finding out his mistake, writes to him, asking his forgiveness and return. This letter the other brother intercepts, and the wronged brother, Karl von Moor, never hears of his father's regret and tenderness, and he becomes a desperado chief, doing wild justice by robbing the rich to give to the poor.

Through all his passion, remorse, and misery, you see him lamenting his lost innocence, sorrowing when his rash followers break his rules of "mercy and retribution," and through every crime, his endless longing for "purity and peace." You see him sorrowfully looking at the setting sun on the hills behind the Danube, thinking "of the hopes and times when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten."

The old father dies of grief at last, when he learns that his darling son is a robber chief.

From beginning to end the whole drama holds you breathless with its thrilling plot and fierce emotion.

But the duke regarded with horror its sentiments, reproached its literary defects, and ordered Schiller to confine himself to his medical duties, and thenceforth to write no more poetry without the permission of his gracious highness. The duke had been educated in the most frivolous French fashion, and had no poetic taste, sound judgment, or scholarly discrimination; he had neither talent nor heart to feel the genius of the young student.

Schiller, though greatly alarmed and disheartened by the duke's displeasure, kept on secretly writing, and went incognito to Mannheim, to see the first representation of his tragedy, which, at the request of the Baron von Dolberg, stage manager of the theater, he had remodeled for the stage. Dolberg was a warm patron of the arts and sciences, Schiller's first benefactor, and his life-long, devoted friend. Schiller writes to him after his proposal to theatricalize "The Robbers," "that if my strength shall ever climb to the height of a masterpiece, I certainly shall have this warm approval of your excellency to thank for it, and so will the world."

Schiller's first play was introduced by Dolberg to the stage, and to him was dedicated his last, when Dolberg was in his 83d year. It was Schiller's darling wish that Dolberg should bring him to Mannheim as theatrical poet, if possible by the duke's permission. There is no gratitude sweeter, deeper, and purer, than that a writer owes the hand that first brings his unknown thoughts before the world; and Schiller's gratitude came back in after years like balmy dew to Dolberg's happy heart. His early letters to Dolberg are to many the most touching and interesting part of his correspondence.

For going to the theater to see his first play Schiller was put under arrest by the duke for a fortnight, and going a second time, was threatened with far severer punishment. He had seen the poet Schubart doomed to ten years' imprisonment, without pen, ink or paper, and shut out from the blue sky and the green earth, for incurring the ducal displeasure, growing so weak in the first year that he could only stand by leaning against the walls of his cell, and Schiller was afraid of being, like the ill-fated Schubart, shut up in the dungeon of Asperg. He read the songs and poems of Schubart, and brooded over their merit, and their author's misery, till he resolved at any risk to free himself from his own stifling fetters. Bidding sad farewell to mother and sisters, fearing to tell his father lest it compromise him

with the duke, he fled from Stuttgart when the people were busy watching the arrival of some foreign prince. He went to Mannheim, where, under an assumed name, he wandered in dismay and fright, hearing everywhere his "Robbers" applauded, but afraid to confess himself the author. Fearing to stay long so near Stuttgart, he went to Franconia, the money for his immediate wants supplied him by Dolberg. With debts behind him and poverty before, he hid away in a friend's country house at Bauerbach, "where he arrived half frozen in the middle of a hard German winter." Here he stayed eight months, and when the Frau von Wollzogen came home with her beautiful daughter, Schiller, in this safe asylum, had a happy home. Madame Wollzogen was the mother of his two friends and fellow-students, and a warm admirer of his writings. Her affectionate attention, and "the poetry for which he suffered," consoled Schiller's exile.

He had written his drama "Fiesko," in his own opinion of far more merit than "The Robbers." It was at first rejected, then accepted for the stage on condition of his remodeling it. After his long and carefully preparing it, it was re-examined, and sent back once more with the laconic message that it was totally unfit for the stage; but, on being published, it became so great a popular favorite that the managers were only too glad to send for it again, and bring it out. So was Schiller disappointed, then soothed, bitterly grieved, then triumphantly elated, by the varying fortunes of his second drama.

Many a child of the brightest brain is thus despised before its crowning. Madame Wollzogen's life of Schiller, written in the German, gives a touching story of these his early trials and triumphs.

Every noble lady with whom he was thrown in close companionship seemed to become his friend. Not falling into and out of love like Goethe, the society of women was to him elevating and profitable, yet in all his beautiful life he never caused one woman's heart to ache. With his new tragedy, "Kabale und Liebe," on his hands, he was invited to Mannheim on the next September to be the poet to the theater, the position he had so long desired, the salary to be 300 florins a year, during which time he was expected to furnish three new dramas. He became a naturalized subject of the Elector Palatine, and feared no more the Duke of Württemberg.

Schiller writes at this time, "The public is now all to me—my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the public alone I henceforth belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

So Schiller consecrated his life to "the discovery of truth and the creation of beauty." He was often heard to say he had no dearer

wish than to see every living mortal happy and contented with his lot. In Germany the stage is regarded with more interest and as of greater importance than in any other part of Europe—not as a mere recreation, as in Paris, or a pastime, as in England. The Germans speak of it as "refining the heart and mind," as a sort of "lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the Church." The theater is the great nucleus of German literature.

In after years, many of Schiller's and Goethe's brightest hours were spent in condensing and improving for the stage Germany's best standard plays.

Schiller remained eighteen months at Mannheim, producing a translation of Shakespeare's

three times, with three stages of conception, development, and versifying, and then corrected and amended; so every thought had at least three sittings. Schiller's Carlos is the picture of a great, glorious soul, forever darkened and blighted by a terrible and hopeless sorrow. His struggle with a resistless destiny touches the tenderest pathos of every reader's heart. No tragic queen moves us more than Schiller's tender, heroic Elizabeth, when she tries to turn Carlos's hopeless love for her "into love for the many millions whose destiny depends on his." In all history or tragedy there is no nobler example of the triumph of duty over the careless evils that duty inflicts. There are passages in "Carlos" equaling the best of Shakespeare's. The learned and unlearned were delighted with it; it raised Schiller, in his 27th year, to the highest rank of any dramatic writer in his century.

When the unwearied and serene Posa implores the king, "from his birth the Lord of Europe," to be generous as strong, and restore the happiness he has taken, with what fearless sublimity he says:

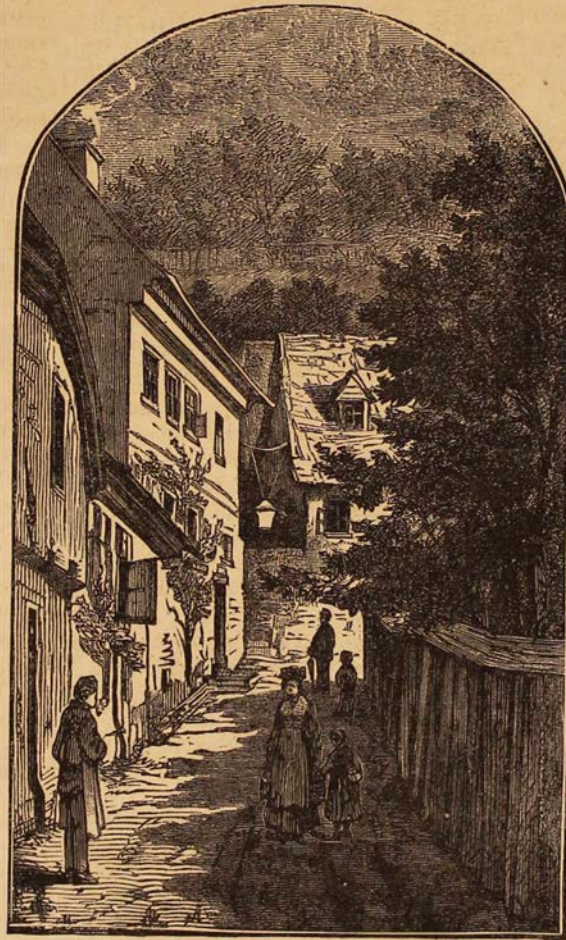
"Tis not myself, but truth that I endanger.
Be to us
A pattern of the everlasting and the true;
Never, never did a mortal hold so much
To use it so divinely.
One movement of your pen, and new-created
Is the earth. Say but Let there be freedom."

Then throwing himself at the feet of the stern and desolate king, who turns his face away, he says:

"Look round and view God's lordly universe.
On freedom it is founded, and how rich
It is with freedom! He, the Great Creator,
Has given the very worm its sev'ral dew-drops;
Even in the moldering spaces of decay
He leaves free-will the pleasures of a choice."

Schiller's Carlos and Posa stand forth in sculptural beauty from memory's darkest background, and once we see them, we see that solemn beauty forever.

As round the name of the heliotrope hovers the sweet breath of the flower, turning our souls with the flower's blue sunward, so around the name



SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT RUDOLSTADT.

"Macbeth," and the two dramas of "Fiesko," and "Kabale und Liebe." He established the *Thalia*, a dramatic journal devoted to the stage, publishing in it several acts of a drama, "Don Carlos." History has invested no more melancholy fate with the halo of romance than that of Don Carlos, Infante of Spain, son of Philip the Second. Deprived of his right to the crown, placed in prison, and doomed to death by his iron-hearted father, that father marrying his betrothed bride, Elizabeth of France, his tragic fate has been poetically treated by Alfieri, Campistron, Otway, and others, and best of all by Schiller. Schiller's and Alfieri's tragedies of Carlos will last for ages. Alfieri's tragedies were all composed

of Schiller, wherever we see it, lingers the sweetness of his pure and beautiful thought. During his leisure intervals, at this time, Schiller wrote some of the most touching ballads to be found in any language. Some of the best are *The Walk*, *The Song of the Bell*, his *Ritter Toggenburg*, his *Cranes of Ibycus*, his *Hero and Leander*. He wrote also his "Ghostseer," a novel in our libraries.—Cagliostro, the celebrated king of quacks, performing at Paris his wonderful feats, "raising the dead from their graves, and raising himself from a Sicilian lackey to a sumptuous count."

The fame of his exploits seems to have suggested this novel of Schiller's. But turning from fiction to reality, his pen won new

triumphs on the field of history. He added to his income and reputation by his "History of the Netherlands," and other substantial literary work.

He loved to wander alone in the morning on the banks of the Elbe, watching with the current of the river the never-resting tide of his thought with its strange, fantastic, glowing forms, and to think over his past labors and his coming toils. "At times he might be seen on the river in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky, delighting most to be there when tempests were abroad, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heaven, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river rolling its chafed waters into wild, eddying heaps." Before dark, he would spend a little time in society. His conversation had a rare charm, and his kind geniality made him a most agreeable companion.

In 1787 Schiller made his first visit to Weimar, in his 28th year. He enjoyed the society of Herder and Wieland and other kindred minds. Some months after visiting, at her cordial invitation, his early and kind protectress, Madame von Wollzogen, and stopping at Rudolstadt on the journey, he first saw Charlotte von Lengefeld, his future wife, and he returned the next year to pass a delightful summer near her mother's residence.

Schiller's and Lottie's love-letters are rare specimens of their kind. They read together the *Odyssey* translated; and some of their letters are written playfully in the *Odyssean* style, as if both had been breathing the balmy air of Pindus. So they not only learned together the lore of the heart, but they talked of and read together those unsurpassed passages of grandeur and sublimity in the adventures of Ulysses in his ten years' tempest-driven voyage home from Troy. When it grew too dark to read, Schiller could see Lottie's clear-cut face and graceful head, bending over the old mahogany spinet in the Lengefeld parlor—there its harp-shaped form stood on its four slender legs, while Lottie's fair hands awoke its quivering music.

Soon after this time, Goethe and Schiller became very intimate friends, seeing each other daily; and, very much through Goethe's friendly efforts, Schiller obtained a professorship at Jena, and married the Lottie he had for three years so tenderly loved.

Her refined, noble nature sympathized with his most enthusiastic conceptions, and forever after Schiller was thoroughly and steadily happy in his home—it was the poet's refreshing rest, his unfailing inspiration.

Schiller writes a few months after his marriage,

"Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful Nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms, old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me, my heart finds a perennial contentment without it, my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure, not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart. Now, when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder within myself how it has all happened, so far beyond my expectations."

Carlyle says of the "History of the Thirty Years' War," written by Schiller about this time, "There never has been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical; it is the best historical performance that Germans can boast of."

Schiller's close studies, and his excessive general work, brought on soon after his marriage, in 1791, in his 32d year, a dangerous illness, causing a complete cessation of the time from all labor. His sickness was a disorder of the chest, and had been greatly aggravated by his studies at night.

His illness excited the most universal sympathy. There was a false rumor of his death; and in Denmark, where a fête had been preparing in honor of his living fame, the fête was changed into funeral obsequies, performed by shepherds and shepherdesses, in processions, bearing garlands of flowers, and by horns and flutes, softly performing symphonies, while Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" was sung. This hymn, to which no translator can do justice, I give as well as I can render it. I have changed the word clock or time-piece, as it is in the original, to hands, as it seems to me more musical.

HYMN TO JOY.

Joy—joy—the spring inspiring
Nature's everlasting round,
With her golden wheels untiring
Moves Creation's hands around.
From the buds the flowers unbinding,
Through the blue she rolls the suns,
Farthest spheres in space unwinding,
Where the star-glass never comes.

Now on Truth's pale searcher smiling,
From her mirror bright above,
Now, to steep of virtue guiding,
Now, to shining heights of love.
Then on Faith's refugent mountains
See her beaming banner wave,
With the choir angelic warbling,
Down the gloomy, opening grave.

Those of us who heard in the twilight's gathering shadows the poet's requiem sung around the bier of our lamented Taylor, may form some idea of the choral harmony of Schiller's Hymn to Joy, in its own spirited German, sung by the Danish shepherds to the flute's soft symphony.

The German and English rhymes are entirely unlike in their endings.

In our language it is hard to find even a pair of double rhymes. In a long German poem, I have found nearly two hundred lines of double rhymes, a thing utterly impossible in our language. To keep up half the double rhymes, we must strain, or veil, or change, or drop the sense of the original.

Our shortest words are often the longest in the German. Our translations never can give the German sound. To use the clearest, most "Anglo-Saxon English" is the best that can be done. Shakespeare uses 85 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon, and 15 of other words.

In Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" is a remarkable instance of this double-rhyming. In its 160 verses there are 80 double-rhyming words, and in Tennyson's "Claribel," out of 21 lines 13 end "in the third person singular, present indicative of the verbs—lieth, sighth, loometh, cometh, etc." He who masters the Latin learns the half necessary to master any continental language; but the

German itself, as an intellectual and a "linguistic discipline, has greater advantages than any of the tongues of modern Europe." Some of Schiller's and Goethe's poems one may read with perfect delight in their original, yet feel that in translating, the flower has lost its perfume, the gold has gone from the butterfly's wing. So of some of Tegner's best poems in the Swedish, the translator must despair of ever seeing their native gold sparkling in an English setting.

Great was the universal joy on hearing that the poet had been saved from death, and two of his friends made him an annual tribute of a thousand crowns, securing him leisure and comfort for three years. A little later



SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT VOLKSTEDT.

the Duke of Weimar gave him an income which lifted him above the necessity of doing any more uncongenial drudgery. Then for seven years he consecrated his brightest hours to the noble figure of Wallenstein. Freed for the first time from harassing care, he went back to his boyhood's home, and saw his gray-haired father, his longing and patient mother, and his sisters, now grown to be thoughtful young women. This fresh "baptism of his native air" strengthened him for new and nobler labors. With his earliest convalescence he had resumed his studies and forgotten his pain in the returning glow of inspiration. He lived fifteen years thereafter, doing his best and grandest works.

With an income now sure and sufficient, and the drudgery of his professorship performed by another, Schiller's mind turned to its most alluring task. Kiesewetter in Berlin, Schmid in Jena, Jakob in Halle, Born in Leipsic, Hemert in Holland, were expounding the doctrines of the powerful and accomplished Königsberg Professor Kant, and "Jena was the well-spring of the Kantian doctrine." Kant was now 67 years of age, and had just published his "Criticism of the Judgment," and had put forth in nine years, in rapid succession, a series of works, laying the foundation for a new Metaphysics, beginning with his first edition of the "Criticism of the Pure Reason," which had so deeply agitated and profoundly interested the finest minds of Germany. Sages and scholars were fighting for or opposing his doctrines, that "professed to explain the difference between matter and spirit, to unravel the perplexities of necessity and free-will, to show the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope Nature gives us of the soul's immortality." Kant was eleven years in writing and rewriting his "Pure Reason," and Schiller studied it with honest diligence, and wrote thereafter his own lectures on the "Esthetic Culture of Man," and other philosophical essays, showing the struggles of a longing spirit to solve the mystery overhanging the destiny of the human race. While Schiller in his thirty-second year, night after night, wrote down his philosophic thoughts, shining like green islands in the "misty sea of metaphysics," Kant, then in his 67th year, was up every morning at five and in his reveries, his calm blue eyes looking out on the tower near his home, on which he was wont to fasten his thoughts as he pursued his metaphysical studies, the passion of his soul, saying to any who gave him kindly advice, "Whoever will tell me a good action left undone, him will I thank, though it be in the last hour of my life." If we are ignorant of, or forget all the rest of his pure reason, this is a golden thought we might all well hoard up and use for ourselves. He died just one year before Schiller, in his 80th year. Schiller's five years of deep philosophical study added immensely to his store of ideas, for a time repressing, yet greatly enriching and ripening the future harvest of his song—as, after the winter's overwhelming snows, the fairest flowers are born.

Even from philosophy's "ponderous, unmanageable dross" he gleaned some of the "everlasting gold of truth."

His after poems are more smooth and perfect, many of them flowing musically with the sweetest tide of song. He writes, "The poem must in very deed be capable of being sung, as the 'Iliad' was sung by the peasants of Greece, as the stanzas of 'Jerusalem Delivered' are still sung by the Venetian gondoliers. I would choose no other than octave rhyme; all the rest, except iambic, are become insufferable to me."

Schiller's tastes were very simple. When at Leipsic, he writes, "I want nothing but a bedroom, which might also be my working room, and another chamber for receiving visits. The house-gear necessary for me are a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed, a sofa, a table, and a few chairs. I cannot live on the ground floor, nor close by the ridge-tile, and my windows positively must not look into the churchyard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle; I had rather fast than eat without company, large or else particularly good." Both Schiller and Goethe liked to watch the passing stream of humanity. At Trienitz, half a mile from Jena, Goethe and he, we are told, might sometimes be observed sitting at table beneath the shade of a spreading tree, talking and looking at the current of passers. Carlyle tells us that many a man would gladly have walked fifty miles for the privilege of sitting beside them.

In their home life and their literary life there was the closest sympathy between the two. During the ten years of their intimacy, 971 letters passed between Schiller and Goethe.

Now Goethe writes of a new baby at Schiller's, and wants little Charles Schiller to come and stay with Augustus, who would give him a hearty welcome, and be so happy with the many children gathering at his house and garden. And at another time he writes to Schiller, "You have drawn me from the too close observation of outward things and their relations, and thrown me back upon myself—you have obtained for me a second youth, and made me a poet again, which I had as good as ceased to be. I feel that my undertaking far exceeds the measure of the faculties of one earthly life. I would wish to depose much with you, and thereby give it not only endurance but vitality."

Schiller's soul was the blue sky wherein Goethe's stars shone best, and Goethe's soul was the clear atmosphere where Schiller's flowers opened and bloomed the brightest. So they revealed and contrasted each other.

Goethe gained his subjects from "an inexhaustible within." Schiller drew his from the great exhaustless world without. Schiller's were "thought pictures." Goethe's, "soul pictures."

Schiller idealized individuals, Goethe individualized ideals. When they were writing the *Zenia*, very few could distinguish their footmarks. One would begin and the other end; one design and the other execute. Sometimes one would write the first line and the other the next. Like Jupiter and Venus, these two friends seem always named and known together; and both alternately morning and evening stars in the sky of German literature.

Schiller was thirty-five and Goethe forty-five at the beginning of their friendship, and none can tell what "either would have been without the other, or how much one has done for the other." Yet "the two are the crowned and undisputed monarchs of a national literature."

Goethe said of Schiller, "The attractive power of Schiller was great: he held fast whoever came near him." When Schiller was writing his "Wallenstein," Goethe inspired him with his sympathy, and Schiller gave the same refined aid to Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister." Schiller's 38th year and Goethe's 48th, 1797, is called in the lives of these two men the "ballad year." In friendly rivalry they each wrote then their best ballads. Schiller's aim was incident, Goethe's sentiment. We seem to grasp Schiller's hand closer than Goethe's. Goethe was like a divinity looking down upon the forms he created. Schiller moves among them, thinking, loving, dreaming, as one of them, always lovable, tender, human. In 1797 Goethe came back from Switzerland, and talked with Schiller about a grand epic poem that might be written on William Tell; he talked over the wild scenery of Switzerland so often, that to Schiller it was as vivid as if he had seen it, and Schiller wrought out one of his best tragedies; for its spirit of freedom and picturesque beauty it is unsurpassed in the whole range of dramatic literature.

In the square at Althorp, Switzerland, above the fountain, still stand the rudely-carved figures of the heroic Tell and his steadfast, smiling son, and one who has often seen the spot where the noble boy was bound to the linden tree by the tyrant, tells us Schiller's description of the scenes he saw only through Goethe's eyes is strikingly real. The opening of the first scene is in the high Alps: "It is a rocky shore of the Luzerne Lake, opposite to Schwytz; the lake makes a little bight in the land—a hut stands at a short distance from the bank; the fisher-boy is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake, on the other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets, and farms of Schwytz, in the clear sunshine. On our left are observed lofty mountain peaks, surrounded with clouds; to the right, and far in the distance, appear the glaciers. We hear the ranz des vaches, and the tinkling of cattle bells."

There is no grander theme for historic epic than the story of William Tell. Tell is the "masterpiece of the whole creation." Schiller shows how really great a man may be, without culture, on a great occasion. We almost see these homely heroic souls dwelling in their green valleys, and hear the Jungfrau with her diadem of snow singing her "hymn of thunder." And the southern sun glows down those palaces of ice with their towers and gateways of untrodden, everlasting snows. We almost see the fearless archer waiting in the hollow of the rock for Gessler. "Gessler shall perish, he swore, when the tyrant made him aim at the head of his boy." One of the finest passages is where, around the dead tyrant, the fratres misericordiae form in a half circle and sing in a deep tone:

"With noiseless tread death comes on man,
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From busy life's unfinished plan
With sudden hand it severs him."

By day Schiller read and refreshed himself with nature, and wrote to or conversed with his friends, but he wrote and studied in the night. During summer his place of study was in a garden which at length he purchased in the suburbs of Jena. It lies on the southwest border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuther, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutrabuch flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saale and the fir mountains of the neighboring forest, Schiller built himself a small house with a single chamber. It was his favorite abode during hours of composition. Most all of his works were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the noise of men, in the Griesbach house, on the outside of the city trench.

On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or chocolate standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night, and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasion—a thing very easily to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden house on the other side of the dell—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down in his chair and writing. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer, till toward three. He then went to bed, seldom rising till nine or ten. There is no trace of the little garden house, but the starry thoughts born there "in the silent night" will never cease to glow in other souls through all ages and all lands. At the age of forty, Schiller sent forth to the world his "Wallenstein," a continuous drama of eleven acts, a vast and magnificent work, the result of seven years' patient, persevering labor. As our roughest, hardest early sorrows sharpen and strengthen the weapons with which in after years we struggle and win in the battle of life, so Schiller's early military trial discipline gave him such masterly power to marshal on the glowing field of "Wallenstein" his marauding soldiers, aspiring heroes, brave generals, and tender maidens. Even his most tempestuous, lawless spirits learn as he learned, with strange magnanimity, to wring from fortune's bitterness the sweets of enjoyment, while Wallenstein's noble figure towers majestically away from their stormy and crowded background.

The tragic terror of Wallenstein's murder, the pathos of Thekla's flight to her lover's tomb, where her broken heart will soon cease to beat,—how all these "noble figures depart into darkness, and the ignoble remain to wear out their meager lives as fate permits," till we see the gloom and horror of victory wrongfully gained! The drama of "Wallenstein" stands nearest to Shakespeare in point of excellence. Coleridge has well paraphrased the

second and third acts. There are no more meaningful words than these often used yet "much-abused" words of Thekla,

"I have had all the happiness of earth,
I have lived and loved."

Between 1799, his fortieth year, and 1801, Schiller produced three new dramas, "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "The Bride of Messina," besides his noble song of the "Bell," and other poems.

"Wallenstein" shows best his "great philosophical conception," and "The Maid of Orleans" most his "glowing imagination." History has no more lovely and heroic heroine than *Joan of Arc*, and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" is one of "the most beautiful works of imagination in existence;" as, beautiful and terrible, with "unpretending dignity," yet overmastering power, she "bears the banner of the Virgin before the hosts of her country."

When it was first performed in Leipsic, when the curtain dropped at the first act, from the whole audience rose one spontaneous shout of "Long live Frederick Schiller," accompanied with an overwhelming outburst of triumphant music, and one long, jubilant blast of trumpets. At the close of the piece the whole assembly crowded around the door, and silently, and with uncovered heads, they made an avenue for him to pass. As he walked through the "long rows of men," many held up their children to see him, whispering softly, "There he is, that is he." It must have been a great delight to look upon his noble and beautiful face, but Schiller liked no formal, public show of admiration. Tall and slender, plainly dressed, he walked quietly through the streets of Weimar, looking on the ground, sometimes not seeing a passing friend; but if he "heard a friendly salutation," catching hastily at his hat, he would give, with a smile, his "cordial Guten Tag."

At few portraits do we love to look as long as at the portrait of Schiller. Mild, tender, patient, heroic, it reveals a man so rare, with all of woman's tenderness, yet a man's manliness.

His hair was nearly auburn, his nose aquiline, his lips were delicately and sensitively curved, his forehead broad and high. There is a look of resignation yet enthusiasm in his pale face, as of suffering patiently borne; for the last fifteen years, when he wrote his noblest works, no day could have passed without pain.

In the spring of 1804, in his 45th year, with so many new, beautiful creations budding in his soul, so many glorious things he hoped to do, lying like golden-tipped hills on beyond, he was brought by sudden and severe illness close to the grave; yet, rallying once more, he wrote again poem, translation, and tragedy, all teeming with sublime and solemn thought.

His poems, that last winter of his life, show the intensest longing to solve life's mystery, and an unutterable yearning for a "brighter home beyond." A bleak and stormy spring brought another return of his malady, and early in the morning of the ninth of May he "grew insensible, and by degrees delirious."

But the blinding veil of pain was lifted at

last, and he fell into a soft sleep, from which he awoke calm and serene, to give a "touching and tranquil farewell" to his friends. A little after, he asked to see the sun. The curtains were drawn aside, and he looked out once more to see its setting glories. Some one asked how he felt, and he said, "Calmer and calmer." About six, he sank into a deep sleep; awaking a moment, he looked up with a beaming face and said, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me," and his blue eyes closed again, to beam no more on the home they had so long brightened.

Between midnight and one in the morning they buried him. The clouds gathered dark in the heavens, but as the bier was set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly burst asunder, and the moon came forth in peaceful clearness, throwing her first rays on the coffin of the departed poet. But as they lowered him into the grave, the moon again retired behind the clouds, and the fierce tempest howled as if earth and sky were mourning his loss; but like an unclouded star his memory will shine forth serene forever from the deep blue behind, and the deep blue beyond.

What do the Children Read?

TELL me, O fair young mother,
Counting your household joys,
Rich in your sweet home-treasures,
Blest in your girls and boys—
After the school is over,
Each little student freed,
After the fun and frolic,
What do the children read?

DEAR little heads bent over,
Scanning the printed page;
Lost in the glowing picture—
Sowing the seeds for age.
What is the story, mother,
What is the witching theme,
Set like a feast before them,
Bright as a golden dream?

LETTERS though small and simple,
Words though as feathers light,
Make on the snowy back-ground
Positive black and white.
Yet more enduring, mother—
Fruit from the smallest seed—
Will be the pure or baneful
Thoughts that the child may read.

LOOK at the towns and cities
Scattered throughout the land;
Hidden in nook and corner,
Gathers the reading band.
Millions of growing children
Drink from the magic spring;
Look to it that your darlings
Drink of no deadly thing.

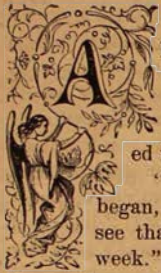
MAKE them your sweet companions,
Lead them along the way,
Safe through the paths of romance,
Needful in their young day;
So that the tone be healthy,
Truthful in word and deed:
Then you with joy may ever
Know what the children read.

The Trumpet-Major.

BY THOMAS HARDY, AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

(Continued from page 618.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.



ABOUT a week passed. Then one afternoon the miller walked up to Anne indoors, a weighty topic being expressed in his tread.

"I was so glad, my honey," he began, with a knowing smile, "to see that from the mill-window last week." He flung a nod in the direction of the garden.

Anne innocently inquired what it could be.

"Jack and you in the garden together," he continued, laying his hand gently on her shoulder and stroking it. "It would so please me, my dear little girl, if you could get to like him better than that weathercock, Master Bob."

Anne shook her head; not in forcible negation, but to imply a kind of neutrality.

"Can't you? Come now," said the miller.

She threw back her head with a little laugh of grievance. "How you all beset me!" she expostulated. "It makes me feel very wicked in not obeying you, and being faithful—faithful to—" But she could not trust that side of the subject to words. "Why would it please you so much?" she asked.

"John is as steady and staunch a fellow as ever blowed a trumpet. I've always thought you might do better with him than with Bob. Now I've a plan for taking him into the mill, and letting him have a comfortable time o't after his long knocking about; but so much depends upon you that I must bide a bit till I see what your pleasure is about the poor fellow. Mind, my dear, I don't want to force ye; I only just ask ye."

Anne meditatively regarded the miller from under her shady eyelids, the fingers of one hand playing a silent tattoo on her bosom.

"I don't know what to say to you," she answered brusquely, and went away.

But these discourses were not without their effect upon the extremely conscientious mind of Anne. They were, moreover, much helped by an incident which took place one evening in the autumn of this year, when John came to tea. Anne was sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, her hands clasped across her knee. John Loveday had just seated himself on a chair close behind her, and Mrs. Loveday was in the act of filling the teapot from the kettle which hung in the chimney exactly above Anne. The kettle slipped forward suddenly; whereupon John jumped from the chair and put his own two hands over Anne's just in time to shield them, and the precious knee she clasped, from the jet of scalding

water which had directed itself upon that point. The accidental overflow was instantly checked by Mrs. Loveday; but what had come was received by the devoted trumpet-major on the backs of his hands.

Anne, who had hardly been aware that he was behind her, started up like a person awakened from a trance. "What have you done to yourself, poor John, to keep it off me!" she cried, looking at his hands.

John reddened emotionally at her words. "It is a bit of a scald, that's all," he replied, drawing a finger across the back of one hand, and bringing off the skin by the touch.

"You are scalded painfully, and I not at all." She gazed into his kind face as she had never gazed there before, and when Mrs. Loveday came back with oil and other liniments for the wound, Anne would let nobody dress it but herself. It seemed as if her coyness had all gone, and when she had done all that lay in her power she still sat by him. At his departure she said what she had never said to him in her life before: "Come again soon!"

In short, that impulsive act of devotion, the last of a series of the same tenor, had been the added drop which finally turned the wheel. John's character deeply impressed her. His determined steadfastness to his loadstar won her admiration, the more especially as that star was herself. She began to wonder more and more how she could have so persistently held out against his advances before Bob came home to renew girlish memories which had by that time got considerably weakened. Could she not, after all, please the miller, and try to listen to John? By so doing she would make a worthy man happy, the only sacrifice being at worst that of her unworthy self, whose future was no longer valuable. "As for Bob, the woman is to be pitied who loves him," she reflected indignantly, and persuaded herself that, whoever the woman might be, she was not Anne Garland.

After this there was something of recklessness and something of pleasantry in the young girl's manner of making herself an example of the triumph of pride and common sense over memory and sentiment. Her attitude had been epitomized in her defiant singing at the time she learnt that Bob was not leal and true. John, as was inevitable, came again almost immediately, drawn thither by the sun of her first smile on him, and the words which had accompanied it. And now instead of going off to her little pursuits up-stairs, down-stairs, across the room, in the corner, or to any place except where he happened to be, as had been her custom hitherto, she remained seated near him, returning interesting answers to his general remarks, and at every opportunity letting him know that at last he had found favor in her eyes.

The day was fine, and they went out of doors, where Anne endeavored to seat herself on the sloping stone of the window-sill.

"How good you have become lately," said John, standing over her and smiling in the sunlight which blazed against the wall. "I fancy you have stayed at home this afternoon on my account."

"Perhaps I did," she said gayly:

"Do whatever we may for him, dame, we cannot do too much.

For he's one that has guarded our land."

And he has done more than that; he has saved me from a dreadful scalding. The back of your hand will not be well for a long time, John, will it?"

He held out his hand to regard its condition, and the next natural thing was to take hers. There was a glow upon his face when he did it: his star was at last on a fair way toward the zenith after its long and weary declination. The least penetrating eye could have perceived that Anne had resolved to let him woo, possibly in her temerity to let him win. Whatever silent sorrow might be locked up in her, it was by this time thrust a long way down from the light.

"I want you to go somewhere with me if you will," he said, still holding her hand.

"Yes? Where is it?"

He pointed to a distant hill-side which, hitherto green, had within the last few days begun to show scratches of white on its face.

"Up there," he said.

"I see little figures of men moving about. What are they doing?"

"Cutting out a huge picture of the king on horseback in the earth of the hill. The king's head is to be as big as our mill-pond and his body as big as this garden; he and the horse will cover more than an acre. When shall we go?"

"Whenever you please," said she.

"John!" cried Mrs. Loveday from the front door. "Here's a friend come for you."

John went round, and found his trusty lieutenant, Trumpeter Buck, waiting for him. A letter had come to the barracks for John in his absence, and the trumpeter, who was going for a walk, had brought it along with him. Buck then entered the mill to discuss, if possible, a mug of last year's mead with the miller; and John proceeded to read his letter, Anne being still round the corner where he had left her. When he had read a few words he turned as pale as a sheet, but he did not move, and perused the writing to the end.

Afterwards he laid his elbow against the wall, and put his palm to his head, thinking with painful intentness. Then he took himself vigorously in hand, as it were, and gradually became natural again. When he parted from Anne to go home with Buck, she noticed nothing different in him.

In barracks that evening he read the letter again. It was from Bob; and the agitating contents were these:—

"DEAR JOHN,—I have drifted off from writing till the present time because I have not been clear about my feelings; but I have discovered them at last, and can say beyond doubt that I mean to be faithful to my dearest Anne after all. The fact is, John, I've got into a bit of a scrape, and I've a secret to tell you about it (which must go no further on any account). On landing last autumn I fell in with a young woman, and we got rather warm as folks do; in short, we liked one another well enough for a while. But I have got into

shoal water with her, and have found her to be a terrible take-in. Nothing in her at all—no sense, no niceness, all tantrums and empty noise, John, though she seemed monstrous clever at first. So my heart comes back to its old anchorage. I hope my return to faithfulness will make no difference to you. But as you showed by your looks at our parting that you should not accept my offer to give her up—made in too much haste, as I have since found—I feel that you won't mind that I have returned to the path of honor. I dare not write to Anne as yet, and please do not let her know a word about the other young woman, or there will be the devil to pay. I shall come home and make all things right, please God. In the meantime I should take it as a kindness, John, if you would keep a brotherly eye upon Anne, and *guide her mind back to me*. I shall die of sorrow if anybody sets her against me, for my hopes are getting bound up in her again quite strong. Hoping you are jovial, as times go, I am,

"Your affectionate brother,
"ROBERT."

When the cold daylight fell upon John's face as he dressed himself next morning, the incipient yesterday's wrinkle in his forehead had become permanently graven there. He had resolved, for his only brother's sake, to reverse his procedure before it was too late, and guide Anne's mind in the direction required. But having arranged to take her to see the excavated figure of the king, he started for Overcombe during the day, as if nothing had occurred to check the smooth course of his love.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

"I AM ready to go," said Anne as soon as he arrived.

He paused as if taken aback by her readiness, and replied with much uncertainty, "Would it—wouldn't it be better to put it off till there is less sun?"

The very slightest symptom of surprise arose in her as she rejoined, "But the weather may change; or had we better not go at all?"

"Oh, no!—it was only a thought. We will start at once."

And along the vale they went, John keeping himself about a yard from her right hand. When the third field had been crossed they came upon half-a-dozen little boys at play.

"Why don't he clasp her to his side, like a man?" said the biggest and rudest boy.

"Why don't he clasp her to his side, like a man?" cried all the rude smaller boys in a chorus.

The trumpet-major turned, and, after some running, succeeded in smacking two of them with his switch, returning to Anne breathless. "I am ashamed they should have insulted you so," he said, blushing for her.

"They said no harm, poor boys," she replied reproachfully.

Poor John was dumb with perception. The gentle hint upon which he would have eager-

ly spoken only one short day ago was now like fire to his wound.

They presently came to some stepping-stones across a brook. John crossed first without turning his head, and Anne, just lifting the skirt of her dress, crossed behind him. When they had reached the other side a village girl and a young shepherd approached the brink to cross. Anne stopped and watched them. The shepherd took a hand of the young girl in each of his own, and walked backward over the stones, facing her, and keeping her upright by his grasp, both of them laughing as they went.

"What are you staying for, Miss Garland?" asked John.

"I was only thinking how happy they are," she said quietly; and withdrawing her eyes from the tender pair, she turned and followed him, not knowing that the seeming sound of a passing bumble-bee was a suppressed groan from John.

When they reached the hill they found forty navvies at work removing the dark sod so as to lay bare the chalk beneath. The equestrian figure that their shovels were forming was unintelligible to John and Anne now they were close, and after pacing from the horse's head down his breast to his hoof-back by way of the king's bridle arm, past the bridge of his nose, and into his cocked-hat, Anne said that she had had enough of it, and stepped out of the chalk clearing upon the grass. The trumpet-major had remained all the time in a melancholy attitude within the rowel of his Majesty's right spur.

"My shoes are caked with chalk," she said as they walked downward again; and she drew back her dress to look at them. "How can I get some of it cleared off?"

"If you was to wipe them in the long grass there," said John, pointing to a spot where the blades were rank and dense, "some of it would come off." Having said this, he walked on with religious firmness.

Anne raked her little feet on the right side, on the left side, over the toe, and behind the heel; but the tenacious chalk held its own. Panting with her exertion, she gave it up, and at length overtook him.

"I hope it is right now?" he said, looking gingerly over his shoulder.

"No, indeed!" said she. "I wanted some assistance—some one to steady me. It is so hard to stand on one foot and wipe the other without support. I was in danger of toppling over, and so gave it up."

"Merciful stars, what an opportunity!" thought the poor fellow while she waited for him to offer help. But his lips remained closed, and she went on with a pouting smile.

"You seem in such a hurry. Why are you in such a hurry? After all the fine things you have said about—about caring so much for me, and all that, you won't stop for anything."

It was too much for John. "Upon my heart and life, my dea—" he began. Here Bob's letter crackled warningly in his waistcoat pocket as he laid his hand asseveratingly upon his breast, and he became suddenly sealed up to dumbness and gloom as before.

When they reached home, Anne sank upon

a stool outside the door, fatigued with her excursion. Her first act was to try to pull off her shoe—it was a difficult matter; but John stood beating with his switch the leaves of the creeper on the wall.

"Mother—David—Molly, or somebody—do come and help me to pull off these dirty shoes!" she cried aloud at last. "Nobody helps me in anything!"

"I am very sorry," said John, coming toward her with incredible slowness and an air of unutterable depression.

"Oh, I can do without *you*. David is best," she returned, as the old man approached and removed the obnoxious shoes in a trice.

Anne was amazed at this sudden change from devotion to cross indifference. On entering her room she flew to the glass, almost expecting to learn that some extraordinary change had come over her pretty countenance, rendering her intolerable for evermore. But it was, if anything, fresher than usual, on account of the exercise. "Well!" she said retrospectively. For the first time since their acquaintance she had this week encouraged him; and for the first time he had shown that encouragement was useless. "But perhaps he does not clearly understand," she added serenely.

When he next came it was, to her surprise, to bring her newspapers, now for some time discontinued. As soon as she saw them she said, "I do not care for newspapers."

"The shipping news is very full and long to-day, though the print is rather small."

"I take no further interest in the shipping news," she replied with cold dignity.

She was sitting by the window, inside the table, and hence when, in spite of her negations, he deliberately unfolded the paper and began to read about the Royal Navy, she could hardly rise and go away. With a stoical mien he read on to the end of the report, bringing out the name of Bob's ship with tremendous force.

"No," she said at last, "I'll hear no more. Let me read to you."

The trumpet-major sat down. Anne turned to the military news, delivering every detail with much apparent enthusiasm. "That's the subject I like!" she said fervently.

"But—but Bob is in the navy now, and will most likely rise to be an officer. And then—"

"What is there like the army?" she interrupted. "There is no smartness about sailors. They waddle like ducks, and they only fight stupid battles that no one can form any idea of. There is no science nor stratagem in sea fights—nothing more than what you see when two rams run their heads together in a field to knock each other down. But in military battles there is such art, and such splendor, and the men are so smart, particularly the horse-soldiers. Oh, I shall never forget what gallant men you all seemed when you came and pitched your tents on the downs! I like the cavalry better than anything I know; and the dragoons the best of the cavalry—and the trumpeters the best of the dragoons!"

"Oh, if it had but come a little sooner!" moaned John within him. He replied as soon as he could regain self-command, "I am glad

Bob is in the navy at last—he is so much more fitted for that than the merchant-service—so brave by nature, ready for any daring deed. I have heard ever so much more about his doings on board the *Victory*. Captain Hardy took special notice that when he—

"I don't want to know anything more about it," said Anne impatiently; "of course sailors fight; there's nothing else to do in a ship, since you can't run away. You may as well fight and be killed as be killed not fighting."

"Still it is his character to be careless of himself where the honor of his country is concerned," John pleaded. "If you had only known him as a boy you would own it. He would always risk his own life to save anybody else's. Once when a cottage was afire up the lane he rushed in for a baby, although he was only a boy himself, and he had the narrowest escape. We have got his hat now with the hole burnt in it. Shall I get it and show it to you?"

"No—I don't wish it. It has nothing to do with me." But as he persisted in his course toward the door, she added, "Ah! you are leaving because I am in your way. You want to be alone while you read the paper—I will go at once. I did not see that I was interrupting you." And she rose as if to retreat.

"No, no! I would rather be interrupted by you than . . . Oh, Miss Garland, excuse me! I'll just speak to father in the mill, now I am here."

It is scarcely necessary to state that Anne (whose unquestionable gentility amid somewhat homely surroundings has been many times insisted on in the course of this history) was usually the reverse of a woman with a coming-on disposition; but, whether from pique at his manner, or from willful adherence to a course rashly resolved on, or from coquetish maliciousness in reaction from long depression, or from any other thing, so it was that she would not let him go.

"Trumpet-major," she said, recalling him.

"Yes?" he replied timidly.

"The bow of my cap-ribbon has come untied, has it not?" She turned and fixed her bewitching glance upon him.

The bow was just over her forehead, or, more precisely, at the point where the organ of comparison merges in that of benevolence, according to the phrenological theory of Gall. John, thus brought to, endeavored to look at the bow in a skimming, duck-and-drake fashion, so as to avoid dipping his own glance as far as to the plane of his interrogator's eyes. "It is untied," he said, drawing back a little.

She came nearer, and asked, "Will you tie it for me, please?"

As there was no help for it, he nerved himself and assented. As her head only reached to his fourth button, she necessarily looked up for his convenience, and John began fumbling at the bow. Try as he would, it was impossible to touch the ribbon without getting his finger-tips mixed with the curls of her forehead.

"Your hand shakes—ah! you have been walking fast," she said.

"Yes—yes."

"Have you almost done it?" She inquir-

ingly directed her gaze upward through his fingers.

"No—not yet," he faltered in a warm sweat of emotion, his heart going like a flail.

"Then be quick, please."

"Yes, I will, Miss Garland! B—B—Bob is a very good fel—"

"Not that man's name to me!" she interrupted.

John was silent instantly, and nothing was to be heard but the rustling of the ribbon, till his hands once more blundered among the curls, and then touched her forehead.

"O good God!" ejaculated the trumpet-major in a whisper, turning away hastily to the corner-cupboard, and resting his face upon his hand.

"What's the matter, John?" said she.

"I can't do it!"

"What?"

"Tie your cap-ribbon."

"Why not?"

"Because you are so . . . ! because I am clumsy, and never could tie a bow."

"You are clumsy indeed," answered Anne, and went away.

After this she felt injured, for it seemed to show that he rated her happiness as of meaner value than Bob's; since he had persisted in his idea of giving Bob another chance, when she had implied that it was her wish to do otherwise. Could Miss Johnson have anything to do with his firmness? An opportunity of testing him in this direction occurred some days later. She had been up the village, and met John at the mill-door.

"Have you heard the news? Matilda Johnson is going to be married to young Derri-man."

Anne stood with her back to the sun, and as he faced her his features were searchingly exhibited. There was no change whatever in them, unless it were that a certain light of interest kindled by her question turned to complete and blank indifference. "Well, as times go, it is not a bad match for her," he said, with a phlegm which was hardly that of a lover.

John on his part was beginning to find these temptations almost more than he could bear. But being quartered so near to his father's house it was unnatural not to visit him, especially when at any moment the regiment might be ordered abroad, and a separation of years ensue; and as long as he went there he could not help seeing her.

The year eighteen hundred and seven changed from green to gold, and from gold to gray, but little change came over the house of Loveday. During the last twelve months Bob had been occasionally heard of as upholding his country's honor in Denmark, the West Indies, Gibraltar, Malta, and other places about the globe, till the family received a short letter stating that he had arrived again at Portsmouth. At Portsmouth Bob seemed disposed to remain, for though some time elapsed without further intelligence, the gallant seaman never appeared at Overcombe. Then on a sudden John learnt that Bob's long-talked-of promotion for signal services rendered was to be an accomplished fact. The trumpet-major at once walked off to Over-

combe, and reached the village in the early afternoon. Not one of the family was in the house at the moment, and John strolled onward over the hill, without much thought of direction, till, lifting his eyes, he beheld Anne Garland coming toward him with a little basket upon her arm.

At first John blushed with delight at the sweet vision; but, recalled by his conscience, the blush of delight was at once mangled and slain by a glacial expression, as he would have scotched and killed a snake. He looked for a means of retreat. But the field was open, and a soldier was a conspicuous object: there was no escaping her.

"It was kind of you to come," she said with a pretty smile.

"It was quite by accident," he answered, with an indifferent laugh. "I thought you was at home."

Anne blushed and said nothing, and they rambled on together. In the middle of the field rose a fragment of stone wall in the form of a gable, known as Faringdon Ruin; and when they had reached it John paused and politely asked her if she were not a little tired with walking so far. No particular reply was returned by the young lady, but they both stopped, and Anne seated herself on a stone which had fallen from the ruin to the ground.

"A church once stood here," observed John in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, I have often shaped it out in my mind," she returned. "Here where I sit must have been the altar."

"True; this standing bit of wall was the chancel end."

Anne had been adding up her little studies of the trumpet-major's character, and was surprised to find how the brightness of that character increased in her eyes with each examination. A kindly and gentle sensation was again aroused in her. Here was a neglected heroic man, who, loving her to distraction, deliberately doomed himself to pensive shade to avoid even the appearance of standing in a brother's way.

"If the altar stood here, hundreds of people have been made man and wife just there, in past times," she said with calm deliberateness, throwing a little stone on a spot about a yard westward.

John annihilated another tender burst, and replied, "Yes, this field used to be a village. My grandfather could call to mind when there were houses here. But the squire pulled 'em down, because poor folk were an eyesore to him."

"Do you know, John, what you once asked me to do?" she continued, not accepting the digression, and turning her eyes upon him.

"In what sort of way?"

"In the matter of my future life, and yours."

"I am afraid I don't."

"John Loveday!"

He turned his back upon her for a moment, that she might not see the spasm of woe which shot through his face. "Ah!—I do remember," he said at last, in a dry, small, repressed voice.

"Well—need I say more? Isn't it sufficient?"

"It would be sufficient," answered the unhappy man. "But —"

She looked up with a reproachful smile, and shook her head. "That summer," she went on, "you asked me ten times, if you asked me once. I am older now; much more of a woman, you know; and my opinion is changed about some people; especially about one."

"O Anne, Anne!" he burst out as, racked between honor and desire, he snatched up her hand. The next moment it fell heavily to her lap. He had absolutely relinquished it half-way to his lips.

"I have been thinking lately," he said, with preternaturally sudden calmness, "that men of the military profession ought not to—ought to be like St. Paul, I mean."

"Fie, John; pretending religion!" she said sternly. "It isn't that at all. *It's Bob!*"

"Yes!" cried the miserable trumpet-major. "I have had a letter from him to-day." He pulled out a sheet of paper from his breast. "That's it! He's promoted—he's a lieutenant—he'll be a gentleman some day, and worthy of you!"

He threw the letter into her lap, and drew back to the other side of the gable wall. Anne jumped up from her seat, flung away the letter without looking at it, and went hastily on. John did not attempt to overtake her. Picking up the letter, he followed in her wake at a distance of a hundred yards.

But, though Anne had withdrawn from his presence thus precipitately, she never thought more highly of him in her life than she did five minutes afterward, when the excitement of the moment had passed. She saw it all quite clearly; and his self-sacrifice impressed her so much that the effect was just the reverse of what he had been aiming to produce. The more he pleaded for Bob the more her perverse generosity pleaded for John. To-day the climax had come—with what results she had not foreseen.

As soon as the trumpet-major reached the nearest pen-and-ink he flung himself into a seat and wrote wildly to Bob:—

"DEAR ROBERT:—I write these few lines to let you know that if you want Anne Garland you must come at once—you must come instantly, and post-haste—or *she will be gone!* Somebody else wants her, and she wants him! It is your last chance, in the opinion of—

"Your faithful brother and well-wisher,
"JOHN.

"P.S.—Glad to hear of your promotion. Tell me the day, and I'll meet the coach."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BOB LOVEDAY STRUTS UP AND DOWN.

ONE night, about a week later, two men were walking in the dark along the turnpike road toward Overcome, one of them with a bag in his hand.

"Now," said the taller of the two, the squareness of whose shoulders signified that he wore epaulettes, "now you must do the best you can for yourself, Bob. I have done

all I can; but th'hast thy work cut out, I can tell thee."

"I wouldn't have run such a risk for the world," said the other in a tone of ingenuous contrition. "But thou'st see, Jack, I didn't think there was any danger, knowing you was taking care of her, and nursing my place for me. I didn't hurry myself, that's true; but, thinks I, if I get this promotion I am promised I shall naturally have leave, and then I'll go and see 'em all. Gad, I shouldn't have been here now but for your letter!"

"You little think what risks you've run," said his brother. "However, try to make up for lost time."

"All right. And whatever you do, Jack, don't say a word about this other girl. Hang the girl!—I was a great fool, I know; still, it is over now, and I am come to my senses. I suppose Anne never caught a capful of wind from that quarter."

"She knows all about it," said John, seriously.

"Knows? By George, then, I'm ruined!" said Bob, standing stock-still in the road as if he meant to remain there all night.

"That's what I meant by saying it would be a hard battle for ye," returned John, with the same quietness as before.

Bob sighed and moved on. "I don't deserve that woman!" he cried, passionately thumping his three upper ribs with his fist.

"I've thought as much myself," observed John, with a dryness which was almost bitter. "But it depends on how thou'st behave in future."

"John," said Bob, taking his brother's hand, "I'll be a new man. I solemnly swear by that eternal milestone staring at me there, that I'll never look at another woman with the thought of marrying her whilst that darling is free—no, not if she be a mermaid of light. . . . It's a lucky thing that I'm slipped in on the quarter-deck; it may help me with her—hey?"

"It may with her mother; I don't think it will make much difference with Anne. Still, it is a good thing; and I hope that some day you'll command a big ship."

Bob shook his head. "Officers are scarce; but I am afraid my luck won't carry me so far as that."

"Did she ever tell you that she mentioned your name to the King?"

The seaman stood still again. "Never?" he said. "How did such a thing as that happen, in Heaven's name?"

John described in detail, and they walked on, lost in conjecture.

As soon as they entered the house, the returned officer of the navy was welcomed with acclamation by his father and David, with mild approval by Mrs. Loveday, and by Anne not at all—that discreet maiden having carefully retired to her own room some time earlier in the evening. Bob did not dare to ask for her in any positive manner; he just inquired about her health, and that was all.

"Why, what's the matter with thy face, my son?" said the miller staring. "David show a light here." And a candle was thrust against Bob's cheek, where there appeared a

jagged streak like the geological remains of a lobster.

"Oh—that's where that rascally Frenchman's grenade busted and hit me from the *Redoubtable*, you know, as I told ye in my letter."

"Not a word!"

"What, didn't I tell ye? Ah, no; I meant to, but I forgot it."

"And here's a sort of dint in yer forehead too; what do that mean, my dear boy?" said the miller, putting his finger in a chasm in Bob's skull.

"That was done in the Indies. Yes, that was rather a troublesome chop—a cutlass did it. I should have told ye, but I found 'twould make my letter so long that I put it off, and put it off; and at last thought it wasn't worth while."

John soon took his departure.

"It's all up with me and her, you see," said Bob to him outside the door. "She's not even going to see me."

"Wait a little," said the trumpet-major.

It was easy enough on the night of the arrival, in the midst of excitement, when blood was warm, for Anne to be resolute in her avoidance of Bob Loveday. But in the morning determination is apt grow invertebrate; rules of pugnacity are less easily acted up to, and a feeling of live and let live takes possession of the gentle soul. Anne had not meant even to sit down to the same breakfast-table with Bob; but when the rest were assembled, and had got some way through the substantial repast which was served at this hour in the miller's house, Anne entered. She came silently as a phantom, her eyes cast down, her cheeks pale. It was a good long walk from the door to the table, and Bob made a full inspection of her as she came up to a chair at the remotest corner, in the direct rays of the morning light, where she dumbly sat herself down.

It was altogether different from how she had expected. Here was she, who had done nothing, feeling all the embarrassment; and Bob, who had done the wrong, felt apparently quite at ease.

"You'll speak to Bob, won't you, honey?" said the miller after a silence. To meet Bob like this after an absence seemed irregular in his eyes.

"If you wish me to," she replied, so addressing the miller that no part, serap, or out-lying beam whatever of her glance passed near the subject of her remark.

"He's a lieutenant, you know, dear," said her mother on the same side; "and he's been dreadfully wounded."

"Oh," said Anne turning a little toward the false one; at which Bob felt it to be time for him to put in a spoke for himself.

"I am glad to see you," he said contritely; "and how do you do?"

"Very well, thank you."

He extended his hand. She allowed him to take hers, but only to the extent of a niggardly inch or so. At the same moment she glanced up at him, when their eyes met, and hers were again withdrawn.

The hitch between the two younger members of the household tended to make the breakfast a dull one. Bob was so depressed

by her unforgiving manner that he could not throw that sparkle into his stories which their substance naturally required; and when the meal was over, and they went about their different businesses, the pair resembled the two Dromios in seldom or never being, thanks to Anne's subtle contrivances, both in the same room at the same time.

This kind of performance repeated itself during several days. At last, after dogging her hither and thither, leaning with a wrinkled forehead against doorposts, taking an oblique view into the room where she happened to be, picking up worsted balls and getting no thanks, placing a splinter from the *Victory*, several bullets from the *Redoubtable*, a strip of the flag, and other interesting relics, carefully labeled, upon her table, and hearing no more about them than if they had been pebbles from the nearest brook, he hit upon a new plan. To avoid him she frequently sat up-stairs in a window overlooking the garden. Lieutenant Loveday carefully dressed himself in a new uniform, which he had caused to be sent some days before, to dazzle admiring friends, but which he had never as yet put on in public or mentioned to a soul. When arrayed he entered the sunny garden, and there walked slowly up and down as he had seen Nelson and Captain Hardy do on the quarter-deck, but keeping his right shoulder, on which his one epaulette was stuck, as much toward Anne's window as possible.

But she made no sign, though there was not the least question that she saw him. At the end of half an hour he went in, took off his clothes, and gave himself up to doubt and the best tobacco.

He repeated the programme on the next afternoon, and on the next, never saying a word within doors about his doings or his notice.

Meanwhile the results in Anne's chamber were not uninteresting. She had been looking out on the first day, and was duly amazed to see a naval officer in full uniform promenading in the path. Finding it to be Bob, she left the window with a sense that the scene was not for her; then, from mere curiosity, peeped out from behind the curtain. Well, he was a pretty spectacle, she admitted, relieved as his figure was by a dense mass of sunny, closely-trimmed hedge, over which nasturtiums climbed in wild luxuriance; and if she could care for him one bit, which she couldn't, his form would have been a delightful study, surpassing in interest even its splendor on the memorable day of their visit to the Weymouth theater. She called her mother; Mrs. Loveday came promptly.

"Oh! it is nothing," said Anne indifferently; "only that Bob has got his uniform."

Mrs. Loveday peeped out, and raised her hands with delight. "And he has not said a word to us about it! What a lovely epaulette! I must call his father."

"No, indeed. As I take no interest in him, I shall not let people come into my room to admire him."

"Well, you called me," said her mother.

"It was because I thought you liked fine

clothes and uniforms and all that. It is what I don't care for."

Notwithstanding this assertion, she again looked out at Bob the next afternoon when his footsteps rustled on the gravel, and studied his appearance under all the varying angles of the sunlight, as if fine clothes and uniforms were not altogether a matter of indifference. He certainly was a splendid, gentlemanly, and gallant sailor from end to end of him; but then, what were a dashing presentment, a naval rank, and telling scars, if a man was fickle-hearted? However, she peeped on till the fourth day, and then she did not peep. The window was open, she looked right out, and Bob knew that he had got a rise to his bait at last. He touched his hat to her, keeping his right shoulder forward, and said, "Good day, Miss Garland," with a smile.

Anne replied, "Good day," with funereal seriousness, and the acquaintance thus revived led to the interchange of a few words at supper-time, at which Mr. Loveday nodded with satisfaction. But Anne took especial care that he should never meet her alone, and to insure this her ingenuity was in constant exercise. There were so many nooks and windings on the miller's rambling premises that she could never be sure he would not turn up within a foot of her, particularly as his thin shoes were almost noiseless.

(To be continued.)

Who Are You?



HIS beautiful chromo is reproduced from a celebrated painting, and represents an English scene. It is not one of those sunny landscapes that the painters of England love to portray; it is a winter prospect, dark and cold as any that Poussin ever painted.

It is a December morning; day has just dawned; the sky is leaden; the mists are turned into ice; the cold, arresting the course of the tiny waterfall, turns the stream into crystal ribbons. The green holly, partly covered with snow, twines lovingly around the bare branches of the ash, as if to console it for the leaves of which the ruthless hand of winter has deprived it. The bleak wind sways the bare, black branches that cluster around the frozen lakelet, encircled by a girdle of snow; we can very well fancy, as Keats says, that "the owl for all his feathers is a-cold."

Into the midst of this desolation comes, like a dream of warmth, of life, of beauty, the venturesome little robin, the docile bird of which Cowper wrote:

"At sight of the first feeble ray
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To invigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast:
For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song."

Up early, this cold morning, as is its wont, it soars aloft through the air, and lights upon the snowy banks that encircle the frozen lakelet. With astonishment it sees, like Narcissus of old, its own image reflected in the glassy mirror, and, peering in with its bright inquiring eyes, it naturally asks, "Who are you?" astonished to see that another bird has braved the elements like itself.

Confiding and loving, this is just the bird that would be most likely to cover with sheltering leaves the lost children in the woods. Fearing no danger from man, it seeks at his doors the crumbs that few are churlish enough to refuse. Even the poet thus pleads for the universal favorite, who is ever ready to repay kindness with its sweet and plaintive song:

"Amid the freezing sleet and snow
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs."

There is a simplicity and naturalness in the composition of this picture which is very attractive. The details are admirably carried out, the gloomy masses of shadow in the sky; the green holly clustering around the bare and wintry branches; the mirror-like surface of the frozen lakelet, reflecting the image of the bird; and the bird itself, with its olive-brown feathers and breast of "living fire," lighting up the picture with its rich and glowing plumage. It is a dark picture, but one entirely devoid of gloom, and is a striking example of the power of the painter's art, who, by the introduction of even so small an object as a bird, can fill with warmth and light and beauty the snowy scenes of cold December.

The idea embodied in this beautiful picture is intensely quaint, pretty, tender, and delicate, and has been carefully worked out. The scrawny arms of the holly bush are life-like, and the snow looks natural enough to be picked up by handfuls, and made snow-balls of. The bright bird, intensely on the alert, gives a sort of human interest to the little scene which will be shortly full of life and joy. For the sunlight is coming to chase the gray of a cloudless Christmas morning, the day upon which we celebrate with universal festivity the birth of our Lord. Stripped will the holly branches be of their prickly leaves for the decoration of cottage and hall, and when the robin carols to-morrow, gone will be the shadow in the brook, gone the green leaves which lend their grace to the picture, which the art of the painter has transfixed, and which has been reproduced with such fidelity.

Curious Coincidences.

THURSDAY was a fatal day to Henry VIII. and his posterity. He died on Thursday, January 28, 1547. Edward VI., Thursday, July 6, 1553. Queen Mary, Thursday, November 17, 1558, and Elizabeth, Thursday, March 24, 1603.

The chimes at the Royal Exchange, London, destroyed by fire in 1838, played at intervals of three hours, "God Save the Queen," "Life let us Cherish," and "There's nae Luck about the House," which last they played at twelve o'clock midnight, the night of the fire, just as the flames reached the chimes loft.



"No Appetite, and How to Manage It."

In an article on Prevention of Consumption, a celebrated physician expresses impatience at a certain class of feminines who are "unwilling to eat because they have no appetite." Yet, when I studied physiology, I learned words to this effect: "Where there is no desire for food, the stomach is not usually in a state to assimilate it."

Do doctors differ so much, or is there here an unknown quantity which properly used shall show both statements reasonable and kind?

All health is a condition pertaining, alas! to both males and females, but there is a widespread opinion that the latter are much more likely to commit sins of omission in the matter of food than the former. For instance, I doubt if the wise old physician would have felt it necessary to give the advice to a widower, which to my knowledge he bestowed on a young widow. It was the following: "Always eat your three meals regularly. Set the table, and proceed in all respects as when your husband was alive."

He feared she would follow a course said to be common among unmarried women, that of going to the storeroom when hungry, or more correctly in most cases, faint, and taking a hasty "cold bite." This she who must work for her living would be especially liable to forget to do when the needlework was interesting, or in times of special hurry, till the stomach, like a neglected infant, grows ill from fruitless clamoring for supplies.

When a young girl or woman finds herself in that state familiarly called "run down," in allusion to the resemblance of her vital powers to the slow, feeble ticking of a clock needing to be freshly wound, the lack of which she suffers most is that of a resolute will. Nay, it almost seems as if that were the disease itself. How far this weak will is manageable even the physician cannot always tell. A woman who respects strength rather than weakness, who loves life even, will never say "I can't," while the power to struggle remains.

A reminiscence of my own childhood illustrates so perfectly the power of resolution in matters of food that I am tempted to give it. I disliked the taste of fresh halibut, and finding we were to have it for dinner one day when I must have been about ten years old, I gave vent to some childish expression of vexation.

I was not living at home, so it was not my easily forgiving mother who heard my objections.

The lady, an excellent cook by the way, and one not accustomed to being found fault with, was displeased, and showed it more by a certain injured manner than by words. I was troubled at the impression I saw I had made, and horrified when she proceeded to cook eggs, and for me. When dinner was ready, we sat down together, and resolutely refusing to touch the eggs which she pressed me to eat, I conquered my aversion to the fish, and made my dinner off it.

Ever since then I have been able to partake of any dish offered me at any table. It was a well-won victory, for it is in bad taste as well as wrong to give needless pain, and we do that every time we are obliged to say of any main dish at a friend's table, "I do not like it."

Dyspepsia is the only admissible apology for not eating what is set before us by friends in any civilized country.

When a woman revolts at food because her eye has caught a tiny spot of soil on the tablecloth, or

cannot drink water after any one else has dipped a cup however carefully into the vessel which holds it, when the least unfavorable criticism by some one else on the cooking or flavor of any dish completely destroys relish for it, then is the time to bring a resolute will to bear on the overcoming of trivial obstacles for the sake of a great good. If she will only cease to be proud of her delicate stomach she will often have overcome the chief hindrance to the exercise of common sense.

Food should be well cooked, well and neatly served, unfavorable criticism should be felt to be, as it is, the worst possible sauce for the meat, both as regards the critic and all who are obliged to listen to him; but accidents will happen in the best-regulated families, men, women, and children will have their preferences, and, until they are much more considerate toward one another than the bulk of them now are, they will express them with more or less freedom, and the weak must cultivate strength, instead of yielding to the impulse toward disgust and discouragement so sadly common among well-meaning but delicate women.

I recommend to young men the cultivation of an admiration for strong and healthy girls, instead of their opposites, and for girls, instead of parading the things they can't do, to become a little ashamed of not being able to perform the most menial offices for a sick relative or friend. I have seen a young girl, perfectly heroic in this regard, taking from the hands of a nauseated married woman the care of a little child.

Though she and her sisters have made many mistakes, it will never be forgotten to be said in their praise what after all we do regard as one of the essentials, because Christ so regarded it: "They were kind to the sick."

It is more common, I believe, for persons suffering from debility to injure the stomach by "forcing an appetite" than by fasting. The food taken is improper in quality or too great in quantity.

There are so many specific differences in taste and consequent power to assimilate, while yet there are general principles that apply to a class of invalids, that the usual method is to experiment on each with preparations known to be safe and usually agreeable, leaving each individual measurably free.

For instance, a gruel diet is common at certain times of debility and consequent danger. At one such time, I, being tormented with the poor appetite which is then an unfavorable symptom, disliked the gruel, and was allowed a slice of toasted bread with butter and a cup of tea. This diet caused such stomachic distress that I complained to my physician, and he suggested broiled beef-steak, which I chewed, at first rejecting the fiber, and which I relished tolerably well.

A woman very low with scrofulous disease was wont to tell of the distressing effects of a cracker which she ate with trembling fingers because told that she must eat something. At last the physician who knew her family in bygone years was called in.

"How is your appetite?" he asked.
"I have none," was the reply given, I dare say, in that tone of despair so natural to the young, when in a state to them so unnatural.

Looking down into her pallid face with that playfulness that in itself inspires hope he asked,

"How would a bit of beefsteak or chicken fried in butter go?"

"Oh! I could eat something like that," she replied, brightening under his sympathetic glance.

"Well, you shall have a bit of steak at once," he said.

So the poor young mother came back to life and to her dear children.

The physician owned afterward, he had had grave doubts of her ultimate recovery.

Afterward her father, suffering from scrofula in the head, and very feeble in consequence, dated his recovery from the visit of the same old doctor who treated him the same old way.

Recently a poor, hard-working woman, who had had pleurisy and needed to be built up, complained to her neighbors of her lack of appetite and her severe dyspepsia. I procured a bit of tenderloin steak, and had it broiled over wood-fire coals—some are so fastidious as to prefer this to an anthracite fire—and she enjoyed it very much.

Some find a milk diet useful, one lady being cured of a distressing weakness of the stomach by a course of bread and milk, persevered in for some time.

Others like raw eggs well beaten, yolk and white separately, then mixed with milk and sweetened.

People should be very careful how they recommend alcoholic liquors in cases of incurable disease. I know one consumptive who found whisky positively injurious, and another who could take it at first, but afterward was so annoyed by its effect on her throat that she used instead a tea made of Iceland moss, and slightly flavored with lemon juice. This, sweetened to taste, eased her cough.

Sometimes a few teaspoonfuls of warm gruel will check a violent paroxysm of coughing. The patient had been coughing almost incessantly for an hour, when I tried this simple remedy, which seems safer than any acid, or particularly sweet drink, because, when one is very weak, there is or always seems to be danger of strangulation.

Beef tea can sometimes be taken cold when the patient refuses it hot. This may be owing to the absence of its peculiar odor when cooled.

Another acceptable way of preparing the raw beaten egg, is to pour on it say half a teacup of hot water or common tea, and in the first instance salt it for variety, or sweeten if preferred.

In cooking for the sick, it should be remembered that the stomach finds it hardest to dispose of strong flavors and spices, also of cooked fats.

A physician recommended a fresh cream cake to a lady who was exceptionally fond of this delicacy. He trusted to her mind power to overcome what he would doubtless regard as insuperable objections to its use in ordinary cases. Had I had the making of the cakes from which she was to choose, I would have selected the very puffiest of these notoriously hollow-hearted shows of things, and used less than the ordinary amount of lemon essence in flavoring the cream. Its lightness and freshness would atone for any lack of that sort.

So long as an invalid can come to the table, it is best, whenever practicable, that the good cheer should go around, that is, that a dish where he was thought of specially, should be ample enough for all to share, not only because he hates usually to be singled out, but because the zest of other appetites quickens his own.

If an article of food has once disagreed with an invalid it is not well to offer it soon again; he will remember it unfavorably, and quite possibly it was not good for him.

One half, perhaps nearly all the value of medicines for an appetite, lies in their power over the imagination.

The best tonic I know, and the one I have most of my life found sufficient for an appetite rather masculine than feminine, is plenty of physical exercise in cool air, with a dismissal so far as possible of the petty cares and anxieties that do so wear out the lives of modern women.

I am not a physician, but I believe the real reason why women as a rule have less relish for food than men, is because they are and often are obliged to be shut up in such warm houses, most of the time that their bodily thermometer indicates summer heat, and consequent laxity of vital force, throughout the year.

"The House Beautiful."

BY H. F. R.

MUCH has been said and still more has been written on the subject of home decorations by persons qualified and unqualified for their self-imposed task. This might be construed into an argument against anything more being said; but it is the purpose of this paper to deal with one or two phases of the question that have not been treated, to point out a few modes in which the home may be made the abode of artistic and beautiful creations, and to expose manifest errors into which other expositors of "home decoration" have fallen.

One of the first canons of true art is to avoid all appearance of a sham. "Be what you seem" is a no less desirable aim in your home economics than in your personal behavior and character. Yet many of the directions for beautifying one's surroundings distinctly and flagrantly violate this axiom. To illustrate: A woman is told how she may make a very comfortable arm-chair out of a flour barrel, with the aid of sundry wisps of straw and yards of chintz. That such have been made is doubtless a fact, and that they have, after a fashion, filled the place of an easy-chair, may also be granted. What then? Why, two things. Enough has been probably spent upon the barrel and other materials, counting labor and pains, to have purchased a *bona fide* article of furniture; in the second place, the home-made make-shift is a source of constant mortification and explanation, and is, above all other detestable things, a *sham*. Let us not be misunderstood. Honest, praiseworthy, self-helping efforts to fill a want are always commendable; the pity is that they are so often turned into wrong channels. Then there are the sham tiles, the sham pottery, and the dozen other things that pretend with so much effrontery to be that which they are not—all fair seeming outside, but, like Colonel Sellers's stove with the candle inside, a hollow mockery in reality.

"But," says a reader, "if one cannot afford to purchase the real article, must one be condemned to forego all things of beauty in home decoration?" By no means. The love for the refined and tasteful is too deeply implanted in the nature of most people, and must and should be satisfied. If we cannot buy a Raphael or a Titian or a Turner, let us have the engraving or the chromo; if we cannot have a conservatory, let us have a window garden; if we cannot afford Minton's tiles around our mantel, let us be content with marble, or, if need be, painted wood; if we cannot have pottery and rare china, let us be satisfied with pure cut glass; only let us one and all banish all pretense.

But to say that in order to be true to art, there is no medium between a room arranged in the Queen Anne style and one with cheerless white-washed walls, would be a great error. The limit within which one may gratify one's tastes is only bounded by our ingenuity, as we shall show. Let us take an ordinary room—sitting-room, parlor, or dining-room, whichever you choose—and see what we can do. Perhaps the sitting and dining-room combined will best suit our purpose, because in many homes this is the room where the family may be oftenest found—where the wife and mother spends the greater part of her time, where young and old congregate at meal times, and where the older children spend their evenings.

So we have an ordinary room, say some sixteen feet square, upon which to experiment. It has two windows—one facing the south and the

other the west, and on each of the other sides, facing each of the windows, is a door leading to the kitchen and the hall respectively. If the floor is well laid, so much the better, for that gives us choice of two modes of treating it. If it is laid with those narrow Georgia pine boards which are tongued and grooved so as to fit into one another (as all floors should be laid), we can paint it with some dark brown paint, mixed with varnish, so that it will dry with a gloss. Then in the middle of the room, where the table usually stands, spread a rug, or an eight-foot-square bright-colored ingrain carpet. The effect of the bright colors against the dark floor is very good; but this plan is of very great utility where there are children: the sides of the room are reserved for play, can be readily swept, and the center rug is kept from much wear and tear. Besides, the saving in cost will amount to just one half of an ordinary carpet. If, however, the floor is so poorly laid that it cannot, on account of the roughness of the boards, or the cracks, be treated this way, the time-honored, and to many people the most comfortable, custom must be adhered to—that of covering the entire floor with carpet, or some other material. A capital mode of laying down a carpet in a room much used is to have it cut about two inches smaller than the size of the floor all round; then, at intervals of about six inches, sew on small rings about the size of a silver three-cent piece. These can be hooked on to nails driven in the floor close up to the wainscoting. The first trouble is not excessive, and the facility with which the carpet can be taken up and re-laid is an ample return for the small outlay of time, to say nothing of the absence of torn edges usual when tacks are used.

The walls of our room next demand our attention. If they are to be papered, a small figure is by all odds the best, whether it be light or dark. If they are simply kalsomined, neutral tints should be used. Perhaps the latter method is the more healthy. Substances more or less deleterious to health enter into the manufacture of all wall papers; and that they rapidly absorb moisture and odors only to give them out again, is also a notorious fact. Therefore it would seem better to reserve papered walls for the parlor or drawing-room, and have a tinted wall for the dining and sitting-room. A pearl-gray, or light pea-green will "light up" best at night; a very pale pink tint is the "warmest" by day. Perhaps a marine-blue tint is best for all times and seasons. All of these can be easily renewed when soiled, and can be readily cleansed without damage. But there is an artistic reason in favor of walls of one uniform color. Pictures or other articles suspended against them are not brought into competition with a staring pattern of wall paper, and are shown up for all they are worth. Many of the delicate chromos which are gems of art in their way are completely "killed" against a background of wall paper, but the purity of the tinted wall serves to bring out all their beauty.

Let your pictures, whether chromos, paintings, or engravings, be few and well chosen, and in the hanging have some idea of the "eternal fitness of things." Do not hang an engraving in a plain oak frame in close proximity to a bright chromo. Put the former in your brightest light, and let the latter brighten some dark corner. Your pictures should be hung so that the center of view is about on a level with the eye of a person of average height—say five feet six inches. Whether you use wire or cord to suspend them by, always let it extend to the ceiling, because this tends to increase the apparent height of the room. That there is an art in picture hanging, few are apparently aware. Some have the gift, but the majority have it not. A lady in Washington, of exquisite artistic perceptions, but who was in somewhat strait-

ened circumstances, earned a moderate income by attending to the arrangement of the pictures and articles of vertu of her more wealthy acquaintances. It is the lack of this quick eye for general effect that causes so many finely-furnished apartments to resemble a curiosity shop rather than the abode of taste and wealth.

The advantage of dashes of color here and there in a room is descanted upon by a recent writer. She says, "Bits of color are not only attractive in themselves, but they give to our homes such a cozy brightness that none can afford to miss their cheery presence." And until one has tried, no idea can be had of the many simple, inexpensive things which may be used as effectively as more elegant material. For instance, if the mantel-piece be of that white, florid design which delighted the last generation, nothing could modernize it more artistically than to cover it with a slightly-gathered curtain eighteen inches deep, having near the bottom a vein of embroidery done in long, loose stitches of dull red and blue or old gold. This accomplished, arrange Japanese fans down the sides of the fire-place so closely as to entirely conceal them with patches of brilliant color; then near by stand a great Indian jar of blue and red, or, lacking this, one ornamented with decalcomanie in similar tints. Thus will the staring monotony of the chimney-piece be transformed into beauty and variety. In passing, it may be said that nothing so lightens the gloom of a somber corner as a ladder of fans from floor to ceiling, and a skillfully chosen group of them on the wall, away from the sunlight, is much more desirable than a low-toned picture. Other dainty helps in the way of color are the little gathered curtains, generally sixteen by twenty inches, run on a ribbon that ties in a bow at each end, to hide the nails that hold it fast. These, in shades of plum, wine-red, maroon, or peacock-blue, form backgrounds admirably adapted to bring out the delicate lights and shadows of plaques and other bric-à-brac. Sometimes the curtain is smaller and not filled; when this is the case, it is of handsome stuff, such as plush or satin. Tiny cups and saucers look prettily on these colored backgrounds when the cup or saucer hangs by a ribbon; while nothing contrasts so charmingly with the softly-gathered bits as a quaint square plate, a cracked mug or cream-pitcher of old blue-and-white ware, from grandmother's treasures.

Flowers are a most important adjunct to home decoration. All they need is sunlight and pure air, and a little attention. Of course, a conservatory or a green-house can be had only by few. A window-garden or box is, however, within the reach of all. There is a way, nevertheless, in which a winter conservatory can be enjoyed upon a small scale, and can be easily constructed at a moderate cost. Choose a south window, if possible, and purchase three second-hand sashes the size of the window sashes. These are easily procured, because sashes are made in regular sizes. Place these so as to form three sides of a room, as it were; the roof and floor must then be formed of half-inch match-boards. You will then have a compartment or box, three sides of which are of glass; the remaining side is to be left open so as to give access from the room. The whole thing may be supported outside the window on two stout brackets of wood or iron; it will fit exactly into the window casing, and a few screws will make it as weather-tight round the point of juncture as though the window were shut. Of course, the lower window sash is intended to be left open, so that from the room a delightful prospect of growing plants is presented. If a bird-cage or a hanging-basket be suspended from the roof, the charming effect is increased. The warmth from the room is amply sufficient for the most tender plants, the only other care requisite being the

spreading of a piece of matting over the roof on very cold nights.

A vase of cut flowers gives an air of refinement to the most poorly furnished table. But the art of arranging the blossoms in an artistic and effective way is of difficult acquirement. There are, however, a few simple rules to which all should bow. The first thing to be considered is the vase or receptacle. If it is of an intricate pattern, or many-colored, it must necessarily detract from the beauty of the flowers, or of some color in the bouquet. The best for the purpose is pure white, green, or transparent glass; the latter allows the slender green stems to be seen. In a word, the vase must be subordinate to what it holds. For roses use a shallow bowl; for gladiolus, lilies, ferns, or grasses, use tall, wide-spreading vases; for violets, primroses, and such humble wood flowers, use a cup. A lover of flowers will in time possess a specimen of each size and kind and shape to suit these varied needs. Colors should be mixed or blended with neutral tints, such as whites, grays, or tender greens, all of which are plentiful, and which harmonize the brilliant and more showy colors into a soft unison.

There are certain blossoms that consort well only in families; others may be massed with good effect. To the first class belong balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet-peas, whose tender hues have been likened to drifting sunset clouds. To the second class, geraniums, verbenas, roses, etc.; these are all flowers of common growth; others more rare will suggest themselves readily. In arranging a basket or vase, the better plan is to work with some definite scheme, mentally dividing it into small groups of blossoms, and then blending the whole with green and delicate colors. Above all, avoid stiffness or any attempt at geometrical effect. The water for a winter vase should be warm—not hot, of course; for a summer vase cool, but not iced.

As the Greek Temple was derived from the simple wooden hut with its roof of boughs and leaves, the columns derived from the stately tree trunks, the flutes representing the flowing drapery of the human form, and the flowery capital representing curly locks or twining leaves, so should our home decoration be true to nature in its simplicity, and to art in its adherence to all that is elevating and true. The beneficial effect upon the young of a home atmosphere redolent of the beautiful is incalculable. The child that grows up surrounded by artistic objects will be as favorably impressed by them as he will be by a good moral example. Purity of taste in our material surroundings is only second in importance to purity of thought and feeling, and they should always travel hand in hand. Abhor introducing a sham article into your homes as you would to place bread made of sawdust on your child's plate; let no opportunity pass by means of which can be fostered the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Our Kitchen.

WHEN pa lost his property we moved our goods and chattels into an old-fashioned house, where one room served for dining-room and kitchen. It was a large, airy, pleasant room, and nearly all day the sun lay across the floor from the two south windows; these had deep window-seats, such as they built in the "good old times," fifty years ago. It was mother's delight to fill the window-seats with flowers, and very pretty they looked—thrifty lantanas, the unfading geranium, and the little pot with the large ivy twining up the wall, and making graceful festoons around the figures on the paper. Opening from this room were

two large closets; one we called the china closet, and the other answered all the purposes of kitchen closet and sink-room. In the first one was arranged our best china, and a goodly show of it we had, too. There was the gilt set, always the pride of a housekeeper, the purple and the plain sets; these, with cut glasses of all descriptions, made a fine display. But the glory of that china closet was the old-fashioned set made to order in Liverpool years ago, and brought over to Yankee-land, to be handed down from generation to generation, and to the admiration of all beholders. Each piece of this set has a narrow blue stripe, thickly studded with gold stars, and is further ornamented by a shield inclosing the monogram of the first owner in beautiful gold letters, far surpassing many monograms of modern times.

The floor was rough and homely as old-fashioned floors are apt to be, no matter how nicely scoured; the old knots and defects boldly proclaimed themselves. To hide these unsightly places, mats were laid down. Of every imaginable shape, these mats were works of art. The materials were usually cast-off garments of the family, but the extravagance of buying cuttings of bright-colored flannels had been indulged in. These were cut into certain widths, and braided or knit into strips and then sewed firmly together. Some of them were very pretty; one in particular was the pride of our mother's heart. It had the post of honor in the center of the room, and being about eight feet in diameter, was almost a carpet. Of its beauty, I, myself, cannot vouch, considering it more a monument of industry than elegance. Still it was very much admired, and it was really edifying to see the ladies who came to our house and were admitted to our kitchen, first hold up their hands in wonder and admiration, and then adjust their "glasses" to "see how it was made." I expect many tried their hands at the same work, for several ladies who came with their daughters remarked, "Eliza," or "Sophronia" (as the name might be), "I have some large needles at home, and I think I shall try and make such a mat." As "imitation is the sincerest flattery," what more could be desired? Some, when told that the mats were mother's handiwork, glanced inquiringly at her hands; but although in the reverses of fortune mother's hands became intimately acquainted with much hard work, they always retained their pretty, lady-like shape, the delicate taper fingers having a peculiar grace. Even when roughened in winter, her only cosmetic for them was a bit of goose-grease, thoroughly rubbed in at night. When friends came in "to tea," our kitchen was a place worth seeing. Our table, a relic of better fortunes, was of solid mahogany, very heavy and with handsomely carved legs; this for supper was always laid without a cloth; the table was kept highly polished, and when arranged with our old china, our small silver, which bore unmistakable evidence of its *solidity*, was a true picture of hospitality and comfort. As we were our own waitresses, by the time supper was over the table was apt to be in something more than elegant confusion. On one corner would stand a handsome caraffe in its pretty japanned stand, and near it perhaps a very plebeian appearing earthen dish, which at the last moment had been brought from the cellar with some delicacy in it and put on hastily as it was. Everything about the house was used and enjoyed; kept as neatly as possible; we were not ashamed to have any one go from attic to cellar of our house. Our kitchen, however, was always a favorite room, and many a time friends would ask to be entertained there, it was always so cheerful and pleasant. Should your journeyings ever bring you to our city, make yourselves known, and the assurance of your having read about our kitchen will insure you a hearty welcome from its occupants.

NEW CARD CASES.—The newest card cases are of tortoise-shell, mounted with a hinge between two so-called "coquilles;" but these are long and round-cornered. The incrustations are very elaborate—flowers with silver contours; and there are puzzle monograms, containing as many as seven letters interlaced. When the tortoise-shell is blonde, these card cases are greatly prized.

LEATHER KNICKKNACKS.—Maroquinerie or leather and kid articles, are handsomer than ever. This branch of industry occupies the larger number of persons who gain their livelihood in *articles de Paris*. Repousse leather and embossed figures are the last novelty. A pretty *nécessaire* is made of black kid, enlivened with bouquets of coral, pink hawthorn and different green leaves, either velvet, satin, or chenille. *Portemonnaies* thus embossed are not so practical as tempting, the flowers being lightly stamped on in many instances.

TABLE DECORATIONS.—Materials for decoration can be found everywhere in the country by those who look for them, every season bringing its lovely wild flowers, grasses, ferns, or leaves. It is a mistake to think that because moss is green, it is of one color; you will find it of every hue—bronze and emerald, shining, golden, and dark purple-green. The best way to collect it for decorations is to pull it in large tufts, which should be well shaken after reaching home, and spread lightly on newspapers for a day or two, and then again thoroughly shaken, to free them from loose bits and from insects. To keep it for the winter, the sprays should be dipped in water, dabbed dry on a cloth, laid flat between two sheets of brown paper, and immediately ironed till quite dry. The irons should be of the heat required to smooth linen; but do not prolong the process too much, or the moss will become brittle. This process answers for the coarser mosses; more delicate ones should not be ironed, and the "maiden-hair" moss should not be put in water, or the golden extinguishers may wash off. Small, naturally mossy twigs, ivy, oak leaves, acorns, lichens, by occasionally being put out to be refreshed by rain, can be made to last for some time.

FLOWER-POTS may be covered with moss, and flat strawberry baskets thus concealed, and lined with white paper, make very pretty fruit dishes. A plateau of moss for holding dessert dishes is also pretty. A board of the desired size and shape is requisite; the edges may be cut out for the dishes to fit into, or they may stand on it. The moss should be made as smooth and even as possible, and may be of only one or of various kinds. The common feather-moss is perhaps the best. If liked, a boarder of gray and orange lichen can surround it; and outside this, a second of small leaves, trailing or ground ivy. Borders of leaves and ferns can be made for dishes, and wreaths of periwinkle runners, ivy, holly, or bright autumn leaves. Ferns can be ironed like the moss, and will preserve their color. Circles or strips of thin cardboard can be covered with leaves and ferns for surrounding dishes, and single ferns arranged in a pattern on the cloth. Infinite variety can be made by giving time and thought to the matter.

For children's or family Christmas parties, a small silver-frosted, well-shaped spruce fir-tree, hung with tiny glittering liquor-filled French bouillons, crystalized fruits, etc., not forgetting a silvered or sugared star, is a great delight. If the table is large, it may stand on a plateau of gilded nuts, oranges, or apples. A small model Christmas ship, with its masts thickly frosted and ropes covered with tiny silk flags of all nations, a Father Christmas sitting wrapped in white fur in the stern, and a star or a symbolical figure of the New Year perched on the prow, is pretty. Such a center-piece affords great fun to the little ones, and, to complete the illusion, it may be made to swing over a piece of mirror.

YOUNG AMERICA

Goosey Goosey Gander.

A NURSERY OPERETTA IN THREE ACTS.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

[The rhymes may be sung to any familiar tunes found most suitable.]

CHARACTERS.

Mother Goose. A very wise old lady, with a son and a goose.

Mother Hubbard. Her friend and admirer, the owner of a wonderful dog.

Miss Muffet. A pert little miss, something of a flirt, with a fan.

Bo-Peep. A lackadaisical damsel, possessed of property, with a crook.

King Cole. A merry old soul, with a pipe.

Tom Tucker. A young man with a love for music and Miss Muffet.

Bobby Shafto. A yellow-haired sailor boy, just returned from sea to Bo-Peep.

Jack. Mother Goose's son, a fine lad, not very wise nor yet very bad, and in love with Miss Muffet.

ACT I.

SCENE.—An old-fashioned room in *Mother Goose's* house; a pot of porridge on table, clock, spinning-wheel, broom in corner, old chairs and furniture.

[*Curtain rises, discovering Mother Goose putting a dry jacket on Jack, and brushing his wet clothes.*]

Jack. As I went over the water,
The water went over me;
I saw two little blackbirds
A-sitting on a tree.
One called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief.
I then took up my little stick
And knocked out all their teeth.

Mother Goose [shaking her head]. O Jack, Jack, you are forever getting into trouble; first it's falling down the hill and breaking your crown, and coming home dripping, and then it's going to sea in a bowl with the three wise men of Gotham, and getting wrecked and drowned; and here you are again, wet as wet can be. What am I to do with you?

Jack. Well, mother, I'm a goose; why shouldn't I be fond of water, and if—

Mother Goose [interrupting].
If ifs and ands
Were kettles and pans,
There'd be no need for tinkers!

Jack. But, mother, listen; such a pretty girl as I saw, oh dear!

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty lass,
Whodropped me a neat curtsy.

Mother Goose [aside]. That little flirt of a Muffet, no doubt! Aloud! Jack, be very careful how you tuck to girls; the first thing you know they will have you engaged, and

Needles and pins,
Needles and pins,

When a man marries his trouble begins.

Jack. But, mother, now that my house is built, it needs attention; the rats are eating up the malt, and I shall be ruined if I don't move into it, and have a good housekeeper to see to things.

Mother Goose. Well, if you are in search of a wife, there is pretty, modest, little Bo-Peep, a girl of property, too; a nice flock of sheep has she.

Jack. Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, kind sirs, I've three bags full;
One for my master, and one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane;

and that boy's name isn't "Jack," mother, it's Bobby Shafto? Bo-Peep won't have anything to say to me, and besides, I like little Miss Muffet best—so there!

Mother Goose. Well, well, never mind, we won't talk about girls any more; it's supper-time, and you must be hungry after your cold bath.

Jack [going to table, and stirring the pudding].

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

[*A dog barks outside.*]

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.

[*Enter Mother Hubbard and her dog.*]

Jack. Bow-wow-wow,

Whose dog art thou?

Mother Goose [shaking hands]. Good-evening, my dear Mother Hubbard; how do you do? and how is your dear dog?

Mother Hubbard.

I went to the cupboard to get him a bone,
And when I got there, I found there was none,
So I came over to take pot-luck with you.

Mother Goose. I am very glad to see you; sit down. How is your sister

Mary, Mary, quite contrary?
How does her garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row?

Mother Hubbard [shaking her head].

Mary, my sister, and I fell out;
What do you think it was all about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

Mother Goose. Dear, dear, how sad! And old Mr. Hubbard, is he well?

Mother Hubbard [shaking her head again].

Ah! [sighs] my old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what that was all about;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way that trouble begun
[Sneezes.]

Mother Goose.

Sneeze on a Monday,
You sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday,
You'll kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday,
You'll get a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday,
Something better;
Sneeze on a Friday,
You sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday,
You'll see your sweetheart to-morrow!

Jack [aside]. I'll sneeze all day Saturday, then maybe I'll see little Miss Muffet on Sunday!

Mother Goose. Jack, isn't that porridge ready?

Come, Jack, be nimble,
And, Jack, be quick,
And, Jack, jump round
With the pudding-stick.

Jack. Yes, it's all ready—

Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.

[*All seat themselves at table. Mother Hubbard gives her dog a bone. Both old ladies pour their tea out in their saucers. Jack eats his porridge and listens to their gossip with wide-opened eyes and mouth.*]

Mother Goose.

What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?

Mother Hubbard.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
Upon a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole these tarts,
And with them ran away.

Mother Goose [raising both hands]. La me! what goings on!

Mother Hubbard [confidentially].

The King of Clubs,
He often drubs
His reigning queen and wife;
The Queen of Clubs
Returns his snubs,
And all is noise and strife!

Mother Goose. Dear, dear! Jack, what are you listening for? It's high time you went to bed. What time is it?

Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Jack [looking up at clock and yawning].

Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down it run,
Hickory dickory dock.

Mother Hubbard.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five,
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven.

Mother Goose.

Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven;
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.

Come, Jack, go to bed, and be sure and take off both shoes and stockings.

Deedle deedle dumpling,
My son John

Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on.

Deedle deedle dumpling,
My son John.

Jack. All right, mother. I'll remember. Good-night. [Aside.] I'll go to bed to dream of dear little Miss Muffet! [Exit.]

[*Mother Goose and Mother Hubbard rise from the table.*]

Mother Goose. What am I to do, Mother Hubbard? I am in great fear that Jack has lost his heart with that giddy little Miss Muffet, and she is not at all the sort of a wife I wish him to have; and besides, I have another maiden selected for my daughter-in-law.

Mother Hubbard. Who is it, pray—

The maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn?

Mother Goose [tossing her head]. No, indeed! I have higher hopes for my son Jack than a milkmaid; no other, if you please, than Miss Peep, a niece of King Cole's, and a young lady of property. Why, with her sheep, and Jack's gander, the two will have a well-stocked farm to begin with.

Mother Hubbard. But, my dear, they do say that she is going to marry Bobby Shafto when he comes back from

Over the water and over the lea,
And over the waves of the rolling sea.

Mother Goose. That don't matter. I am going to court to appeal to King Cole; his daughter is well married, and I have his promise to see my son Jack well settled in life, and Bo-Peep shall marry my Jack in spite of all the Bobby Shaftos on sea or land.

Mother Hubbard. Well said, my dear, and I don't doubt but that you will bring whatever pleases you to pass. King Cole is a man of his word, he

Is a jolly old soul,
He will call for his pipe, and call for his bowl,
And call for his fiddlers three,
and we shall both dance at the wedding.

[*Take hold of hands and dance as the curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Garden. [Flowers in pots, and green baize and hay, will represent this scene nicely.]*

[*Curtain rises, discovering Miss Muffet seated on a tuffet (of hay). She has a milk-pail by her side, and is eating from a bowl and spoon. A flute outside is heard playing,*

"Over the hills and far away."]

[*Enter Tom Tucker with flute.*]

Tom Tucker. Ah! good-morning, my dear. You sit on your tuffet eating of curds and whey like a queen. Is there room here for two? [*Sits himself beside her. She puts down bowl, screams, jumps up, and fans herself violently.*]

Tom Tucker [rising also]. What is the matter?

Miss Muffet. Oh dear! I thought I saw a great horrid spider [*catches up her milk-pail, puts it on her head, and starts to go*]. Good-morning, sir:

Tom Tucker. Where are you going, my pretty maid?

Miss Muffet. I'm going a-milking, sir [*curtsies*].

Tom Tucker. May I go with you, my pretty maid?

Miss Muffet. You're kindly welcome, sir [*curtsies*].

Tom Tucker [taking pail from her head, and putting her hand in his arm]. What is your fortune, my pretty maid?

Miss Muffet. My face is my fortune, sir [*curtsies*].

Tom Tucker. Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.

Miss Muffet [taking pail quickly from his hand, and tossing her head]. Nobody asked you, sir! [*Starts to go again.*]

Tom Tucker [following her]. Oh! stay, my dear.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you;
Lavender's blue, and rosemary's green,
When I am the king then you shall be queen!

Miss Muffet [setting down her pail, and fanning herself slowly].

Rosemary's green, and lavender's blue,
Thyme and sweet marjoram, hyssop, and—rue,
And rue it would be if I e'er should marry you.

Tom Tucker. Ah! no indeed, I am the very sort of a husband you ought to have, and you are just the kind of a wife I am in search of.

When I was a little boy,
And lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I had,
I kept on a shelf;
But the rats and the mice
Did lead me such a life,
I was forced to come to London
To get myself a wife.

I love you devotedly, little Miss Muffet; will you marry me?

Miss Muffet [laughing at him].

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,

And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?

I have little more to say,

Than will you, yea or nay,

The least said is truly soonest mended—ded—ded.

The little maid replied,
Some say she softly sighed [*sighs and hides her face behind her fan, then looking out boldly*].

But what shall we have to eat—eat—eat?

Will the love that you're so rich in,

Make a good fire in the kitchen,

Or the little god of love turn the spit—spit—spit?

Tom Tucker [looking a little nonplussed].

There was an old woman in Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge—

Miss Muffet [interrupting quickly].

There was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night, in a hurry.

Called her husband a fool,
Drove her children to school,

This worrying old woman of Surrey,

and it was all, no doubt, because she married a poor man, and had nothing but porridge to live on. No, indeed! I shall marry no poor man! When I take a husband I shall marry a rich man, a golden goose—and here he comes now!

[*Enter Jack, looking very forlorn. He does not appear to see Miss Muffet or Tom Tucker, but walks slowly along with head down and eyes upon the floor.*]

Jack [in a melancholy tone of voice].

As I walked by myself, and talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,

Look to thyself, take care of thyself,

For nobody cares for thee!

[*Sees Miss Muffet, starts, and clasps his hands.*]

Ah, there she is!

Miss Muffet. Good-morning, Jack. How is our goose? What have you to say to-day?

Jack [looking at her with admiration, and coming closer as he speaks].

Says the little girl to the little boy,

"What shall we do?"

Says the little boy to the little girl,

"I'll kiss you." [*Tries to kiss her.*]

Miss Muffet [moving away, and tapping Jack with her fan]. No, no, Mr. Jack.

Come when you're called, do as you're bid,

Shut the door after you, never be chid!

Jack [ruefully]. Do you talk to that fellow [*pointing to Tom Tucker*] in that way? Who is he?

Miss Muffet. Mr. Thomas Tucker, let me introduce you to my particular friend, Mr. Jack Goose. [*The two gentlemen scowl fiercely at one another and bow.*]

Jack. Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and home he run;
The pig did greet, and Tom him beat,
And both ran howling up the street.

Tom Tucker. Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner,

Eating a Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb,

And pulled out a plum,

And said, "What a great boy am I!"

Miss Muffet [with dignity]. Mr. Goose, Mr. Tucker is a musical gentleman of renown; his tunes set people to dancing who never danced before! Mr. Tucker [*turning to Tom*], Mr. Goose is the celebrated architect of a wonderful house, and should be respectfully addressed. [*Aside to Tom.*] Play something and astonish him.

Tom Tucker. Excuse me, I might play for a swan—never for a goose!

Miss Muffet [aside to Jack]. Invite him to see your mansion, and surprise him.

Jack. No, I won't—I hate him—so there!

Miss Muffet. You are two very disagreeable fellows. Good-morning, Mr. Tucker. Mr. Goose, I will excuse you [*curtsies to both*].

Jack. You'll break my heart, so you will. Boo-hoo.

Goosey goosey gander,
Where shall I wander! [*Exit crying.*]

Tom Tucker [aside]. You won't discard me so easily. [*Aloud.*] And so that is your rich lover! Well, he needs golden eggs to make him a palatable goose, I must confess!

Miss Muffet. He's a good-hearted, amiable fellow, which cannot be said of all of my lovers, Mr. Tucker—and he is very much in love with me.

Tom Tucker. I may not be the best tempered fellow in the world—but—so am I very much in love with you—but you don't care anything for me.

Miss Muffet [from behind her fan]. Don't I?

Tom Tucker [trying to peep behind her fan]. Do you?

Miss Muffet [shutting the fan up with a snap].

Ah, Tom Tucker,
Sing for your supper!

Tom Tucker [laughing]. What shall I sing for?

Miss Muffet [tossing her head]. Oh—white bread and butter.

Tom Tucker.

How shall I cut it without any knife?

How can I marry without any wife?

[*Kneels at Miss Muffet's feet.*]

I will sing, I will sigh,

I will jump sky high,

If you will marry me,

My dear Miss Muffet, will you be Mrs. Tucker?

[*Miss Muffet gives him her hand.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A room at King Cole's court. A table on which stands a punch-bowl, pipes and tobacco.*

Enter Bo-Peep [looking very melancholy].

Bo-Peep. Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,
When he comes back he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto.
Bobby Shafto's fine and fair,
With his locks of curly hair,
He's my love forever mair,
Pretty Bobby Shafto. [*Sighs.*]

Ah! me, what an unhappy mortal I am. Uncle King Cole says, maybe Bobby will never come back. He says sailors have a sweetheart in every port—but I don't believe Bobby has.

On Sunday morning

My love will come in,

And marry me with a golden ring!

They shan't make me forget my dear Bobby—and I won't have Old Mother Goose's son Jack. They may talk and talk and talk. I won't marry any one but Pretty Bobby Shafto!

[*Enter Miss Muffet. Kisses her.*] Well, Bo, dear,

how are you? Any news?

Bo [shaking her head sadly]. No!

Miss Muffet. Has no one discovered any tracks?

Bo. No, there has not been a vessel in sight for weeks.

Miss Muffet. Vessel! Oh! I was talking about your sheep—you mean that dear lamb of a Bobby, don't you?

Bo. Of course I do: but neither has there been any news of my sheep.

Last night I dreamed

A pleasant dream,

I thought I heard them bleating;

But when I awoke,

I found it a joke,

The darlings were still fleeting. [*Weeps.*]

Miss Muffet. Don't cry, dear; I dare say they will come home and bring their tails behind them, quite naturally. But do you really expect to see Bobby Shafto?

Bo [confidentially]. I love my love with a B, because he is Beautiful; he took me to the sign of the Barge, and treated me to Bluefish; his name

is Bobby, and he lives in a Boat, and he will come sailing home to me, I have no fear!

Miss Muffet [confidentially]. Bo, I have a great secret to tell you. I love my love with a T, because he is Talented; he took me to the sign of the Trumpet and treated me to Tertapin—his name is Tom, and he lives in a Tent!

Bo [clapping her hands]. Oh! I am so glad; now we can both be married on the same day.

Miss Muffet. Yes, won't that be delightful—but see there, Bo, who is coming. One is none, two is some, three's a many. I will go. [Runs off quickly. Enter Bobby Shafto. Bo-Peep rushes into his arms.]

Bobby. I'm from my ship a-sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea,
And oh! it is all laden
With pretty things for thee.
There's jewels in the cabin,
And satins in the hold;
The sails are made of fine silk,
The masts are made of gold.

You have not forgotten your sailor boy, have you, Bo?

Bo. No, indeed; but they all tried to make me marry an old goose before you came home!

Bobby. An old goose!

Bo. Yes, Mother Goose's son Jack.

Bobby. Oh! the golden egg fellow; well, I've as much money as he—now so.

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

Bo. Yes, I am thine alone, dear Bobby Shafto.

[Puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. Enter King Cole. He looks at them in amazement.]

King C. High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such fine sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Bo [running up to King Cole and throwing her arms around him]. O uncle, dear, here is Bobby Shafto safe back, and, please, we want to be married right away.

King Cole. Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the bumblebee.

Bobby. But I want to marry Bo-Peep, your majesty.

King Cole. Mother Goose wants—

Bo [interrupting and shrugging her shoulders]. I don't care what Mother Goose wants; I want Bobby, and if you won't let us get married, I'll die of a broken heart! [Cries and sobs bitterly.]

King Cole [pacifying her]. There, there, don't cry any more; you shall have Bobby and Bobby shall have you. [Puts her hand in Bobby's.]

[Enter Miss Muffet and Tom Tucker.]

Tom. Your majesty, Miss Muffet and I would like your royal consent to our marriage.

King Cole.

The cat came fiddling out of the barn,
With the bagpipes under her arm;
She could play nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumblebee.

Is everybody wanting to get married? Has the world gone crazy on marriage, pray?

Miss Muffet [coaxingly]. Please, dear King Cole, you are a merry old soul, won't you call for your fiddlers three, and let them play for our wedding?

[Bo-Peep, Bobby Shafto, Tom Tucker, and Miss Muffet all surround King Cole, and say at once, in a coaxing tone, crescendo]—

P-l-e-a-s-e-e-e-ase!!!!

King Cole [laughing and stopping his ears]. Yes—yes—yes—anything for peace and quiet. [Goes to door and calls]—

I want my pipe!
And I want my bowl!
And I want my fiddlers three!

Ah! who comes here? A mob!

[Enter Mother Goose, Mother Hubbard, and Jack, all in a state of excitement. Mother Goose marches straight up to King Cole, and addresses him wrathfully]—

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

I hear you have called for your fiddlers three, and I judge from the looks of things [looking at the two couples who stand side by side very affectionately] that it is a wedding they are to perform for. Pray, is my son Jack to be one of the grooms? I have your word for it that he should be.

Mother Hubbard. Yes, we are a committee of two enraged women, who hold you to your word—or will sue you for breach of promise!

King Cole [looking from one to another in a surprised sort of amusement].

The king of France marched up the hill
With twenty thousand men [smiles],
And when he got them up the hill,
He marched them down again!

I fear you will have to take your gosling to another market, Madame Goose; both of these maidens have chosen husbands to their liking and my satisfaction.

Mother Hubbard [with spirit].

Dogs in the garden—
Catch 'em, Towser [to her dog],
Cows in the cornfield,
Run, boys, run.

[To Mother Goose.] Come, my dear, let us go; this is no place for honest, upright folks.

Mother Goose [shaking her finger at King Cole].

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Dead or alive I will have some!

King Cole [bowing to both ladies].

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town;
Some gave them white bread,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum cake
And sent them out of town.

[Points to punch-bowl and table.] Will you have some refreshments, ladies, and Mr. Jack?

[Jack walks over to Miss Muffet and offers his arm, she turns her shoulder with a shrug, and opens her large fan and hides her face from him.]

Jack [in a mournful tone and with a woebegone expression].

Goosey, goosey gander,
Where shall I wander?

[Mother Goose and Mother Hubbard each take Jack's arm. He drops them, and lifting up his finger, counts each one as he repeats]:

Jack. Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seeds and brier thorn,
Three geese in a flock,
O u t—out!

[All bow very low to audience.]

CURTAIN.

Dimple's Christmas.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

How the fierce, huge wolf puffed his angry breath at Dimple's door!

Poor, pretty mamma! Every time she dared open a crevice he glared fiercer and fiercer, just ready to leap in and devour them, with only mamma's two white hands to fight him away.

You need not shiver nor be afraid, little darlings; the cruel creature that crawled up and down those rows of dark, steep stairs, is not one to trouble your happy homes. No, indeed! The cozy fires, the dainty food, the soft, warm garments—all the good and blessed things the Father in Heaven sends you—are death to the wolf that hid on Dimple's stairs.

He dares not venture near the homes of the rich. He is the terrible Wolf of Want!

His breath had blown over Dimple's cheeks till all the rose-tint had vanished. Far down in her dusky eyes lay something that looked like pictures of sunny gardens and babbling fountains and sweet, heart-restful places; but the shadows hung over like curtains, and one could catch but fitful, uncertain glances. But Dimple kept the little nest just as bright as love could make it.

"Never mind, mamma-bird," Dimple would coo, "some day we will go to a pretty place where there's blossoms and a canary, and we shall have plenty of bread, and fire whenever we please, and we will leave the big wolf dead on the stairs!"

"Let me warm your two hands, mamma. Mine are not half so cold. Snuggle them right down in my lap. I will cover them with my hair."

"There! How cozy they are! Now I must warm mamma's pretty, dear feet. Ah! mamma, what would you do without your little Dimple? Am I not of much use to you?"

"You are my precious darling!" mamma would murmur, and then sit with blue, shut lips.

However sad mamma looked, for some reason she never wept.

Shall I tell you why, my little ones? Tea's are too costly for the poor. They take away the strength, and Dimple's mamma must save hers—every atom—must save it for her darling child.

"Mamma!"

The little girl's eyes were as though the sun had flashed over them.

"Do you suppose Santa Claus can reach us? If he does, he will find out all about it, and oh! I know he will bring!"

"Hush, Dimple, you must not hope. He cannot find us. He does not know where we are gone."

Then mamma clasped the little one so tightly she almost hurt her.

All day and all night Dimple grew warmer and warmer. She was thirsty. Mamma lifted the window and broke bits of ice and snow, crusted together on its ledge, and very sweet and refreshing they were to the little one's lips.

Christmas morning whitened over the world.

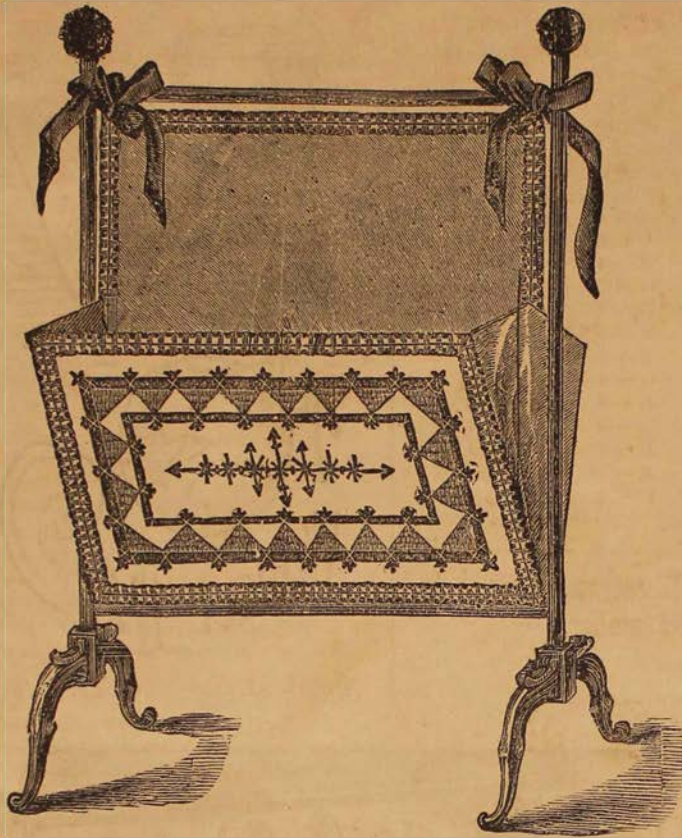
"Did he come?"

"Darling, he did not find us." Mamma spoke the words in short, husky tones. "But you shall have a nice breakfast, my pet. Only wait."

Then mamma's blue fingers made trembling haste. There was a wee parcel far back on the shelf—rice. Mamma had saved it long, thinking it might fill a sorer time of need.

Rice is not a great luxury to you, dears, but with Dimple it was so different!

"Food is what she needs. Food will make her well as ever." This was what mamma kept thinking as she lighted the scanty fire and placed Dimple's breakfast to cook.



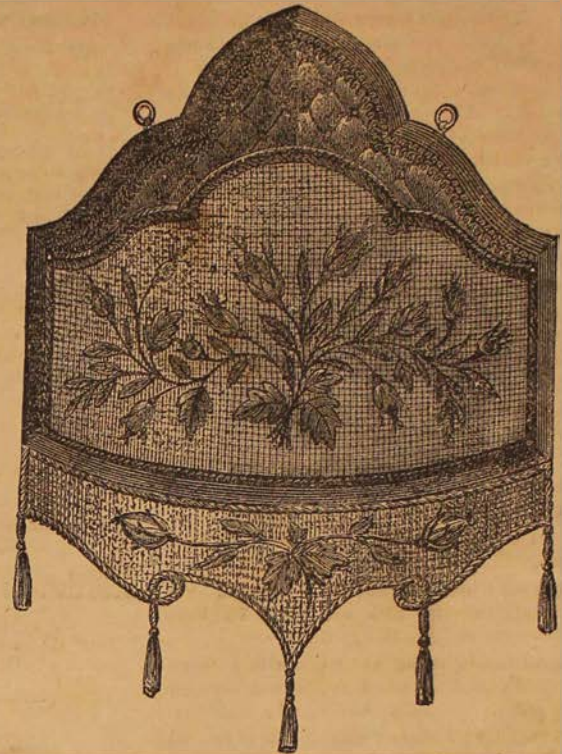
Portfolio for Engravings.

This article will be found useful for many things. The standard can be made at any carpenter's. The frame is forty-five inches high and thirty-two inches wide. Take a thick pasteboard box-cover; cover both sides with maroon-colored rep and finish the edges with a wide gimp. The fronts of the pockets are made of pasteboard, nineteen inches high and twenty-eight inches long. Cover the side for the inside with the rep. The outside is of white cloth, with three-cornered pieces of maroon velvet laid on, and a black ribbon velvet laid over, and feather-stitched between each point. The center is embroidered in black and maroon floss.

Cut two pieces of rep twenty-one inches long, and twenty-one inches wide at the top, and ten inches at the bottom; make a narrow hem at the top for the ends of the pockets, and sew this to the front pieces, fastening it through the center firmly to the center pasteboard; make two plaits at the bottom, then sew it firmly together. Finish the edges with a wide gimp. Sew ribbon to the pasteboard center and tie it to the standard.

Knitted Kettle-Holder.

In two colors—for instance, red and blue. Cast on thirty-six stitches with red yarn, knit a row, then knit six stitches with the red and six with the blue alternately; when you change the color, pull the yarn rather tight at the back of the other color, which will make the stitches stand up in a round when finished; in the next row, every time you change the color of the yarn you must bring that you have done with forward, and pass the other back. When you can count four ridges of blue on the right side, make the red stitches to come over the blue, and the blue ones over the red; the side squares should be kept flat; when large enough, knit a row, cast off, and line it.



Corner Wall-Pocket.

A VERY simple design. The foundation is either of wood or card. It is lined with colored satin and tufted with buttons to match. The front of our model is worked with floss on canvas, but if covered with satin and painted in water-colors, the effect is very beautiful. Finish the edge with a heavy gimp and gilt braid, or, if the foundation of wood is used, fasten on the gimp with brass-headed nails. The pocket is hung by rings, secured firmly to the back. The lambrequin is made of the same material as the front of pocket, and can be left off if desirable.

Knitted Edging.

CAST on seven stitches. 1st row.—Take off one stitch, knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, lap in the thread twice, narrow one. 2d row.—Make one stitch, knit two, seam one, put back your thread, knit one, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit two. 3d row.—Take off one, knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, lap in the thread twice, narrow one, lap in the thread twice, narrow one. 4th row.—Make one, knit two, seam one and put back your thread, knit two, seam one and put back your thread, knit one, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit two. 5th row.—Take off one, knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit seven. 6th row.—Knit eight, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit two. 7th row.—Take off one, knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, lap in the thread twice, narrow one, lap in the thread twice, narrow one, knit one. 8th row.—Knit three, seam one and put back your thread, knit two, seam one and put back your thread, knit one, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit two. 9th row.—Take off one, knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit ten. 10th row.—Knit, and slip and bind eight, leaving six on the other needle, then knit two, lap in the thread once, narrow one, knit two.



Horseshoe Pincushion.

CUT two pieces of cardboard the shape of pattern; cover each of them on one side with silk, and paint a spray of flowers in water-color round the top. Overhand the pieces together and stick pins round the edges, allowing the heads to remain out an eighth of an inch. Hang the cushion with a narrow satin ribbon.

What Women are Doing.

Lady Burdett-Coutts has a second time given \$500 to the funds of the London Open Air Mission.

Miss Blanche W. Howard, of Bangor, now living in Germany, is the author of "One Summer."

In Androscoggin County is a young lady just entering the field of authorship, Miss Hettie E. Bearee, of Auburn.

Of Maine literary ladies, one of the most popular is "Sophie May," of Norridgewock.

Miss Broughton is the editor of *The Burlington*, a new English magazine devoted to fiction.

Modjeska has contributed a story to the next issue of the London Christmas Annual, "The Green Room."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has prepared a new lecture which will be called "The Boy of To-day."

Miss Lucille Clinton has just executed a life-size portrait, in charcoal, of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Clara Bell" has added to the "Leisure Hour" series, an excellent translation of Auerbach's "Brigitta."

Miss Nellie Holbrook has been employed in making campaign speeches, but without achieving any great success.

Miss Anna Dickinson says the reason why she stopped talking politics was, because she had nothing more to say.

A woman's view of Beyrout is given by Mrs. Burton in her "Inner Life in Syria": "It is a demi-civilized, semi-Christianized, demi-semi-Europeanized town."

"Mating, and Marrying" is the title of the new work by "C. C. Fraser-Tytler," who is in private life Mrs. Edward Sidell, and the popular author of "Jonathan."

Miss Clara Morris is said to be a fine critic, intensely interested in art, and quite as capable of being distinguished as a writer as an actress, if her early bent and education had taken that direction.

Jennie Collins, of Boston, has issued her tenth annual report of "Boffin's Bower": 3,700 free dinners were served during the year to hungry young women; 1,370 applications were made for girls, 1,440 girls applied for places. Miss Collins does a much-needed work well, and deserves hearty encouragement.

Ella and Linda Dietz belong to the new Somerville Club of London, of which the Misses Garrett, the Misses Biggs, Dr. Blackwell, and many of the most eminent women in literature, art, science, and journalism are members.

The Dowager Duchess of Cleveland has contributed £3,000 to the endowment of the proposed bishopric of Southwell. Her grace has also subscribed £500 toward the erection of a palace at Southwell for the future bishop.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the younger daughter of the Prime Minister, has left her father's house at Hawarden for Nuneham College, where she is to act for a few months as private secretary to the vice-principal.

Grace Greenwood's only daughter has been acting the past season in Miss Genevieve Ward's Company at the Prince of Wales Theater, London. Beside her histrionic talent, Miss Lippincott, whose stage name is Annie Layton, has considerable musical talent, and is now studying probably with the intention of becoming an operatic singer.

Miss Ermelina Pereira, the mistress of the Indian Female Government School at Coalvalle, has successfully passed the matriculation examination in the National Lyceum at Goa. Miss Pereira is the first lady among her countrywomen who has attained this distinction.

Mlle. Blanche Pierson, of the Vaudeville, has gained a medal at the Dijon Exhibition for her paintings on porcelain. If the rumor of this success reaches Sarah Bernhardt, she, the *Parisian* says, will be wild. Sarah has never won a medal.

Mrs. Florence A. Graham has been appointed manager of the Western Union telegraph office at Auburn, the position having been made vacant by the death of her husband.

A stalwart woman got employment in male attire as a farm hand at Hutchinson, Ill., but the farmer discharged her on learning her sex. She has brought a suit to recover wages for the whole contract.

Miss Zoe Wilbour, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, took two first prizes last month in a Paris school. One was for French history, the other for French composition.

Lady Hardy, who has spent the last year in America in company with her daughter, Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, the author of several novels, will publish a record of her travels in the United States.

New South Wales.—In the Sydney Exhibition, three ladies, Mesdames La Vilette, Chevalier and Maire, have received prizes for painting, and Mlle. Eugenie Chevalier for wood engraving and lithography.

Miss Arabella B. Buckley, author of "The Fairyland of Science," has in the press the first part of a new work for young people, entitled "Life and her Children."

Woman Physicians in China.—A letter from China in the *Temps*, mentions that Miss Howard, an English lady, has been appointed doctor to the Countess Lé, as also to the management of a hospital established at Pekin by the foreign residents for which the Countess Lé supplies all the medicines.

Mrs. Gladstone has opened a home for business girls in London. The establishment will accommodate twenty-five young women, who will be expected to pay according to their means.

Mrs. Nicholl, of the Elima Inland Mission (the Academy says), has recently gone to Chung King, in Western China, being the first Englishwoman who has entered the province of Szechuen. Miss Wilson and Miss Faussett, of the same mission, have also lately started from Wuchang, in Central China, on a boat journey of one thousand miles up the river Han, on their way to Hanchung, in the remote province of Shensi in the northwest.

Miss Ella Wheeler is a Wisconsin writer who is just beginning to attract attention at the East. Some of her poems are charming, showing a maturity of thought and strength, as well as brilliancy of imagination that would do credit to established reputations.

One of the most popular writers of sketches is Miss Sarah O. Jewett, author of "Deephaven," who is a daughter of Dr. Jewett of South Berwick. In "Lady Ferry" the scene is laid in one of the old colonial houses of Kittery. She is an expert with the oar and shows no less skill in the saddle.

The London Ladies' Flower Mission, whose headquarters are 28 Martin's Lane, E. C., have distributed the past year 288,905 bouquets and lavender bags. These last are especially prized, not only because the fragrance is lasting, but more for the associations the perfume recalls of country scenes and innocent pleasures.

There is a young lady in Kingston, of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families, with a fine education, who superintends a large farm, and she is quite successful in its management. She says it is splendid exercise, and her health for that reason is excellent. Ennui is something she does not experience.

Lucy Tappan, a graduate of Vassar and the Massachusetts Normal School, takes the chair of mathematics at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria is the very long name of the very little daughter of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. She is to be called Princess Wilhelmina, and as a girl can have no pretensions to the throne of Holland.

Mrs. Chalmers Dale has given the town of Monson, Mass., \$25,000 for a granite building for a public library in memory of Horatio Lyon, her father, a leading manufacturer of the town, and his widow has given \$20,000 for an endowment fund.

Miss Smith was to have been married at Springfield, Ill., but she disappeared on the morning of the wedding day, and various were the conjectures as to her conduct. She has written from an adjoining State to her affianced husband, saying that she fled because she was scared, but is now ready to face the clergyman.

Among the Sisters of Mercy who accompany the Russian army are two princesses and a beauty with a fabulous fortune. These women maintain out of their own means the well-appointed ambulances to which they are attached.

Miss Alice W. Harlow, the eldest daughter of Dr. H. M. Harlow, of Augusta, Me., who graduated at Vassar College, with high honors, in 1877, has accepted the professorship of Latin and Greek in Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Illinois.

Lady Harriet Scott Bentinck has made the munificent gift of £4,000 to the International Hospital at Naples, in order to enable the committee to buy or build premises of their own. It is amongst the conditions of this gift that an English-speaking physician and English nurse be always kept at the hospital, and that in case of its dissolution the money be handed over to some other charitable institution of the English community at Naples.

The Commission that was appointed to choose nurses for the royal infant at Madrid, selected five young women of the province of Santander, all of very dark complexion. The one who has attracted the most attention, Leocadia Fernandez, is said to be of the highest type of Arab beauty, with large soft eyes and glossy hair.

A Calcutta correspondent of a native paper says that lately there have sprung up a number of good Bengal lady writers, the most accomplished being Mrs. Surnamoyi Goshal, a daughter of Baboo Debendra Nat Tagore. This lady is the author of two handly novels and a melodrama. She seems to be well read in English works of imagination and a careful student of English and Sanskrit poets.

Miss Sarah Holland Adams, daughter of the late Dr. Z. B. Adams, of Boston, has made a translation of Hermann Grimm's famous lectures on "Goethe and His Times," which will be published next month by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. Miss Adams still resides in Germany, and has greatly pleased Herr Grimm with her success in rendering his most interesting lectures into English. The Hon. Andrew White, having read the translation, gives it high praise.

Mrs. Noyes, the wife of the American Minister to France, is deeply interested in the welfare of her own sex in her native land. She has, for instance, learned the art of making artificial flowers since she came to Paris, with a view of aiding poor girls to learn that delicate and artistic branch of manufacture when she returns home. These lessons were taken in the midst of all the social claims upon her time. For delicate as is her health and fully occupied as are her days, she is punctilious in regard to paying visits.

Queen Victoria drove out and visited her pensioners as soon as she reached her Scotch estate, and was received with acclamations and tears by the old men and women. Crathie Church, where the Queen went on the following day, was crammed to suffocation, for not only the natives, but the tourists within ten miles came to gaze upon their ruler.

Miss Elizabeth Waite, a sister of Waite, the Brattleboro (Vt.) defaulter, was sent recently to an asylum for the insane. It is supposed that her insanity is due to a loss of \$10,000 which she and another sister sustained by Waite's appropriation of a life insurance fund which had been left them by will.

Miss Dora White, a graduate of the Madras Medical College, and the Resident Medical Subordinate of the Military Female Orphan Asylum, who recently proceeded to Bhrig, Cutch, to attend on her Highness the Maharani of Cutch, has returned to Madras, after having successfully treated the Maharani, whose failing health had given occasion for some anxiety. Miss White's services obtained for her the special thanks of her Highness the Maharani's family.

Shetland women are noted for their ability in managing a boat, and Admiral Thomas, who was in Lerwick recently, offered to act as coxswain to three strapping Shetland damsels in a contest between them and a crew of men from the revenue cutter *Eagle*. The match was keenly contested, but was easily won by the Shetland women, who used two oars each, and pulled gracefully.

The widowed Mme. Isaac Pereira has the enjoyment of a fortune of more than \$15,000,000. She is a woman of active mind, an intelligent patron of art, and very benevolent. Last winter she opened in Paris a soup kitchen in which 800 rations of beef, bread and soup were given away to the poor inhabitants of her quarter. During the latter years of his life her husband devoted his mental energy to the study of pauperism, and to schemes for its extinction.

A young Japanese lady of sixteen, Miss Minei Yabu, daughter of an official in the emperor's household, has arrived in the East from San Francisco. She is a graduate of the English school in Tokio, and will remain three years in America to perfect her education. She is a poet and a landscape painter, and is described as being extremely petite. She has a light complexion, fascinating black eyes, and a bright, cheerful countenance.

The Woman's Silk Culture Association, which was established last winter in Philadelphia, has made much progress in its work. Its object is to spread the knowledge of rearing cocoons and reeling silk as an occupation for women in the country who have difficulty in getting work, and those who are not occupied wholly with household cares. A school has been opened with a competent teacher, which is supplied daily with fresh mulberry leaves grown in its vicinity. It is said that the mulberry tree will grow wherever the apple does. It has been ascertained from correspondence that a large number of women both in the North and in the South are ready to take up such an occupation.

The will of Mrs. Mark Rosseter, who died at Great Barrington, Mass., bequeathed \$3,000 to the American Board of Foreign Missions, \$3,000 to the American Home Missionary Society, \$2,000 to the American Mission Association, \$1,000 to the Seaman's Friend Society, \$1,500 to the Oberlin (Ohio) Theological Seminary to found a scholarship to be called the "Jennie M. Rosseter" scholarship, and \$500 to the Congregational Church at Great Barrington, the income of which is to be devoted to keeping up the Sunday-school library.

Mrs. Joakam, of Coos River, Oregon, aided by her daughter and one hired man, carries on her farm, and she has this summer already laid down 1,600 pounds of butter, for which she expects to realize fifty cents per pound in winter, and besides sufficient hay for her stock, she has forty tons to sell.

There is a female dentist in Lawrence, Kan., Mrs. Lucy Taylor, who has practiced for more than twenty years. A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* thinks she was the first lady graduate in her profession in this country, and that she has enjoyed a good practice and good pay. Two good houses built with her own earnings show this. She commenced the study of medicine, but having poor health, was advised to take dentistry instead. She practiced first in Chicago, and went to the warmer climate of Kansas thirteen years ago for her health. Other dentists are said to treat her as a usurper rather than as a co-worker. After her marriage in Chicago she taught her husband her profession, but has always been at the head of the firm herself.

Sarah Starr, an aunt of Starr King, who was loved by him as a sister, and was identified with his home in the earlier part of his career, died recently at her home in Lynn, Mass. Her means were limited, and she supported herself a while with her needle. While she stitched she found time for reading and study. The best of literature was at her command. This gave her a desire to know the languages in which so much of the literature she loved was written, so by herself she began the study of German, French, and Italian, and became a thorough linguist. Thus she was enabled to give up her needle and employ herself in teaching. Her scholars were mostly advanced pupils wishing for instruction in some particular branch of the modern languages.

What Men are Doing.

Gambetta is a most eloquent talker, a rapid, vigorous, brilliant writer, a delightful person to meet.

Professor Perry, of Williams College, has been for eight years collecting materials for a history of that institution.

Mr. Herbert Spencer intends next year to make a tour round the world by way of the United States and Japan.

Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa has written a book of medico-social essays entitled "A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community," which G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue in October.

Mr. Parke Godwin during his summer sojourn at Cummington, Mass., has been writing a memoir of his father-in-law, William Cullen Bryant.

Mr. John McCullough, the American actor, will appear at Drury Lane Theater in April next. The play selected is the late Mr. Justice Talfourd's "Ion."

Sir Frederick Leighton made the drawings for the sumptuous edition of George Eliot's "Romola" recently published. The edition is limited to a thousand copies.

The Excellent Article on the operatic stage written for *Scribner's Monthly* was by Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, the musical critic of the *N. Y. Tribune*.

Bjornsterne Bjornson, the Norwegian novelist, dramatic poet and pamphlet writer, is visiting in this country and studying its institutions.

The "Artists' Guild," a new society for men and women, has been started by a man, Mr. H. K. White, in Boston.

Three Handsome Gold Medals were recently made and presented to three boys, pupils of Grammar School No. 63, New York City, for bravery in saving life.

George Bancroft completed his history of the United States on his eightieth birthday.

John G. Whittier has left Amesbury, and now resides at Danvers, where he occupies himself with literary and agricultural pursuits.

New and Complete editions of Mr. Longfellow's and Bret Harie's poems are in preparation at the Riverside Press.

The late Tom Taylor's will gave to his widow, Laura Wilson Taylor, all his property for life, as to the income; and as to the principal at her death, for his children, as she shall by deed or will appoint. She is also made guardian of the children.

A rich New Yorker left a will recently giving a million to charities and three thousand dollars a year to his wife.

Mr. T. T. Barnum is a practical worker in the field of temperance as well as a lecturer. He offers to give \$1,000 toward a reading and amusement room in Bridgeport, where young men may find sociability away from the saloons.

A Little Volume of select poems from Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's works is to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a peculiarly dainty style, on linen paper and with vellum cover. It will be called "XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets."

A New and Remarkable impersonator of well-known people has been found in Boston, Mr. Wm. H. Sayward. His reproductions of such widely different artists and orators as Dr. Collier, Beecher, Janauschek, and Salvini is life-like.

Colossal Statues of Michael Angelo and Albert Durer by Mr. Ezekiel, the American sculptor in Rome, have been received at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. They are companion statues to his Phidias and Raphael.

James Parton, the great biographer, is so very retiring, he goes so little in society, that he is hardly known outside his books. A native of England—he was born in Canterbury under the shadow of the famous cathedral—he is of French Huguenot descent, one of his ancestors, Pierre Parton, having crossed the Channel and settled in Kent.

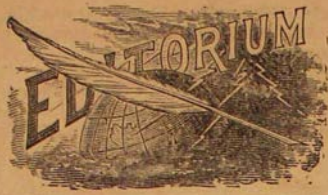
Mr. Max Maretzek says that Americans have, as a rule, good voices, and adds: "The day is not very far off when we will have not only native singers, but their whole education will be obtained at home. More than that, too, we shall have local opera-houses, and after that a school of native composers will come as a logical sequence."

Lieutenant Schwatka, who returned recently from his successful expedition to the North Pole, has been made the recipient of distinguished honors from the Geographical Society of New York, and famous personages, both in this country and Europe. His explorations have settled the long-debated question of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party.

The most popular lecturer of the season is Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, and his most taking lecture is on "Royal People I have met."

A Spanish Painter who has lived in Rome for ten years, Signor Villegas, has sold his picture entitled "A Spanish Baptism in a Cathedral," to Mr. Vanderbilt for thirty thousand dollars. The condition is made that the subject shall not be repeated.

Mr. Belt has recently finished two marble busts of the Prince Imperial. The one was done on the commission of a general in the English army, and has been placed in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The Queen gave the commission for the other. It is said that the prince greatly changed in his facial appearance during his few months' service at the Cape.



Christmas.

THERE is always a good reason for that which has obtained a strong hold upon the hearts of the people, and probably there is no festival—no experience in the whole range of human enjoyment, which is participated in by so many, which is anticipated with such eager delight, which creates such vivid transformation in the look of the outer world, and develops so many new and pretty industries, as this old yet ever-new celebration of the birth and love of Jesus. One of the hardest things to endure in a life that has few pleasures, that is circumscribed and limited by want of opportunities, and narrow means, is the routine. Whatever occurs to break this up, to change the current of thought, to stimulate activity, to give a motive that is sweet and pleasurable to life and work, is of benefit to body and mind, and when it comes to us as part of the general order of things, and can be enjoyed without breaking in upon our lives, or interfering with the performance of our regular duties, we should cultivate it religiously as an invaluable aid to health and happiness.

The theological aspect of it sinks into utter insignificance beside the human, the physiological, and the hygienic aspects, of which so few estimate the importance. We can remember the day, and the event which gives its significance upon our knees; but the gift we present may have occupied our thoughts, and warmed our hearts, and given brightness to life for weeks, though it were only a trifle of our own making. The emblematic green also smiles down upon us as a reminder, and a sacred promise; while the hospitable preparations which we make, even at a little sacrifice, enlarge the boundary of our daily vision, and compel us to put a new and broader interest into our lives.

Christmas loses its character and its significance when it is made a mere excuse for display, for grand entertainments which mean nothing, or a grudging hospitality which counts its cost as more than its gain. It is, above all other festivals, the one that typifies love and care for others, and its greatest charm is in sincerity and spontaneity.

It is especially too the family festival, beloved of the children, and a "Christmas" would not be Christmas from which they were excluded. Its proper and joyous observance is one of the privileges, not to say possibilities of the family, one that cannot be enjoyed by the bachelor, and compensates for somewhat of that "freedom" of which he boasts, and which he would gladly barter as the years roll on for a chubby, hearty boy, or sweet rosy girl. If a bachelor enjoys Christmas at all, it must be in the house of some married man, and if he never envied him before, he does then; with his children about him, his board spread with home-made Christmas dainties, and the light of a conscious integrity and harmony between himself and the plan of God's creation expressing itself in the serene satisfaction of his soul.

Life is difficult at best, and those who cut themselves off from the blessing of a home of their own, from children, from the constant surprises and delight which the growth, the varied circumstances, and development of new lives afford, are subjects for profound pity and commiseration—none the less so because an ignorant selfishness, and fear of manly responsibility often lies at the bottom of it. The way to really get all the good and happiness out of life is to take hold of it "strongly," as Goethe says, and not be afraid of its

duties or its responsibilities; be sure we shall find unexpected times of comfort in them in the days that are to come, when pleasure, as pleasure, has palled upon us, and even Christmas is cared for more for the delight it is to others, than the actual enjoyment it affords to ourselves.

True Charity.

ONE of the problems of to-day is how to meet the question of poverty and the demand for help which grow stronger and more imperative every day, as populations increase, and the reckless and lazy learn the art of depending upon the sympathies of mankind, as upon an unfailling source of supply.

That there are circumstances exceptionally hard, and which need help, that there are misfortunes which defy the most prudent foresight and calculation, no one will deny; but the victims to these are quite overshadowed by the clamorous crowd who make a profession of beggary, and whose fraudulent practices in time become so transparent as to disgust and close up the very fountains of sympathy and compassion in the hearts of the most kindly disposed, and induce them to believe that all charity is thrown away, or worse, encourages idleness, and begets pauperism.

This is a sad aspect of the case, for the "poor" we are to have "always" with us, according to the Bible, and they will always present an unsolvable problem unless we can hit on some methods of treatment different from those which have yet been reached.

It is beginning to be pretty well understood, however, that ignorance first, and vice afterwards, lie at the root of poverty, and that the first necessity, in endeavoring to get rid of it, is to teach people how to help themselves.

Giving five dollars is worse than useless as a form of charity, unless it goes through the hands of some conscientious person, who can and will do what you are not willing to do yourself, give personal service, and work in their houses, and among the poor.

Not in the way of dropping a tract, or interfering in their daily affairs, but making one's self acquainted—gaining their confidence, helping with a sick child, starting a little sewing or cooking school in their midst, open to children or adults, and a loan office, where small sums could be lent without interest, which would tide over a hard time without the loss of self-respect, and leave them qualified to be beneficiaries a second time upon its repayment.

These loan societies are becoming a feature of all organizations which have for their object the aid and comfort of the poor, upon a basis which permits them to maintain their independent manhood and womanhood.

Charity doles are pauperizing and degrading, and they are not always true charity even on the part of the givers. There are plenty of so-called benevolent people who will give a small sum to excuse themselves to their consciences for not paying a larger one where it is rightfully due. Half-paid clergymen and their families throughout the country districts know what it is to receive cake and maple sugar, which make them sick, instead of a remuneration, which would enable them to buy proper food and clothing.

Periodically there are fits of virtuous and charitable indignation in great cities about the condition of working girls, and the necessity of providing "homes" for them—the principal feature of which is always that they are as unlike real homes as possible. Such charitable intervention is an insult to working girls; they ought to be as free to choose their own homes as their employers, and their wages should enable them to live in them comfortably. Let us learn to be just before we make a parade of being generous; and when

we exercise charity, do it in such a way as not to destroy what is best and most essential to character in any human soul.

City and Country Needs.

It is a great pity that the city and country lives of American women should not be brought into such association as would be useful to both. Young women in the country need the money they could earn, and the purpose, the activity, the change, which work for money would give them. Women in the city need just the sort of help they might receive from girls who have been brought up in country homes, who know how to make beds, wash dishes, sweep rooms, and cook if necessary, and could, upon a pinch, lend a hand at any and all of these household duties.

But the two cannot be brought together because there are difficulties on both sides—of pride, and ignorance, and unwillingness to do the right thing, because the way of doing it does not exactly suit us. "Is it not a shame!" remarks a kind and well-to-do lady living in a suburb of New York; "here is a beautiful home for a woman who can do what I want, and no more hardship about it than if she was working in a home of her own, the certainty, besides, of good wages and appreciation on the part of her employers, which she would not be sure of in a home of her own, yet I cannot get girls to stay here, and half the time I have to do my own work for want of competent assistance. There are plenty of girls and women who would be willing to come from all parts of the country, accept the wages, the home, and the comfort these afforded them, but they have not the dimmest idea of the exigencies of city life. They want to be treated as "one of the family"—that is a *sine qua non*. They have dim ideas about being invited to the theater or the opera, and, above all things, they want the afternoons to take lessons in oil or decorative painting, or art needle-work.

"This they could readily understand, if they knew anything about the work and habits of city homes, is quite out of the question. The dinner is universally prepared for six or half-past six o'clock in New York, and by the time it is properly cleared away it is eight, possibly nine, o'clock. Breakfast is not so early as in the country, and the morning duties, lunch and the preparations for dinner, occupy all the fore part of the day. A cook gets her afternoon or evening out once a fortnight, and her "Sunday" (that is part of the day) at the same regular intervals. This would seem like hardship to nine out of ten young women who come to the city with great ideas of what they wish to accomplish, but are too often content to sit down as dependents while they acquire a scattering of some modern "art" which can hardly be used as a veneer for real absence of all special and even general culture.

What the girls should do who are really in earnest is to come to the city, and go to work in earnest at whatever they can find to do. If they are exceptionally good or capable they will soon be discovered; in the mean time there is no necessity for making a hardship out of work of any kind, and at the worst it is better than vegetating with no object in life at all.

The girls who do the best for themselves are those who ask no odds of fate or fortune, but simply "do" something, and do it in the best way they can. There are plenty who would find in doing "general" housework, where they would not be brought in contact with other and foreign domestics, a stepping-stone to better things, and in any case a home where it would be their own fault if they were not well treated, and did not make it cleanly and pleasant, for this much would be almost entirely in their own hands.

Current Topics.

Notes and Comments on Events of the Day.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The Glory and Shame of Burns.

The Central Park is becoming the American Pantheon for celebrated men. In the old Roman Pantheon, it will be remembered, there were erected the statues of the gods of all nations. Rome was generous; Jupiter might preside over the destinies of the Eternal City, but the Roman warrior, when he conquered a nation, adopted its gods as his own. Hence, with a liberality unknown to the modern zealot, he honored alike Zeus and all his contemporary deities.

Already the Central Park has its statues of Shakespeare, Webster, Sir Walter Scott, Morse, Humboldt, and Schiller. The last addition is that of the poet Burns. It is to be found at the lower end of the Mall, opposite the statue of Sir Walter Scott, and it is said to be an excellent likeness. Burns will ever be remembered as the poet of the poor. No sweeter strains than his were ever sung. His merits as a poet, at the dedication of the statue, were warmly eulogized by George William Curtis, and the Rev. Robert Collyer, on the next Sunday, paid a fine tribute to the Scottish Bard. But alas, that we should have to say it. While Burns gave utterance to the noblest sentiments; while he showed a tender and feeling heart, he emphasized Byron's phrase that "man was half dust, half deity," for his private life was a shameful one. He died at 37, a poor drunken sot. His wife loved him with a strange devotion, for, though he was untrue to her, she had so much magnanimity as to take his child, of which she was not the mother, into her own family. Let his life be a warning as much as his poems are an inspiration.

What shall be done with Him?

Daniel O'Connell, at least that was the name he gave himself, was found drunk on the streets of New York. He was arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island. In seven years this man had been 138 times committed for drunkenness. When one term of imprisonment expired he immediately got drunk, and was sent back to be imprisoned anew. Should not there be a special law for such cases as this, which, by the way, are not unfrequent? There are many men, and alas that we should say it, women as well as men, who cannot abstain from strong drink. They are characterized as being their own worst enemies, and so they are. Why should not society save them from themselves, and imprison them for a sufficient number of years to cure them of their unnatural thirst for liquor? An habitual drunkard is not only an offense against society, but a nuisance to himself. There can be no abridgment of personal rights, if such a person is placed under conditions that will keep him a decent, moral, and sober human being. We should have houses of refuge for these insane people, where liquor could be kept from them for a sufficient number of years until the appetite had entirely died out.

In the Land of Mist and Ice.

No news of the *Jeannette*. A year ago she was fitted out by James Gordon Bennett, and sent up north to discover the Pole. All was well with her at last accounts, but lately an uneasy feeling has prevailed, she has not been heard from in so many months. Several attempts have been made to follow her path and find some relics of the vessel or her crew, but they have left no sign. Neither letter nor any evidence that she either survives or has been lost in the ice has been found.

The vessel was a staunch one, the crew was of picked men, the season was open, and it is barely possible that the mystery of the land of mist and snow, "east of the sun and west of the moon," may perhaps have been solved by this expedition. We fear however that the problem of the Pole will not be solved by sudden dashes. Captain Howgate's scheme of a colony that would remain year after year, and approach little by little to the desired goal is the one which has the best appearance of practicability. If the expedition advances step by step, keeping its communications open in the rear, some season would come when a dash forward could be made and the Pole reached. But the public anxiety will continue until it is known what has been the fate of the *Jeannette*.

Feeding the World.

The food question has become of such enormous importance in Great Britain that an international fair was held during October in which was exhibited provisions from all parts of the world. Nearly half the food consumed in the British Islands comes from other countries, and every year Great Britain depends more and more upon other nations to feed and support her inhabitants. The fair was, as may be supposed, a brilliant one. The competition was in flour, dairy products, all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables, pickles, and in fact everything edible. America leads the world in canned articles of food. Our corned beef put up in packages is known in every country in Europe and Asia. The canning of vegetables and fruits has become an immense trade. The great Republic is beginning to supply all Europe with food. What a destiny is before this country if we are wise enough to take advantage of our great natural resources.

A Blind Man on Mont Blanc.

A blind man, F. J. Campbell, writes an interesting letter to the *London Times*, telling how he ascended Mont Blanc. As one of the objects of ascending that magnificent mountain is to see the country around it, Mr. Campbell must have lost half of the benefit of the trip, but he made an honest climb. He was not dragged up, but allowed his son to precede him, and followed the guide faithfully step by step to the very top. He depended upon his own arm in ascending, but in descending he admits that he made use of the guide's arm. The difficult and dangerous place known as the Bosse was not so perilous as he had supposed, but then perhaps his want of sight made him lose some of the sense of danger which accompanies the climbing of that part of the mountain. Very few human beings are competent to attack Mont Blanc, and the guide was quite justified in saying to Mr. Campbell, when he had reached the summit, "Welcome to the summit of Mont Blanc. You are the first and last blind gentleman who will ever stand on this the highest point of Europe."

Suiciding for Science.

The Royal Mail Steamer *Elbe*, which runs from Liverpool to Rio Janeiro, has on board a doctor who is an enthusiast on the subject of serpents' bites. An amiable, shrinking man ordinarily, he has become so infatuated with a cure he has discovered for snakes' bites that he has repeatedly had himself bitten so as to show the value of his antidote. At Bahia, he succeeded in conveying on board of the vessel a large rattlesnake which he kept in his cabin. He made the snake sting him, and the result was that he was found some twelve hours later in a state of coma, from which, however, he recovered. He said that the venom had no effect upon him. The crew and passengers were terrified; they killed the snake, and made the doctor promise not to do so any more on board the vessel. At Rio Janeiro, however, he plunged into the woods, and found a venomous snake which he made bite him. His delay was so long that it was feared that he was this time the victim to his own enthusiasm, but, before the vessel sailed, he turned up radiant and certain that he had at last secured that great boon to humanity, an antidote to the bite of snakes. There is no fear of snakes in this country, but in India it is computed that twenty thousand persons die annually from the bites of venomous serpents.

Newspapers Galore.

Just think of it! There are in the United States 9,723 newspapers. 843 are daily newspapers, 58 are

tri-weekly, 129 semi-weekly, 7,590 weekly, 43 bi-weekly, 123 semi-monthly, 868 monthly, 14 bi-monthly and 55 quarterly. New York State leads the list, having 1,239 papers. There are 445 German newspapers, 30 French, 4 Welsh, 1 Portuguese, 2 Polish, 2 Hebrew and 1 Cherokee. It is a pity we have so many newspapers. There should be fewer of them and better ones. It is a curious fact that London to-day has fewer daily papers than it had thirty years ago. As cities grow, some one paper monopolizes the interest of the reading public, and it is probable that ten years from now there will be fewer newspapers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis than there are to-day. It is a very difficult thing to establish a new paper in a large city. The cost is so great, as well as the difficulty of procuring news outside of the regular channels, that capital is deterred from entering that field.

What They Spent.

It is estimated that sixty thousand Americans visited Europe during the past season, and that they spent \$3,000 apiece, in all \$180,000,000. This is an enormous sum total, and yet we cannot say that the money was lost. All who can afford it should see the Old World. The New World surpasses it in natural beauties. We have a greater variety of soil and climate, but the historic associations of the Old World are the heritage of the whole race. William H. Vanderbilt alone spent what many Americans consider quite a fortune. He gave \$40,000 for one Meissonier. American artists have suffered by the education of our rich, who find so much better and cheaper pictures abroad that they learn to patronize the foreign artist to the detriment of their American rivals.

Cleopatra's Needle again.

Well, they have laid the corner-stone of Cleopatra's needle at the chosen site in Central Park, of New York. The place selected is a mound in a rolling country, and is probably as unfit a location as could be made. The Needle is a straight column, and was intended to be set up in a flat desert. Of course a vertical shaft on a horizontal surface is as striking a contrast as can be presented to the eye. But the obelisk goes on a mound in Central Park. The occasion was celebrated by a parade of the Free Masons, who claimed to have discovered on the foundation-stone of the obelisk masonic emblems. The day was a beautiful one, the procession was large, and visitors who come to New York in six months from now will have a chance to see the famous Needle of Cleopatra. By the way, these Egyptian associations recall the myth of the Sphinx, which was supposed to utter a cry when the light struck it in the early morning, and when the sun set at night. Could it be that the Egyptians knew how to transmute light into sound? for this is the latest discovery of modern science. The Egyptians certainly knew many arts which have been lost in moderns. They could liquefy gold and keep it a liquid. Modern engineering is unequal to the task of building a pyramid; that is, of transporting the immense masses of stone to the great distances which went to the construction of the pyramids. In many things these ancient inhabitants of the Nile were ahead of the moderns.

Transmuting Light into Sound.

What wonders science has in store for us. The photophone is a very marvelous discovery. As our readers are aware, within the past twenty years it has been found that all natural forces are convertible one into the other. That is to say, quantitatively you can transmute light into heat, heat into electricity, electricity into motion, and so through all the imponderable forces. There is no such thing as the destruction of a force. It always reappears in some other shape. If you clap your hands smartly together heat is the result of the arrested motion. This will give an idea of the convertibility of the forces. In experimenting with the telephone it was found that a ray of light could be transmuted, or changed, into a sound. Prof. Bell, one of the perfectors of the telephone, is the discoverer of this new fact in science, and it promises to be fruitful in practical results. The rays of the sun or beams from an electric light can be made use of to give distant signals in sound. The impinging of a ray of light upon a sensitive diaphragm emits a sound, and a succession of sounds would make a word. It may be possible to read or to hear a message sent by light thousands of miles. Who knows but what, by

means of rays of light, we may yet communicate with the inhabitants of the other planets, suns or stars. If beings of a higher range of intelligence than those which dwell on this earth inhabit the distant stars, they must know all about the mysteries of light and sound, and when our feeble intelligence compasses the same knowledge of the possibilities of the light that they have, perhaps some means may be found of communicating with all the wilderness of stars which spangle the heavens by night.

Poor Old Ireland.

The news which reaches us from beautiful, but misgoverned and very unfortunate, Ireland is heartbreaking. The people are plunged in poverty, and are in open revolt against paying their rents. Ireland has no coal or iron, and is therefore at a disadvantage with its neighboring and governing island. There are no manufactures except a few linen ones, and the people are forced to depend upon the products of the soil. A vicious land system has obtained, and the products of the island have been drained away by absentee landlords. The late Richard Cobden, John Bright, and some radical reformers have long wished for the Government to buy the landlords' rights, and to resell the soil to its actual cultivators, so that the improvements put upon the land would inure directly to the benefit of the person who made them. One of the wisest results of the French Revolution was the transfer of the estates of the Church and the nobles to the peasants. This got rid of a grievous tax on labor, and has resulted in making France the richest nation on earth, with the most contented agricultural class, America alone excepted. Land leagues have been organized in Ireland, the people are supposed to be arming, the more cruel of the landlords are being shot, and disorder reigns throughout this "gem of the ocean," for it is really a country blessed by nature. The land is fertile, the crops abundant, it is near the great cities of the world, and everything conspires to make it a peaceful and happy country, always excepting the misgovernment to which it is subject. In view of the protests the British Government is making to the Sultan respecting the misgovernment of his dominions, some wag in a London paper has gotten up a dispatch which is a very telling satire on the position of Great Britain. It is a take-off and a happy one apropos of the Dulcigno naval demonstration against Turkey. Says this dispatch:

"The Sultan is deeply moved by the social disorder now prevailing in Ireland and the paralysis which has overtaken the government of that country, so that human life is insecure and property no longer protected. His Majesty, as one of the European Powers, cannot, without disregard of his responsibility as a sovereign prince, continue to view with unconcern a condition of affairs unparalleled in Europe, which by its continuance threatens to destroy all respect for authority and loosen the very bonds of civilization. His ambassador at the Court of St. James will be instructed to press upon her Majesty's government the expediency of adopting without delay such measures as may put an end to a state of things which cannot be protracted without danger to the common weal of Europe; and falling attention to these remonstrances a division of the Turkish fleet will proceed to the Irish coast to render such assistance as may be necessary to protect life and property."

No Ships, no Commerce.

America has a vast trade, internal and external, but she has little or no shipping. Sailing vessels are now but little used in the commerce of the world, and steamers can be built cheaper in England and elsewhere than in this country. Great Britain's countenance to the rebel cruisers destroyed our shipping during the civil war. We have never recovered from the blow.

A convention was held lately in Boston, of people interested in the shipping interests of the country, to see what could be done to make our flag again honorably known on all the seas and oceans of the earth. It was found that our navigation laws prevented us buying ships where they were cheap. It was also discovered that England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Holland helped their steamship lines by direct government aid, giving large sums of money for the carrying of the mails. While the United States protects its manufactures by liberal tariff duties, it wholly neglects the shipping interests. It will not pay even decent prices for carrying the mails.

The bulk of the representatives come from the interior, and they do not realize that our shipping needs any help. The convention of shipping people to improve our commercial relations recommend that the tariff should be taken off of the materials which go to construct vessels. They think Government should pay liberally for the mails being carried, and that, in a general way, the United States should do something toward having our immense exports and imports carried in American bottoms. It will not be many years before Chicago, and other western cities, will be trying to ship directly to Europe. By that time the Welland Canal will be finished, and then vessels drawing fourteen feet can be loaded at Chicago and Milwaukee, and sail direct for Liverpool by the way of Montreal. If this should be successful, it will make a vast change in the commerce of the country, and the increase in the trade and population of the lake ports will be very great, while the cities on the sea-coast will naturally languish and be checked in their growth.

Schwatka's Adventurous Feat.

Still trying to solve the mystery of the death of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. The latest attempt was a daring one, and was undertaken by Lieut. Schwatka with a party of picked men, who adopted the novel plan of trying to live on the Arctic country they passed through. He and his party were well armed with repeating rifles, and they fortunately found an abundance of reindeer, bear, walrus, seal and other varieties of Arctic game. That is, it was generally so, for at times the party were put to sore straits to satisfy their hunger. Many hundreds of miles were traveled, the party being away from any base of supplies. Captain Hall, an American explorer, adopted the same plan one time, and lived for several years among the Esquimaux. He adopted their modes of life, their habits of eating, but his untimely death prevented the world from reaping the benefit of his researches in the Arctic regions. It is needless to tell the story of Schwatka's search. He did discover some few relics of Sir John Franklin. He brought back a number of curiosities from that land of mystery, mist, and ice which were on exhibition last month at the rooms of the American Geographical Society. He also brought back the bones of Lieut. Irving, one of Franklin's party. Indeed his curiosities, if we recounted them, would fill more space than we can afford to the matter.

A combination of Howgate's plan of a colony making gradual approaches toward the Pole with Schwatka's plan of taking advantage of the season when game was plenty to make a dash to the Pole and perhaps the mystery could be solved. Americans ought not to allow foreigners to solve this problem. We are, in some respects, nearer the Pole than they are in England. At least it is mainly on the American continent that approaches are made to get on the inside of the Arctic circle. It would be worth a national celebration if an American should plant the stars and stripes on the spot around which the earth revolves on its daily axis.

An Hygiearium Proposed.

A somewhat clumsy word this, but its author wished to attract special attention to a scheme which would be of vast benefit to humanity if it could be carried out. Mr. D. G. Croly has written a letter to the Executive Committee of the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1883, suggesting to them that in choosing a site it would be well to bear in mind the possibility of using the buildings for another purpose after the exhibition is over. In former world's fairs the buildings have had to be removed at the close, involving great waste and the loss to the world of many noble structures. Mr. Croly proposes that the various edifices shall be so constructed, that they can be permanently used for a great sanitarium or "hygiearium," as he prefers to call it. The peculiarity of this structure will be that its several departments should be so constructed as to give a different climate, each variation of temperature and air being adapted to certain forms of chronic disease. Certain consumptives require the dry air of Colorado or Minnesota; other forms of this disease are better served by warm, moist air such as that of Florida. This condition is now reproduced in every large conservatory. People with kidney troubles require the surface of the body to be kept moist and warm. Nervous complaints can be alleviated by proper atmospheric surroundings; while malarial diseases would soon

be gotten rid of in atmospheres absolutely pure and healthy. Human beings live under artificial conditions. We clothe our bodies to alter the temperature. We live in houses to avoid the rigors of the outside air. We eat cooked food to make our aliment healthful as well as toothsome. But so far we have taken the air and water raw. This new proposition means that air should be "cooked," manipulated, so as to be not only innocuous but tonic and health-giving. We get our fevers from contaminated water, and malaria from poison-laden air. In the hygiearium the air and water could be strained, purified, and in every way rendered beneficial to the human system. Mr. Croly thinks that this health resort should take up a thousand acres; that it should involve the most beautiful flora and fauna of every clime. It should represent all healthful temperatures. It should be the marvel of the world for its exhibition of plants, animals, birds, and should be the resort of the gay in summer and winter, as well as the sick. Once established, the business man who is sick need not go abroad; for he could find his Italy or his Colorado within fifteen miles of City Hall, and within telephonic reach of his business office; nor need the ailing wife or child be sent on long voyages to seek climatic conditions which could be found near their parents' home. This is a splendid scheme, and may some day be realized. Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. Chislani Durant, and other eminent physicians warmly indorse the scheme, and say it is entirely practicable.

Fighting about Fish.

There is trouble along the shores of Newfoundland. American fishermen are being ill-used by the Canadian fishermen. Under the treaty with Great Britain, Americans have the right to take bait and fish in those waters. We paid Great Britain \$5,000,000 to establish our right to these fisheries, but the local fishermen mob the Americans, refuse to allow them to take bait, and maltreat American citizens who insist upon our treaty rights. Our Secretary of State, William M. Evarts, has tried very hard to get the British Government to do us justice, but so far without result. Were we a powerful nation at sea we could send a fleet to the fishing grounds to enforce our rights; but we have no fighting ships, and are powerless to resent an injury or protect our citizens abroad. Some day we will drift into a war, and then we will see how unwise has been our Congress in not fostering our commerce, and in not giving us at least a few vessels to guard our coasts and protect our seamen and fishermen.

Splendid Skies.

The stars this fall have been magnificent. Jupiter and Saturn were never so brilliant, for both are unusually near the earth. It will be many generations before Jupiter is as near our planet as it was during last September. Said the great philosopher Kant, "There are two things which move me strangely—the starry sky above us, and the moral law within." Think of this, O reader, when you look out on the solemn stars! How marvelous is the universe in which we live! What splendors and immensities surround us on every side! and then realize how great is your own personality that can appreciate the universe you live in. Northern lights and aerolites will be in order this fall and winter. Early in October two comets passed between us and the sun, and one of them was visible to the naked eye, but a telescope was required to see the tail.

The King's Mountain Fight.

There has been a celebration of the battle of King's Mountain. This was fought, our younger readers should remember, during the Revolutionary War, when eleven hundred British soldiers and loyalists were killed or captured. A monument was erected over the remains of Ferguson, who certainly made a spirited resistance; but it is discreditable to people who live in its neighborhood, that they have permitted this monument to be mutilated. That was the work of mean cowards, and should be resented by every one who has the honor of the nation at heart. But the victory of King's Mountain had a very inspiring effect upon the colonies, which had been much depressed by Cornwallis's victory over Gen. Gates at Camden.

But why commemorate battles? The discoverer of steam, the inventor of the cotton-gin, the scientist who wrests the secrets of nature for the use of man—they deserve remembrance for all time. Why keep constantly in mind scenes of

human slaughter? The Romans had a wise practice of erecting statues, commemorating the victors in civil wars, of wood, so that they might perish from the memory of men. Why should not all wars be regarded as civil wars, dishonoring to mankind, whether civil or foreign? Ah, well! perhaps the millennium will bring all this around right.

A Goat Congress.

Just think of it—a thousand goats all in a row—this was at the Alexandria Palace, London, and the exhibition has its lessons for us Americans. The goat is a useful animal, and in Southern Europe its milk supplies the place of cow's milk, so largely used in this country and England. Goat's milk is the more nutritious of the two, and is especially fitted for infants' food in place of mother's milk. The object of this exhibition was to popularize the use of goat's milk and goat's flesh. The meat of the goat is somewhat tough, but the kid is tender and its flesh wholesome. The novelty of the show was the production of a hornless goat, the result of careful breeding by a gentleman who wished to get rid of the obstreperous Billy with his horns and pugnacity. Specimens of goats were exhibited from Spain and Holland, and even the ends of the earth contributed; for there were goats from Egypt, Babylon and Nubia. There was an Angora goat from the Cape of Good Hope, which attracted great attention. A magnificent goat belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts took the first prize. It has been argued that the goat would be an excellent animal to propagate in this country. With the donkey, which we now neglect, it could be used to clean forests of underbrush, and thereby check the spread of forest fires. It is surprising that donkeys are not more in vogue in view of their hardihood and the very little food they require. Why not a goat and donkey parliament in the United States, so as to show their good qualities to our people?

Garibaldi Unhappy.

The old hero of Caprera is sorely disappointed with the government of King Humbert. The parliament of Italy represents only a few thousand persons. Garibaldi, when he was deputy, tried to get universal suffrage. He pointed out how the Germans and French elect their legislators by the votes of all the people. Italy is cursed with heavy taxes, to keep up an army of 300,000 men, who are of no sort of use. The merchant marine is declining. The land tax is so heavy as to make the people sigh for the good old times when there was no "United Italy." The old patriot is indignant. He wants the money now spent on armies devoted to opening up the resources of the nation. He wants to dam up the rivers and prevent inundations; agriculture should be fostered; industry promoted; waste stopped; the clergy held in check; but he asks in vain. The position of Italy and the Italians is not a happy one.

1,455,923,000.

The above is the latest estimate of the population of the globe we live on, made by Herren Wagner and Behm, the well-known German geographers. The same authorities tell us that the monthly increase is nearly one million. At present neither wars, pestilence nor famines are at work to reduce the normal additions by births over deaths to the inhabitants of the planet. Of this great aggregate, Asia has 834,707,000, or more than one-half. Europe has 315,929,000, Africa 205,709,000, while America has 95,495,500, of which over 50,000,000 are in the United States alone. Of the civilized nations we have the largest population except Russia, which has 88,000,000 in its entire dominions; although but 66,000,000 occupy Russia proper. China leads the van, with a population of 434,626,000, British India has 240,298,000. Notwithstanding these vast aggregates the world could maintain in peace and comfort a vastly larger population. Great areas of the earth's surface are as yet untenanted, though fertile and food-producing, while much land lies waste, which could be made productive. It is safe to say that were the whole race governed wisely, one hundred persons could be subsisted comfortably where barely one person is now supported uncomfortably. It is a melancholy reflection that of the myriads who now people the globe, not more than one in five hundred enjoy life to the utmost. The great bulk of mankind are either miserably poor, or are so situated that life has few joys and a great deal of sufferings.

To the Pole in a Balloon.

John P. Cheyne, a commander in the Royal Navy and an Arctic navigator of experience, wants to organize a new expedition to reach the North Pole, in which he proposes to employ balloons. His scheme is a daring one, and if these air vessels could only be steered, it is entirely feasible. If it were possible even to keep a balloon in the air for a month at a time, it might do to venture on the experiment. But, in the absence of any power over the course of the balloon, it seems quixotic to make the attempt. Commander Cheyne thinks the *Jeannette* is all right, for the fact that she has not been overhauled shows that she has made her way to the distant North. The *Jeannette*, at last accounts, was near the meridian of Wrangell's Land. Commander Cheyne reveals one fact which is very saddening. Sir John Franklin and his party were starved to death because of the dishonesty of the contractors who put up his canned food. It seems that in other Arctic expeditions the preserved meats and edibles in packages were dishonestly manipulated with a view to profit. If this fact could be established, the contractors ought to be imprisoned for life, if not hung. But what an age we live in for splendid schemes. Just think of solving the secret of the Pole by a balloon flight.

The End of Victoria.

Not Queen Victoria, good reader, but a brave Indian who fought for his native soil in New Mexico. It is the old, old story. We made treaties with the Indians for their possessions which we disregarded, for we robbed them of their land, cheated them out of the money we were solemnly pledged to give them, and so the savages rebelled. Victoria proved himself a skillful and daring general. He has kept the United States troops on the go for nearly a year. But he and his band were at length driven into Mexico, where they met their deaths at the hands of Mexican troopers. There is also a probable war on hand in Colorado, where the Ute Indians still occupy lands in the Gunnison region. The Western motto is, "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian." It is an unfortunate business, this Indian fighting, all the way through. The aborigines should not stand in the way of the peaceful settlement of their country. But they ought to be fairly and honestly treated. Some time or other all lands that are tillable, and all mineral regions that are workable, will be utilized by the race which is most capable of doing so. The Indian must give way to the white. But the white should not rob, imprison and slaughter to effect his ends.

Its Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary.

Baltimore is a solid city. It contains 330,000 people. Yet one hundred and fifty years ago it had only forty-three inhabitants; and its present site could have been purchased for nineteen hogsheads of tobacco. The anniversary orators put forth large claims for the chief city of Maryland. It made, they say, the first turnpikes and the first railroad in the country. It led the world in the use of illuminating gas and the magnetic telegraph. It put up the first cylinder press and the first iron building in the United States, printed the first agricultural newspaper, and hoisted the first American flag. Baltimore is called the "Monumental City," because of the number and beauty of its monuments. It glories in the John Hopkins University, which promises in time to become the pride of the whole country. All this is creditable, for it is one of our youngest cities on the seaboard. Charleston and Philadelphia are fifty years older. Boston and New York were settled a century before Baltimore's name was known. Even Annapolis was a city when Baltimore was a farm. All honor to Maryland's chief city.

American Two-year-olds in England.

For many years past wealthy Americans have tried to contest the races in England and France with American horses. Messrs. Ten Broeck, Sanford, Lorillard, Bennett, and now James R. Keene have gone to the expense of sending studs to England to compete at the Derby and elsewhere with the best English thoroughbreds. The result has hardly fulfilled expectation. Here and there a victory has been achieved, but generally when the English feared American competition they handicapped the contesting horses. But during the past season Mr. James R. Keene has scored some notable victories with his two-year-olds. In nearly every case the young American horses have got

the better of their English rivals. It is now surmised that the warmer and more stimulating climate of America matures horses more rapidly than does the moist, foggy air of England. Other things being equal it is supposed the American two-year-old has more sinew, strength, and speed than an English horse of the same age. We do not know that it is much to crow over. Indeed it seems to us that all this horse racing is of very little use except for betting purposes.

Signs of Progress.

If cotton was king before the civil war, what shall we say respecting it to-day? In 1830 the cotton crop amounted to 976,845 bales. In the year 1880 we have grown nearly six million bales. The greatest crop before the war was 4,861,292 bales. Last year we produced 5,074,000 bales. Free labor has produced in the fifteen years since the close of the war 9,600,000 more bales than were produced in the fifteen years by slave labor preceding the war. At the same time the crop has become more valuable. From 1839 up to 1860, the average price of middling cotton was 8½ cents per pound. From 1865 to 1879, the price has averaged 22½ cents. If the South had no other crop than cotton, it would become enriched by it in the course of time; but it is a country abounding in great natural advantages, and the time cannot be distant when emigration will fill up her waste places, and in time the South will be rich, peaceful, and populous.

The Right Way to do it.

Well, Tom Hughes has started his colony of English settlers in Rugby, Tenn. The grounds chosen are on the Cumberland Plateau, and are fertile and healthful. The country is picturesque and in every way attractive. An attempt is to be made to purchase supplies by wholesale, so as to save the colonists from the extortions of storekeepers and traders. We doubt whether this part of the scheme will work. People who deal with stores like to have liberty of choice, and the active trading merchant is an essential feature in the life of any young community. It is to be hoped, however, that the colony will prove a success, for there is room in the South for a million stalwart British settlers. Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri supply just the climate and surroundings which would please English settlers. Success to Tom Hughes and his co-operative colony.

Foreign Visitors.

While Europe sends us emigrants, but few of her wealthy class come here on short visits. Five hundred Americans go to Europe for one educated Englishman who visits America. But just now we have a few such. Tom Hughes, the novelist and philanthropist, is one; Alexander Forbes, the famous London war correspondent, is another, while Lord George Montague, a brother of the Duke of Manchester, is a third. There are quite a number of English sportsmen who come here to take part in the magnificent buffalo and bear hunting of the far West. The duck hunting in this country is far superior to any in the world, and although the salmon fishing of Oregon and Nova Scotia is superior to anything of the kind within our borders, yet our ocean, lake and river fishing can be nowhere surpassed. Since the Fish Commission has commenced its beneficent work, our streams have begun to abound in all manner of food fishes. Let us welcome the foreign sportsmen.

The Great Cathedral.

Completed at last! We mean the great cathedral at Cologne. It was commenced in August, 1248; and the beautiful flower-cross was placed upon the highest pinnacle in October, 1880. The history of this marvelous work of art, this noblest religious symbol of the faith of the middle ages, has its own moral. It was begun as a memorial to the Roman Catholic faith. The popes blessed it—priests prayed for it—the faithful supplied the means for architects, artists, and workmen. But the community in which it was erected fell away from the old forms of belief. They became Protestants, infidels. What was commenced as a religious duty, was continued as a national work, and the ceremonies attending the final completion of this marvel of architecture, were emptied of all religious significance. The processions were civic. Kaiser Wilhelm made a speech in which something was said about peace, but nothing about prayer or priest or pope. Good reader, if

you ever visit Europe, do not forget the great cathedral of Cologne. It is probably the most perfect type of Gothic architecture extant. The pious Catholic may not think it now adds anything to the glory of God; but all who see it will agree that it sheds luster upon the art of man.

About Peanuts.

Who would think it? The three States of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina raise 2,025,000 bushels of peanuts this year, the value of which is about \$1,500,000. Last year the crop was worth over \$2,000,000. In '73 and '74 the crop was only 460,000 bushels, but the product has steadily increased until it now promises to become the great industry in many parts of the States which lie between the Potomac and the Gulf States proper. The associations connected with this toothsome though somewhat indigestible nut are of a humorous character; and certain low theaters of the great cities are reputed to be famous for the "smell of peanuts and the roar of boys;" but the fact remains that raising peanuts—and we produce the best in the world—is a growing and lucrative industry. It may yet become a great article of export.

What has Become of the Rain?

Another severe drought along the Atlantic seaboard. There has been a water famine in all the manufacturing districts. The loss of comfort and of work from this cause has been grievous. Then we had a drought last year, and every season they recur. The cause is not far to seek. Wherever forests are cut down, the soil so denuded is subject to freshets and droughts. When the winter snows melt there are torrents. When the summer sun shines, the water supply ceases and the land is parched. Were there the proper proportion of trees and forests to water and land surface, the sun could not melt the snows in spring so as to do damage, or parch the earth from July to November. Wherever man has felled the forests without forethought, whether in America, Spain, or Central Asia, there will be found drought and sterility. On the continent of Europe this is so well understood that the forestry laws do not permit people to cut down their own timber without a government permit, for it has been found by experience that the trees cut from the hill in one part of the country affect the water supply to the mill hundreds of miles distant. The Middle and Eastern States were once dense with forests, and the climate was humid with abundant rains the year through. Our Government ought to take this matter in hand, and enforce the replanting of forests in regions that would feed the mills which go to make up the rivers; but our politicians think too much of their own present advantage, to waste their energies by making provision for the distant future of their native land.

An Odd Notion.

There have been a great many queer people in the world; but one of the queerest was M. Jules Jacquemart, a well-known engraver, who died recently, leaving behind him an enormous collection of old boots and shoes. His lunacy was to get together specimens of all kinds of boot wear, from the beginning of history. Every oddity in sandals or shoes, from the time of the Egyptian and Babylonian, down to the congress gaiter and high-heeled shoe of our women folks of the present day, was represented in this strange museum. Yet M. Jacquemart was eminent as an etcher, and was a sane man in other matters.

Gambling Extraordinary.

In the contests at cards between Prince Paul Demidoff and Count Strogouff, the prince lost eight million francs to the count. It is reported that the Emperor Alexander has ordered the restitution of the money. The Paris Jockey Club however, a gambling establishment, insists that the emperor shall not interfere. A gambling story in which women were involved has recently become current in high European circles. Mme. de Bontrais, a very rich chateleine, is a lady who moves in the highest circles, and who is a perfect mistress, of all games of cards. By chance she met the Countess Dourakine, a very rich Russian lady and an inveterate gambler. The latter challenged the former. Madame de Bontrais joyfully accepted. The game was piquet. It commenced at 9 o'clock in the evening, and by sunrise the next morning the Russian lady had lost

more money than her gold mines in the Ural Mountains had yielded her for twenty years. Said Madame Dourakine to her successful antagonist, "I have lost my whole fortune; I will send to you my man of affairs, and he will hand to you the deeds of my estates." But the lucky lady said "No—I will not take advantage of your misfortunes; send for a priest and a notary; make out the proper papers, giving me an annuity of twenty thousand francs, and then swear before the priest and by all that is sacred, that you will never touch a card so long as you live." The Russian lady gladly accepted the alternative to losing her whole fortune. The first twenty thousand francs has been paid to Madame de Bontrais, who turned the whole sum over at once to the poor. The countess has kept her vow, and her generous rival calls the bargain "the reparation of the queen of clubs."

In and out of Convent Life.

One of the uses of convents in Catholic countries is the convenience it affords for disposing of surplus and otherwise useless women. In Protestant countries, one of the puzzles of the head of a poor family is, what to do with the unmarried daughters, the aimless, the sickly and useless females. Although the men of France, Italy, and Spain, have in many cases thrown off the thralldom of the Church, and repudiated the Catholic faith, they are not averse to making use of convents to get rid of their undesirable women folks. But it sometimes happens that rich, beautiful, and capable young women enter convents in fits of pique, or because of some unfortunate attachment.

This was the case with Mlle. de Brimont, a beautiful girl twenty-one years of age and very rich. She renounced her property, entered a fashionable cloister, and took the veil of a *religieuse*. But alas! what a scandal for the Church. The charming young girl found she had made a mistake. She wearied of the austerities and mortifications of a nunnery. So she reappears in the world and claims her heritage, to the dismay of her family who were enjoying her fortune. The girl will of course be courted and married; and will do her duty in bringing up a family instead of wasting her life as a nun. It requires a great deal of courage to break the vows, once they are made. Yet it is being done, for very recently the Duchess de Narbonne left the cloister to the great scandal of the religious aristocracy of France.

About Morganatic Marriages.

All the world is gossiping about the "left-handed" marriage of the Czar Alexander to the Princess Dolgorouki. These morganatic marriages, as they are called, are quite common among German princes. Generally it is an alliance with a woman of low degree, who, for the sake of dower, relinquishes the titles, honors, and possessions of a full consort. Indeed, some of the German princes have a regular wife as well as a morganatic one. Landgrave Phillip of Hesse committed this kind of legal bigamy during the Reformation, and Martin Luther did not disapprove, although the other reformers did. A famous marriage of this kind was that of Frederick William Third of Prussia with the Countess Von Harrack, who, at the time of the wedding, was made Princess Liegnitz. In the fifteenth century Duke Albrecht of Bavaria espoused the beautiful but unfortunate Agnes Bernauer. The illegitimate alliance created so much wrath among the barons that, during the absence of the duke, the beautiful Agnes was foully murdered, under the belief that she had bewitched her lord. Anton Ulrich, Duke of Saxe Meinengen, who was married morganatically to a woman he respected as well as loved, tried hard to have his wife raised to his own rank, and given all the honors of a lawful spouse. But the Emperor and the highest nobility of the realm refused his suit, on the ground that there could be no complete marriage in princely families except between persons of equal birth. The sister of Fannie Elser, Therese, was married morganatically some time since to Prince Adelbert of Prussia, and was ennobled as Frau Von Bamen.

The Czar Alexander's lot is not a happy one. He is sixty-three years of age, and is in love with his new wife. He is willing, it is said, to surrender his crown to his son, if his family will only recognize and honor the woman he loves, and would make his equal. But the Princess Dolgorouki, though she frequents balls and public festivals, is shunned by the nobility and imperial family. Were an officer of the army to speak to her he would be asked to resign by his fellow officers.

These irregular alliances are as unfortunate to those who dwell in palaces as they are to the common run of mortals.

Miraculous Cures.

The Roman Catholic world is wondering, the Protestant and skeptical world is sneering at the so-called miracles performed at Knock Chapel in Ireland. It is said that 580 cures have taken place there. The patients had all manner of diseases, which it is claimed were cured. There is nothing more mysterious in human history than the power which the imagination seems to have over physical ailments. For long ages people believed that the king could cure scrofula. The touch of his hand, it was supposed, would heal the sick person, and the disease was even called the king's evil. But this superstition has died out in modern times, and now the fingers of a king have no more potency than the hand of a beggar. Mesmerizers, magnetic physicians, and religious teachers in all ages have had some power over particular forms of disease. Certain traveling doctors have made partial cures of persons who thought they were lame or rheumatic or had some special debility. The Roman Catholics have claimed that not only at Knock Chapel can miracles of this kind be wrought, but also in other holy places and by holy men. It is only recently that the fame of our Lady of Lourdes was spread over the Catholic world. It is to this day a shrine to which pious Catholics go to be cured of physical ailments. Not long since, a Zouave named Jacob (in the time of the late Napoleon) performed what was said to be cures. Johanna Southcote, a fanatical prophetess, also was said to perform marvelous cures. Indeed, George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, cured ague, epilepsy, deafness, and other afflictions. While pious Roman Catholics may believe that this is done through some special manifestations of the Divine power, Protestants and skeptics generally believe that if any effect at all is produced it is by and through the imagination of the person affected.

The Burglars' Banker.

The general public little suspect how close is the relationship between the police and the criminal classes, and how many persons, especially detectives on the police, are little better than the thieves who are their prey. John D. Grady, an Irishman, died recently in New York City, who was known to all the celebrated criminals, and who was their banker and friend. He was also on the most intimate terms with the police, a frequent visitor at the headquarters in Mulberry Street, and through his agency much property was restored to its owners, while, at the same time, many of the most noted thieves were helped and saved by this friend of the burglar and thief. Thurlow Weed once lost a valuable watch. The police were notified. Word was sent to Grady that that watch must be delivered to the veteran journalist. In a few days time it was so returned. Noted politicians, influential legislators, if they lost any money or property, by making the proper appeal to Grady through the police generally recovered it. Of course this was done for a consideration. Although Grady's business was perfectly well known; although the police were aware that he was hand-in-glove with the most noted thieves; that he planned burglaries; that he profited by the spoils, yet he was never even arrested. He walked the streets of New York with impunity, visited the chiefs at police headquarters, and died without any fear of the criminal law. He was an ill-looking rascal, vulgar, commonplace, and suspicious, for he carried about him the diamonds and bank bills which represented the profits of his infamous business.

Wilkie Collins, Charles Dickens, and other noted novelists have glorified the detective. He is often represented as the good angel of the innocent, the foe of the thief, the avenging Nemesis, ever on the track of the criminal. In real life the detective verifies the old adage of "setting a thief to catch a thief." They are often vile fellows, who, if they were not policemen, would be burglars and bank robbers. Every police establishment finds it necessary to change the *personnel* of the detective force every few years, as the business brings the latter into close connection with the chiefs of the criminal classes. They immediately strike hands, and become the partners of the latter in crime. But the career of Grady was a curious one, and no doubt there are others like him—at once the friends of the criminal classes and in intimate relationship with the police.

An Overland Trip.

LETTER IV.

"THE ESMOND,"
PORTLAND, OR., October 1st.

DEAR DEMOREST:—Like a great many correspondents before me, I will write at a considerable distance from the "seat of war." I am going to give you my distinguished views of the "geysers" of California and the country adjacent to them, while really in this little town clear up in Oregon. They (the geysers) were the principal objects we visited, while on our trip from San Francisco, immediately preceding this.

After a few days' sojourn with friends in Napa Valley, a perfect garden-spot of vineyards, wheat fields, and a lunatic asylum, we took the train for Calistoga, "from which point the world-renowned Clark Foss, with his elegant six-horse coaches, conveys the tourist through magnificent scenery to the far-famed geysers" (*vide hand-bills*). Part of that quotation is *ban-combe*, the rest is merely *exaggeration*. Clark Foss is a fraud. He is not as fine a driver as those in the Yosemite. His coaches are emphatically *not* "elegant," and finally, he more frequently drives four horses than six. He puts on enough airs to sicken one. I am happy to state, however, that the "world-renowned" old turkey-cock is somewhat laid up with the rheumatism, and his son, a very gentlemanly fellow, has to do the major portion of the driving. I must confess I met the man somewhat prejudiced against him, for I had heard of his enormous bump of self-esteem. Still I was willing to be fair. It appeared that on account of his "rheumatix" he would be unable to drive on the day we arrived, so I quietly took him aside and informed him that I was writing a letter to a magazine East, and would like to have an idea of his talents. He assented at once, eagerly, it seemed to me, and took the "ribbons."

Then, inviting me to the box-seat, he launched out into an eulogy of himself, which was simply disgusting. He did not state the fact in so many words, but I gathered from his conversation that he expected to be made President of the United States, next term, by universal acclamation. Arriving at his hotel, where we took lunch, he invited my friend and self to take a drink, and expressed much surprise to find "a newspaper feller" who would not drink on call. So much for Foss.

As for the scenery on the route, though not nearly as wild as that in the Yosemite, it is the best specimen of "map" scenery we have had yet. The whole country was spread below us from horizon to horizon. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Geysers Hotel, and immediately took a sulphur-steam bath. The bath-house itself, located a short distance from the hotel, is all that is artificial; the rest is abundantly supplied by nature—a perfect Russian bath springing out of the ground.

To view the geysers properly, it is necessary to visit them in the early morning, before the sun drives off, or rather renders invisible, the steam which arises from them. First of all it must be understood that the geysers are not "spouting springs," as their name would indicate. The water which they throw out does not rise to any considerable height, but, to make up for that deficiency, it *boils*.

We started at five, without any breakfast, up into that uncanny place,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

we two, a scientific young man, and the guide. The latter gentleman, who, from his familiarity with the place, as well as his general appearance, is undoubtedly one of his Satanic Majesty's imps, carried an innocent-looking tin cup. From that cup this creature of the lower world compelled us poor mortals to drink the vile compounds from each and every spring we came to. Had we refused, I doubt not but he would have cast us into one of the deep caves filled with boiling water, and I know not what else. On putting my ear as close as I dared to one of these holes in the rocks, out of which boiling hot water was bubbling, I could plainly hear the smothered groans and cries of the former victims of this demon. Though my stomach was empty and my reason rebelled, my fear (and curiosity) got the upper hand, and I drank—result, headache for the remainder of the day.

The first spring tasted strongly of iron. Near by was one of sulphur. Then salt; another, stronger still of iron, and farther up the hill an *ink* spring. One can write with this quite well, though not as clearly as with common ink. This we did *not* taste, although the devil—that is, of course, the guide—was about, no doubt, to utter the magic words which would consign us everlastingly to perdition.

The scientific young man was, to my mind, too bold. At one place, trying to get too near a deposit of curious minerals, the ground gave way, and he got his foot nearly parboiled in one of the springs. We found also many natural deposits of medicines, especially pure Epsom salts. The scientific young man took a dose. I "stayed out." Next we found a natural "lemonade" spring. If any temperance society thinks of starting a saloon on the site of this spring I advise them to bring along a liberal supply of sugar, or trade will be rather slow.

Soon, on climbing further up the ravine, or "gulch," in which these curiosities are situated, we became completely enveloped in the steam, so numerous and large are the vent-holes. Punch a hole anywhere in the ground, and steam will escape therefrom. The water up there is simply "straight" boiling water, with very few chemical impurities. In trying to escape from holes in the rocks the water with the steam makes curious and sometimes alarming noises. At one place you can plainly hear the sound of a steam-boat, at another of a blast-furnace, and to me the most interesting was the one I mentioned of smothered groans and cries. Altogether, it was rather a blood-curdling place, and some very "pat" names have been applied to the most singular formations, among which are, "The Devil's Gateway," his "Kitchen," "Punch-bowl," "Laboratory," "Medicine Chest," "Teapot," and many others. On the brow of the hill is a rock called "The Devil's Pulpit," surmounted with a flag-staff and flag with an image of his, more or less, gracious self.

Returning to the hotel, after two hours' hard climbing among those slippery rocks, we would have been in good condition for breakfast were it not for the nasty draughts which that guide had compelled us to swallow. The landlord is verily a wise man in his generation, for he knows enough to make it impossible for his guests to obtain anything to eat till their appetite is spoiled.

At nine o'clock we were in the stage and on our way rejoicing. Reaching Frisco that evening, we started at ten the following day in the steamship *Oregon* for this place. Are you out of breath following us at such a pace? I believe I mentioned at starting that we were not "resters." Well, we took three days and a half to recover in, for we were that time on the ocean and the Columbia River, being delayed twenty-four hours by fogs, which are very heavy and dangerous on the coast this time of the year.

We have just returned from a rapid survey of the Columbia, as far as "The Dalles." The ocean steamer only could take us as far as this place; from here one has to take the regular river steamers. On our trip up to Portland, in the *Oregon*, I was very much disappointed with the scenery along the banks. For the greater portion it was uninteresting enough, flowing as it does through heavily-wooded hills. By reference to the map (if you have forgotten) you will see that Portland is situated on the Willamette, a short distance from where it empties into the Columbia. Now, taking the river steamer in the morning, we descended the tributary, and, swinging out into the main river, began to ascend, with difficulty stemming the rapid current. The Columbia is a river about the size of the Hudson, but carries down more than three times the amount of water by reason of its rapid current. For some distance above the Willamette the general aspect of the country along the banks is much the same as below, but suddenly the mountains rise to an immense height, and every turn of the wheel brings us to new and more beautiful bits of scenery.

I think I never enjoyed a river excursion more in my life. Perhaps it was because I had the rare good fortune to have one of the belles of Portland to point out the choice objects of interest. I could not help mentally comparing the river from time to time with the Rhine and especially the Hudson. The latter river has a serious rival to its "Palisades" on the Columbia. Where those on the Eastern stream are perfectly regular and then suddenly cease, those of the Western are diversified in a

thousand different forms. At places they stand back from the water, and rise to a height that puts to shame those "puny Eastern rocks." Further on they rise right out of the water several hundred feet, either covered with beautiful green moss, or else perfectly bare. Their color, too, is peculiar, the prevailing tint being dark brown, verging on to red. The mountains are of a height which is simply immense compared to those of the Highlands.

The one serious fault, practically speaking, of the river is at the "Cascades." Here the current is so rapid that boats cannot ascend, and it is necessary to make what we used to call, when canoeing, a "carry." This is done by railroad, and much time is lost transferring passengers and baggage to the train and then again to the other boat at the head of the rapids. The Government has works here to make the river navigable, but, at the present rate, the work will not be completed for many years.

This second steamer conveys you to The Dalles (which, being translated, signifieth "The Falls"), where we remained over night, and in the morning descended the river much more rapidly than we came up. Above Dalles, a small town half under water, the country is again flat and uninteresting, save perhaps, to the farmer. This region is the most fertile for wheat in the United States, therefore in the world. I am informed by every man I speak to that it will raise from forty-five to sixty bushels to the acre, and keep up the average year after year! Most men who are acquainted with the possibilities of an acre, but have not made this region the subject of an examination, will think I am exaggerating. Perhaps I am, but, if so, I have the testimony of some of the best people in Oregon and Washington Territory to back me.

Speaking of the "best people," I am surprised to find such a great amount of civilization in what I have been led to believe was a wilderness given up to "pioneers" and Indians. I attended a private *musical* in Portland the other evening, and recognized several of "Demorest's Reliable Patterns." I suppose you think that my whole attention was taken up with the styles and their wearers because I mention that portion first. Not so. The music certainly was very creditable, and the whole affair would have done credit to any New York mansion.

Portland's business section, or, at least the wholesale portion of it around the docks, and three or four blocks back, is under water as far as the first floors. The river is twenty-nine feet above low-water mark. Some very curious and amusing shifts are being made to do business under such difficulties. Imagine yourself walking up to a counter on a narrow board, the floor being six inches under water!

We start to-morrow for San Francisco. Pray for me that I do not get sea-sick on the way. I have had holes bored in the soles of my boots, so that if I find myself at all likely to throw them up, I can screw them down to the cabin floor!

Yours apprehensively,

DEMI.

Cincinnati Musical Festival.

THE fifth festival of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association will be held in Cincinnati, in May, 1882, and in pursuance of the policy adopted by it in connection with its last festival the Association offers a prize of one thousand dollars for the most meritorious composition for chorus and orchestra, to be performed on that occasion. Competition is open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of place of birth. The judges are Theodore Thomas, Herr Capellmeister Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, and Monsieur Camille Saint Saëns, Paris. Works offered for competition must not occupy more than one hour in performance, and a full score and piano score, accompanied by a sealed letter, must be placed in the hands of the committee on or before September 1, 1881, and should be addressed to "Committee on Prize Composition, Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, Ohio."

The scores must not contain the name of the author, but must bear a fictitious name. The accompanying sealed letter must bear the same fictitious name on the outside, and also a return address, and must contain within the name and address of the author.

Science in Small Doses.

To Take Impressions of Leaves.—A very beautiful and cheap way of taking impressions of leaves, is to take a small quantity of bichromate of potash (say a teaspoonful), which may be had at any chemist's; dissolve it in a saucerful of water, then pass the pieces of paper on which the impressions are to be through the solution, and while wet, press the leaves lightly upon them, and expose to the sun, which should be shining powerfully. When perfectly dry, remove the leaves, and a perfect *fac-simile* will remain in a light lemon shade, while the rest of the paper will be of a dark brown tint. Bichrome, as it is generally termed, is in dark yellow crystals, which should be powdered previous to using it.

Influence of the Electric Light on Vegetation.—In the course of a recent lecture on this subject before the Royal Society, Dr. Siemens placed a pot of budding tulips in the full brightness of an electric lamp in the meeting-room, and in about forty minutes the buds had expanded into full bloom. Dr. Siemens's experiments have been made with quick-growing seeds and plants, like mustard, carrots, turnips, beans, cucumbers, and melons. The pots, the lecturer stated, were divided into four groups, one of which was kept entirely in the dark, one was exposed to the influence of the electric light only, one to the influence of daylight only, and one to daylight and electric light in succession. The electric light was applied for six hours each evening—from five to eleven—and the plants were then left in darkness during the remainder of the night. The general result was that the plants kept entirely in the dark soon died; those exposed to the electric light only or to daylight only thrive about equally; and those exposed to both day and electric light thrive far better than either.

Nature can do her own Silver-plating.—In the Lord of Lorne Mine, of the American Flat section, the sides next to the veins and the hanging walls of the ledge are covered with a thin coating of natural plating of pure silver as smooth as glass. The vein itself is narrow, and is being prospected by means of a tunnel. The superintendent says this peculiar feature of the inclosing walls is observable so far as the tunnel has followed the ledge. The ore of the vein itself is of a soft, easily-worked nature, showing considerable chloride as well as sulphurets, yet not giving very high assays. The filmy deposit of silver on the walls was evidently condensed and forcibly deposited there under immense pressure, as it has a smooth, burnished appearance.

Positive Indications of Death.—The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing are not by any means certain indications that the vital spark has fled. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may, under certain conditions, be reduced to so low an ebb that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are completely annihilated.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered color of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur, from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers, with the thumb turned in. It is important to note that the slightest motion of the heart may be detected by the stethoscope even though breathing and the pulse have ceased. If the heart, therefore, be silent to this delicate instrument, death has surely found his prey.



The following genuine bills of fare may be interesting to plain housekeepers who are puzzled in regard to their menu for a Christmas dinner.

A Christmas dinner for a large party, all belonging to one family, included the following list of good things:

OYSTER SOUP.
OYSTERS RAW IN THE HALF SHELL.
CELERY.
ROAST BEEF—ROAST TURKEY.
GRATED HORSE-RADISH—CRANBERRY JELLY.
MASHED POTATOES—SPINACH.
OLIVES—PICKLES.
WILD DUCKS ROASTED—PRAIRIE HENS BROILED.
CURRANT JELLY—CELERY—CHEESE.
BREAD—BUTTER.
PLUM PUDDING—MINCE PIES.
ORANGES—APPLES—NUTS—ETC.

A PLAIN CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BOILED HAM
ROAST GOOSE WITH POTATO STUFFING.
APPLE SAUCE.
BOILED CABBAGE—MASHED POTATOES.
PUMPKIN PIE—CHEESE.
APPLES—NUTS—COFFEE.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER on a limited purse is the rule in large cities, and the following genuine bill of fare provided by a careful housewife was satisfactory to the hungry family of boys and girls who had long looked forward to their meeting on the day around the home table. The joint was a leg of fresh pork, stuffed. The stuffing was made of bread, seasoned with pepper, salt, onions, and sage. There were boiled white potatoes, boiled onions, boiled turnips, and apple sauce to make the first course. The pudding, which was voted delicious, was a rowley-powley, made of rolled paste covered with prunes, over which ground spices were shaken. It was served with butter and brown sugar. Ground cinnamon, ginger, and cloves, when boiled with either raisins or prunes, give a fine flavor to a pudding. Apples and hickory-nuts carefully cracked completed the bill of fare.

The two following Christmas dinners are from English sources:

CHRISTMAS DINNER—EIGHT PERSONS.

FIRST COURSE.

OXTAIL SOUP.
CRIMPED COD AND OYSTER SAUCE.

Entrées.

SAVORY KISSOLES—FOWL—SCOLLOPS A LA BECHAMEL.

SECOND COURSE.

SADDLE OF MUTTON—BOILED CHICKENS.
CELERY SAUCE.
BACON CHEEK, GARNISHED WITH BRUSSELS SPROUTS.
VEGETABLES.

THIRD COURSE.

QUAILS—SALAD,
ORANGE JELLY—APPLES A LA PORTUGAISE.
MINCE PIES—APRICOT JAM—TARTLETTS.
SOUFFLE OF RICE.

Dessert.

CHRISTMAS DINNER—TEN PERSONS.

FIRST COURSE.

MULLIGATAWNEY SOUP.
BOILED CODFISH—LOBSTER SAUCE.
WHITEFISH A LA CREME.

Entrées.

CROQUETTES OF FOWL—CUTLETS AND TOMATO SAUCE.

SECOND COURSE.

ROAST RIBS OF BEEF—BOILED TURKEY AND CELERY SAUCE—TONGUE, GARNISHED.
VEGETABLES.

THIRD COURSE.

GROUSE—SALAD.
PLUM PUDDING—MINCE PIES.
CHARLOTTE A LA PARISIENNE—CHEESE-CAKES.
APPLE TART—NESSELRODE PUDDING.

Dessert and Ices.

Here are two from the famous *chef de cuisine*, Francatelli:

DINNER—SIX PERSONS.

FIRST COURSE.

JULLIENNE SOUP.
FRIED SOLES—ANCHOVY SAUCE.
FOWL AND RICE—ROAST LEG OF WELSH MUTTON.

Entrées.

SALMIS OF PARTRIDGES A L'ANCIENNE.
FRICANDEAU WITH PUREE OF SORREL.

SECOND COURSE.

ROAST SNIPES.
THREE EXTREMETS.
SPINACH WITH CREAM—BLANC-MANGE.
APPLES A LA PORTUGAISE.

DINNER—TWELVE PERSONS.

FIRST COURSE.

BISQUE OF LOBSTER SOUP.
CRIMPED COD WITH OYSTER SAUCE, GARNISHED WITH FRIED SMELTS.

PATTIES A LA MOUGLAS.
ROAST TURKEY A LA PERIGORD.
BRAIZED HAM WITH SPINACH.

Two Entrées.

FAT LIVERS A LA FIANCIESE.
FILLETS DE PARTRIDGES A LA LUCULLUS.

SECOND COURSE.

ROAST BLACK COCK—ROAST TEAL.
SOUFFLE OF APPLES A LA VENITIENNE.
FOUR EXTREMETS.
MECCA LOAVES, WITH APRICOTS.
BRAIZED CELERY.
ITALIAN CREAM—MACARONI AU GRATIN.

PUDDINGS AND PIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Cup-Puddings for the Old and Young.—1. Soak stale bread in hot water till soft, drain it off, mash it, and add some cream, nutmeg, and currants, sugar to taste, pour in a dish and bake, lay a small piece of butter on the top.

2. Pour boiling milk over the crusts of bread, and let them remain till soft; beat them smooth and add three eggs well beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, and sugar to taste; also a little cream. Pour this in small buttered cups, and bake a light brown; turn them out, and strew sifted sugar over.

Scotch Pudding.—Butter a mold and put cut raisins to ornament; mix quarter pound suet very fine, quarter pound breadcrumbs, one and a half ounce ground rice, pinch salt, three ounces marmalade, three ounces white sugar, three eggs, rind of lemon grated; beat well, pour in mold, boil one hour; sauce.

Cocoa nut Puddings.—Half pound grated cocoa, one ounce butter, half the juice of one lemon and the rind grated, four eggs, the white of one left out, half pound grated lemon; mix all together; then put into cups and bake them.

Amber Pudding.—Five eggs, two whites left out, half a pound lump sugar pounded fine, not quite half pound of butter melted and mixed with the sugar, then the eggs mixed in, and a little candied peel, and flavored according to taste. Make a paste, line a pudding dish with it, pour the mixture in, and cover with paste. When baked, turn it out in a glass dish, strew over with sugar, and eat cold.

Ice Pudding.—Take one pint and a half of clarified syrup and the strained juice of three lemons. Put the mixture in the freezing pot, and when nearly frozen add essence of citron to taste, and one ounce of pistachio-nuts blanched, and split in half lengthwise; finish freezing, put into a mold, and lay it on ice till wanted.

Marlborough Pudding.—Cover a pie dish with a thin puff paste, then take an ounce of candied citron, one of orange, and the same of lemon peel, sliced very thin, and lay them over the bottom of the dish. Dissolve six ounces of butter without water, and add to it six ounces of pounded sugar, and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Stir them over the fire until the mixture boils, then pour it over the sweetmeats, bake the pudding in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, and serve it hot or cold.

Coffee Ice Pudding.—Pound two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee in a mortar, just enough to crush the berries without reducing them to powder. Put them into a pint of milk with six ounces of loaf sugar, let it boil, then leave it to get cold; strain it on the yolks of six eggs in a double saucepan, and stir on the fire till the custard thickens. When quite cold, work into it a gill and a half of cream whipped to a froth. Freeze the mixture in the ice pot, then fill a plain ice mold with it, and lay it in ice till the time of serving.

Cocoa-nut Pudding.—Put a half pound packet of desiccated cocoa-nut, or grate a large one with brown skin pared off, into a pudding dish. Break in pieces two penny sponge cakes. Pour over the cocoa-nut and cake a quart of boiling milk with one tablespoonful of butter melted in it and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it stand an hour, covered close. Beat four eggs, and stir into the mixture; then bake in a slow oven, like custard pudding. To be eaten either warm or cold.

Dartmouth Pudding.—Mix one quart of Indian meal with four ounces of butter or finely minced beef suet, and four ounces of brown sugar, or one pint of molasses; add two teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon and one pint of milk; add two eggs well beaten, then pour over the whole three pints of boiling milk; stir a few minutes, then pour it into a pudding pan, and bake it four or five hours in a moderate oven. Every hour pour a little cold milk on the top of the pudding to prevent its becoming tough. Serve hot.

Nantucket Pudding.—Fill a pudding pan with apples pared, quartered, and cored. Cover the top with a crust rolled out of light bread dough, make a hole in the lid, and set the pan in a brick oven. After it has cooked lift the crust and add molasses or brown sugar, a little powdered cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, also one tablespoonful of butter. Stir it well, cut the crust into square bits, mix all together, cover it with a large plate, return it to the oven for three or four hours. Serve hot.

The Boys' Own.—Mix three gills of Indian meal, one gill of wheat flour, one gill of molasses, one teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful of powdered

ginger, one teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, and the grated peel of one lemon. Pour over all one quart of boiling milk, stir well, and when a little cooled, add six eggs beaten separately, and one pound of stoned raisins, dredged with flour; or dried peaches or apples, well washed and dried in the sun, may be substituted. Scald a bag, flour it, and boil the pudding in it, leaving plenty of space for it to swell. Boil five hours, and serve with wine sauce.

Mince-meat.—1. Two pounds raisins, two pounds currants, two pounds sugar, one pound suet, half a pound mixed candied peel, rind and juice of three lemons, if liked; chop the suet and raisins fine, add currants, candied peel, etc.; pare, core, and cut the apples, bake them till soft, beat up as for sauce, and mix them well with the other ingredients; add pint of sweet cider boiled with half the sugar.

2. Mince very finely one and a half pounds beef suet, one and a half pounds of currants, one and a half pounds chopped raisins, one and a half pounds good apples; mix well in a basin, adding one pound of moist sugar, half a pound of mixed peel finely minced, squeeze the juice of a lemon in the mixture, and, lastly, put in the thin rind of it finely chopped. Put half a tablespoonful of salt, a cup of melted currant jelly, and powdered mixed spice and ginger to taste. Add this to the mince, work it a little now and then to get it well mixed, and put it by in a covered jar.

3. To two pounds of lean beef, taken from the under side of the back loin, add the same weight of beef suet, four and a half pounds of currants, one and a half pounds of raisins stoned and chopped, the juice and peel of three lemons, one pound powdered sugar, two large nutmegs, cloves and mace (pounded, of each quarter ounce), quarter ounce of cinnamon, one quart of boiled cider, about eighteen apples, and quarter pound candied lemon peel. The apples and candied peel must not be mixed with the other ingredients to keep in a jar, or the mince-meat will go moldy; they must be added to each portion when the pies are made, the candied peel cut in thin strips and laid across the mince-meat in each pie. This recipe has been in family use for sixty years. Cut the meat hot, when half cooked, from the fresh roasted sirloin.

Paste for Pies.—One pound butter, one pound flour; break the butter up with the flour, add cold water sufficient to make paste, roll out, and then fold it; roll it twice more. Be careful to roll it from you, and not back again. Have a nice hot oven, and bake for thirty minutes without opening the oven door. Brush over with egg, which improves the look. Half a pound of butter and half a pound lard, with one pound of flour, will make nice paste.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare some pumpkin or squash, stew it with very little water, drain it, mash it smoothly. To one pint of mashed pumpkin add two cups of sugar, four beaten eggs, a little salt, the grated peel of one lemon, a little essence of rose, one small tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and ginger; mix well, then add one quart of hot milk. Bake it in deep soup plates lined with paste, without any upper crust.

Swiss Pie.—Three pounds rump steak, six mutton kidneys; cut the steak in moderate pieces, and split the kidneys, and put both on the fire, with enough water to cover them, with a Spanish onion cut in small rings, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Have some potatoes ready boiled, but not too much; cut them in quarters, brown them, and put round dish in rows on the top of the meat. A pretty way of dishing this is to put it in a game pie-dish.

Mince Pies without Meat.—Take six large lem-

ons, squeeze out all the juice, then boil all the rinds and pulp in three or four waters, until the bitterness is quite extracted and the rinds are very tender. When cold, beat or chop it very fine, and add to it two pounds currants, one pound raisins chopped, two pounds sugar, and one pound beef suet chopped very fine; put to it the juice of the lemons, two wineglassfuls sweet peach pickle syrup, two ounces candied lemon and orange peel. Add, if liked, six apples chopped, a little more sugar, and a little nutmeg, mace, cloves, and cinnamon.

Delicious Mince-meat.—Two pounds of currants, well washed, carefully picked, and rubbed dry, half of them slightly chopped; two pounds of raisins, stoned and finely chopped; three-quarters of a pound of candied peel, chopped; one pound of good apples, carefully cored, peeled, and chopped; one pound of fresh beef suet, chopped; three-quarters of a pound of the under side of the sirloin of beef (roasted, but not over-done), or fillet of veal, chopped; the grated rinds and strained juice of two lemons and one Seville orange, one and a half pound of moist sugar, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a saltspoonful of powdered ginger, two grains of powdered cloves, and a pint of cider; mix these ingredients well together, put the mince in stone jars, tie them over with bladder, and keep in a cool, dry place till wanted. It will keep a year or longer, and should be made a few weeks before it is wanted: *new fruit must be made.*

An old Recipe.—Two pounds Valencias stoned and chopped, two pounds currants washed and dried, two pounds Sultanas whole, two pounds cooking apples chopped fine, two pounds brown crystallized sugar, one and a half pounds best beef suet chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound mixed peel cut into small pieces. Mix the whole well together, then add the juice of two lemons and the rinds of the same chopped very fine; grate a whole nutmeg, and sprinkle a penny packet of mixed spice into it, after which stir well, and put it into a large earthenware jar; pour enough boiled cider to moisten over it, and tie down until wanted. This is a good quantity to make for a family of ten persons. It is very useful for rolled suet puddings, as well as for mince pies. It may be interesting to housewives to know that ancient mince pies were made in the form of a cradle, and the mixture they contained was supposed to be emblematic of the gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

A Plain Christmas Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of breadcrumbs, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of suet, three or four eggs, milk, two ounces of candied peel, one teaspoonful of powdered allspice, half a teaspoonful of salt. Let the suet be finely chopped, the raisins stoned, and the currants well washed, picked, and dried. Mix these with the other dry ingredients, and stir all well together; beat and strain the eggs to the pudding, stir these in, and add just sufficient milk to make it mix properly. Tie it up in a well-floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil for at least five hours. Serve with a sprig of holly placed in the middle of the pudding, and a little pounded sugar sprinkled over it, and also with a rich sauce.

Plum Pudding without Eggs.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of raisins, six ounces of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of mashed carrot, quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes, a tablespoonful of molasses, one ounce of candied lemon peel, one ounce of candied citron. Mix the flour, currants, suet, and sugar well together; have ready the above preparations of mashed carrot and potatoes, which stir into the

other ingredients; add the molasses and lemon peel, but put no liquid in the mixture, or it will be spoiled. Tie it loosely in a cloth, or, if put in a basin, do not quite fill it, as the pudding should have room to swell, and boil it for four hours. Serve with rich sauce. This pudding is better for being mixed over-night.

Maryland Plum Pudding.—One pound of grated breadcrumbs, one pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half pound of citron, nine eggs beaten light, leaving out the whites of three; one large teacup of brown sugar, a teacup of cream, a tablespoonful of flour; cloves, mace, and nutmeg to your taste; all well mixed together. Scald your cloth in which it is to be boiled, let the water boil, and stir it about a few minutes after it goes in; three hours are sufficient to cook it. When ready to serve, ornament the pudding with spikes of almond and a sprig of holly, and sprinkle sugar over it. Serve with sauce.

A well-tried Plum Pudding.—The yolks of five eggs and the whites of three beaten up with quarter pint of cream, two ounces of fine dried flour, half pound fresh beef suet chopped very fine, half pound currants washed and picked over, half pound of best raisins stoned and chopped small, one ounce candied citron, one ounce orange, one ounce lemon ditto, shredded thin, one ounce of fine sugar, half a glass of brandy, a little nutmeg. Mix all well together, butter a large mold or basin, and drop the mold into boiling water, and keep it boiling many hours, say eight or nine hours, if possible.

Molasses Pudding.—Six ounces suet, teaspoonful of salt, three-quarters pound flour, half pound stoned raisins, one tablespoonful sugar, one pint of molasses, half cup milk. Mix as stiff as possible, and boil four hours.

A Richer Pudding.—One pound each of suet, currants, stoned raisins, two pounds flour, cup of molasses, a small cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, citron, ginger, and cloves to taste; boil eight hours.

A Tried Recipe.—A well-tried recipe for plum pudding: Three-quarters pound each of raisins, currants, and suet, half pound each of flour and breadcrumbs, quarter pound moist sugar, one-third of a nutmeg, almond flavoring to taste, two ounces candied peel, as much milk as will moisten it well, about one pint or less, as it must be fairly stiff. Chop the suet very fine, and mix all well together; boil ten hours—six when made, and four when required for use. Eggs in a plum pudding are virtually wasted. It is quite as good without.

Family Pudding.—Half pound beef suet finely chopped, half pound currants, half pound raisins stoned and chopped, half pound breadcrumbs, quarter pound moist sugar, one pound of treacle, two ounces candied peel, chopped finely, half a nutmeg grated, the juice of one lemon, the rind grated, half ounce of powdered cinnamon, one tablespoonful salt, one gill of milk, four eggs well beaten. Boil the milk and pour at once on to the breadcrumbs; add the suet, fruit, sugar, spice, etc.; moisten with the eggs and spirit; stir well, and if too stiff add a little milk, or if too moist add a little flour. Press into buttered mold, tie tightly, put into boiling water, and boil four hours; serve with sauce.

Aunt Margaret's Pudding.—Stone and cut in halves one and a half pound of raisins, but do not chop them; wash, pick, and dry a half pound of currants, and mince the suet (three-quarters of a pound) finely; add salt, cut a quarter of a pound candied peel into thin slices, grate down bread into three-quarters of a pound of fine crumbs. When all these dry ingredients are prepared, mix them well together; then moisten the mixture with six eggs, which should be very well beaten;

add one glassful of cider, stir well that everything may be really thoroughly blended, and *press* the pudding into a buttered mold; tie it down tightly with a floured cloth, and boil for six hours. When the pudding is taken out of the pot, hang it up immediately, and put a saucer underneath to catch the water that drains from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for two hours; then turn it out of the mold. The raisins should be rubbed in flour.

A Very Good Pudding.—Chop very finely one pound of suet, extremely fresh, and carefully picked from all skin, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one-quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, half pound moist sugar, two ounces candied mixed peel chopped fine, half a nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful salt, one pound of currants carefully washed and dried, one pound of raisins well stoned, half an ounce of bitter almonds, one ounce of sweet almonds chopped, six eggs well beaten, whites and yolks together. Mix it all well up together with as much milk as will make it too thick to be poured, but not thick enough to be handled as paste. It requires no kneading or beating, and should be made six hours before putting it into the mold. Line the basin or mold with a buttered paper, tie a thick pudding cloth tightly over it, and boil it six hours. Serve with sauce.

"Every Christmas" Pudding.—It is not too rich, and very inexpensive. Half a pound of Valencia raisins stoned, half a pound of currants, three ounces of flour, half a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, half a pound of breadcrumbs grated, two ounces soft sugar, two ounces candied peel, the rind of a small lemon chopped very fine, and half a nutmeg grated; mix all well in a bowl, and add a wineglass of rum or brandy, and four eggs well beaten. Cover over with a plate, and let it stand all night; in the morning stir it up well, and add a teacupful of cider; mix thoroughly, and put it into a well-buttered mold. Lay a buttered and floured paper over the top, and tie all in a large cloth. Boil six hours, a week or more before it is wanted, and then at least four hours the day the pudding is required; serve with sauce.

Unrivaled Plum Pudding.—One and a half pound of raisins, one and a half pound currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, half pound of sugar, one and a quarter pound of breadcrumbs, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two pounds of finely chopped suet, six ounces of mixed candied peel, the rind grated and juice of one lemon, one ounce of sweet, half ounce of bitter almonds, pounded; quarter of a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, fourteen eggs, and a wineglass of brandy; all to be mixed together, and the flour dusted in at the last. Put in molds, and boil eight hours. To be mixed the night before boiling; sufficient for three puddings, and will keep for months. A plain flour-and-water paste to be put over the basins before the cloth.

Mocha Pudding.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs with quarter pound of powdered loaf sugar, add gradually two ounces of flour and two ounces of potato flour; lastly, the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it in a buttered plain mold and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place, or on ice till the time of serving. **THE ICING.**—Take half a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop, during the process,

half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

A Pound Pudding.—The ingredients are as follows, for a pound pudding: One pound of best Valencia raisins, stoned and cut in half; one pound of best currants, rubbed in a damp cloth and then in a dry one, all little stalks and rough bits being picked from them, after which sprinkle them with flour slightly, to prevent them from clinging together in lumps; one pound of nicely shred beef suet, chopped as fine as to look like flour; one pound of brown sugar, freed from all lumps, not the crystallized; one pound of finely grated breadcrumbs, off a stale loaf; quarter pound of candied peel, mixed orange, citron and lemon; the rind of a fresh lemon, cut thin, so as not to touch the white skin, chopped very fine; a good pinch of salt; a dessertspoonful of spices, well pounded, viz., cloves, mace, whole allspice, and cinnamon (very little mace, it is so strong, if good), and half a nutmeg grated, also a little ginger; one glass of fresh cider, eight eggs and a little flour, not more than six or seven moderate-sized dessertspoonfuls; no milk, as that would ruin the pudding. The pudding is mixed thus: Have a large pashon or bowl, to give plenty of room for stirring, and place the five articles in pounds round it, thus: raisins, sugar, currants, suet, and bread. If placed in this order, the mixing is greatly facilitated. Stir them round from the center until all are well mixed together; then add the candied peel, cut up into small pieces, and sprinkled all over; then the fresh lemon peel, and the mixed spice, stirring after each sprinkling, the spoonful of salt over all. Then break four eggs, and beat them separately, sprinkle them in a state of froth over the mixture in the bowl, and stir again. Now add four dessertspoonfuls of flour, stirring it in, and then add the cider; always stir the ingredients as lightly as possible, lifting it and breaking any close, heavy lumps. Cover the bowl over, and leave it in a cool dry place for one night. When required for use, beat up the other four eggs, and add two or three spoonfuls of flour. You can judge when you have sufficient flour by the ingredients adhering together lightly, not in heavy lumps. Have your water boiling ready, and dip your pudding cloth (which should be a sound new one) into it, place it, when wrung as dry as possible, in a bowl, dredge it with flour, and drop your pudding into it in light spoonfuls; do not press them together, as that makes the pudding heavy; then gather up the cloth, a very small portion at a time, as small gathers make the pudding a nicer shape. Have a yard of new tape to tie it with, and leave plenty of room for the pudding to swell; it should be tied tight enough to prevent the water from getting in. The pudding should be kept boiling for eight hours, and care taken that it does not set to the bottom of the pan. To serve the pudding, crushed loaf sugar should be piled on the top to imitate snow, and also over the sprig of berried holly that is stuck in it; and, when desired, flaming spirit may be added in the dish.

Sauce for the Pudding.—Put into a small saucepan two ounces of butter—not "cooking butter," but the very best of table butter. To this add a large tablespoonful of fresh and sweet flour. Mix these well together, while they are cold; do this with a wooden spoon. Pour in half a pint of cold water; add a little salt. Place these over the fire and stir until it has almost reached the boiling point, but not quite. Now add a glass of the best currant or lemon jelly. Add some pulverized sugar. Do not spoil the sauce with coarse sugar; add a dust of cinnamon and the grated peel of half a lemon, the outside rind. Make the sauce hot and sprinkle another dash of cinnamon on the surface. Now ornament the pudding with a miniature American flag stuck on the top.



WINTER COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—The "Valetta" cloak, in black silk plush, elegantly trimmed with chenille fringe and jet ornaments, completes a carriage or visiting dress of garnet *satín Duchesse*. The demi-train skirt is trimmed with two rows of double box-plaiting all around. Two rows of chenille fringe, having cut jet strands introduced, are sewed on in a reversed manner around the sleeves and bottom of the cloak, which is lined with garnet *satín merveilleux*, and closed with jetted *passementerie braudetourgs*, across the front. Clarissa Harlowe bonnet of garnet plush, trimmed with a cluster of shaded red ostrich tips; facing and strings of garnet satin. "Olga" muff of plush, lined with garnet satin, and trimmed with black chantilly lace and a garnet satin ribbon bow. Black kid gloves.

This cloak is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

FIG. 2.—Child's dress of admiral blue cloth, and coat of light mixed goods. The design used is the "Minella" coat with "coachman's" cape and capuchin hood lined with red Surah. The plaits in the back of the coat are faced with the same Surah. The coat is finished with rows of machine stitching near the edges, and square buttons of oxidized silver. Gray fur felt hat, trimmed with a wing of fancy feathers. The coat is also illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 3.—A stylish street costume composed of the "Marcia" walking skirt and "Inverness" coat. The skirt is of rifle-green camel's hair, trimmed with a little darker shade of silk plush in bands. The coat is of brown and gold check fancy cloth, with capuchin hood and shoulder capes lined with old gold *satín merveilleux*. A modified Gainsborough hat of old gold fur felt, trimmed with a scarf of green and gold *broché* silk fastened with a gold dagger at the left side, and a cluster of ostrich tips, green, gold color and crimson, fastened at the right. Both the skirt and coat are illustrated among the separate fashions. Pattern of coat in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each, skirt pattern, thirty cents.


WOMAN'S FASHIONS

THE COSMOPOLITAN
LADY'S STYLE
FURNISHING

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Designs and Styles in Dress furnished in this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not merely COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, dress becomingly, and keep themselves informed of the changes in the Fashions and the specialties required in the exercise of good taste.



ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM.

CENTENNIAL AWARD OVER ALL COMPETITORS,
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Models for the Month.

AMONG our illustrations for the present month will be found some that are very seasonable in cloaks, and also in reception and other dresses. The "Valetta" is the revival of a style familiar many years ago to our mothers and great aunts, but then much less elegant in form than it will be found to-day. It consists of sacque fronts joined to a skirt, the upper part of the back forming very graceful sleeves and deep cape.

The effect is that of a double cloak at the back and the curve of the sleeves, and corded trimmings, which form the fastenings, enrich as well as give grace and distinction to the front. To be elegant, this design should be made in figured duchesse satin, and lined with striped plush, crimson and old gold. The fringe should be crimped silk braid and chenille, with strands and ornaments of cord and jet. Five yards of figured satin or satin de Lyon will make it. Six yards of fringe and five of passementerie.

A quaint and piquant, but less costly garment, is given in the "Inverness" cape. This also is the revival of a style which obtained about a quarter of a century ago, but like the "Valetta," it was not then so neat, so well fitting, or so attractive. It was broad, and comparatively shapeless, and had no hood.

The "Inverness" is suitably made in any dark mixed cloth, and consists primarily of a coat half-fitting, long at the back, but filled in with kilt plaitings on the sides and in front. The capes start from the shoulders, and a pretty hood gives the requisite finish, and admits of a touch of color in the lining. Three yards and a quarter of wide cloth is sufficient for this cloak, and two yards and a quarter of striped plush or satin, in a plain, high, contrasting self-color, will line the capes and hood.

For a dinner or reception toilet, we give the "Rosalba," a beautiful combination of plain satin with satin brocade. The train, the draped front flounced and shirred, the plaitings on the panels, are all of the solid fabric; the overdress, divided at the back into sashes, which are

gathered at the ends and finished with loops of ribbon, is of the brocade, and is all cut in one, princess style, and has half-long sleeves of the same rich stuff, finished with ruffles of finest lace. The fichu of mull or tulle, or *crêpe de chine*, is bordered with a double row of lace, which, if the silk is gold or *éru* in shade, should be outlined with gold thread, and may be, whatever the color. Twenty-three and a half yards of a rich material will be required for this toilet, divided into seven yards of figured and sixteen and a half of plain goods. The plain may be composed of satin de Lyon or satin-finished faille, and the figured of figured velvet, if this is preferred; or it may be long-haired plush over satin. A quaint and stylish design for a polonaise is the "Myrtea," a coat-shaped garment, with plaits set in at the side form seams of the back. It is a good design for ladies' cloth over a velvet skirt, and the collar and cuffs should be of velvet to match. The single cape is tailor stitched, as is also the edge of the skirt. The loops of ribbon are velvet, and the flap of the pockets may be cloth, stitched to match the cape. Four yards of ladies' cloth will make it—double width, and one yard of velvet will furnish collar and cuffs. A new and graceful design for a walking dress skirt is the "Marcia;" it is well adapted to plain wool with plaided or cashmere border for trimming. The leaf-shaped overskirt is prettily draped, without the least stiffness, yet its arrangement is simplicity itself.

It may be suitably combined with the "Surplice" waist, with its belted plainness, and folds crossed primly. To form a complete suit or winter outfit, for useful purposes, we should suggest this dress in woolen serge, and the Inverness cape in dark Scotch cheviot.

The "Idalia" basque may be used for dress complet or for a house basque in figured silk with velvet trimmings. The skirt pieces, which form a double vest front, and the revers collar should be of velvet, or, if the basque is made of the material of the dress, and this is plain, the mounting may be plaid or figured. The result aimed at is an effective contrast in material rather than color.

Review of Fashions.

FASHION grows beautiful but more costly with each succeeding year. How can it be otherwise when all the resources of art, all the skill of industry, are pressed into the service of wealth, and it is wealth that creates fashion? Every year the note of change, of development, of novelty is sounded, and that we had something last year is sufficient to condemn it this year; for what fashionable woman would like to repeat her costumes, or have it said, "Why, I know that is her 'old' cloak, or dress, or bonnet, for I saw her wear it several times last season."

So brains are ransacked all the time to produce change at any cost, whether it be improvement or not, for no one wants the thing to-day that they had yesterday, because they had it yesterday. And how beautiful it is possible to be if one can only select one's clothing without reference to cost, or the exigencies of work, or its durability! Doubtless at different periods the designs and fabrics that we possess to-day have existed, but never all at once, never in such profusion, or when they were brought within the reach of so many persons.

In the richest materials there is, it is true, nothing simple. "Plain" black silks would now hardly be used for wrappers by an *élégante*; cashmere enriched with masses of lace and satin bows would be considered more *à la mode*. Upon a primrose cashmere morning dress made recently were put eight dozen yards of finest real Languedoc lace, and four dozen yards of pink satin ribbon in loops and bows.

Plain silk, both black and colored, has almost disappeared from the wardrobe of a fashionable lady, and the satins, satin de Lyon, brocades, damassées, silk plushes, embroidered satins, and soft Oriental silks have taken their place. Naturally the figured fabrics afford vast scope for industrial skill and ingenuity. The figured and brocaded silks are many of them marvels of design, reproducing not only Persian and Indian dexterity in the manipulation of threads and the blending of colors, but copying the art of the

jeweler in the gold matted grounds, and in the working of gold, and even gems, to heighten or render more perfect the effect.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the new damassées in the subtle tones of color, in which pale brown is deepened by the warmth of a golden flush, or fawn takes on the tint of an October sunset, and when beautifully worn, with only the addition of fine lace with gold threads woven in its dainty mesh and outlining its delicate figure, it is a dress for an empress.

There has been a revival of velvet also this season, and a great stimulus given to plush, by adding to the beauty of its surface, and diversifying, lengthening the hair, and giving it more the appearance of a silken fur. What is called the "long-haired" plush is the most stylish material for bonnets and the trimming of handsome street suits. The "fur" plush, the groundwork of which is woven like carpet, is preferred as a trimming for heavy cloth cloaks, and is indeed as effective and costly as fur itself.

Velvet and fur are the materials most employed in the imported costumes and other garments, including coats. Cloaks are made of the richest silks, satin de Lyon, figured satin, satin duchesse, and rich plain satin, and instead of fur, they are lined with old-gold or crimson quilted satin, and loaded down with superb fringes and passementeries. But there are velvet dresses trimmed with fur half a yard deep across the front, and

others in which the fur trimming is carried up the left side, which opens over a satin skirt.

The beaded trimmings are a great feature of rich black dresses, and are used less in jet than in cashmere and ruby and brown colors. The colored beaded trimmings, in the darkly bright shades, which are now blended with such charming effect, only illuminate darkness like the glow of the firefly: they do not vulgarize.

Necklaces, Pendants, and Guard Chains.

No. 1.—Watch-guard in "rolled" gold for a gentleman. The chain is composed of double woven links of highly polished gold, and is finished at the ends with flat ornaments of polished gold. The bar for the button-hole is of polished gold, with solid gold tips. The chain measures twelve inches from the bar to the swivel, and has a pendant chain to which an ornament can be attached. Price, \$5.50.

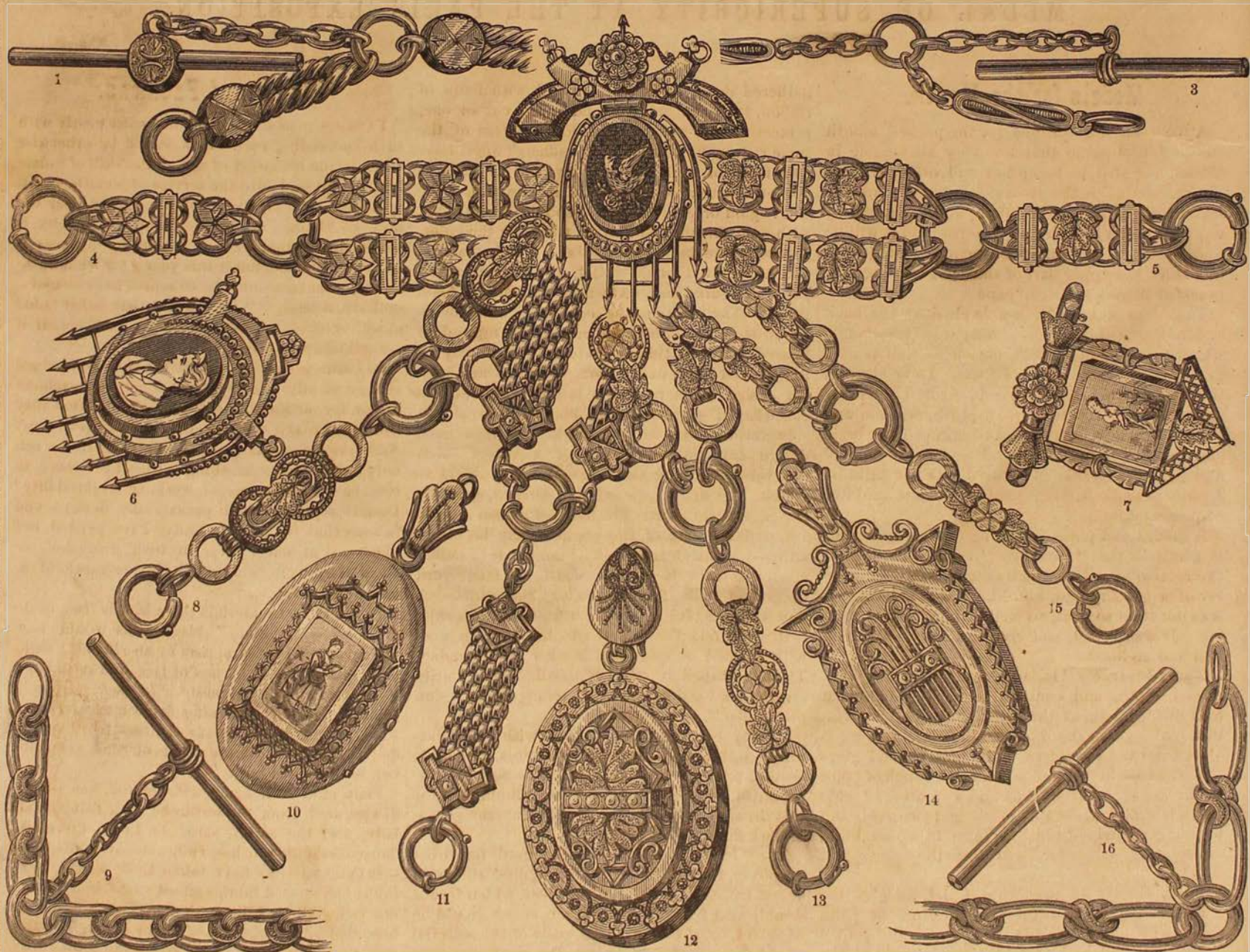
No. 2.—Byzantine mosaic pendant of novel and beautiful design. It has a pin at the back, so that, if desired, it can be worn as a brooch. The pendant swings from an arch of polished gold, ornamented with rosettes of frosted gold, a single pearl being set in the center one. The medallion

is of Byzantine mosaic, representing a white dove bearing a green olive branch, and a blue flower on a black ground, set in a polished gold oval. From the lower edge of the oval depend bars in knife-edge work like diamond settings, terminating in *fleurs-de-lis* leaves of polished gold. Price, \$6.50.

No. 3.—Gentleman's watch-guard in "rolled" gold. The chain is composed of alternating sections of highly-polished circle links and long twisted links inclosing a bar of filigree work. The button-hole bar is of polished gold with solid gold tips. The length of the chain from the bar to the swivel is twelve inches and a half, and it has a pendant to which an ornament may be attached. Price, \$4.

No. 4.—An attractive and dainty design. The necklace is of "rolled" gold, composed of a linked chain of dead gold with the upper surface ornamented with flat latticed bars of highly polished gold alternating with stars of frosted silver. All the polished gold seen is solid, and the silver employed is coin silver. The neck chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, \$8.

No. 5.—A handsome necklace of "rolled" gold, formed of a link chain of dead gold, the upper surface finished with latticed gold bars alternating with leaves of polished gold. All the polished gold seen is solid. The length of the neck chain is nineteen inches, and the pendant chain measures one inch and a half. Price, \$8.



NECKLACES, PENDANTS, AND GUARD CHAINS.—Actual Sizes.

No. 6.—Cameo pin set in "rolled" gold. A unique design, which can also be worn as a locket or pendant, by attaching a chain or ribbon to the rings at the top. The cameo is a Roman head, cut in profile, set in an oval medallion of polished gold, within an outer oval of polished gold, enriched with a semicircle of frosted gold dots. At the top is a flower in frosted gold; at the sides graduated gold balls, and depending from the lower edge leaves of *fleurs-de-lis* in polished gold, connected with bars of gold in knife-edge work like diamond settings. All the polished gold seen is solid. Price, \$6.

No. 7.—Unique in design and finely executed, this pendant in "rolled" gold is composed of a bar, to which a pin is attached at the back, so that the ornament may be worn either as a brooch, or a swinging pendant. The bar is of polished gold, with rustic designs in frosted silver, green, and copper-colored gold. In the center of the bar is a rose of green and copper-colored frosted gold, in which is set a single pearl. The swinging medallion has a painting on copper of a figure in pale blue drapery on a silver background set in a square medallion of polished gold. On each side are bars of polished gold with rustic ornaments, and across the lower edge a design in filigree and a carved leaf of frosted green gold. All the polished gold is solid. It opens at the back, and has a place for one picture. Price, \$6.

No. 8.—An especially beautiful necklace of "rolled" gold. It is composed of bar links of dead gold, ornamented with double inclined circles of gold filigree work, and set with an engraved leaf of flat circle links of highly-polished gold. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. The neck chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain two inches. Price, \$6.75.

No. 9.—A gentleman's watch-guard of "rolled" gold, composed of twisted horse-shoe links of polished gold alternating with small round links of frosted gold. The bar for the button-hole is of polished gold with solid gold tips, and there is a pendant chain to which an ornament may be attached. The chain measures eleven inches and a half from the bar to the swivel. Price, \$6.75. A chain of the same design and length, but smaller, can be furnished for \$6.

No. 10.—A very pretty locket or pendant of "rolled" gold, set with a Watteau painting on copper. The design represents a shepherdess in rose-color and white on a silver background, set in a square of highly polished gold. The locket itself is an oval of dead gold, with delicate ornaments in filigree. It opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. All the polished gold seen is solid. Price, \$4.50.

No. 11.—A woven link necklace of highly polished "rolled" gold. The ends are finished with engraved ornaments. The neck chain measures nineteen inches, and the pendant chain an inch and a half. Price, \$5.50.

No. 12.—Oval locket of "rolled" gold, with delicate filigree and polished gold ornaments upon the face. In the center a raised oval of highly polished gold surrounds a raised scroll-work and a bar, in which is set four pearls, and above and below the bar are foliated ornaments in frosted gold. It opens at the side, and has places for two pictures. Price, \$6.75.

No. 13.—This handsome chain of "rolled" gold, for the neck, is composed of long bar links of dead gold, covered with double circles of gold filigree, set with a polished gold flower and leaves of green and copper-colored frosted gold. These alternate with flat circle links of highly polished gold. All the polished gold seen is solid. The necklace measures nineteen inches and a half, and the pendant chain two inches. Price, \$7.50.

No. 14.—A beautiful pendant of "rolled" gold. The center is an oval of polished gold,

surrounding a crescent and lyre-shaped ornament of polished gold, with a transverse bar set with three real pearls. The rest of the pendant is dead gold, with scroll-work ornamented in filigree. It opens at the back with a place for one picture. All the polished gold that is seen is solid. Price, \$6.75.

No. 15.—Delicacy and beauty of design are combined in this pretty necklace. It is of "rolled" gold, with bar links of dead gold set with flowers of highly polished gold and leaves of frosted silver. These are connected by flat circle links of polished gold. The silver used is coin silver, and all the polished gold that is seen is solid. The long chain measures eighteen inches and a half, and the pendant chain one inch and a half. Price, \$6.

No. 16.—An elegant watch-chain for a gentleman. It is made in "rolled" gold and composed of long, oval links of polished gold, alternating with twisted, double-circle links of chased gold. The button-hole bar is of polished gold, with solid gold tips. The chain measures eleven inches and a half from the bar to the swivel, and has also a pendant chain to which a locket or ornament may be attached. Price, \$4.50. A chain of the same pattern and length, but heavier, can be furnished for \$5.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs are fac-similes of those made in solid gold.



Description of Cut Paper Pattern.

SURPLICE WAIST.

BUST MEASURE, 36 INCHES.

A TIGHT-FITTING, plain waist, to which a dressy effect is imparted by a plaited half-*fichu* crossed on the front *en surplis*. The waist may be worn as illustrated, closed high in the neck with a straight collar, or it may be cut away in a line with the upper plait on the front, and the neck filled in with lace or an inside handkerchief. This design is adapted to almost any kind of dress goods, and is very becoming to a slender figure.

Half of the pattern is given, consisting of eight pieces—front, side gore, side form, back, collar, surplice plaiting, and two sides of the sleeve.

The parts are to be joined according to the notches. The holes in the surplice piece denote five plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The upper end of the plaiting is to be joined in the shoulder seam, as indicated by the notches; the plaits in the lower end are to be laid in about the width of a plait narrower than at the top, the end finished with a binding, then crossed to the opposite side and fastened under the belt just back of the second dart. The surplice plaiting is

to be lapped from the right toward the left; and the knife-plaiting should be one inch and a half wide when finished, or it can be omitted from the edge, if preferred. The collar is to be sewed to the neck and left standing all around. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder-seam, and the bottom finished with plaiting and folds.

Cut the fronts lengthwise of the goods on the front edges, and curve them in a little at the waist line in fitting, if necessary. Cut the side gores and side forms with the grain of the goods in an exact line with the waist line. Cut the surplice piece lengthwise of the goods; the sleeves so that the parts above the elbows shall be the straight way of the goods, and the collar either bias or straight.

Two yards and seven-eighths of material twenty-four inches wide will be required for this size. Price of pattern, twenty cents each size.



IDALIA BASQUE.

Idalia Basque.—A close-fitting habit basque lengthened at the front and sides by skirt pieces, reaching several inches below the cut-away, pointed fronts, and extending to the back piece on each side. The basque has the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and extensions on the back and skirt pieces forming plaitings at the back and side form seams. It is ornamented with a collar and *revers*, and is altogether an exceedingly novel and pretty design suitable for any class of dress goods, and is most effectively made in combination of contrasting materials, as illustrated. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents each size.



Olga Muff.—A convenient and dressy little arrangement, serving the double purpose of muff and reticule, and intended to be made of silk, satin, velvet or plush, as desired, trimmed at the sides with lace, and ornamented on the outside with a large bow of satin ribbon. It may be made of goods to match the costume, wrap, or bonnet, or of an entirely different material, as preferred. This muff is illustrated in Fig. 1 of the full page engraving. Price of pattern, fifteen cents.

Chapeaux à la Mode.

No. 1.—Black felt hat, with square crown and wide brim, faced with gold-colored satin. A scarf of black and gold Surah silk is twisted carelessly around the crown, and an *aigrette* and *pompon* of bright gold-colored feathers ornament the front of the hat.

No. 2.—A dressy hat of admiral blue silk plush, with high, square crown and wide brim, faced with *ciel* blue satin. Two long ostrich plumes, in their natural color, encircle the crown and droop upon the hair at the back.

No. 3.—A stylish and *piquant* design in black velvet, with a high, round crown and curved, drooping brim faced with purple satin. A twisted scarf of black velvet and purple satin is arranged around the crown, and a long plume of old-gold color is fastened in the top of the hat, and droops gracefully over the brim at the right side.

No. 4.—This elegant and dressy model has a crown of *faisan* velvet. The wide, turned-up brim is faced with heavy silk plush of a dark golden tint. A long *faisan* plume encircles the crown, and a golden bird of paradise ornaments the inside of the brim. The hat is intended to be worn well on the back of the head.

No. 5.—A charming hat of dark garnet satin, faced with plush of the same color. *Coques* and ends of dark green satin ribbon are arranged around the crown, and two large *Maréchal Nié* roses complete the trimming.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

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CHAPEAUX À LA MODE.

The Greek Dress.

An English paper says:

"We have heard much less lately of the revival of the Greek dress. The truth is, the chiton is not becoming, with its abundance of folds, except to tall, slim figures; and many ladies make the matter worse by having their chitons made of thick materials, such as serge, or even silk sheeting. If they would try some of those Eastern thin, semi-transparent fabrics, which yet fall heavily and softly, because they are manufactured entirely of silk or linen, they would find themselves far bet-

ter pleased with their attire. Then, again, the effect is often spoiled by the chitons being trimmed with gold braid or other adornments, which, being stiffer than the stuff itself, necessarily cause the folds to hang stiffly and awkwardly. Still, for many women, the chiton, with the neck and arms of the wearer left bare, is a beautiful evening dress when made in soft Indian silk of pale blue, or salmon, or cream tint, or, indeed, of any pale, bright hue. Soft Indian muslin is another admirable material for chitons, but, of course, they must then be made very full, to allow for the almost vaporous quality of the fabric."

BLACK LACE SCARFS.—Black lace scarfs wound round and round the throat, and fastened at the left side with a silver brooch, appear to be more fashionable than ever, especially for complimentary mourning, when silver jewelry and black lace appear to constitute all the grief which it is thought necessary to profess. Violet balayouses and violet kiltings are also much used in slight bereavements—a return to an ancient fashion, which is eminently becoming and pretty.

SEAL-SKIN fringe is a very rich and elegant species of chenille silk fringe.



ROSALBA TOILET.

Rosalba Toilet.—Very dressy and artistic in design, this *distingué* toilet is arranged to produce a "princess" effect, but is in reality a train skirt of especially graceful cut, combined with a polonaise, or long basquine, which describes panels at the sides reaching to the bottom of the skirt. The waist is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounded to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side gores and the fronts, back of the darts, are extended to form the panels at the sides, and the back is separated into four long tabs which are each gathered at the bottom and finished with a bow. The front of the skirt is trimmed with an apron drapery and two shirred flounces above a narrow plaiting; the panels at the sides are ornamented with five overlapping fan plaitings, and the long, rounded train is trimmed with a flounce, shirred in the middle. The sleeves are three-quarters in length, and the neck may be turned over in V shape to form *revers*, as illustrated, or left closed. This design is desirable for all handsome dress fabrics, and is particularly effective in a combination of materials. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Art Costumes.

The following is a description of costumes by modern English artists, and designed as "picture" dresses:

A very pretty winter costume of green cloth, edged with raccoon fur, came out delightfully; the dress seemed to be a short polonaise, with a coachman's cape, edged with fur, and a green cloth cap, having a fur band.

A princess dress of chocolate-brown velvet is very pretty, worn with a white hat of blue-green and amber necklace. Also a chocolate-brown merino, with velvet sleeves, over which is worn a lace scarf, tied lightly crossover-wise over the chest and fastened behind.

A girl in a "Zulu" hat looks pretty and picturesque in it and a little frock of a warm stone color; crossing over the breast is a fichu of white muslin and lace, with grenat bows at the throat, making up an odd, quaint mixture of one of Sir Joshua's children and our little ones of to-day.

A charming dress for a young fair girl is a pale

blue silk princess robe or sacque, opening in front over a satin petticoat of a slightly greener shade. A small kilting is the only trimming of the robe. The sleeve has a puff at the shoulder, and is short at the elbow. The brown hair is simply coiled rather high at the back.

A wonderful idea of color is given by "Lalage," which may be recommended to the attention of young ladies possessing brown hair having lighter brown shades. The color of this dress is a crimson wine-color; roses of the same hue, without leaves, wreath the fair brown hair in a round garland; the necklace is of beads of Egyptian blue.

A costume, both quaint and redolent of an earlier time, is a walking dress which is also a long plain princess costume of what seemed like Indian "puttoo cloth," in the natural yellow color of the wool. The long sleeves are of crimson velvet, and so is the under-petticoat, which is fully displayed by the overskirt being caught up at the side by a long cord from the waist. The small round hat is of the two colors.

"Mending the Banner" represents a dark girl with a clear complexion, wearing a perfectly charming dress of white and yellow brocade. In shape it is a plain princess robe, cut square in front—a square which is narrow on the shoulders and wider below—edged with bands of yellow satin of about two inches wide, with a row of pearl beads on the outer edge of the band; long sleeves, with a deep cuff of satin falling over the hands; pearl necklace; the hair cut straight over the forehead, and a yellow fillet binding the head. Nothing could be prettier than this for a dinner dress to be worn by a brune.

Mr. Perugini's "Leila" is habited in a dress of old pink and old red combined, which is exquisitely simple. The top of the bodice is gathered longitudinally; the sleeves are gathered also, but horizontally; the width of the spaces between the cordings being about an inch and a half. A Swiss bodice of the darker red velvet is cut with a pointed front, and round the top is a small box-plaited frill. A small lace edging at the throat, and below it an Indian necklace in silver fits close round the neck. A small bouquet of red chrysanthemums in front completes the costume. The hair, growing low over the Greek forehead, is plainly parted and slightly waved.



INVERNESS COAT.

Inverness Coat.—A quaint and stylish model, composed of a half-fitting coat, cut with loose fronts, side gores under the arms, and French back, the latter extending the entire length of the garment, while the required length on the front and sides is given by the addition of a deep kilt-plaiting to the bottom of the front and side gores. Shoulder capes in circle shape and a capuchin hood complete the design. It is suitable for almost any goods intended for out-door garments, excepting the very heaviest. The capes and hood should be lined with contrasting material. This design is illustrated on Fig. 3 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Morning Dresses.

CASHMERE is revived for morning dresses, and what is sometimes called "shawl" cloth—in reality the exquisite "Chuddah" wool of the famous shawls of that name. White and pale blue flannel are also in great vogue, and white camel's hair trimmed with Indian embroidery.

The form adopted is always the princess, sometimes plaited in the back, as in the "Vinetta," a most graceful design for cashmere, or "shawl" cloth, but for flannel there is the "plain princess," and for camel's hair the "Justine," the latter pretty enough, and enough of a dress for wear at hotel breakfasts, or for receiving calls at home.

A pretty way of making the "Justine" in cashmere or camel's hair cloth is to have the inserted plaitings in the spaces round the bottom of the skirt made of satin the shade of the woolen material. No bows are needed, the gown looks more quaint and pretty with a handkerchief fichu of embroidered mull tied over it.

A flannel wrapper may have bows of satin ribbon, but ruffles are not obligatory; it may be finished with a feather-stitched hem. Cashmere and chuddah cloth admit of the use of lace in profusion, and satin ribbon bows in addition, and the "Vinetta" suggests how this garniture can be used to advantage, but this style of trimming looks best on colors, primrose, peacock blue, pale pink, and the like. White is more elegantly finished with colored Persian or Indian embroidery, into the latter of which gold enters, and the soft tint of the wool, and the warm colors blended in the ornamentation recommend designs of this description specially to brunettes.

belt. Amber necklace and ornaments made of amber beads on the ends of the basque. Pale yellow gloves, with kid lace tops. The double illustration of this toilet is given elsewhere. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Flower Pockets.

THE small flower pockets, which were so fashionable last year, have been revived. Some of them are heart-shaped, and are made of one kind of flower alone, while others are formed of a mixture of roses, lilies, leaves, etc. One of these dainty affairs worn at a party recently was made as follows: Two tea-roses were placed in the center of the pocket, by the side of which was placed a bit of heliotrope and a spray of lemon verbena. Around this cluster was wreathed a spray of peach blossoms, from which drooped a delicate vine of smilax. The costume was a cream-colored brocaded silk over a quilted petticoat of delicate lilac satin, and added to this flower pouch, which hung from the waist, was a necklace, covered fan and jaunty capote, all formed of the above-named flowers.

they will never willingly be without a similar dress, and doubtless their adaptability keeps them in sight, and gives them their large measure of popularity. For traveling, for spring and fall rough and ready wear, and for "rainy" days they are infallible.

To these, for late autumn, has been added the "pilgrim" ulster, or capuchin, with a round cape under the hood, and heavy knotted cord as a girdle tied to one side. The ulster is made of the same shade of cloth or flannel as the dress, but the hood is lined with a color in satin, or perhaps with a stripe in plush—very dark green with garnet, or brown with crimson and gold, or navy blue with maroon and *écarle*, or Russian gray with crimson, or mouse with wine color. Ten yards of ladies' cloth or flannel, forty-eight inches wide, would make the entire outfit, dress and pilgrim ulster, and half a yard of satin will line the hood; add to this flannel of the same contrasting shade for lining, and if the costume is made at home it may be completed at comparatively trifling cost, for a "pilgrim" ulster alone in the shops costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars.

SASH RIBBONS.—Among the newest sash ribbons are some very elegant ones, richly embossed in wreaths of antique gold, with a brilliant centerpiece of some richly shaded flowers. These sash ribbons are not sold by the yard, but by the flower.

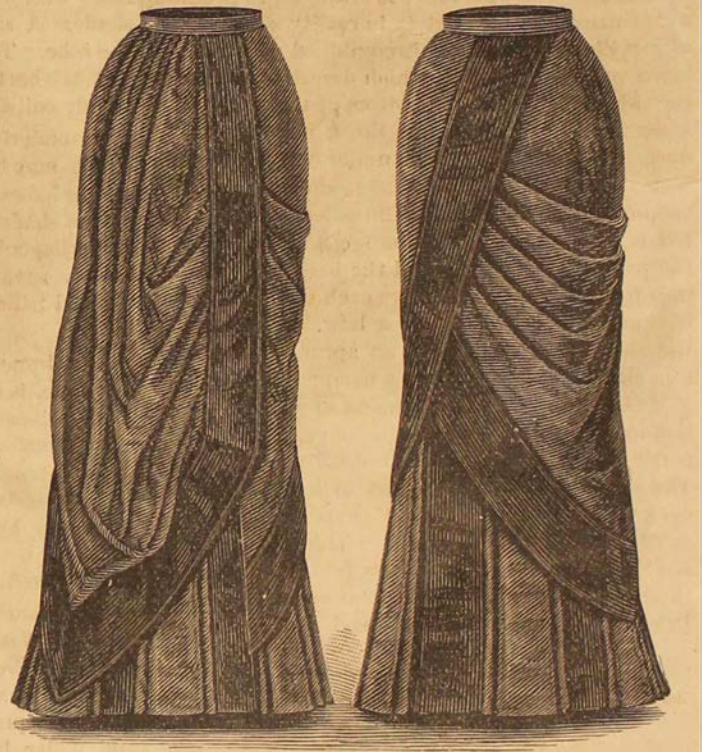


Reception Toilet.

AN elegant reception toilet of amber-colored satin de Lyon and garnet satin brocade with amber intermixed in the figures. The design used is the "Rosalba" toilet. The basquine or polonaise is of brocaded satin, trimmed with fan platings of amber satin and satin ribbon bows of amber and garnet; the back is separated into long sashes, each of which is gathered at the lower end and finished with a bow, and the sides form panels which extend to the bottom of the skirt. The skirt is of amber satin de Lyon, trimmed with shirred flounces, and having a draped apron on the front. The *marquise* sleeves are trimmed with *point de Venise* and satin ribbon bows, and the neck, cut out in V-shape, is encircled with a high *Medeis* collar of *point de Venise* wired into shape, a second row of lace falling like a *fichu* on the front. A single *Maréchal Niel* rose is worn at the

All-wool Dresses.

FLANNEL which is made from the wool of the sheep has been discovered to be a very healthful as well as durable fabric. A German professor has made the discovery that sheep's wool attracts the health-giving qualities from the atmosphere as well as gives out some of its own; this theory, if accepted, will add to the popularity of fabrics made of the hair taken from the back of the sheep, and render the Shetland products more desirable than silk from French or Italian looms. Every one knows that a flannel suit, or one of all-wool ladies' cloth, simply made and untrimmed, save by stitching and buttons, is one of the most useful and comfortable of costumes. It is lady-like; it is fit for all kinds of weather; it is warm, yet not too warm, for it can be worn at almost any season without discomfort. Those who have once known the comfort of possessing one say



MARCIA WALKING SKIRT.

Marcia Walking Skirt.—Extremely simple, but of novel and graceful design and arrangement, this model is composed of an overskirt, irregularly draped in front and falling in a point at either side, and having slightly *bouffant*, pointed drapery at the back, and a short skirt trimmed with perpendicular, alternating bands and double box-plaits. The design is suitable for almost any kind of dress goods, but is especially desirable for the heavier varieties. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

Renew Early.

IT is well to forward your renewal of subscription early, before the holiday rush commences. The present issue, December, ends the term of many thousands of our patrons, and we desire to serve them again promptly on receipt of their orders.



LADIES' BASQUES.

Ladies' Basques.

FIG. 1.—The "Surplice" waist, made of admiral blue woolen *armure*, in combination with the "Ulrica" walking skirt, having the drapery of the same material and the underskirt of *damassée* goods of the same color; belt and loops of dark blue satin ribbon; white linen cuffs and collar, and throat-knot of old-gold satin ribbon. A cut paper pattern of this waist thirty-six inches in bust measure is given with this month's MAGAZINE. Waist pattern, twenty cents each size.

FIG. 2.—The "Idalia" basque, made in brocaded silk, brown and old-gold color, used in combination with the "Clarissa" walking skirt, having the draped apron in the same material as the basque, and the skirt of *capucine* brown velvet. The under basque, skirt, collar, and cuffs are of brown velvet. A pretty *fichu* collar of white India muslin trimmed with fine embroidery is worn around the neck. The hat is brown and gold-striped velvet and plush, trimmed with shaded ostrich tips in the same colors. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Fig. 3 represents the back view of the basque.

1881—Renewals—1881.

You will renew your subscription for 1881, and will find a convenient blank on the last page which can be detached and used as a letter and order for that purpose.

Novelties in Muffs.

THE prettiest style as yet shown is a muff of brown satin lined with satin sublime. The center is shirred in very close shirrings, the satin forming full double ruffles at the ends. Under these ruffles is placed full ruffles of Breton lace. A knot of artificial flowers is placed at one end of the muff, and a flat wide gold cord serves to suspend it around the neck. The wadding of these muffs is perfumed, so as to scent the wearer's gloves and handkerchief.

Another style has a center of peacock's feathers, with a border of golden pheasant feathers, and peacock satin ruffles lined with gold.

An art school shows muffs made of plush embroidered with flowers and designs appropriate to the season. On one is a design of winter roses, worked upon dark blue. A myrtle green is embroidered with a bunch of mistletoe and ivy, and on a rich black plush ground there is worked a spray of holly, with a robin redbreast picking at the berries.

FLOWER DESIGNS.—One of the newest is "The Hunting Hat," a hat shaped like a beaver in straw, to be adorned with streamers of gauze or silk, and bunches of roses or flowers. There are also decorated slippers, wheelbarrows and pompadour baskets to be worn on the side and lined with silk or satin, to be filled with flowers.

Feather Fans.

THE feather fans that were originally made in Vienna are now manufactured in large quantities in Paris. The neck-plumage of the lophophore, the golden pheasant, and other tropical birds is employed for the fans composed of small feathers, and mounted with tortoise-shell or dark mother-of-pearl. The ostrich feather fans are the loveliest, as they are also the most costly. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt brought this beautiful style into vogue last spring, and it is now all the rage in Paris. The feathers are necessarily of a very fine quality, and when mounted on cream-tinted mother-of-pearl or amber tortoise-shell, the effect is vaporous and picturesque in the highest degree. In pure white, for full ball dress or for bridal fans, these dainty compounds of ostrich plumes are perhaps seen to best advantage, but the colored feathers in delicate lilac and shaded red tints are very charming.

Painted feather fans show very pretty and unconventional designs upon straight cock's feathers, black or white, both having ebony sticks.

NEW BUTTONS.—Very handsome tinted pearl buttons are imported, with tiny pictures of cottages, vines, trees and flowers, carved in relief, and upon others delicately enameled and fine gilded work is seen.

Ladies' Street Costumes.

THIS illustration represents the front and back views of the "Myrtea" polonaise, worn in combination with a short, round underskirt. The costume on Fig. 1 is made of plum-colored ladies' cloth, trimmed with rows of machine stitching, and heavy silk cords and spikes. Fig. 2 shows an elegant street costume of gray, plush-finished cloth and garnet velvet. The polonaise and cape are made of the plush cloth, and the underskirt, pockets, cuffs, collar, and revers are of garnet velvet. Heavy garnet silk cords, terminating in spikes, are tied around the waist, and ornament the sides of the polonaise. Capote bonnet of pearl-gray plush, trimmed with garnet *satén de Lyon*, and a shaded red feather. Gray plush strings lined with garnet *satén de Lyon*. Price of polonaise pattern, thirty cents each size; skirt pattern thirty cents.

Handkerchief Costumes.

THE handkerchief costumes in wool do not find so much favor as the same designs in cotton, because they are so largely lost under a cloak. They are particularly adapted for mild climates where garments that envelop the entire person are little needed; but here at the North it is necessary to be always prepared for the worst, whether it comes or not, and it is only exasperating to have the intricate prettiness of a handkerchief costume lost under a thick ulster, or fur-lined cloak. One of the discouraging things about them is the difficulty of making them at home, but the clever seamstress will have little trouble if she provides herself with an "Edmee" skirt pattern. For the waist, the "Surplice," illustrated in the present number, is one of the best, and a handkerchief fichu may be substituted for the cross-over folds if preferred.

A pretty design for plain and plaid wool may be arranged by taking the "Clarissa" walking skirt, using the plain wool for the back, and for a kilted lower half to the front, and the plaid for a longer draped apron. Make also a round waist of the plaid, and sleeves only three inches short of the wrist. Turn them up with cuffs of the plain, add a broad belt, and pelerine-shaped fichu of the plain, and edge this and the cuffs with several alternate lines of dark silk cord and narrow gold braid.

The "Inverness" cape is a capital outside garment for wear with this dress, very suitable and becoming.



LADIES' STREET COSTUMES.

PLUSH bonnet trimming is laid in fluted folds around the crown, with a large bow on the top.

JACKETS of light colored cloth, with dark plush or velvet collars and cuffs, are worn by young ladies.

DRESS PACKING is an art in France; the way the skirt is covered with tissue paper, so that the folds of the material never come into contact, the rolls and balls of paper here and there to keep a sleeve shapely, to support a trimming, etc., are all studies; when the dress is lifted from its case, it has neither crease nor mark to show that it has been imprisoned during its transit.

January, 1881.

THE January issue of Demorest's Monthly Magazine will be the first issue of volume seventeen, and will be mailed a few days before our usual date, to enable club agents and canvassers to commence business for 1881 in advance of the holidays. This will be a superb number, and will contain one of the most beautiful gems of illuminated oil painting for the title page, ever produced.

Renew your subscription for 1881, and send another subscription with it. There are desirable articles in our list of two names that will amply repay you for the trouble. (See third page of cover.) A full illustrated list will be mailed on application.



MYRTEA POLONAISE.

Myrtea Polonaise.—This unique and stylish design has the long front slightly draped, and the back very deep, in coat shape with plaits let in the side form seams. It is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back; and is ornamented with large, square pockets, and a double collar and *revers* describing a "Carrick" cape at the back. The design is suitable for a great variety of dress goods, and is especially desirable for the heavier qualities and a combination of materials or colors. The plaits in the back, if made of contrasting goods, produce an effective result. Price of pattern, thirty cents each size.

Description of Colored Steel Plate.

FIG. 1.—Pierrette.—This costume is of white silk and cherry-colored satin. Short white skirt, with gored apron front, and very full gathers in the back. Loops of cherry-colored ribbon are placed in clusters down the front of the skirt, and upon each side is a broad box-plait ornamented with a row of large, round, cherry-colored buttons. A broad cherry-colored sash, the ends fringed with gold, crosses the skirt and is tied on the right side. The waist is pointed front and back, with cherry-colored *bretelles* on the front, which is closed with cherry-colored buttons, while the *bretelles* are trimmed with white buttons. A knot of cherry-colored ribbon is placed upon each shoulder like an epaulette. Rather large sleeves with deep cuffs, trimmed with cherry-colored buttons. Two other buttons are placed on the outside of each sleeve. High plaited ruff trimmed with lace on the edge. White felt hat, with high pointed crown, trimmed with ribbon and cherry-colored feathers. White kid shoes, with cherry-colored buttons and heels.

FIG. 2.—Macon Peasant Dress.—This showy costume, suitable for a little girl, has a short skirt, plaited full in the back, and trimmed with five gilt cords, setting off the red skirt. Small black silk apron, rounded at the corners and trimmed with a fluted ruffle pinked out on the edge, and round pockets. Emerald-green velvet basque, the neck low in front and the bottom cut out in

"polka" tabs bordered with gilt braid. The front closes under a double row of gilt braid. The belt is of the same braid. The sleeves are straight and trimmed with a band of braid that heads a plaiting of velvet, with an inside plaiting of lace-trimmed muslin. Two other plaitings of muslin and lace finish the neck of the basque. *Maconnaise* hat with the top crossed by large gold pins. Small black satin shoes with silver buckles.

FIG. 3.—Lady of the Court of Louis XVI.—Watteau dress of rich blue satin or brocade, with court train, over a gold-colored satin petticoat richly trimmed with white lace. It is cut very low and square in the neck, with flowing sleeves trimmed with white lace. A narrow ruff of lace is fastened around the neck. Knots of gold-colored satin ribbon ornament the waist and sleeves. The hair is dressed close to the head, and powdered, with a cluster of pink rose-buds on the left side. White satin slippers embroidered with rose-color.

FIG. 4.—Gypsy Costume.—Gold-colored satin princess dress laced up the back. It is crossed transversely on the front and back of the skirt by two bands of *tulle* embroidered with gold stars. The waist is cut low in the neck. A scarf of black satin, embroidered in gilt designs, crosses one shoulder and is fastened in a belt around the waist, reappearing on the skirt fastened high on the right side and terminating in a handsome bow at the left. A double string of gold beads around the neck. Moorish cap of black velvet with a rich gold tassel. Broad gilt bands around the arms and ankles. Pink silk stockings and gold-colored satin slippers.

FIG. 5.—Folly.—A showy costume made of crimson satin, blue velvet and blue gauze. The short princess dress is of blue velvet, as deep as the knees, cut in deep, sharp points all around. Under the lower edge is a band of crimson satin cut in sharp points; each one of the points is finished by a little bell. Under the lower edge of the satin band is a band of blue gauze taken double and plaited in deep flutings which are placed between the satin points. A scarf of blue gauze is draped in *paniers* on the hips. The bodice has a pointed *plastron* trimmed with a band of crimson satin cut out in points, and loops of crimson satin ribbon. The neck is cut square in front, and the short blue velvet sleeves are cut in sharp points, each furnished with a little bell. Cap of crimson satin and blue velvet with bells. Crimson stockings and black shoes.

Husbands,

SEND a year's subscription to the publishers of Demorest's Monthly Magazine. It will repay your household a hundred times its cost in hints and information not attainable in any other way. The engravings alone furnish a gallery of art in themselves.

Young Man,

SEND your particular lady friend a year's subscription of Demorest's Monthly Magazine. It will cause you to be in her remembrance for a whole year, and its lasting effects will be a splendid result.

Yellow Lace.

EVERY kind of lace now worn by fashionable ladies is of a bilious hue; lace, in fact, can scarcely be too yellow to be in style. The color is different from the peculiar tint which time imparts to lace, and to which the antique fabric owes much of its value. Fichus, ruffles, neckties, jabots, fraises, stomachers and collars of yellow lace are considered quite indispensable to modern toilets. Indeed, it is these little nothings which give effect to the simplest robe, and without them the richest and most elegant toilet lacks that indescribable something which is termed finish. Collars and cuffs made of black silk are also worn. They are large as regards the collar, while the cuffs are correspondingly deep, and both are trimmed with saffron-tinted lace.

A Reception Dress of Black Satin.

AT a recent private reception a lady wore a dress singularly simple and elegant. The skirt was made with a train held rather closely to the figure. At the bottom was a balayeuse of gold-colored lace. Across the front of the dress there was a very simple tablier of black satin edged with black Spanish lace. The bodice was cut in a low square, the opening being filled up with black Spanish net gathered at the neck and finished with a thickly plaited *ruche* of lace, also black. There was a short full puff of satin around the armhole, with sleeves of lace below, terminating at the elbow with lace ruffles, long black Saxe gloves being worn to meet them.



VALETTA CLOAK.

Valetta Cloak.—In *visite* style, but longer than the garments usually designated by that name, this design is cut with *sacque* fronts which are joined to a skirt-piece that reaches only to the waist line at the back; and the upper part of the back is arranged to form the outer parts of the sleeves, and has a seam down the middle. This design is adapted to all of the materials that are used for out-door garments—silk, *sicilienne*, *satin de Lyon*, cloths, etc., and can be trimmed elaborately or simply, in accordance with the material used. It is illustrated, *en costume*, on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Pattern in two sizes, medium and large, price, thirty cents each.

Winter Cloaks and Outside Garments.

THE great variety and picturesque grace of the hats and bonnets demanded that some effort should be made for the cloaks, and the result is all that the most exacting could ask for. It is not to be expected that modest folks will undertake the gorgeous pelisses of richly brocaded silk, with lining of old gold, or striped plush, with kilting, and *passementerie*, and cords, and fringe, and every sort of fascination; but it is a pleasure to think it possible to adorn one's self in such imposing style, if one had money enough, or toilet to harmonize with it, and nothing to do but wear it with becoming dignity. But the range is fortunately very wide, and the "small incomes," who have to count the pennies as well as the dollars, need not feel left out in the cold. Even the elegant and expensive cloaks are not all loaded with trimming; some of them are severely plain, and there is a disposition to return to cloth, of which so many handsome styles are manufactured, and make it up in the plainest manner, with no addition save stitching and buttons.

When this is the case the cost is put into quality, and the "velvet" beavers are often chosen, with reversible sides, crimson or garnet in color, and long-haired—the most stylish cloths that can be imagined, but six and eight dollars per yard. There are plain silk fur-lined round cloaks, but they are no longer the *ne plus ultra* of elegance. They may be worn as wraps, but for "dress" cloaks, the material must be satin, figured silk, *satin de Lyon*, or rich *sicilienne* lined with quilted satin or plush, and richly trimmed. The forms are the pelisse or the dolman, modified and elongated.

Some form of the dolman for visiting, and especially for evening opera or concert wear, is indispensable; and it is the light, delicate ones that are cut small; the black are larger, though both show a rich lining and a profusion of exquisite ornamentation. The finest opera cloaks are ivory-white satin brocade, with lining of quilted gold-colored satin, and pearl and *chenille* decoration in the shape of *passementerie* and fringe.

Cloth cloaks and jackets are principally distinguished by their shape, and the quality and texture of the material. Contrasts in color are not indulged in, nor any mounting except a narrow, turn-down collar of velvet. The fashion in vogue last year and previously, among certain manufacturers, of trimming outside jackets with stuffs in mixed colors or stripes, was found to be bad because the trimming was so often out of harmony with the dress. Most of the new cloth cloaks take the cape form. It will be observed in the "Inverness," illustrated in the present number, and which looks well made of reversible cloth showing a color when the cape is thrown back.

The "Valetta" may be made in cloth with very good effect, finished with stitching, and with double loops of cords and buttons down the front for fastening.

The "Richelieu" pelisse is an example of the full, long, clerical cloaks which are a picturesque feature of the season; but the most practical design is the "Russian" paletot, a well-fitting, simple, yet elegant cloak, adapted to either cloth or velvet, or silk trimmed with plush, and which may be made at home, without the least difficulty, out of three yards of double width (forty-eight inches) cloth. It ought to be remarked that velvet is recovering its prestige, and is used for some of the richest imported cloaks, but it is really less desirable than the "feather" cloth, with its soft, deep, velvety pile, and adaptability to all kinds of weather except warm, and every variety of circumstance, for it is always elegant.

Winter Hats and Bonnets.

DURING the early part of the season nothing was to be seen in the way of ornaments for hats but feathers, and feathers were so many, and so varied in color, size, style, and arrangement, that they left nothing apparently to be desired.

Bonnets did not help the matter a great deal, for the more dressy were made entirely of feathers, and those that were not made of feathers were beaded, and ornamented with magnificent ribbons, so costly as to be sold by inches instead of yards, and with beaded lace hand-wrought to match the embroidery which covered the crown. But the advancing season brought us a variation from these modes in the shape of quaint little shirred or "drawn" bonnets of velvet, so small as to leave little room for trimming, but large enough to display the most admirably executed wreaths of velvet leaves and flowers. Color, graining, shading, everything is perfect, and this wreath, which does not extend entirely round the bonnet, the plush or satin strings and lining matching the strings, constitute all the ornamentation necessary. We owe these tasteful little bonnets to the revival of velvet costumes with which they are worn, and they are more fashionable in colors than in black. The velvet may be wine-color; the wreath, in this case, will be shaded in this color, and the lining and strings will be of satin in a light shade, or the lining will be old-gold, and the strings of plush lined with old-gold satin.

A very stylish plush bonnet is turned up on one side with a scarf of striped velvet, old-gold, and bronze—the plush being bronze in color, and having a very long pile. The feathers which completed the decoration were one bronze and two old-gold.

Bonnets of ruby plush are the most striking specimens, perhaps, of millinery taste which the winter has brought us, but they require to be of the very richest materials, and worn with the most elegant toilets. A very handsome imported one has a crown and ornamentation of gold lace, the pattern outlined with ruby chenille. The strings are lined with gold-colored satin, and the lining of the brim is gold satin also.

A Veronese hat of *écru* beaver is very graceful. Upon one side is a very long and full ostrich plume of the natural color, which curls over and over nearly to the shoulder. The brim droops very low on one side, but is turned up on the other with a tiger's foot with gilt claws. A Sir Joshua Reynolds hat of black beaver is turned up with a plume of three feathers, one of which is long, and droops over the left cheek. Soft caps are very much liked by young ladies, and take on many quaint and pretty shapes; the most popular is the Henry VIII., a cap all crown—that is to say, having a large round crown which resembles the "Beef-eater," and is joined to a narrow brim, from which an ostrich feather fastened with an ornament sweeps the cheek.

There are fur bonnets very quaint and wintry-looking, which are a decided poke as to shape, only the brim is bent coquettishly instead of being set up in the old stiff, uncompromising fashion. These are trimmed with satin ribbon and plumes of handsome feathers, and sometimes have an edging of soft, light fur as a finish to the brim.

The simplest hats for ordinary wear are the felt Derby, but they are only suitable for children and very young ladies.

JACKETS of velvet brocade have taken the place of Persian silk, but they do not mold the figure like the soft Eastern brocade.

Children's Parties.

A GREAT change for the better has taken place recently in the hours at which children's parties are held, as well as in the refreshments which are furnished on such occasions. There was a time when, in the willingness to allow them to ape the manners of their elders, entertainments began late in the evening, and were allowed to extend far into the night, while with their little bodies so tired it was with difficulty they could be kept awake, they were allowed and even encouraged to gorge their stomachs with indigestible sweets. Enough of common sense has at last crept into the heads of even the most thoughtless of fashionable mothers to modify some of the worst of these errors. Children's parties now begin almost invariably in the afternoon as early as four o'clock, and continue only until seven, eight, or, at the latest, nine. Dress is more sensible, in so far as it is always high at the neck and long in the sleeves, and when materials are thin, they are invariably made over silk, so that flannels can be worn, if they are customary. Naturally the costumes are not less rich or tasteful than formerly, but they are more natural; they do not stand out stiffly from the unprotected limbs, they cover the body, and a great deal of latitude is permitted in the way of picturesque, quaint, and simple dressing.

The forms observed are much the same as ever, and there is a use for their observance, for they teach good manners, and get rid of the awkwardness and self-consciousness which is so terrible an obstacle to the young. Probably one of the severest ordeals that a boy ever passes through, is entering a strange room, brilliantly lighted, where are assembled a bevy of bright, prettily-dressed girls and boys, *au fait* in all the arts of the dressing-room, and to whom he must pay his respects with such care and grace as he can muster—a field of battle demands not much more courage.

The most fashionable parties for little ones are dancing parties, of course, and at these the dressing is lighter and more elegant than at the less formal afternoon parties, where music, games, Punch and Judy, or some seasonable and interesting amusement is introduced. Near Christmas, a Christmas-tree, or *four* Christmas-trees, one in each corner of the parlor, as one generous lady had them last winter, or a Father Christmas, which is even more exciting.

The great point of the dancing party is, of course, the "German," because in this the pretty favors that are given away are almost more dear to the childish heart than the gifts from the famous Christmas-tree. A "German," therefore, has become a necessary feature of a dancing party, and adds considerably to the cost. It also prolongs the entertainment to a much later hour than is wise or wholesome for boys and girls, whose pleasures, at this age, should be simple, and only preparatory for a brighter future when they are old enough to understand life as well as enjoy it.

STOCKINET for "Jerseys" is now sold by the yard, and makes up into charming cuirass basques.

CORDS WITH TASSELS have largely taken the place of belts for street and house wear.

Renewals of Subscriptions for 1881.

To those interested in making up clubs for Demorest's Monthly Magazine, we are prepared to send on application, by return mail, circulars, cards, and blanks for renewal of subscriptions for 1881. We endeavor to supply all in advance, but may have overlooked some of our interested friends.

Children's Fashions.

WE were amused to find, the other day, in a scientific periodical, a scathing article on the dress of modern children. The writer declaimed eloquently against the low necks and short sleeves, the bare legs and profuse skirts, with an utter ignorance of his subject that was truly refreshing, and that made one wonder if he had really been so engaged in studying physiological laws during the past twenty-five years that he had known nothing of what was passing around him, or of the advances made in other fields besides his own.

All his strictures were really addressed to the customs and habits of dressing children which obtained upwards of a quarter of a century ago, but which have long been discarded by sensible mothers, and mainly even by fashionable ones.

In fact, in some respects the fashionable ones set the example of a simple and truly hygienic style of dress, which, however, all mothers are free to avail themselves of, and which they do employ to the extent of protecting the children abundantly from cold, though some do it through more cumbersome and elaborate methods than others. Strange to say, the principal thing that stands in the way of a truly simple, wholesome, and hygienic dress for little girls, is economy. The mother's and older sisters' clothes must be made over for the younger portion of the family, and to save trouble, and also to render them available, they must, to a certain extent, follow the original design, and become reduced copies of an older person's garments.

The comfortable winter dress of a girl to-day is a knitted merino combination undergarment; over this a cotton one; over this a corded waist, to which is buttoned a red flannel skirt; over this a lined princess dress of wool; and over this, when she goes out, a coat, or long sacque, or ulster. Her hose are so long that they extend well up on her thighs, and are ribbed. Her boots are stout pebble-goat, her hat is felt, a broad collar or handkerchief is placed about her neck, and her warm mittens are attached by a cord, so that she shall not lose them. Even her party dresses are made high, and when the red flannel is taken off, a white one—embroidered, perhaps, but that does not lessen its warmth—is put on, and a muslin, embroidered, over that. Nothing can surpass the freedom, warmth, and comfort of this mode of dress, and if it can be improved upon we should like to see it done as quickly as may be.

Can anything be prettier or quainter than the "Minella" coat illustrated in our present number, for a girl of eight, ten or twelve years? The waist tied with a cord, the cape and hood reproduce the "Pilgrim" ulster as nearly as may be, and give a simple garment, as useful as it is pretty and picturesque. The "Myrtle" coat is a still plainer and more practical design, but stylishly cut, and capable of having a certain distinction and elegance imparted to it by the use of thick, soft lambswool cloth and handsome buttons. The finish consists merely of rows of stitching and an inside facing.

The "Evalie" jacket is for an older girl, and may be of cloth trimmed with plush or velvet, plain or figured, and loops of cord, which assist the buttons in forming the fastening.

The "Henrietta" costume is a tasteful combination of figured with plain material. It may be made very elegant by the use of rich materials, satin and damassée for example, but it is very pretty in figured silk and wool, with cashmere for the trimming and drapery, and it may be made with very good effect of plain and plaid wool, or plain and spotted delaine of an inexpensive quality. For a girl of ten or twelve years, three yards of the figured material will be required, and six of the plain if it is narrow width, but no trimming

is required in addition, save a yard and a half of ribbon and a couple of dozen of buttons, and the ribbon may be dispensed with if preferred. The "Coralie" basque is such a becoming design that all the little girls will be begging their mammas to make them one, and it is recommended as very pretty and useful for school wear, because warm and snug, and extremely neat and well-fitting.

The "Nydia" overskirt is a graceful design and is suitable for a party combination of twilled silk or satin with foulard or damassée. It may be made also in white gasoline over silk, with the flounces embroidered in colors or composed of kilt plaiting.

Muslin dresses are quite set aside for party purposes for children, but muslin pinafores are a great rage, tied with bows of satin ribbon over pale blue or pink silk dresses, and with these are worn very dark and even black stockings. At a recent entertainment, two little girls wore black velvet dresses, slashed on the sleeves with yellow; muslin pinafores gathered up with yellow satin bows, and bouquets of moss rosebuds, pale blue sashes lined with yellow, and ribbon to match in the hair. Another wore a pale blue silk underdress, with a white muslin overdress, trimmed with lace reaching to the knees, a blue sash and dark stockings.

The tiny grandson of the hostess, in a knickerbocker costume of bright blue velvet, with silver buckles at the knee, a blue scarf round the waist, a Vandyke collar of Honiton lace, over which floated golden hair, puce stockings embroidered with light blue clocks, made up an *ensemble* that would have charmed a painter.

From the family of a foreigner resident in New York, came a lovely child in crimson velvet and point lace. There were white princess dresses embroidered with crewel stitch with shades of yellow and olive, and some lovely pinafores of foulard trimmed with white lace over white silk with plaited flounces. The favorite costume for the boys was the sailor dress; but there were some elegant little suits of dark velvet with lace ruffles.



MYRTLE COAT.

Myrtle Coat.—A practical style of walking coat for small children, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and cut in sacque shape, with loose fronts and a "French" back. It is desirable for any kind of material suitable for a child's out-door garment, and may be trimmed in any way appropriate for the goods chosen. A facing of a contrasting color or material on the pockets, collar and cuffs will be very effective, and the edges can be finished with galoon or narrow braid, or in the "tailor" style—several rows of machine stitching—as illustrated. Pattern in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty-five cents each.



MINELLA COAT.

Minella Coat.—This stylish little coat is cut with sacque fronts, side gores under the arms, and a French back, the necessary fullness being imparted by extensions on the back pieces, and plaits set in on each side of the back. The design is completed by the addition of a "coachman's" cape and a capuchin hood, both of which should be lined with a contrasting material, that should also be used to face the plaits in the skirts. The bright-colored facings, rows of machine stitching near the edges, and large square buttons furnish all the trimming required. The design is appropriate for any of the various materials used for children's out-door garments, especially the mixed goods and plaids now in vogue. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



HENRIETTE COSTUME.

Henriette Costume.—Composed of a plain, colored skirt, trimmed with three deep side-plaitings, and a polonaise or redingote with draped side paniers and a long coat-basque at the back, this is a decidedly stylish and becoming costume for a miss. The polonaise is very much cut-away in front, and is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side of the front, side gores under the arms and a "French" back. It is ornamented with a large turned-over collar, fastened with a bow on each side of the front, and deep cuffs with *revers* on the sleeves. This costume may be made up in almost any dress goods excepting the thinnest, and is prettiest in a combination of plain and figured as illustrated. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty-five cents each.

Baby Clothes.

A REMARKABLE display was made recently of an outfit prepared for an expected baby by Lord & Taylor, the mother being a New York girl, married to an Italian marquis. The outfit comprised crib and its belongings, the furnishing required by the young mother, and the complete wardrobe for a baby—the whole costing upwards of three thousand dollars. Every stitch of the sewing was executed by hand; and the tucking, the hem-stitching and plain—even hemming and over-hand sewing—were dainty as the embroidery. There were three dozen slips and dresses, and other things to correspond. The two finest dresses were made entirely of the most exquisite Valenciennes lace; one (the christening robe) over white, the other over pale blue satin, with satin sashes. The beauty of these lovely robes of delicate hand-made lace cannot be described.

There were two cloaks—one of white satin-finished faille, embroidered by hand in white sewing silk in lovely flower and tendril patterns, and another of white damassée trimmed with bands or netted pearl trimming, and both lined with quilted white satin, bordered with wide, real Brussels lace, and accompanied by charming little cap bonnets and hats also to match—the latter precaution being taken so that the demands of the aggressive sex might be satisfied. The marquis himself has taken the utmost interest in the gradual development of ideas in the belongings of his future offspring. He discovered his good sense, as well as his taste, by insisting that the trimming should be put in straight, and with no short, patchy or diagonal lines. This gives to even the most costly conceits a charming air of simplicity, and one quite in accordance with the fineness, the delicacy, and infantine character of the outfit. The skirts worn with the best dresses have ruffles and insertions of real Valenciennes—fine as that of which the robes are composed—half a yard in depth; and the flannel petticoats are most effectively embroidered in lamb's-wool, which produces raised figures, outlined with white silk. The little boots are knitted in crochet stitch in white or pale blue silk, and there are six sacques of white French cashmere—all embroidered in lovely patterns, filled with lace-like dots.

The crib is a royal nest of willow, concealed by canopies and draperies of lace, tied with myriads of bows of blue satin ribbon, and lined with quilted satin. The mattresses were first covered with cream-tinted satine, afterward with blue silk; pillows the same. Sheets and pillow-covers are of finest linen, bordered with flounces of real Valenciennes lace a quarter of a yard in depth. The blankets are of the softest wool, bound deeply with blue satin ribbon and embroidered with the monogram and coronet of the marquis. The down coverlid is of blue satin, bordered with wide lace, and the monogram and coronet are repeated in raised stitch in enlarged size and in several shades of blue, which brings them in relief upon the blue satin ground. The baby's afghan is of white lamb's-wool divided into squares, with broad blue satin ribbon, and edged with wide imperial point. In opposite corners are bouquets of shaded rosebuds embroidered in raised stitch, in natural colors, and tied with baby bows of blue satin ribbon. In the center is the long double S and M, surmounted by the coronet, which looks quite like a crown.

For the mamma there are sheets five and a half yards long and three and a half wide, bordered with fine, deep needlework ruffles, tucking, hem-stitching and insertions; pillow-slips to match. There is a satin eider-down coverlid to match that of the baby, only, of course, larger, and two "sitting-up" gowns—one of princess cashmere, lined with white flannel and trimmed with satin rib-

bons, and eight dozen yards of beautiful real Languedoc lace; the other a robe of mull, with front of puffed and ruffled Valenciennes, enriched with cascades, over the same delicate shade of blue satin as that which marks the entire outfit.



CORALIE BASQUE.

Coralie Basque.—A tight-fitting, belted basque, cut away in front and ornamented with a broad, turn-over collar, cuffs with revers, and a surplice trimming gathered at the shoulder seams crossed from right to left, one side finished in the middle of the front and the other plaited in at the belt. It is fitted with a single dart in each side of the front, has side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam in the middle of the back, the side gore and side form seams being left open below the belt like a polka basque. The design is stylish and very becoming to slender figures, and is desirable for any kind of dress goods. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty cents each.



EVALIE JACKET.

Evalie Jacket.—An elegant design for a miss's street garment, with a Louis XV. vest and "Pierrot" collar. The fronts are joined by three cords crossing the vest and attached by buttons on each side. It is nearly close-fitting, with a single dart in each vest front, side forms rounded to the armholes and a seam down the middle of the back. The design is suitable for all kinds of materials that are usually chosen for out-door garments, and for many classes of dress goods; and is especially desirable for a combination of materials or colors. The vest, pockets, cuffs and collar, if made of a contrasting material, furnish all the trimming required. Pattern in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty cents each.

Woolen Underwear.

A DECIDED reaction is taking place in regard to woolen underwear, which for some years past has been neglected by the wealthy and fashionable for silken garments. Physicians in many cases have expressed their disapproval of this change, and recommended patients to return to wool, especially in the winter season, and the reactionary influence of this advice has doubtless been assisted by the improvements made in the shape and style and finish of woolen under-garments.

The combination underwear only need to be made in a wider range of qualities, and at prices averaging not more than the two single garments of corresponding quality, to be almost perfect for the use they are intended to fill. At present the price for an inferior make is higher than that of the pair of single garments, and when the quality is high they are quite out of the reach of moderate purses. They are however convenient, and the improvement of a single smooth garment over the clumsy gathers of woolen drawers and vest must be experienced to be appreciated.



NYDIA OVERSKIRT.

Nydia Overskirt.—Graceful and unique, this overskirt is composed of a deep draped apron trimmed with a gathered flounce, and double draperies at the back; the lower part falling plain, and the upper looped high on each side. This is a pretty design for almost any dress material, and is especially adapted to those that drape gracefully. Pattern in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

Mme. Demorest.

THE fashions presented at this celebrated house are pronounced perfect in every particular. The designs are numerous, and every style of figure can be advantageously fitted. In this important branch of dress, there is so much to be depended upon that it makes a well-fitting pattern, one that has all the changes that fashion institutes from month to month, a most desirable article to possess. The lay figures at the Demorest house are dressed in tinted paper costumes, so accurate in design and so rich in blending hues that you almost fancy the toilets are formed of expensive fabrics and adorned with the dainty garnitures of the season. An excellent idea can be borrowed from these modes that will enable any one more correctly to construct a dress which is to be made at home. The exhibit of fashions in all the various branches that patterns portray, has been accomplished in a very satisfactory manner by the Demorests at their fall and winter opening.—*Evening Telegram.*



LADIES CLUB

"MIGNON."—Woolen is considered by physicians as the healthiest wear for winter of any fabric. It attracts and holds the good and warming influences. Velvet is better for combination with it than silk. Do not make the sleeves entirely of velvet—cuffs, collar, and belt are sufficient of the contrasting material—but puffs at the top of the sleeves and elbow may be added if desired.

"YOUNG WIDOW."—A very good style for a dinner-dress for you, now that you have begun to go into society again, would consist of a straight plaited train in thick, soft black armure silk, edged with close thick plaitings, and an interior one, very narrow, of violet satin. Front draped and covered with light fringes of cut jet. No passementerie. Heart-shaped bodice, trimmed with fine plaitings of silk and crepe lisse. Sleeves of silk close to the arm, finished with ruffles to match. No figured lace, but the merest rim of violet satin may be inserted at the neck and also between the plaitings of silk and lace upon the sleeves.

"LETIA."—Exercise with your arms and shoulders will do much to develop. Daily exercise with dumbbells would be excellent for you, also with the broom. Do not miss a chance of using your arms and exercising your body out of doors. Lawn tennis would be good for you, and fail not after your morning bath to throw arms and shoulders back, and perform a vigorous rubbing and pounding from head down and over the region of the liver.

Natural beaver would be the most suitable for you to wear in mourning. It is fashionable this winter. A set consists of muff and collar. It is not a *cheap*, but neither is it one of the expensive furs. Our Purchasing Bureau could supply you.

Trains are only worn for evening dresses; they are banished entirely from the street. There is great variety in the cloaks, and some of the styles are very odd; but the most popular take the long dolman or a sacque form, with or without cape. The long fur-lined cloaks are used as much as ever, but the new ones have the "Princess" cut in the back. Fashionable winter suits for young ladies are a combination of wool and plush, the plush being used for jacket and cap, and upon the skirt if desired. The only trimming additional consists of buttons and a tiger's claw for the cap. "Henrietta" cloth is the most suitable material for deep mourning dresses; but cashmere is also suitable and armure cloth. If armure silk is used for dinner and evening, it should be trimmed only with fine knife-plaitings of itself or with crape.

"A. R. H."—Any small figured brocade would look well with your peacock green, or if you could get satin or velvet of the same shade precisely, perhaps these would be even better. If you choose brocade, select a small figure into which garnet, gold and the peacock shades enter.

"CINDERELLA."—Your easiest way to get the steel bracket and fret saw is to send in the two names mentioned—your own and another. We are not personally acquainted with the membership or objects or methods of the Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Perhaps some of our readers will give you, through the columns of the Ladies' Club, the information you ask. In a country-house, where there is a large kitchen, and it is difficult to take outdoor exercise in winter, it is a good plan to devote an hour in the evening to some lively game that requires exercise. The king of these is the good old game of blind man's buff. But a very good one is the game of shakers. Range the company in two straight rows, and let each couple advance back and forth, shaking their hands, which hang down in the peculiarly idiotic fashion known as "Shaker." Then, one after the other, each couple hops slowly down the center and separates, hopping up the sides to their place. The singing accompaniment is the "Muffin Man," or "I have a Father in the Promised Land," etc.

The game of "Twenty Questions" is a most interesting and useful quiet game. Two persons—a lady and gentleman—are selected to fix upon a subject, two others to ask the questions. The first two retire for a few moments and then return, announcing that they have

selected the subject. Twenty questions are then addressed to them on the nature, uses, and the like, of the subject selected; the object being to discover what it is from the replies, so that it often becomes a sharp contest of wits on both sides. The subject must be something material, not an abstract idea, nor too technical for general comprehension. A fifth person is sometimes required to act as umpire.

"Stage coach" is a lively and amusing game. Seat people in a circle, except the story-teller, who stands in the middle. He begins an extravagant story, bringing in names which have been previously bestowed upon the company. When a name is mentioned, the person to whom it belongs must rise and whirl around. When "stage coach" is mentioned, all rise and whirl round, and when it is said the coach was upset, all must rise and whirl round and change places, the story-teller taking his chance to dive into a seat, and the unlucky individual left standing being obliged to continue the story.

"Epizootic" is a ridiculous game. The leader arranges the company in a circle and divides a word into three parts—ash-ish-osh—one of which he gives to each person present, in regular order. He then stands in the center and counts four slowly. "One," at that all rise to their feet; two, three, four. At the utterance of the last word all pronounce simultaneously their part of the ash-ish-osh, and the effect is excessively funny. It sounds like an awful and prolonged sneeze.

"COLORADO."—The obelisk, or "Cleopatra's Needle," which has been lately brought to New York and placed in Central Park, dates sixteen hundred years before Christ. It is of rose-colored granite, and the stone was taken from the quarries of Syene. The tapering form was intended to symbolize the sun's rays. This, with others, were set up by Thothmes III., a famous Egyptian king at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, described in George Eber's "Uarda."

"COUNTRY GIRL."—You have already worn mourning as long as the strictest propriety demands; but we should not advise plunging immediately into the brightest plaids and gayest ribbons. The transition is too abrupt; it produces a shock. There are fine dark plaids you could wear, and combine with your empress cloth very suitably; but they are in the newest and best goods. Violet has not been worn in second mourning for a long time till this season. It has only lately made its appearance. Cloaks and dolmans are both fashionable. The richest cloaks have some of the features of the dolman. Our "Portfolio of Fashions" furnishes a choice of latest designs. Press cloth seams open with a warm iron. Turn a hem on the inside of your woolen ruffles and blind stitch. Basques and jackets are turned up and faced on the edge. Trimming-cords are used, but not the old-fashioned "piping."

"KATE MACINTOSH."—Write to Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, the proprietor of one of the largest houses in the country. Tell him the amount of experience you have had and what you want, he may be able to place you. Get a beaver hat; they are rather dearer than felt, but they do not require much trimming, and are very stylish.

"LULIE."—Very dark, what is called black-blue silk would be better than black for her wedding-dress, and it would do equally well for church and best wear afterwards. With it she should wear interior plaitings of fine white lace at neck and wrists, and a bunch of white flowers in the front of the corsage, which should open heart shape. It should be made plain if she is stout, and the skirt plainly trained in a triple plaiting at the back, and draped with three straight aprons in front, each bordered with fringe to match.

Her second dress should be wool, black or invisible green. Braid her hair in a single strand, broad, fasten it in a loop, surmount it with a low square comb, and fill in the front with irregular puffs, or a braid, brought down to the sides, the curls concealed in the back. Tell her to reduce her flesh by stopping the use of sugar entirely and fattening substances, and she will be more healthy. Restrict your supper to such things as you know you can manage well, and add ice cream. Then you are all right.

"DEAR DEMOREST:—1st. Can photography be learned without a teacher?

"2d. What are the best works on the art?

"3d. Is such an avocation suitable for women?"

"MISSISSIPPI."

We should say not. It could not be learned from books; it requires study and practice in a regular workshop. There are many niceties which cannot be learned except by actual contact, and secrets which each professor of the art keeps to himself, or only communicates to those who learn seriously. Certainly a woman could acquire it and find it profitable. Many have done so, but the competition is so great that she must make herself competent.

"NORTH-LAND."—The cradle of Scandinavian Christianity (Throndtjem) is one of the most beautiful places in the world, besides being the center of the oldest sagas and ballads. The whole place is a dream of loveliness. So exquisite is the soft silvery light of the morning on the fiord and mountain ranges, the rich near hills covered with bilberries and breaking into cliffs, that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax when at sunset an amethystine glow spreads over the mountains, and ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious houses displays a new vista of sea, of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water, and at the end of the principal street is the gray massive cathedral where St. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most poetic fancies round the grave of the national hero. The "Cathedral Garden," for so the churchyard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept, not by officials, but by the families to whom they belong, like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckles, and each little green mound has its own vase for cut flowers, daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors, which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and living is never broken.

"MRS. K. D. G."—Black velvet would be the most suitable mounting for your black momie cloth. Make it up simply, and use the velvet for collar and cuffs. The belt, also, if you require it.

"YOUR CONSTANT READER."—"Tam o' Shanter" was written by Robert Burns, and is a story of imaginary adventure on the part of a boon companion of Burns', after getting tipsy at the ale-house.

"CARRIE S."—You may combine your purple silk with figured velvet, with figured silk and wool, with satin, or plain wool a shade darker. We cannot advise you as to the exact style without knowing the use to which you wish to put it. But in a general way, we may advise that the upper part of the dress be made of the contrasting material, and the under part, ruffles, etc., of the plain silk.

"NATURAL."—To answer your questions would be to furnish an education in art needlework. The canvas, the oatmeal cloth, the "work-house sheeting," and other materials used now-a-days for curtains and the like, are purchasable at all large dry goods stores, and particularly of upholsterers and window furnishers. The decoration of them is a part of modern art needlework education, and cannot be taught or told in a paragraph. Patterns can be obtained through our Purchasing Bureau, if you have any distinct idea of what you require; if not, you had best state what you want, and leave it to its discretion.

"AN ADMIRER."—Quicksilver would undoubtedly give you a very "white" complexion if you should take enough of it, and arsenic also. Do not resort to any such methods. Be pure and temperate, and cleanly in your manner of living. Forget all about your complexion, and only try to get the very best you can out of life for yourself and others. You would be surprised to find what a beautifying effect it will have. Poisons cannot be taken without deadly injury, even in "small doses."

"J. F. B."—Your modesty does yourself injustice. One who can think, and express what she thinks, so clearly and so well must be possessed of some latent power, that could be put to good use, and need not be ashamed in any society. At the same time, you are quite right in the endeavor to acquire some of the formulas current among people of intelligence and culture. They are really the small change by which we are enabled to work together easily without friction or difficulty. It is not necessary, however, to let these stand in the way of what we know and feel to be right, and certainly should not interfere with any act of sympathy, kindness, or good fellowship. You have supposed several rather embarrassing positions in your letter, which, in a gossiping neighborhood might easily lay the foundation of disagreeable rumors. The case of calling at a distant neighbor's is one in point, and one, too, that could very

rarely occur. The natural thing, however, would be to take off your cloak and hood, and make the time pass as cheerfully as possible; not run away as if afraid of a construction which only the evil-minded could put upon so simple a circumstance.

Your minister's wife, it is to be feared, is not a true lady, notwithstanding her position and money. Evidently her invitation was of a merely complimentary character, and the proper way for you would be to make a formal call, and decline the visit if proffered. It is not a good plan for young women to cultivate individual correspondence with their pastors, married or otherwise, for it not unfrequently leads to entanglement and misconception. Your ideas in regard to addressing letters and ending them are perfectly correct. Make the form simple; leave out all servility. We should strongly advise you to seek an independent position. You are perfectly capable of it, and also of rapidly acquiring all you want through the current literature which would then be within your reach. Modern methods get rid of all that is unnecessary in speech; therefore "thanks," instead of "thank you." The pronoun *who* is used in relation to *persons*. The pronoun *that* in relation to *things*. There is no impropriety in accepting the offer of a ride from a person you know, or know of. But it is hardly safe, in these days, to accept even a civility from an utter stranger. In addressing a boy so young as fourteen, it is not necessary to use any prefix to his name. In the use of a knife and fork, a great deal depends upon their kind. A broad silver, or silver-plated fork is very convenient for taking up fish, peas, potatoes, and many other articles of food, while no one can help observing the awkwardness as well as the vulgarity of carrying a knife to the mouth. But if the fork should happen to be an old-fashioned steel affair, with only two or three prongs, its use is somewhat more limited, but it will still serve its purpose, aided by a teaspoon. If you are introduced to a lady in your own house, you would naturally begin or continue a conversation, unless she was very much your superior in years or position, or both. In any case, the cordial remarks upon some obvious current topic, such as weather, journey, health, or the like would be in order, and among people of any intelligence would naturally lead up to something else. We think the influence a very unfortunate one that keeps you from trying to secure a wider field of action.

"PAPER AIR CASTLE."—For the benefit of "DORA" and others I repeat directions: From pure white writing-paper, cut and fold forty-four miniature sheets two and a half inches long and half as wide. Press the fold down firmly. With sharp scissors cut a sheet into strips one eighth inch wide, commencing at the back and cutting forward. This will give a host of narrow double strips, held together by the uncut margins, which should be one fourth inch wide. If the idea is still obscure, Miss Dora may take an ordinary sheet of ruled note paper and cut on the lines to within half an inch of the edges. This will furnish a model on a mammoth scale. Now, with a broad flat blade open the sheet, and winding the uncut margins alternately around a cylinder of just sufficient size to allow them to slightly overlap, finish with bands of silver paper as wide as the uncut margin.

To mount—wind a wire hoop six inches across with silver paper, and suspend horizontally by the use of three cords fastened at equal distances. With a very fine thread, secure a cross-bar through the center of one end of each specimen. Thread them together in rows of four, beginning at the top, and looping and allowing the threaded needle to drop through the center of each little somewhat barrel-shaped "castle." Tie so as to allow them to hang one fourth inch apart. Having thus arranged eleven rows, fasten them around the hoop, hanging each alternate row about an inch higher than the last, to fill open spaces.

Finish with heavy tassels of white and silver paper, and with silver fringe around the hoop. To prepare the paper for this, cut very narrow threads, slightly dampen the reverse side, and twirling a knitting needle, wind it around to render it spiral.

Great care must be taken to do each part of the work delicately. Do not allow your specimens to be tossed in a heap, but set them on the end to preserve their perfect shape.

I hope "Dora" will have better success this time, and I am sure the pretty airy toy will reward her perseverance.

ROSE GERANIUM.

"VIOLET."—If you cannot get dresses often, and economy is an object, we should not advise you to get black silk trimmed with crape, particularly as you have been in mourning some time. Get a handsome black wool, Henrietta cloth, cashmere, or fine camel's hair,

and trim with fine close plaitings of itself, and folds of the same for heading. This, with fine interior knife-plaitings of white crape or mull, is "deep" mourning, yet quiet, neat, and appropriate; and it may be worn without alteration till it is worn out. Crape is very expensive, and soon wants renewing. Use quiet designs, and no lace or other trimming, except the material, and simple jet ornaments. When you begin to lighten your dress, use white mull neck-ties, and crimped *crêpe lisse* instead of crape inside your dresses, and for home wear large white linen collar and cuffs with your black woolen dress, which should be short and straight, with apron front and plaited back.

"M. O. B."—No stamp or payment of any kind is required for answering questions in the "Ladies' Club." We do not answer questions at all by private letter, unless they relate to business or orders through the "Purchasing Bureau."

"PET."—To knit a "Tam O'Shanter" for skating, or winter walking wear, take two skeins of 4-thread fleecy wool; bone hook, No. 10. Make 3 chain, and unite. Work in rounds of treble crochet, increasing by working 2 stitches in 1 wherever necessary, so as to keep the work flat until your round piece measures 11 inches. Now begins the under part. Mark the last stitch of the last circle by a bit of white thread. 1st and 2d rounds, plain treble crochet; 3d round, 3 treble (decrease, which means miss one); 4th round, 5 treble (decrease); 5th round, 9 treble (decrease); 6th round, 6 treble; decrease 7th; decrease every 20th stitch, and then do 3 rounds plain. Finish with a round of 1 double crochet and 2 single, just to steady the edge. It is *de rigueur* to keep the top flat, and for this purpose put inside a circle of thin cardboard, 11 inches diameter, to keep it out in shape, covering this piece of cardboard with satin, silk, or twill, the same color as the wool. Failing cardboard, a piece of very stout brown paper will do as well. The last three rounds, "plain," are for the band round the head, and two soft balls with smaller pendants may be set on it for ornament. Use any colors or shades preferred, two garnets or two dark blues are good.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE."—Very rich materials are used this season for evening dresses—the thickest brocades and velvets—and to these are added, in some instances, very deep bands of fur. The trains are plain, and a deep apron, round or pointed, covers the front, which consists of lining to which the plaitings, which only reach to the sides, are attached. Gold and silver brocades are made into jackets, to wear over white silk and satin and muslin skirts.

"AN ADMIRER."—Certainly not; but you should keep the cards of condolence you receive, and when the time arrives to resume something of your former habits, leave cards for those who have shown their sympathy by this attention.

"OLD YEW-TREE."—In the church-yard of Buckland, near Dover, there stands a gigantic yew-tree. It is probably the oldest in England, being the only one mentioned in the "Domesday Book." Buckland church needed enlarging, but it could not be done without either destroying or removing the old yew. To cut it down would be an act of vandalism; to remove it was pronounced impossible by many eminent horticultural authorities. One, however, was found at last who undertook the job. It was comparatively easy to remove the mass of soil necessary for the safety of the tree, and even the mighty trunk was not so difficult. The chief trouble was with the enormous limbs, which extended thirty-three feet from the main stem. These were supported on a large timber drag, on four long and large balks of timber, and were made to move simultaneously with the upright trunk and mass of soil containing the whole of the roots and a brick vault, which latter had been built close to the trunk of the tree some two hundred years before. The trunk was twenty-two feet round, the spread of the branches forty-eight feet across, and the entire mass fifty-six tons in weight. Since its removal the tree looks, by universal consent, far grander than ever before.

"Mrs. E. V., JR." will find the line (which was not correctly quoted)—"Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd"—in Congreve's "The Mourning Bride," act iii. scene 1st.

"ANNAH BILINSKI."

"AN INTERESTED READER."—Mrs. S. M. B. Piate, whose maiden name was Sarah Morgan Bryan, was born in Fayette County, near Lexington, Kentucky, August 11th, 1836. Her grandfather was one of the pioneer settlers of the State, and her family was related to Daniel Boone. She was educated at the Henry Female College, Newcastle, Kentucky. In her girlhood she wrote many verses which were printed and praised by George D. Prentice, the well-known friend and patron of young poets

in the South and West. This indorsement by the *Louisville Journal* secured her talents a popular recognition before her marriage, June 18, 1861, to John James Piate, a poet of fine parts. Three years later some of her earlier and later poems were published in "The Nest at Washington and Other Poems," a volume comprising, for the most part, Mr. Piate's poems. Her poems written since that date were scattered through various magazines until the appearance of a part in "A Woman's Poems," published in 1871, without the author's name. Since then four other volumes under her own name have been put forth: "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles and Other Poems," in 1874; "That New World," in 1876; "Poems in Company with Children," in 1877; and "Dramatic Persons and Moods," in 1879. During the war of the Southern Secession Mrs. Piate resided in Washington, where her husband was engaged in the government civil service, but for some years past her home has been in Ohio, at North Bend, a few miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio River.

"MARGARET."—The saying, that "a cat may look at a king," is said to have had the following origin: When Charles II. was fleeing in disguise from England to France, he was sitting on deck directing the course of the vessel, when one of the sailors, filling his pipe near by, blew some of the tobacco in his face. The master of the ship ordered the mariner to go farther away from the gentleman, when he grumblingly replied quite ignorant as to the quality of the passenger, "A cat may look at a king."

"MODERN PROGRESS."—In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles and lanterns by every householder or occupier fronting the main road, from nightfall until nine o'clock, the hour for retiring. In the last year of the reign of Charles II., one Edward Heming obtained the right of lighting the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door, from six o'clock on moonless evenings till midnight, between Michaelmas, 29th September, and Lady Day, 25th of March. During the reign of Queen Anne globular glass lamps with oil burners were introduced, instead of glimmering lanterns. Gas was introduced at the beginning of the present century, and presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of the foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to believe the brilliant lights were only a part of an illumination in honor of their arrival.

"STUDENT."—1. The observatory on *Ætna* will soon be finished. The object is the study of vulcanology, and therefore it has been built at the base of the central cone.

2. There is a bridge over the Volga. The river is nearly a mile in width, and as it is liable to heavy spring floods, the piers, of which there are fourteen, had to be built 100 feet above mean water level, the depth of the river being more than fifty feet. The girders, 364 feet long and twenty feet wide, were riveted together on the right bank of the river, and then floated to their position.

"HISTORY."—Tell's Chapel, by the Lake of the Four Cantons, in Switzerland, has been rebuilt, and the restoration of the mural paintings is now in progress by Ernest Stückelberg. On the wall looking toward Brunen will be depicted the "Apfelschuss"—Tell shooting the apple on his son's head. On that looking toward Flüelen, the "Rütlichswur"—the vath of the three Switzers in the Rütli meadow. The middle wall will contain two scenes: the "Tellensprung"—Tell leaping from Gesler's boat on to the Platte, and the "Meisterschuss"—the shooting of the Austrian Vogt in the "hollow lane."

"SCHOLAR."—Monsignor Eligio Cosi, bishop *in partibus infidelium* at Chang-Tong in China, has been doing a wonderful work. He has invented a new alphabet, composed of thirty-three letters, with which all sounds of the Chinese tongue can be clearly expressed. Until now, 30,000 were requisite.

"GEOGRAPHY."—A scheme of African exploration is under consideration in Portugal. It is proposed that two expeditions shall start simultaneously from the Portuguese possessions on the east and west coasts of Africa, and after founding scientific and commercial stations along their route, meet in the interior. It is probable that the line of the Zambesi would be generally followed.

"CURIO."—1. Martin Luther's own copy of the "Vulgate," from which he translated the Bible into German, while living at Funker Förg, on the Wartburg (1521-22), is said to have been discovered. The Director of a little watering-place in Bohemia claims to be in possession of the volume for which so many Lutheran scholars have made the most diligent search. The margin of the single leaves of the Latin volume is covered with notes by Luther.

2. The oldest specimen of pure glass with anything like a date, is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may moderately be placed at more than 2000 years B.C., glass was not only made, but made with skill, which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of the numerous examples, one is the bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatshep at Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of glass-blowing was known long before is certain from presentations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Benni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy, at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty—a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.

"INQUIRER."—In Egypt, in ancient times, cats were worshiped, and in Turkey, owing to Mohammed's fondness for the animals, they are treated with distinguished consideration. Cardinal Richelieu and the great Colbert made pets of them.

"COUNTRY COUSINS."—The "Charge of the Dolls" may be found in Mrs. Diehl's *Quarterly Elocutionist* for January, 1878; and "A Royal Princess" (Rosetti's), and the "Charity Dinner" in the April number, 1879.

"MRS. E. H." wishes to know if the lady in Fairfax County still wishes to adopt two children, according to the wish expressed in one of her letters to the "Club."

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Cloth sacques or jackets for girls of fourteen are not trimmed at all, except with stitching and buttons. A velvet collar may be added as a finish, but this is not usual except to give character to light cloths.

"MRS. J. C. H."—Make the back of your black silk skirt a plain, plaited demi-train, and trim the front, which may consist of two side-plaited flounces and a shirred and draped apron upon a lining. Cut a deep rounded basque, and sleeves shaped closer, but short at the wrists. In this way you can make it very nicely out of twelve yards; but if you fear being short, employ one gathered flounce instead of two plaited ones.

"MRS. H."—There is nothing that is absolutely reliable in the shape of a book upon the subject you mention, and the reason is that so little is really known definitely in regard to it. The latest results of scientific investigation are not accepted to any great extent by physicians, who are, many of them, ignorant of practical physiology. But there are certain simple rules which will *certainly* achieve the desired result. Avoid sugar in every form, and all kinds of sweets; also potatoes and pastry. Eat fresh tender meat, broiled, roasted, or boiled; moderately of soups; profusely of fruits, particularly stewed and strained cranberries. Confine yourself to light Graham or oatmeal bread, toasted, and use as little tea and coffee as possible. But do not drink water absolutely cold with your meals, except in very small quantities. If you drink milk, have it warmed, and use it as food; it is excellent for your final meal.

We are making arrangements for some new and very attractive single premiums of the decorative art kind. Light felt hats are worn, but they are not so fashionable as the *écru* beaver.

"ITALIAN GIRL."—Your one silk had better be a handsome black or wine-colored one. Your traveling dress, a dark blue ladies' cloth, made with plain straight gathered skirt (at the back), and apron front. Straight high bodice with belt, and long sleeves, close, but short at the wrist. With this you can wear a "Windsor" coat of mixed cloth which is as protective and useful as an ulster for traveling, costs no more than a nice one, and looks neater and a little more dressy in the street.

A cashmere trimmed with plush would be useful and handsome for church and visiting dress, but the color would have to depend on the color of your silk; if that is black, the cashmere might be wine-color or garnet; if

wine-color, leaf brown. To make the suit complete, have a cap-bonnet made of plush and satin matching in color. The most important articles of *lingerie* are the neckerchiefs of mull, and the prettiest are embroidered on the edge; they are double, and known as the "Clarissa Harlowe" fichus. They trim up simple dresses very prettily and quaintly. There are very pretty fine cloth cloaks and dolmans, which would be suitable for dress wear.

"MRS. C. W. B."—Trim your olive-green cashmere with plush of the shade, and pearl buttons smoked in bronze shades. Make it up after the "Violetta" pattern.

"T. T. O."—Address S. W. Tilton & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.; that is all that is necessary.

"A."—The kind of present suited to a gentleman depends very much on the tastes and habits of the gentleman himself. There are slippers, dressing-gowns, indoor caps, jackets, Russia leather memorandum and pocket-books, gold tooth-picks with pencil combined, compass for watch chain, embroidered ties or handkerchiefs, chair or table scarf for room, and shoe-bag (if he is a neat man), and any of which would be adapted to almost any one, if he did not already possess such an article of comfort or luxury. Make your black cashmere short, with straight skirt trimmed in front, and deep basque.

"AN ADMIRER."—See answer to "A."

"N. E. L."—They would cost more to send than the worth of them; you can get them at any "notion" store. Yes, by sending soon.

"C. V."—We should advise you to match the spot in your brown silk in brown satin for a trimming, and select a polonaise, the "Sarita," for example.

"AMETHYST."—If your wedding is to be private, and you are to start immediately upon a tour, why do so expensive and unnecessary a thing as have it at a fashionable hotel, where the parlor would have to be hired for the purpose? Why not be married at church, which would be much more respectable; or at home (as your reception would take place there), and start at once, your family and nearest friends only being present? You could then wear a traveling dress, which would be a visiting dress afterward, and employ a light or bright-colored silk or satin for a reception dress, which would make a useful evening dress afterward. The groom in any case would wear "morning" costume—that is, black frock coat, colored trowsers, and violet or wine-colored tie, gloves of course would be pearl or pale gray; yours should be ivory white.

"REE-NIE."—If you had enough of money, and a good opening for business, we would advise the sale of the farm, and removal to a town, perhaps; but do not think of giving up your present life for so precarious a mode of living as copying or any subordinate position in a business establishment would involve. You would in all probability bitterly repent it. Your present position has its difficulties, even its dangers; but you have pluck, nerve, and energy to meet them. Put yourself in communication with Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Tribune*, or Mr. Parsons of the *Evening Post*, and take a boy of fifteen, or less, to help work the farm, and remain, and be a protection. You could clothe him at first, and give him money as he grew older and deserved it. Life is more lonely in a great city than in the country, unless one has means and leisure. To the poor and hard worked it is drudgery, and the absence of every comfort, for what they earn does not suffice to procure more than the barest necessities, and they are shut out from that which, if they are intelligent, they most prize—books, music, and the society of cultivated people.

Better make a good, independent life for yourself, and bring what you can into your life of books, and music, and bright, cultivated people. Have you no brother to take up his abode with you? Your strongest temptation to change your mode of life will come from your loneliness and desire for associations more in accordance with your tastes; but these last are the result of time and growth, even under the most favoring circumstances; and are you sure that there is nothing in your vicinity that would repay your cultivation? Life has brought you severe trials, but it can be made harder still, while by taking it up, and bearing it, as you seem to have done, courageously, it may surround you with blessings. In any case, do not throw yourself on any starvation idea of copying or clerkship for support. Five dollars per week would be about all you could get out of it, and you might wait long for that. You have a talent for business, and if you make a change, take a store, and do millinery, dressmaking, etc.; but that is not easy, and leaves little time or strength for society or books.—Write again.

Christmas Toys.

If there is one place more than another where Santa Claus holds high carnival during the Christmas holidays, it is at the great and long-established toy emporium of F. A. O. Schwarz, Fourteenth Street, and Union Square, and 1159 Broadway. Here all the newest and most attractive toys are to be found, as well as old favorites, of the best manufacture, and in the greatest varieties.

Mr. Schwarz has found it necessary to remove from 765 Broadway, his former premises, because they had grown too limited for the display of his immense stock and constantly increasing business. His present location 42 East Fourteenth Street, near Union Square, gives him a beautiful, light, and ample store, which renders the exhibition of his fascinating wares all the more attractive.

Children and their mammas are invited to call, whether they buy or not, for it is certainly as good as going to a fair.

Ornamentation upon Silk.—A new method of ornamenting silk has been patented, which is applied to ornamental articles, and is very effective, producing quite the appearance of original painting. The process is simply a method of making pictures by which they can be transferred in all their perfection of color and design to any even surface, silk, linen, or cotton; and for purely ornamental purposes, such as odor bottles, tidies, lamp-shades, and the like, it is very quick, simple, and useful.

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.

The American Institute Fair loses none of its attractiveness with age; it occupies a distinct and almost national position as a metropolitan institution, for whatever is invented or manufactured in any part of the country comes to the American Institute Fair in this city for its indorsement.

This fact lends to our autumn Institute exhibitions a special and peculiar interest; they are not alone an evidence of local enterprise, but they aggregate and collect together all that skill has improved, or genius originated during the year, and are thus the broadest expression of the activity and capacity of the American people.

New Premiums.

WE have made arrangements with the American publishers of "Knight's Popular History of England," whereby we are enabled to present that valuable work to any person who will send us seven subscribers (new or old, at three dollars each) for Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine. "Knight's Popular History of England" needs no illustration at our hands. It is too well known to be the most complete record extant. It is bound in cloth, two large quarto volumes, containing 1,400 pages: size, 8½x11½ inches, and weighs over eight pounds, good paper, and printing from new type.

We can also send the work in paper covers, postage paid, for four subscribers at \$3 each, to Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

For a club of two, character sketches from the works of Charles Dickens: Alfred Jingle, Mrs. Gamp, Bill Sikes, Sidney Carton, Little Dorrit, Pickwick, from six original drawings by Fred Barnard, size, 14x11 inches, post free.

Also a single premium to any subscriber at \$3: "Artistic Embroidery," 140 pages, handsome cloth binding, corresponding to "The Ladies' Guide to Needlework and Household Hints."

Also the Utility Adjustable Table, Black Walnut, 23x36 inches, for ten subscribers.

A full list will be found on the third page of the cover.

Send a postal card if you desire our new illustrated premium list post free (for clubs of names), by which you can supply yourself with choice holiday presents by a little exertion among your friends.

LITERATURE

"Little Folks' Black and White Painting Book" comes to us as a real Christmas treasure for the children, from the press of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. It is the natural successor of the "Painting Book for Little Folks," which last season reached a circulation of 60,000 copies, and affords a quite new exercise of artistic faculty. The letter-press of the book is charming, far beyond the average of such versification. It gives new and more readable versions to old rhymes and stories, besides adding many that are new. It is illustrated in black and white, and contains as a frontispiece some pages of silhouettes which are placed in all sorts of grotesque positions, and may be cut out by young readers, and used to illustrate four pages for which the letter-press is furnished in the back part of the book. The Black and White Painting Book is complete, however, as it is, and a most delightful fifty cents' worth as a Christmas gift. Its author is Mr. George Weatherly.

"Pictures to Paint" is a contribution by the same author (Mr. Weatherly) to the boys and girls' art libraries, and furnishes upwards of a dozen pictures drawn and placed opposite one exactly like it, which has been correctly colored, and which therefore serves as a precise copy. The book is attractive in itself, gayly tinted and colored, yet in excellent taste, and contains interesting stories in prose and verse, which the pictures illustrate. As a simple mode of obtaining practice in coloring, nothing better can be imagined, and "Pictures to Paint" is strongly recommended as a companion to the "Little Folks' Black and White Painting Book," the two only costing one dollar. Should one want to add to these two others to make the list complete, then one would spend a dollar more for Kate Greenaway's "Painting Book for Little Folks," and the "Little Folks' Nature Painting Book," by George Weatherly; all of which are issued by the same enterprising publishers, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

The Magazine of Art is to be enlarged, and the price advanced to 40 cents per number. Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin will undoubtedly make it worth all they ask for it.

"Under the Apple-Bough."—Mr. J. Benton is about to collect and publish in book form, with the title of "Under the Apple-Bough," a dozen or more of his graceful essays and sketches, such as "A Talk About Apples," "Roads," "Indian Summer," etc.

"The Hygienic Care of the Singing Voice."—M. L. Holbrook, the publisher, of 15 Lighthouse Street, N. Y. City, has done a good thing in reissuing for the benefit of the American public the excellent manual by Lenox Browne, jr., R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians, Surgeon to the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, Surgeon to her Majesty's Italian Opera, etc., and an undeniable authority, who in a simple little text-book, so general as to be interesting to every one, treats the subject most exhaustively, and furnishes hints and suggestions of practical importance to singers, and those interested in voice culture. The book is only twenty-five cents, so all can obtain it.

"Marco Polo."—Messrs. Lee & Shepard have added to their brilliant boys' series of "Heroes of History" the story of "Marco Polo, his Travels and Adventures." Marco Polo was a hero of the thirteenth century, a young Venetian, brought up amid the most luxurious surroundings, yet so bold and adventurous, that he penetrated to the very heart of Asia, to what was then an unknown world, and as is well said, introduced Europe and Asia to each other. Chivalrous, honorable, high-minded, possessed of the lesser as well as the greater virtues, his splendid career, interrupted only by one great casualty, which furnished the opportunity for writing the autobiography upon which this narrative is founded, is more fascinating than any story of imaginary adventure, and is full besides of incidental facts and information in regard to the most famous city of Europe at the most brilliant period of its history. As a holiday book for boys it is unsurpassed, but it is also an interesting addition to a boy's library at all times.

"Queer Pets at Marcy's."—Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the author of that delightful book for children, "Feathers and Furs," has prepared another treat for

them this Christmas in a beautiful and beautifully illustrated volume with the above title. It is a story of the animal life in a pleasant home, and interwoven with the natural everyday incidents are the curious, interesting and instructive facts of natural history, all told with a fascination that makes the work captivating to both old and young. The "Pets" include many that would indeed be considered "queer" in any well-regulated family, but not a small reader of either sex but will be anxious to adopt them by the time they have made their acquaintance through Mrs. Miller's kind offices. The publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., have done the work only justice in printing it finely, on thick, tinted paper, and in large, clear type. The illustrations have been executed by Mr. J. C. Beard, and it is unnecessary to say, are a most attractive part of the book, giving to it high artistic, in addition to its other values.

"How I Found It" is a very frank and simple story of adventures in farming, which will be interesting and valuable to persons who contemplate farm-life without having had much practical experience. The details as given are minute almost to puerility, but this very fact will render the little work of more value to the uninitiated, while the realism of the experiences cannot be doubted. The work differs in at least one respect from any other of the many published of late years on the subject of farming. It deals with more than one locality, describes the conditions and possibilities of more than one kind of farm, and covers an area which includes the extremes of climate, and clearly portrays the difficulties and pleasures of both Massachusetts and Florida.

A "statement" of the wife is appended to the book, but this would have been more interesting had it given the inside of experiences of which the husband had given the outside, instead of dealing with an earlier part of their lives, more interesting to themselves than to others. The publishers are Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

"Little Folks' Bible Gallery."—This is a Bible picture story book of an original design, for it takes the principal Bible stories and characters, and makes them so attractive by condensing the story and adding a full-page illustration to each, as to fascinate even young children, and make them desire to hear them over and over again. A better way to familiarize the young with the personages and events of the great Book of books cannot be imagined, and we recommend it as a capital addition to Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin's captivating supply of Christmas books for little folks.

"Wonder-Eyes, and What For?"—If children are not happy nowadays they never can be, for never were lovelier things prepared for their amusement. "Wonder-Eyes, and What For?" is a charming book, which will make some of them, let us hope many of them, open their eyes in amazement on Christmas morning, for never was anything daintier or sweeter, and the two little people who give the title to the beautiful book whose wood cover has a lithographed corner where ferns and mushrooms and grasses grow, are the *cunningest* you ever saw, just too sweet for anything—babies with yellow hair and wide-open "wonder" eyes, not a grown-up miss and master. Then the pictures of the doves and the violets, and the raspberries strung on cats' tails, and the bits of china along the fence, when Wonder-Eyes and What For had the "Ceramic craze!"

But it is impossible to tell of all this delightful Christmas book contains. Get mamma to put it among her gifts. Cassell, Petter and Galpin have a good stock of them, and all the booksellers are going to have them on hand.

"Two Gray Girls" is another of the charming holiday books from the prolific press of Cassell, Petter & Galpin. It is by the author of the "Three Brown Boys," and is profusely illustrated with quaint pictures by Kate Greenaway, the author of "Under my Window," Miss M. E. Edwards, Lizzie Lanson, and others. It is exceedingly interesting and life-like as a story, and describes children and their doings just as they are, and not as goody goody at all.

It tells their tricks, their games, their airs, their funny ways, until you feel that you have known them all your life, for they are exactly like the May, and Jessie, and Belle, and Jackie you have at home.

"John Swinton's Travels."—G. W. Carleton & Co. have published a little work with the above title in a neat paper cover without any attempt at ornamentation. It is only twenty-five cents, and it contains in forty-eight pages, the impression made upon a man of singular intelligence and acute mind during a short trip of two months to Europe. It is rarely that one finds so much in so little.

"A Manual of Classical Literature."—S. C. Griggs & Co., the publishers of Chicago, have done an immense service to the entire body of students of classical writers, by the publication of an admirable work with the above title, written by Charles Morris. The work is modestly called a manual, but it is in reality a complete and comprehensive text-book adapted for school use, but most interesting and valuable for family use, and for reading aloud in the home circle, in order either to revive the knowledge gained in schools, or supplement an imperfect education with a transcript in brief of the whole range of ancient literature; and its subdivisions into history, oratory, poetry, dramatic poetry, and others. Of ancient Greek and Roman authors not one of any renown has escaped the author's diligent and painstaking search; and as a grouping together of the salient features of the noble works of the noblest authors, it is without a rival in the English language. We recommend it highly to all schools and colleges for women, especially those in which the Greek language is not taught, and yet it is, perhaps, where it is taught that such a work as this is most required, for, as the author very truly says, it is almost impossible for students to become sufficiently versed in the original languages to make acquaintance with a literature; especially one burdened with so many difficulties, and scattered through so many volumes. In the upward of four hundred pages of this book are the salient features of many heroic tomes, and a feast for the lover of Greek and Roman antiquarian lore.

Mr. T. Hardy's "Trumpet Major."—With our next issue we close Mr. Hardy's clever novel of the "Trumpet Major" which we fear has not been appreciated by the majority of our readers. As a delineator of certain odd characters, and quaint phases of English life, Mr. Hardy has no superior, but unfortunately they belong to classes with which the majority of story readers are not familiar, and they fail to recognize their photographic truthfulness, and the masterly manner in which they are drawn. We have no doubt that the verdict of literary authorities will confirm our view of the "Trumpet Major" as one of Mr. Thomas Hardy's best works.

"Prunes and Prisms."—Look out for a serial in the department of "Young America" entitled "Prunes and Prisms."

Husbands,

SEND a year's subscription to the publishers of Demarest's Monthly Magazine. It will repay your household a hundred times its cost in hints and information not attainable in any other way. The engravings alone furnish a gallery of art in themselves.

A Curiosity.—Among the curiosities in the Bank of England, are the bank-note autograph books, two splendidly bound folios, each leaf embellished with illuminated borders, exactly surrounding the space required for a bank-note. When any distinguished visitor arrives, he is requested to place his autograph to an unsigned note, which is immediately pasted over one of the vacant spaces. The books are thus illustrated by the signatures of various royal and noble personages, Napoleon III., the kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Prussia, a whole brigade of German princes, ambassadors from Siam, Persia and Turkey—these latter in oriental characters—and some of the higher English nobility. There are some scientific names, but few literary celebrities.

Young Men,

SEND your particular lady friend a year's subscription of Demarest's Monthly Magazine. It will cause you to be in her remembrance for a whole year, and its lasting effects will be a splendid result.

IN 1881 the Fourth of July will fall on Monday, Christmas day on Sunday, and the fourth of March, the Presidential inauguration, on Friday.

Renewals of Subscriptions for 1881.

To those interested in making up clubs for Demarest's Monthly Magazine, we are prepared to send on application, by return mail, circulars, cards, and blanks for renewals of subscriptions for 1881. We endeavor to supply all in advance, but may have overlooked some of our interested friends.

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1881—Renewals—1881.

You will renew your subscription for 1881, and will find a convenient blank on the last page, which can be detached and used as a letter and order for the purpose.

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Harris' Seamless, Lauretta, Donna Maria, Fernande and various other makes of Kid Gloves for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children, in 2, 3, 4, 6 button and upwards. Gloves of all descriptions, Lisle, Silk, Kid Gloves and Lace Mitts. Prices and quality unsurpassed. Wholesale and retail.

Write for sample color card and price list, which will be forwarded free of charge.

Renew Early.

It is well to forward your renewal of subscription early, before the holiday rush commences. The present issue, December, ends the term of many thousands of our patrons, and we desire to serve them again promptly on receipt of their orders.



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OR PEARL DENTIFRICE is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the teeth, strengthening the gums, and giving a pleasant fragrance to the breath; it eradicates tartar from the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a pearly-like whiteness. Its unprecedented success for more than half a century shows the universal favor in which it is held, while the fact of its being entirely free from any acid or mineral ingredients constitutes it the safest and purest tooth powder ever used.

Sold everywhere. Ask for Rowland's Odonto, of 20 Hatton Garden, London.

January, 1881.

THE January issue of Demorest's Monthly Magazine will be the first issue of volume seventeen, and will be mailed a few days before our usual date, to enable club agents and canvassers to commence business for 1881 in advance of the holidays. This will be a superb number and will contain one of the most beautiful gems of illuminated oil painting for the title page, ever produced.

RENEW your subscription for 1881 and send another subscription with it. There are desirable articles in our list of two names that will amply repay you for the trouble.

20 Chromo Cards, No 2 alike 10c, with name. Post paid. Stamps taken. J. B. HUSTON, Nassau, N. Y.

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This new and improved Abdominal Corset is so constructed as to give a natural and permanent support to the abdomen. It cannot stretch, break or lose its shape, avoids all pressure on the chest and imparts an elegant and graceful appearance to the wearer.

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- (5) Echo, (12) Dulciana,
- (6) Clarinet, (13) VOX CELESTE,
- (7) OCTAVE COUPLER, (14) Flute Forte.

The "LONDON" New Style No. 5000; Height 72 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 49 inches Weight, boxed, about 400 lbs.

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VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1880.

NO. 12.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Through the tumult
Of earth's Babel manifold,
Through its eager strife for honor,
O'er its restless cry for gold ;
Through the fever and the fretting,
Through the sorrow and the sighs,
List! the chorus of the seraphs !
List! the greeting of the skies.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Angels brought it
From the opened door of heaven ;
Never gift so great to mortals,
Largess so divine was given.
High above Judean mountains,
Flamed the torch of Bethlehem's star !
Patient over Syrian deserts,
Came the wise men from afar.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Virgin Mother,
With the Holy on thy knee,
Every woman, babe that beareth,
Blesséd is, because of thee.
Still the mother's joy is riven
By the mystic sword of pain ;
Still in love's supreme evangel,
Comes the Child in peace to reign.

EVERMORE around the cradle
Hardest hearts grow soft and mild ;
Every human babe is dearer
Since He lived, the undefiled.

And the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS
Overflows our doubt and scorn,
Brims the world's deep heart with sweetness,
In the flush of Christmas morn.

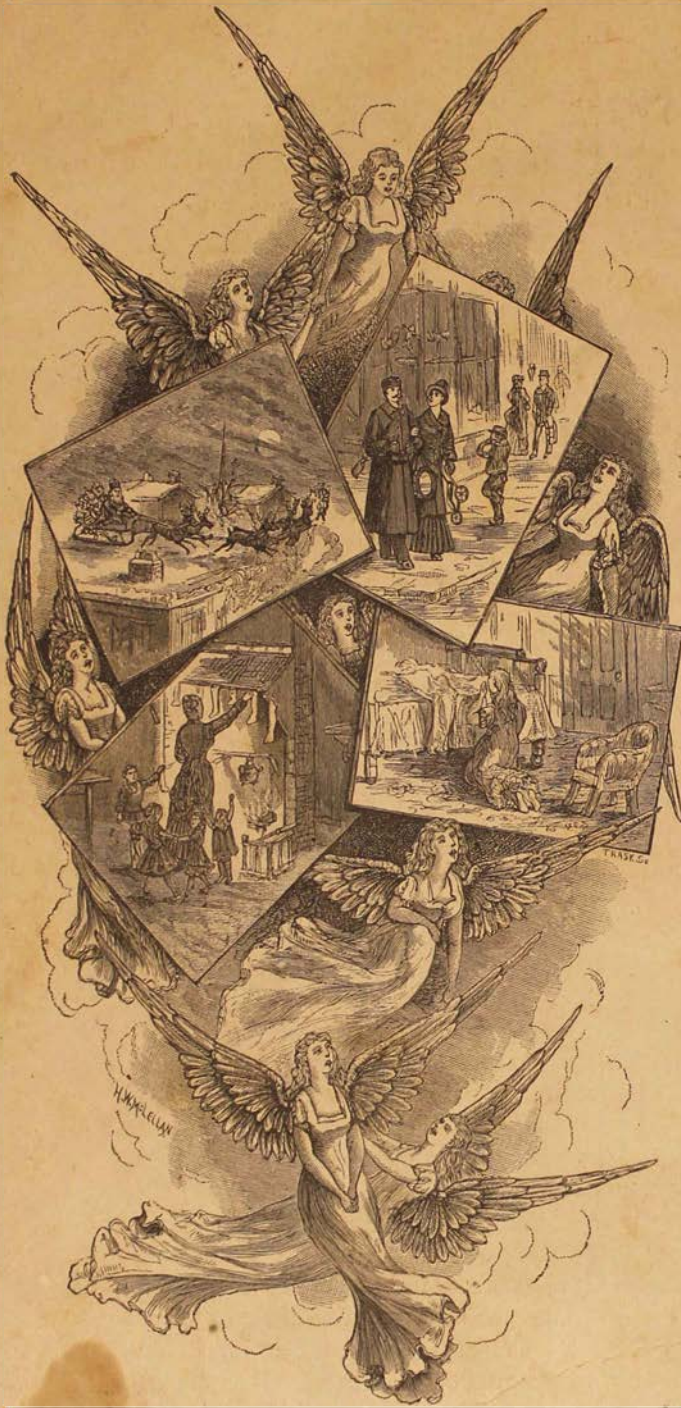
CHILDREN'S SONG.

THE blossoms were over, oh ! long ago,
And now it is falling, the fleecy snow ;
It sifts o'er the branches, it powders the eaves,
And over the meadows its mantle weaves.
Oh the merriest, merriest time o' the year,
Is Christmas ! and good Santa Claus is near.

HE speeds along in his reindeer sledge,
Piled with pretty things clear to the edge ;
Dolls from Germany, dolls from France,
Dolls that can walk, and talk, and dance,
Castles from Switzerland, English drums ;
Hurrah for Santa Claus ! hither he comes.

HIS bells go jingling over the snow,
As swiftly he rushes to and fro ;
But only the fairies can see him pass,
Quick as a ripple, over the grass,
Quick as the lightning across the sky,
He has so much to do that he *has* to fly.

AND this of Santa Claus must be told,
He is ever so young, though so awfully old ;
And he knows every child in the big round earth,
Lofty its name, or lowly its birth ;
And we think a child would be dreadfully bad,
If Santa Claus couldn't make him glad.



"A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

WHO cares for nipping wind,
Who cares for sullen cold,
When everybody's copper
Is sudden turned to gold?
When crusty men grow cordial,
And fretful women mild,
And once more all the world is grouped
Around a little child.

THE streets like gardens laugh,
The windows are so gay;
Folks carry their own bundles home,
When to-morrow's Christmas day.

AND oh! such gems of price,
Such silver frost of lace;
And such a light of happiness
On every passing face.

WHAT SHALL I GET FOR JOHN?

GIVE me your advice, my dear, it's *so* hard to choose
for men;
And my husband's had already paper-knife, and
fountain pen,
Slippers, dressing-gown and cap, yes, my picture
in a frame,
And, just let me whisper, dear, himself has paid
for all the same.

IVE never felt the pleasure that I want, when giving
things to John,
Because he knows just every cent I spend, for all
that I have on;
And then I hate to go to him for money, every
little while—
Indeed, it's bitterness to me. Now, Cora dear,
you needn't smile.

BUT now I've *earned* my Christmas fund; that
china set I painted Lou;
Has paid me for it, and I've got a purse that is
not tinged with rue;
And *now* the question in my brain is, what to
buy for darling John?
And surely you can help me, love, your own good
thinking-cap put on!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

OVER the sea, there's a wonderful tree,
We heard of it first in Germany;
But now old England gathers its fruit,
And here in our soil it has taken root.

IN GERMAN HOMES.

THERE is the day when we cast away
The weight of our cumbering cares;
And this is the sign of the Child Divine,
Such marvelous beauty who wears.

THERE'S blowing of bugles, and beating of drums,
There's dancing of dear little feet;
The children are jumping, and shouting, and
trooping,
The children so merry and sweet.

AND there's nobody old, for the ringlets of gold
So mix with the tresses of gray,
That the grandsire forgets, as he plays with his
pets,
The years which have vanished away.

CHRISTMAS COMFORT.

LIKE to rest after toil, like to ease after labor,
Like trilling of flute, and like piping of tabor ;
Like hand-clasp of friend, and like greeting of
neighbor,
Is the day of the Child Divine.

MIDNIGHT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

IN Albion, when the midnight falls
O'er roofs of thatch and storied halls,
The old cathedral chimes send forth
Their message, far to South and North.
And hark ! O hark !
Through the thickening gloom
How sudden the silence
Seems breaking in bloom.
There are lights on the highway,
And fires on the height,
And men go with singing
To blazon the night.
Ring, bells in the steeple,
Gleam, lamps in the spire,
And waken good people,
And build the yule fire.

ADVICE AT CHRISTMAS.

OUT of the Black Forest, there stole a wolf one day,
And he carried a pretty maiden far and far away ;
O, list, my own fair daughter, the fierce wehr-
wolf beware,
And fortify thy innocence each day with fervent
prayer.

SO to the child the mother
Still talks on Christmas night ;
And to the father listens
The son, with blushes bright ;
For simple souls and loving
Abide anear the wold,
And worship God with honest faith,
As in the days of old.

IN HOLLAND.

COME hither, Marie, let me string thy cap
With the shining coins I have in my lap ;
For the boats went out in the summer time,
And the sound of the oars was smooth as rhyme.
Come hither, and let thy mother pray
Christ bless her child on Christmas Day.

HANGING UP THE STOCKINGS.

HANG the stockings in the corner !
Santa Claus will come to-night ;
Baby's little sock, and brother's,
Though he's grown to manly height.
And the children in between—
Pretty Gertrude's, sweet sixteen,
Maud's, and Reginald's, and Bess's,
Little Tom's, who never guesses
Anything about the day,
But that it is jolly. Say,
What shall fill these dainty hose ?
Bulging them from knee to toes ;
Candies, sashes, toys, and furs,
Books and puzzles, pictures bright,
Just what each had wanted ; hers
And his too, and all is right.
Somehow, in the wildest weather,
Santa Claus and love together,
Fill the happy house with light.

HANG the stocking in the corner ?
Here, where want is gaunt and grim ?
Where the wolf is ever stalking,
In the shadows fierce and dim,
Where the fire is failing, dying,
Where the cold must freeze the blood,
Where the feeble faith grows feebler,
Wondering if God is good ?
Shall they hang the stocking here ?
What have they of mirth and cheer,
In this ending of the year ?

YES, wan mother, hang the stocking,
Bid the children go to sleep ;
For the Christmas angels see you
When you watch, and when you weep.
And already up the stairway
Climbs a messenger, to bring
Christmas gifts to those who need them,
Till the weary heart shall sing.
Ah ! let none forget the power
Given by God at Christmas hour :
Love must not despise its dower.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS ! Merry Christmas !
Deep and solemn, far and wide ;
Let the old-time music thrill us,
Let it still our clamorous pride.
Peace on earth ! Let raging passion
And its folly be subdued,
While we chant, in thankful fashion,
Praise the Lord, for He is good.

Miss Fairchild's Christmas Stocking!

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.



ID'NO, Miss Peaseley; that's a mite too tight along that seam; it sorter puckers; don't you see?"

"Where?" The little dressmaker sprang nimbly to her feet, scattering to the four winds a breadth of black cambric, a monstrous pair of shears, and three or four needles with their various threads that were sticking all over her own dress waist. "Why, no, I don't see!" she cried, peering with her little ferret eyes all over the big, spare figure, screwing this side and that before the long looking-glass over the "keepin' room" table. "My goodness me! you mustn't do *that*, Miss Abby!" she exclaimed in intense alarm, and beginning a violent patting and smoothing down with her long, thin fingers of every inch of the new gown that was smoothable. "Of course it will pucker an' draw like the mischief; anythin' would, screwed round like *that*."

"But I must *see*," declared Miss Fairchild determinedly, and giving another screw to her long neck that split two or three basting threads, leaving a small yawn under the left arm.

"You don't want to see your heels the *whole* time!" exclaimed little Miss Peaseley in great irritation. "At any rate you might wait till 'twas sewed strong. Shoo! you, *get out!*" which wasn't exactly to Miss Abby, but to a great, overgrown, yellow cat, who, after walking solemnly into the "keepin' room," decided after due inspection that there was no other resting place within the four walls, but the square of black cambric, proper to receive his august form. "There—I *won't* have you, you dirty creeter, you, a-squattin' all over my work—*h-r-scat!*"

"He *isn't* dirty, Mouser isn't!" exclaimed Miss Fairchild indignantly, and running to the rescue of her pet, thereby starting off a whole fusillade of basting threads, the report of whose snapping was anything but soothing to the little dressmaker's ears.

But Mouser had gone in high dudgeon. Shaking off the dust from his big yellow paws, he betook himself to a more congenial spot, his own braided rug of many colors by the kitchen fire, where he dumped himself down to think it all over.

"An' if you'll stand still *one* minute—just *one*," exclaimed the little dressmaker sarcastically, in a high key, "why, mabbe I *could* do somethin'; but this fittin' a saw-mill in perpetooal motion! There; it wants to come off here," she added, after one long squint, her head on one side, to take it all in the better. "Now, Miss Abby, how'll you have the neck?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Fairchild absently. "Why, you ought to know that, Miss Peaseley."

"I ought to know!" cried Miss Peaseley with great animation. "How in the world can I tell how you want it? 'Twould be all nater to pay, I guess, ef 'twas a grain out o' the way!"

"Why, a neck is a neck, I sh'd think," said Miss Abby indifferently.

"Necks *is* necks," declared little Miss Peaseley decidedly; "an' then again, necks *ain't* necks. There's more difference in *THEM* than there is in the whole o' the rest of the gown. There's Miss Simmons, now, over to Cross Meadows, she's got a neck like a goose, an' she *could* wear a high one an' cover up some o' the bones; but she *won't*. Wants it pared way down 's fur as I can. An' then, there's her husband's aunt, she that was Amandy Richards; well, she hain't got no neck at all to speak of—just one chunk o' fat. Saved the Lord the trouble o' makin' any. Well, now, if you'll believe it, she wants hern clear up; looks for all the world as if 'twas holdin' up her ears. It's the most redicklous sight; but, la! she *will* have it. No, I don't know in time how you want this, Miss Abby."

She poised her big shears in great perplexity over Miss Fairchild's throat.

"Well, leave it up then," said Miss Abby; "I'm sure I don't care. My neck's long; I guess you'd better leave it up."

"You don't want it *too* fur," said Miss Peaseley, standing up on tiptoe, and beginning to snip carefully. "But I ain't a-goin' to take off but a few threads at a time; for if a thing's off, it's *off*, an' you can't get it on again for all your crying. Oh, my gracious! here comes Mis. John Fairchild!" as a form darkened the west window.

"Ann always does get time for runnin' round mornin's," observed Miss Abby, composedly; "so we must expect she always will.—How d'ye do, Ann?" as her sister-in-law entered.

"Oh, I'm as well as you can expect," said Mrs. John Fairchild querulously, sitting down heavily in the calico-covered rocking-chair, and folding her hands, "with all I have to do. Ain't that your red merino?" she asked suddenly, bringing her sharp gray eyes to bear on the gown under Miss Peaseley's active fingers. "You didn't tell me you was a-goin' to have that made up this winter, Abby."

"Yes, 'tis my red merino," said Miss Fairchild—"Oh, right there, Miss Peaseley, just in the back—take off a mite more—there, that's right," as the shears did their duty. "Well, I thought I might as well have it cut now, if I was ever a-goin' to, Ann," she added, coolly ignoring the thrust at her reticence. "This 'll be seven winters I've taken that dress pattern out of the chest, an' looked at it an' put it in again, an' I was tired of it; an' I said to myself, 'Now I'll have that thing *cut*, if I *never* put it on my back.'"

"But you didn't tell *me*," said Mrs. John, in an injured tone, and beginning to look volumes.

"Good gracious, me!" exclaimed little Miss Peaseley, with her mouth full of pins, and stopping operations a moment; "well, s'posin' she didn't! as if she'd got to race an' tear over cross lots every time she wants to cut a stitch

o' cloth! specially when she's been seven years a-doin' it!" she added with a short laugh. "Besides, Miss Abby ain't any of that sort," she finished, with an easy familiarity, that, as village oracle, always had "her say to everybody."

"I don't expect but what somebody 'll die," observed Mrs. John, dolefully, and beginning to sway back and forth in the old chair, with a most melancholy swing, "just as soon 's you get it done. As old as you be, Abby, a-wearin' red!"

"More like a weddin'," said Miss Peaseley, with a subdued snicker; pinning up the yawn underneath Miss Abby's left arm. "Oh, did I pinch you?" she asked in great concern, while a suspicious twinkle gleamed in the little eyes. "Now, that's too bad; ain't it?"

"Weddin'. Who's goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. John, whose long ears always caught the least hint of news. "Do tell! Do you know, Miss Peaseley?" she asked eagerly, stopping her rocking.

"Oh, I can't tell *everythin'* I know," said the little dressmaker vaguely, and tossing her head; "sometimes folks tells me not to," she added. "An' then again I know enough myself to hold my tongue. There, now, Miss Abby," she said, drawing herself off to take an admiring look, "that's fitted *about* as slick as the next one, if I did do it! Ain't it, Mis. Fairchild?" she asked, turning around on the old rocking chair and its curious occupant.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. John impatiently, on pins and needles to hear what she was now perfectly convinced the dressmaker was for some hidden reason keeping concealed from her. "But I want to know about the weddin'. Who's it, Miss Peaseley?" she asked anxiously, craning her neck to hear.

"Do for mercy's sake tell her!" exclaimed Miss Abby carelessly. "You might as well; for you'll have to in the end, if you get a minute's peace."

Miss Peaseley laughed and nodded her head briskly, while she took out the numerous pins, and released Miss Fairchild from the miseries of "trying on."

"Let her squirm awhile," she thought to herself. "That's better anyway than to see her everlastin'ly a-settin' an' foldin' her hands."

"I can't think of anybody," said Mrs. John, wrinkling up her forehead, and running over in her mind the marriageable and unmarried candidates for matrimony throughout the whole village, "that u'd be likely to step off just now. Is it man or woman, Miss Peaseley?" she asked suddenly, looking up.

"Both," said the little dressmaker concisely, sitting down in the west window again, and gathering up her sewing; "it most generally is," she added composedly, "when folks get married."

"Of course," said Mrs. John irritatedly, but nowise balked from her purpose. "Well, do I know either of 'em?" she asked with the greatest energy, her sharp eyes snapping as she saw the information within her grasp.

"What should you say if Miss Abby, there, was a-steppin' off?" said the little dressmaker in the coolest of tones, and bestowing a keen glance out of the corner of her eye on the

sister-in-law, while her needle flew in and out. "Hey?—oh, goodness!"

For Mrs. John left the old chair with one bounce that carried her clear across the "keepin' room!"

"You *haint!*" she gasped, seizing Miss Abby's muscular arm, and bestowing a generous pinch—"gone an' done anythin' so foolish, Abby Fairchild!"

"Don't act like a goose, Ann!" said Miss Abby contemptuously, and shaking off the fat hand like an incubus. "When I walk into the noose, you'll know it, and every one else, too," she added, with a little laugh.

"I couldn't think you'd been so silly," exclaimed Mrs. John, with an immense sigh of relief, but giving a black look in Miss Peaseley's direction for the hoax, and going back to her rocking chair, she sank down to gather strength for the reaction. "You know they'd be after your money, Abby, so I don't see how you'd dare to *think* of such a thing," she added pleasantly, settling back again among the calico covers.

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Peaseley, and giving her thread a twitch that broke it short off. "Tain't likely that Miss Abby's beaux ud wait for that. Any on 'em would jump at the chance if she was as poor as a church mouse!"

"But she WILL get caught, you mark my words!" declared Mrs. John, with a most disagreeable shake of her head; "such a house an' all them splendid pasters ain't a-goin' beggin', now I tell you, for just the askin'!"

"An' who do you s'pose would *get* 'em for the askin'?" demanded Miss Abby, drawing her tall figure up to its utmost height, and looking her sister-in-law squarely in the eye. "Tell, Ann, if you know."

"I know one that *won't* get 'em!" cried that pleasant person, as a joyful thought struck her, and she wriggled all over with delight—"because he don't *want* 'em," she added, with a chuckle.

"Good reason," said Miss Abby coolly. But she fumed inwardly with a wild desire to get up and give the fat figure before her one smart shaking!

"Who is it, for pity's sakes tell?" exclaimed Miss Peaseley in the utmost astonishment, and dropping her sewing in her lap. "If you know enough to," she added to herself.

"Well, Job Hitchcock!" said Mrs. John triumphantly, and looking defiantly first at one and then the other, to see the effect of her news.

"*Job Hitchcock!*" screamed Miss Peaseley. "Well, I never! When he's the very one that's neck and heels after Miss Abby! You HAVE said it now. Why, the man would give his two eyes for her any day!"

"P'raps he would, a spell back," said Mrs. John provokingly, and swaying lazily back and forth. "An' then again, p'raps he wouldn't! At any rate he don't care a straw *now*—so there!"

She leaned back and took a comfortable, long, swinging rock, as if here now was some news worth telling!

"He *always* cared!" snapped Miss Peaseley decisively, and twitching her work frightfully, while she glared enough defiance for forty

Mrs. Johns. "Ever sence he set foot in Barkhamsted, five years ago—*so!* An' he always *will* care 's long as he lives; look at him whenever Miss Abby's around—*so!*"

Having triumphantly delivered herself, the little dressmaker fell to sewing again with redoubled energy.

"There's no use talkin'," said Mrs. John carelessly, "for I *know*—I heard somethin' last night that let me see which way the wind blew."

The little dressmaker, although almost dying to know *what* Mrs. John heard, preserved a cool silence, and stitched on and on in perfect complacency. Not a muscle of Miss Abby's face betrayed the slightest interest in the whole thing!

"Well," said the discomfited narrator, after bearing the intense quiet as long as she could possibly stand it, and smoothing down her stuff gown in an exasperating way, "if you don't want to hear it, of course I ain't a-goin' to *trouble* you. But you ought to know it amongst you, everybody's a-talkin' about it."

"I guess we can stand it," airily exclaimed Miss Peaseley, perfectly sure that Mrs. John never would leave *without* telling. "Hand me over that spool o' black cotton, will you, Miss Abby, an' I'll baste in them sleeves."

"They say," began Mrs. John, seeing that no more was to be got for the waiting, and hitching her chair uptoward her listeners—"that Alviry Bean has had a lot o' money left her—a perfect fortin'—"

"Now, who'd go an' leave Alviry anything?" scornfully exclaimed Miss Peaseley, "when she don't know enough to take care of what b'longs to her already. Likely story, that."

"Well it's *true*, whether it's likely or not!" retorted Mrs. John emphatically, for Deacon Blodgett told my husband so last night; an' he told me."

"Did Deacon Blodgett say so?" asked Miss Abby slowly, looking at her sister-in-law keenly.

"Yes, he *did!*" cried Mrs. John, triumphantly, "now what are you going to say to *that?*"

"Well, if Deacon Blodgett told it to John Fairchild, it must be so," said Miss Abby, over to the little dressmaker.

"Humph!" ejaculated that incensed individual. "The idea! Alviry Bean! Humph!"

"Who left it to her?" asked Miss Abby suddenly. "I didn't know as anybody'd died round here. Where'd she get it, pray?"

"Oh, 'twarn't anywhere's in these parts," said Mrs. John quickly; "'twas out in York State. I d'no, seems as ef 'twas her grandfather's uncle, or somethin' o' that sort. John 'll tell you."

"Must be pretty old—*grandfather's uncle!*" Miss Peaseley burst out into a shrill laugh, that set the asparagus boughs stuck in the side of the long looking-glass, to trembling violently, "Alviry herself is pooty well along; *she* ain't no chicken."

"Chicken or not," declared Mrs. John with a very wise shake of the head, "she's caught a husband, an' a good one too! Job Hitchcock's farm is the best within a hundred

miles. Everybody said 'twas a bargain when he got hold of that old Mills' place."

"*Job Hitchcock again!*" cried Miss Peaseley, in a high key, too vexed to mince matters. "If you ain't ashamed o' yourself, Mrs. Fairchild, to set there an' talk such stuff! Why Job Hitchcock wouldn't look at Alviry Bean twice; no, not if she carried as many bags of gold as she could lift!"

"*He'll* do the carryin' before long," said Mrs. John, laughing immoderately at her own wit. "Well, if you won't believe it," she said, pulling herself up, and smoothing out the corners of her mouth with one fat hand, "why, wait an' see—that's all; that's what everybody says, an' remember that *I* told you," she added impressively.

"I'll remember—when I see it myself," said the little dressmaker coolly; "don't fret yourself to death over *that*, Mrs. Fairchild."

"There ain't nothin' like money to draw the men," observed Mrs. John sententiously; "that'll make 'em come, like flies to 'lasses. It makes me tremble to think of your responsibility, Abbey," she said solemnly, squaring around on her sister-in-law, who preserved a rigid silence, "to take the hull care of this place an' your money, when there's John an' me would do it for you. It don't look right."

"My affairs won't never burden any one's shoulders but *mine*," said Miss Abby shortly. "What's the use of beginning on that old strain, Ann?" she asked impatiently.

"'Cause you *won't* listen to reason," said her sister-in-law, persistently; "anybody else would, but *you*. Everybody's talkin' about it."

"Let 'em talk," said Miss Abby, composedly taking a fresh needleful of thread, "an' take it out in talkin', if they want to. I'm sure it don't hurt me none."

"An' so I tell John," said her sister-in-law, going on in an even stream, "whenever he gets to talkin' about it, I says, says I, 'twon't do a mite o' good; Abby's the sotlest creeter you ever did see."

"Thank you," said Miss Abby dryly.

"I don't never say no more behind your back, than I do to your face," said Mrs. John with a most virtuous air, looking around with the greatest complacency.

"Of course not; for you say jest as bad as you can think of, in her very teeth," broke in Miss Peaseley, with a withering glance at the old chair.

"An' if there's anybody could bear more with your queer ways of livin' alone, an' all that, than *I* do," said Mrs. John, with a pathetic attempt at a snuffle, "why I'd like to know it, when 'twarn't but yesterday, Sarah Higginson said to me, said she—"

"I never could bear that Sarah Higginson, an' her long tongue," exclaimed Miss Peaseley, giving a founce in her little splint-bottomed chair, that upset her ample work-basket. "If she'd do somethin' that *amounted* to somethin', and not be gaddin' an' spinnin' street yarn forever 'n ever, 'twould be much more to the purpose *I* say."

"Well, if you don't want to hear what she said," replied Mrs. John with as much dignity as she could muster, and rising with a jerk, "why, then I'll go; 'tain't no use for me to

stay; well, good bye, Abby. If I *could* help you," she said, being convinced by this time that the worst of the dressmaking was over, "why, I'd be glad to, I'm sure." And feeling that she had done her duty thoroughly, she departed in an unusually exalted frame of mind.

"Well, she took the hint for once," said Miss Peaseley, heaving a relieved sigh. "That about gaddin' an' talkin' fetched her."

"An' she'll make it up to me," said Miss Abby decidedly, "next time she comes over, or else she'll get John to, which is worse. Oh, you needn't be afraid, Miss Peaseley, but what I'll get it all back, with interest!"

"Well, she's gone *now*, anyway," said Miss Peaseley, with a comfortable little laugh. "Thank the Lord for so much, an' enjoy it while it lasts. Miss Abby?"

Miss Fairchild looked up inquiringly.

"Taint no use to b'lieve *all* you hear, leastways I'd trust Job Hitchcock a *leetle* grain longer, if I was you. Time will tell who he wants. I'm agoin' to put a strip o' pipin' down this waist, 'twill look real kinder cunnin', and the Sewing Society meets next week, you know. Can't I?"

The change in tone of Miss Peaseley's voice was so ridiculous that if Miss Fairchild had been in the right state to observe the humorous side of life she would have laughed outright. As it was, she tossed her head, and said loftily,

"It makes not the slightest difference in the world to me about Mr. Job Hitchcock's tastes anyway!" But she said "Yes," to the piping on the waist!

* * * * *

And Sewing Society was a thing of the past. And Alvira Bean *was* there, and Mr. Job Hitchcock *did* pay her a great deal of attention, seeming to have considerable talking to do, that required his presence in her immediate vicinity. And Miss Abby Fairchild, resplendent in the new red merino with the piping on the waist, never looked better or happier in her life. So much so that when all the work was rolled up and the games came on the carpet, Mr. Job Hitchcock took occasion, under cover of the confusion attendant on starting the first one, to whisper:

"If happiness were catching, all who see you, Miss Abby, would never complain."

And he was somewhat startled to find that a freezing look and cold bow declared to him that happiness was *not* catching! He simply rubbed his puzzled eyes and revolved it over and over in his mind, at a distance, all the rest of the evening.

Miss Abby Fairchild went around her big old house day by day with as careful housewifery as usual, and marched up to the square family pew of a Sunday, where "Brother John" sat at the head, with just as firm a step as ever. And the villagers all remarked that the bow on her bonnet was "meetin' side of the house," just the same as of old.

Only when the fire on the old kitchen hearth was covered for the night, and the tall candles were put out, and Mouser jumped upon the foot of the bed for his night's sleep, then Miss Abby Fairchild acted very strangely for the self-contained personage who had carried

herself so finely all the day: she generally tucked her head under the bedclothes and sobbed herself to sleep like a disappointed child.

And so the days came and went, but brought no Mr. Hitchcock, as of old, to brighten up the old kitchen and make the ancient beams and rafters ring with the echo of his hearty laugh. That freezing look and cold bow were on him like a nightmare, making him go through his daily work doggedly, wishing every morning it was night, and every night that morning had come again!

* * * * *

"Oh! see here, Hitchcock! Halloa!" John Fairchild sprang from the big square sofa in his sister's "keepin' room," and rushed to the door. "That's lucky I saw you go by the window," he cried, grasping his arm. "Come in—come in! Abby, here's our old friend! There's that colt of yours, Hitchcock," he exclaimed hurriedly. "I've got a chance to drive a good trade for it. Want it to-morrow," he ran on, not noticing his sister, who had partly risen from her seat on the other side of the table, but thinking better of giving such a pointed insult in her own house, had seated herself again, where she took it out in darning furiously on the stocking in her hand.

"I dont think I can stay," said Mr. Hitchcock, bending his tall figure gravely, as he stood within the door. "I'll see you in the morning."

"Nonsense, man!" cried John Fairchild, forcing him into the nearest chair, while he put his hat on the old sofa, "that's all bosh! And, besides, you ought to rest once in a dog's age. I *must* know to-night, or there'll be no trade at all." And then followed a perfect string of question and answer, while Miss Abby might as well have been stitching up sackcloth with a hempen thread, for all she knew or cared, for the blur before her eyes.

"Can't you get us some apples and a little cider, Nabby?" at last said suddenly "Brother John," whirling around. "This fellow here is going to cheat me, and my throat's as dry as a contribution box, trying to convince him! I'd get 'em myself, only you know in a minute where they are."

Miss Abby started, and, with the air of one rudely awakened from pleasant dreams, tossed the stocking from her hand, and, with quick step and erect head, went to the buttery for a plate and a pitcher.

"Bring some Baldwins, Nabby," called John after her. "An' whatever you do, *don't* stint the cider."

When Miss Abby got down into the cellar she deliberately set the big blue plate on the floor, with the pitcher by its side, and then, I grieve to state, she turned and shook her fist up the crooked old stairs, in the direction of the voices above!

It was very dreadful, but she *did* it!

"Just like John Fairchild!" she muttered, with cheeks as red as fire, while she bent over the apple-bin, in a terrible state of mind. "Either led by Ann's meddling fingers, or blind as an owl. Of all awkward things!"

When the apples were slowly picked out the cider had to be drawn, and then Miss Fairchild

thought it best to wend her way upstairs with her evening refreshment.

"Why didn't you stay all night, an' make 'em?" brother John exclaimed, as she appeared in the door. He was in a high good humor, being driven what he thought a "tol'able bargain," and disposed to joke and chaff with the best. "Well, never mind; Hitchcock's gone—he could'nt stay—an' he left regards or respects, or somethin' nuther of that kind, I b'lieve; an' I've got to take myself off too. I'll see Carter to-night, I guess, an' settle this colt business, so 's to start the fellow along bright and early in the mornin'. So you can eat your apples alone—hey—Abby!" and he chuckled and gurgled facetiously as he started for the door.

"John Fairchild!" Miss Abby set down the blue plate of apples with a bang on the polished wooden table, and the pitcher with another bang. "When you want to drive a trade again, take some one's else's house than mine to do it in!"

"*Whew!*" whistled John, opening his blue eyes as wide as possible, "what's up, *now*, Nabby?"

She didn't vouchsafe an answer, but flounced out of the room, leaving him to depart to tell Ann all about it!

The next morning there wasn't but one stocking to be found in Miss Abby's big wicker work-basket. There it lay, nicely mended and folded, but its mate was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm sure no one has been in since last night," she said to herself, wrinkling up her forehead, trying to think. "Where can it be?—oh! maybe that's it!" and she ran over the old stairs, down to the cellar. But all sorts of thorough searching, even on her hands and knees, didn't bring to light the missing stocking. And at last, in sheer despair, she was forced to give it up as useless to search more in that quarter.

"It *must* be upstairs," she said, going back to the "keepin' room." "I remember I *was* slightly mad when I threw it out of my hand; p'raps it fell behind the sofa."

So over and under everything movable did Miss Abby peer; but with small success, or rather no success at all; for the stocking persistently refused to come out of its hiding place, and then she sat down and communed within herself.

"It seems 's if everythin' was goin' perfectly bewitched!" she exclaimed, "an' the worst of it all is—"

What, she never said, for just then Miss Alvira Bean came rapidly around the yard, and up to the back door.

"Can I come in?" she asked a little timidly, and as Miss Abby thought, putting on airs.

"Of course," said Miss Abby shortly, and springing to her feet with two extremely red cheeks, "ain't the door open, pray?"

"I came, Nabby," said Miss Alvira, and then she blushed, and looked down at the big green and red squared carpet.

Miss Fairchild grasped the back of a chair and held on.

"I wanted to tell *you*," said Miss Alvira's soft tones, proceeding smoothly, but they sounded in the ears of her listener like distant

thunder, "because we've always been good friends; an' it's comin' off so soon, that I could, you know."

She gave a happy little laugh, gurgling and chippering with the multitude of her thoughts that seemed to find no other expression.

Miss Fairchild fixed her eyes with a stony gaze on the downcast, flushing face. "Go on," her lips formed the sound, but no words came.

"An' then besides, Job said I ought to tell you; I can call him Job now, we're to be cousins so soon," she cried simply.

"Cousins!" Miss Fairchild found her tongue. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I'll tell you"—the little bride elect put up her head, and gathering courage, burst out—"all about it! You see it's been a-goin' on for six

months, an' nobody knows it in Barkhamsted at any rate. We were too smart for that! It's Joseph Mix, over in Hammerville, an' he's Job Hitchcock's cousin, only he's a great deal handsomer 'n Job, an' we're to be married Christmas day, an'—"

Miss Fairchild's arms were around Miss Alvira Bean's neck, who was too astonished to utter more than, "Why!"

"I—want—to—congrat—ulate you," she said explosively, with a face rivaling the one beneath her. "I am so glad for you!"

"Job said you was a good friend of mine," said Miss Alvira, wriggling all over with intense delight at the sympathy she awoke. "Well, I must hurry home; I've got lots an' lots to do, seein' Christmas is day after to-morrow. You'll come, won't you, Nabby?"

"Maybe," said Miss Fairchild, not trusting herself to think. "I can't tell so long beforehand," she said with a smile. And then she was left alone with her own heart.

"Well, if it's any consolation to know it, I've been an idiot! an' it's too late to mend it now!"

* * * * *

Christmas day dawned; Alvira Bean's wedding day! Miss Fairchild, whose destiny now seemed to mock her worse than ever—it had come so near being a happy one—went over early, with a very heavy heart, to help her friend in the last preparations. "I can't come, Alvira," she said, putting the last touch to the bridal loaf, gay with its wreath of paper roses. "'Tisn't any use to try; an' you mustn't ask me why, neither!"

"Are you sick?" Alvira dropped a pile of napkins she was sorting out, and gazed anxiously at her friend.

"Well—I don't feel *exactly* well," stammered poor Miss Abby, and bending over the wreath, in mortal terror lest her face should be seen.



"HALLOA!" CAME A VOICE CLOSE TO HER ELBOW, THAT MADE HER SKIP NEARLY OUT OF HER CHAIR.

"Now you've gone an' tired yourself all out, Nabby!" cried Miss Alvira impulsively. "Oh, dear me! *do* try to feel better an' come, *do*! I'll get you anythin' to take, if you'll only feel well, an' come."

"I'd rather run home an' rest a bit by myself," said Miss Fairchild, longing for a chance to escape before the festive scene should bring more visitors.

"Well then, be *sure* an' come in time!" said Mrs. Joseph Mix, that was to be, kissing her.

Hurrying up the lane that led to her own home, and turning in at the little brown gate, she nearly stumbled over a small boy sitting on a snow-bank.

"Halloa!" said the boy, by way of welcome.

"What are you doin' here?" demanded Miss Fairchild, halting before she was thrown headlong over his graceful figure.

"Be you Miss Fairchild?" asked the youth concisely.

Miss Fairchild signified that she was, whereupon the small boy extended a parcel to her, with a very dirty hand, with the words.

"He said, give that to you," and then, with a prolonged whistle, that finally settled into "Hail Columbia," he flew over the fence, and departed.

Miss Fairchild, having no curiosity to satisfy—supposing Mr. Simmons, the store-keeper, had sent some little package for inspection, possibly—leisurely took off her shawl, folded it in the original creases, and put it carefully away in the under drawer of the big maple bureau in the bedroom. Then she drew off her overshoes, and shook the snow from them, setting them down by the fire to dry. All this, running over and over in her mind—"I *can't* go back, and see *him*—I *can't*!"

"Well, I s'pose I must open my bundle,"

she said, with a sigh, turning her weary thoughts to other things. "It's no use for Mr. Simmons to send me up things I don't order. He won't sell to me in that way," she exclaimed in a vexed tone, and she gave a fling to the wrapper and tore it off.

A single stocking lay disclosed—and not a new stocking either. One well darned, showing even stitches set by a patient hand.

Miss Fairchild stared in blank amazement, and mechanically put forth her hand to turn it over, when it struck against some rustling object in the toe of the stocking, that felt like a wad of paper! Hastily drawing it out, she spread it as straight as she could for trembling fingers, and read:

"I cannot keep silence

any longer. I will trouble you with but a few words. I know not why your coldness is shown to me; this I do know, and will say here. I love you. I have always, since knowing you, loved you. I shall love you as long as I live. Do you accept this love?"

"JOB HITCHCOCK.

"I owe you an apology for taking away your property. It was in my hat, and not discovered till I reached home, the evening I was at your house."

The room spun round and round before Miss Fairchild's glad eyes! She herself was kissing the old stocking, while happy tears rained over her cheeks, oblivious of time, oblivious of everything, when—

"Halloa!" came a voice close to her elbow, that made her skip nearly out of her chair, and looking up, she saw the rubicund face of her friend, the carrier of her Christmas stocking.

"He said I was to bring back an answer," pointing with an extremely grimy thumb over his shoulder. "An' I forgot; an' he made me chase clear way back for it! What'll I say?" he panted with a very injured countenance. "You tell him 'Yes!'" said Miss Fairchild in a glad, clear voice.

* * * * *

Miss Abby Fairchild *did* go to the wedding, and in the red merino with the pipping on the waist.

When she saw her come in, with Mr. Job Hitchcock, little Miss Peaseley almost disgraced herself, even in the eyes of partial Barkhamsted.

"I *do* remember, Miss Fairchild," she said, looking straight at Mrs. John across the room, and speaking in a tone loud enough to be heard distinctly by all of the company, "but not *exactly* as you said. The Lord knows you tried, but you could'n't *quite* spile it! an' it's too late now!"

A Christmas Concert.

BY HATTIE WHITNEY.



LOOK at all those, Dick," said my brown-eyed wife Bessie, pointing to a row of little stockings on the bed railing, a brown one, a white one, a striped one, and a scarlet one. There were four little heads on the pillows of the low, wide crib, two brown, one golden, and one flaxen.

"They have been talking about Christmas all day, and to-night they played it was Christmas eve, and they were hanging up their stockings. They hung them over the bed railing, and forgot to take them down."

I sighed. For just then it puzzled me a little to know exactly how the "filling" for so many small stockings was to be provided. So narrow were our means it was generally something of a tug for Bess and me to keep the little feet supplied with whole stockings. Not that we ever for a minute considered the babies anything but heaven-sent blessings, and we did not, as a general thing, indulge in sighs even when our pocketbook was filled purely with "airy nothing," and summer friends seemed slightly frost bitten. We took decidedly optimistic views of life and things, having launched our life-bark safely in the great deep river of faith that must sweep surely on unto the heavenly gulf. We were all right as to the grand, strong undercurrent. But surface-ripples will sometimes cause a little temporary annoyance, and surface-shadows trail their wings across the broad sweep of sunlight. Shall we bemoan it?

"Were there no night we could not see the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare.
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair."

Somehow the ripples and shadows had seemed very numerous, persistent, and hostile that day. A raw, cold, but very enterprising wind had blown away my hat as I was wending my way to the humble little notion and fancy goods store in which I was clerk, hustled it afar beyond my clasp, and laughed a shrill crescendo at me from a narrow, dark alley. I lost fifteen valuable minutes in a futile chase, and reached the store in time to see a dusk feminine personage sailing away vowing that things was at a putty pass when a body couldn't git a half a ounce of cream-colored cruelty fer Miss Sary to finish off her Christmas present to Mr. Baker with this time of a mornin' 'cause the rotten cluck wasn't whur he'd orter be.

The owner and proprietor of the store came flying wildly around the corner with frosty fingers but a very warm temper, and together we tried to lure her to come back for the cream-colored cruelty, but vainly; she 'lowed to go straight to the other sto whur she wouldn't be left a hour to pound her knuckles to pieces. So the proprietor gave me the benefit of his capsicum temper.

The wind, after shrieking and laughing in a hysterical fashion all the morning, moaned

itself to silence and a rainfall, a weary, melancholy rain that seemed to communicate its depression of spirits to mankind.

A wet creditor came in the afternoon and presented me a bill and some uncomplimentary remarks. I paid him the last drib of money there was in my shadowy pocketbook. A fat lady came and ordered me to subscribe something toward buying the squire an ice-pitcher, and called me stingy because I could not do so.

That evening the proprietor explained to me that he could pay me nothing until after Christmas as his wife was going to give a ball.

So I went empty-handed out into the dismal rain and the chill shadows of twilight. And the day after to-morrow would be the great, the blest anniversary.

"Glory to God in the highest," said I, and then all tangled up in and blinded by the ripples and shadows I added, "but what of peace and good will on earth; how much have I met with to-day from my fellow-men?"

Some one ran around the corner and nearly shoved me off into the gutter.

"Beg pardon. Excuse me. Forgive and forget. I'm sorry, and I never went to," said he energetically.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "that's you, Fred Hilton, I know by all that superfluity."

"You're right, Dick," said he, "and I was after you my boy. The ladies at the other end of town are going to give a concert at the Juvenile Library Hall to-morrow night, to raise money to give the street Arabs a Christmas dinner. I'm ticket agent for 'em. Got a couple of tickets now in my pocket containing the names of yourself and your wife, and they're not transferable."

"It's no use, Fred," I exclaimed. "I haven't one solitary nickel to my name—this is the truth. If you'll send an Arab or two to my house Christmas they shall be welcome to partake of our dinner, it's all I can do."

"Why Dick!" cried Fred clawing at the scarf around his neck. Then with persistent jollity he exclaimed:

"I've got a dime. Don't you wish you was me?" Knowing his everflowing generosity, which some called reckless, I could easily believe he had no more than the amount mentioned at that time. I knew, too, that he would not have that when he reached home should he meet with the most suspicious object of charity on the way. But in another second his mood had changed again. He forced the tickets into my hand.

"Take 'em, Dick," said he. "I'll make it all right somehow with the Arabs. Be sure to bring your wife to the concert. Oh! Dick, if I only had something better for a Christmas present—but peace and good will go with it—the Prince of Peace bless you." He was gone in the wet darkness. There was a warm glow at my heart, but also a thorn in my conscience that I had indulged even for a minute the spirit of distrust toward all men simply because I had been wounded by a few. And when I got home there was my brown-eyed Bess waiting for me with smiles and hot coffee and a bright fireside; how cosy it all was. I sighed just once over the little stockings.

"They must be filled," said I, "if I have to borrow something."

"Never mind," said Bessie. "I will fill them with ginger-cakes and pop-corn, if there is nothing else. We will give them the best gift—an example of Christian trust and cheerfulness. We must try to catch the true spirit of Christmas. As to not having much, we know who once had no earthly home—nowhere to lay His head." What a comfort my Bess was.

So we put our little trouble out of sight and chatted merrily, not forgetting to humbly thank Him who giveth every good and perfect gift, that we had each other and the little ones, and, above all, for that divine sunlight that shone upon our land with the dawn of the first Christmas morning.

The day before Christmas was cold, but so lovely. It appeared as if yesterday's rain had crystallized to a beautiful white creamy mist with sprays of amber sunlight breaking through. Men hurried along with genial smiles, looking benevolent and charitable and happy, instead of morose and crusty and dyspeptic, as they had done the day before.

I hurried home that night the minute I could get away, and found supper ready. Bessie, in her one best dress, and Miss Johnson, who lived upstairs, came to stay with the little ones.

The soft light of the gas streamed over the stars, crosses, and mottoes of cedar with which the concert-hall was decorated. And ah! the beautiful triumphal music that swept down the long room, quivering with passion and feeling, overflowing with the olden story, thrilling with the glad tidings of love and strength sufficient to lift the whole world above every sin and every misery.

At the close a solo was sung, the fair, stately singer standing before us, her rich voice drifting about us, holding us silent. How the words floated down the long hall!

Sweet bells, sweet bells with your silver cadence,
That herald the beautiful Christmas dawn,
Our hearts grow still as we catch the music
Of many a Christmas-tide fled, gone,

Since first that star in the eastern heavens
Betokened the glory that came with Him—
The Lamb of the Lord and the Star of Morning
That never more, never more grows dim.

That cleft the night-gloom of sin and sorrow,
That lit the path to that world afar,
Where the lilies sway by the mist-white portals
Of the gates gem-studded and ever ajar.

For grace we pray to thee, All-wise Father,
To reach those gates where thy sunbeams shine,
For thy mercy—ah! thanks are but insufficient—
Our hearts, and our souls, and our lives are thine.

And bells, sweet bells, with your wild, soft measure—
Your tale of the lowly and beautiful Birth,
Ye bring us the echo of angel voices—
Glory to God and good will on earth.

"Lovely, wasn't it?" said I to Bess beside me.

"Do you like the words?"

"I think them beautiful."

"I'm so glad, Dick," said she, "because I wrote them."

"You wrote them, child?"

"Yes. The ladies wanted one entirely new song for the closing piece. They found out that I wrote little things for the newspapers sometimes, and Mrs. Grayson came to see me about it. She said they would pay liberally for the song. I wrote them, and the German music teacher composed the air. And I would not tell you because I wanted to see how you would like it first. Mrs. Grayson gave me tickets, but I forgot about them after you brought those others. And, Dick, I would not take the money they offered for the song. I told them I would do that much to help the poor boys to a Christmas dinner. Wasn't I right?"

"I know a little woman," said I, "and I believe she hath done what she could." Oh, how the brown eyes sparkled!

Mrs. Grayson swept up to us.

"Just come into the other apartment," said she, "and see the Christmas tree we got up for the children belonging to the library. A surprise for to-morrow."

She piloted us through the crowd into the large room beyond where a magnificent tree flashed in the gaslight, and above it a beautiful angel with long white wings pointed to a large glittering star of gold. Others were coming in, laughing and chatting. We stood together in a corner.

"Oh, Dick, if our little ones could have just a *few* of those pretty things," said Bess.

I heard a slight rustle behind us. Mrs. Grayson was sweeping her silken train out of the way. Ten minutes afterward she came up to us with a covered basket.

"Mrs. Percy," she said to Bessie, "here are a few trifles I want you to take to the babies. We had three times the number of things the tree would hold, or the children want. And remember this is nothing at all in comparison with the service you rendered us."

I looked at Bess. The thick brown lashes were trying to hide the misty brown eyes. She could not speak, so I tried to.

"Don't say a word," said Mrs. Grayson, "it's absolutely nothing to speak of."

She swept away, and we found our way out and stumbled upon Fred Hilton in the entry.

"Say, Fred," said I, "where are you going to dine to-morrow?"

"Well, at the club, or with the Arabs, or somewhere," he answered vaguely.

"No, you are not," said Bessie, "you must come and take dinner with us. We couldn't buy a turkey, but my aunt in the country sent us a lovely one. You'll come, won't you?"

"Won't I?" said he; "shall I bring an Arab or two?"

"Yes," said Bessie, "and anything else you like."

And then we went our homeward way in the crisp, frosty moonlight, oh, so grateful and so contented! And we filled up the four little stockings, and invited Miss Johnson to dine with us next day. The last verse of that song was dancing through my brain when I fell asleep:

Bells, sweet bells, with your wild soft measure—
Your tale of the lowly and beautiful Bith.
Ye bring us the echo of angel voices—
'Glory to God and good will on earth.'

Seed-time and Harvest.

BY SHERRILL KERR.

(Continued from page 613.)

CHAPTER XXI.



DAY or two later on, letters were received at Coldstream from Lady Mary March which urgently proposed a transfer of the whole company to that lady's house. She had been promised visits from them all, Lady Mary said, with the exception of Count Varène and Mr. Neville, and the same post brought notes of invitation to these, and Mrs. Lynne had written to say she would be with them in a week, and would meet her daughter there. Of course, Captain and Mrs. Alderstan urged their guests not to think of leaving yet, but all of them were conscious that their visit had already been prolonged to an unusual length, and determined promptly to act upon the suggestion of Lady March, and go to her the following Tuesday, and it was eagerly demanded by them all that the Alderstans should go too. As Captain Alderstan at once declared the plan to be a charming one, Ethel promptly agreed to it, relinquishing, with a stifled sigh, the sudden hope that had come to her, that perhaps if all these people went away she might have a little rest and quiet and peace. It did not much enter into her calculations that perhaps then her husband's affection and regard might be won back. However, she must give no evidence of her feeling a wish to remain at Coldstream in the presence of her husband and friends, and so she readily echoed the former's words as to the pleasantness of the plan.

So, in three more days, the members of the Coldstream party had adjourned *en masse* to Col. March's.

Ethel had had great hopes in coming here that the influence of Mrs. Lynne's presence would act as a restraint upon her daughter, and put a stop to the latter's pleased acceptance of her cousin's attentions, and also that the sort of awe with which Alderstan regarded his parents would deter their manifestation. But, in a great country-house crowded with guests, the opportunities for unobserved tête-à-têtes are innumerable, and it soon became evident to those of the party whose stay at Coldstream had initiated them, that Alderstan and Miss Lynne meant to make the most of their privileges, and that the same game was going on here that had been played elsewhere.

There was a large and brilliant assemblage of guests at Col. March's. Beside their own household, the families of their two sons, and the Coldstream guests, there were several pleasant people whom Ethel had met in town, and some agreeable strangers. She began to feel hopeful. St. George, she was sure, persisted in his course more out of obstinacy than affection for Miss Lynne, and Ethel had seen enough of the latter to feel sure that she would be quite as well pleased with the atten-

tions of any man admirer who would flatter her vanity, and pander to her will as much as her cousin did. So she had high hopes that the discreditable state of affairs which had come about at Coldstream would not be continued now that they were under the decorous roof of Lady Mary.

On the second evening of her sojourn at Col. March's, Ethel, together with half a score of others, was seated in the great drawing-room in the dim half-light. The whole household was gathered, with three exceptions. Neither Miss Lynne, Captain Alderstan, nor Count Varène was present, and Ethel was feeling nervously anxious lest their absence might be observed by Lady Mary, and that her comments thereon might elicit some dreaded developments as the time flew by, and still they did not come. This danger was the more imminent as charades had been proposed for the amusement of the evening, and the absence of these three young people would be sure to be remarked. Earlier in the afternoon, Ethel had met Count Varène in the hall, and he had said he was feeling ill, and was going to his room to lie down. She sat for some time waiting, in helpless dread, for the catastrophe which presently came.

"What has become of the charades that were proposed?" asked Lady Mary, raising her voice a little to arrest the attention of all. "By the way we are not all here. Miss Lynne is absent, and Count Varène and St. George. Where is your daughter, Mrs. Lynne?"

"I really don't know, Lady Mary. I have not seen her for some time," answered the mother.

"I saw her going in the direction of the lake an hour or so ago," said Mr. Neville promptly.

"Alone?" asked Lady Mary.

"No, there was a gentleman with her, but I could not see him well, and did not quite make him out," Mr. Neville said.

Of course he knew perfectly well who had been with Miss Lynne, but he caught a quick imploring glance from Ethel, and remembering that Varène was not by to be discomfited by his announcement, and having a great liking for Ethel, he concluded to spare her the pang which, had the count been there, he would have chosen to inflict: he was very willing to aid Ethel when it did not involve aiding Count Varène. Ethel thanked him with another rapid look, as Lady Mary, turning again to Mrs. Lynne, said:

"It is too damp for Lulu down at the lake. You should scold the count for keeping her out so late."

"I will speak to Lulu about it," Mrs. Lynne said, "though she is not liable to cold."

It had evidently not occurred to Lady March that Lulu's companion could be any other than Count Varène, she being, of course, in ignorance of the fact that Varène had treated her pretty relative with a remarkable degree of indifference since the beginning of their acquaintance, which was actually the case, for, though Count Varène was a man who could be nothing else than gracious and polite, he had observed an unconscious and consistent lack of interest in Miss Lynne which had con-

siderably piqued that small beauty; but neither her pretty pouts nor her inviting glances had been able to secure her more than a very spare share of his notice.

After Mrs. Lynne's remark, Lady March turned to Ethel.

"Did you not tell me, my dear, that you had a good book of parlor charades?" she asked.

"It is in my room," said Ethel rising; "I will go and fetch it."

"If you see St. George, tell him we want his assistance," said Lady March as she was leaving the room.

As Ethel walked away she felt an intense desire to do something to prevent the discovery of her husband's escapade with Miss Lynne; but she was feeling pitifully her own helplessness, when, at a turn of the stairs, she met Count Varène. He had evidently just made his toilet, and in his faultless evening dress, as he stood under one of the stairway lights waiting for Ethel to pass, he looked uncommonly well—especially as there had come into his face a bright look of joy so different from the grave courtesy with which he usually regarded her that Ethel wondered at it, and did not pause to consider that it was an answer to the look her face had shown when she first caught sight of him—a look of relief and gladness. But she had no time either to reflect or observe; she must act, and that promptly, if any benefit was to come therefrom.

"I am going to my room for a charade-book," she said. "They are going to act." She paused a moment, and then, with a troubled look and a beseeching tone, went on: "Count Varène," she said with low-toned entreaty, "St. George and Lulu are not there. They have been away for a long, long time, and their absence, as well as yours, has been commented on. Lady Mary thinks you are with Lulu. What am I to do? She must not know."

There was a helpless appeal in her look and tone, that he greatly longed to be able to respond to.

"Does any one know where they are? Did any one see them?" he asked quickly.

"Mr. Neville says they went toward the lake," said Ethel. "What am I to do?"

"Get your book, return to the hall, and wait," said Varène. "I will find them and take Miss Lynne into the drawing-room and make an excuse for sending Alderstan to you. You and he can then enter by the hall, and Miss Lynne and myself by the portico."

He did not wait to receive the thanks Ethel was so ready to offer, but passed swiftly down the steps, took up his hat and went out at the door. He took the direction of the lake, and with eager eyes scanned the little boats resting on its placid bosom, and the moon-lighted benches that surrounded it, but there was no one to be seen. He went then to a little summer-house near by, which was a frequent resort for visitors to the lake, but, perhaps for that very reason, Miss Lynne and Captain Alderstan were not there. After emerging therefrom, he stood for a moment in hesitation, and then called clearly:

"Alderstan!"

It was a bolder course than he had meant to

take, and argued an obtrusiveness that he shrank from, but he soon concluded to ignore that for the sake of the cause he was serving. In another moment there came an answering call from under a clump of dense trees, and Alderstan stepped forth. Count Varène approached quickly, and said with a successful effort at naturalness and ease,

"What have you done with Miss Lulu? They are wanting you both for the charades. I have come to look for you both. Come, Miss Lulu," he said affecting an air of more interest than he had ever used with her before. "Let me take you back. Mrs. Lynne has a scolding in waiting for the offender who kept you out in the damp so long, and if you will give me the privilege of escorting you back to the house, I will undertake, in payment for that favor, to receive the scolding in Alderstan's stead, and never let them know that he is the culprit."

Lulu had emerged, and was standing between the two, looking rather uncomfortable; but as Count Varène knew the moments were precious, he could not allow any dallying, so he looked toward Alderstan with great grace and courtesy, and said:

"Do you permit?"

"Oh, certainly," Alderstan answered coolly, while the count gave his arm to Lulu, and the three turned toward the house together, Alderstan looking very much bored, and Varène and Lulu seeming quite pleased and content. When they reached the foot of the portico, Varène took off his hat, and said easily,

"St. George, if you're going around to the hall, put that down for me—will you?"

Alderstan took the hat, and when they had entered the side porch proceeded slowly around to the hall. Of course he saw through the whole maneuver, but he felt a sort of sullen gratitude to Varène for keeping him out of the scrape, although he knew it was done for no considerateness either of himself or Lulu. Still it served him a good turn for all that, and it would have been a great bore to face his mother, after those two hours of absence, knowing that she was conscious in whose society they had been spent. As he came slowly up the broad steps of the front entrance, Ethel was just descending the stairs with a book in her hand.

"I'm glad you've come, St. George," she said with cold earnestness. "Lady Mary asked me to see if you were in your room, and bring you. They are getting up charades. Have Lulu and Count Varène returned?"

"Lulu has been with me," was the sullen rejoinder.

"As I know," said Ethel quietly. "It surprised me a little though that you should have absented yourselves so pointedly, at a time when you knew the charades would assemble the whole household, and make your absence together so very pronounced a thing."

"Neville met us, and said he understood the idea of the charades had been abandoned, and that the lawn was to be lighted for croquet, in which case I fancied no one would be the worse off if Lulu and I chose to stay where it was quiet and cool."

"Oh, no one would be the worse off, assuredly," said Ethel, in a high, cool voice. "Still

I wonder you don't think it worth while to be a little more careful. I don't expect it for Lulu's sake—still less for mine, but you would be serving your own interest best by a more guarded course in this matter. Will you come with me to Lady Mary?"

Without waiting for any sign of acquiescence in him, Ethel led the way into the drawing-room, which was now brilliantly lighted, her husband coming after. Their delay in the hall had enabled Count Varène and Lulu to make their entrance several minutes earlier, and from an opposite direction. Their appearance together had given rise to a mild sensation of surprise on the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, and a much magnified feeling of the same sort on the part of Mr. Neville. To the rest of the company, their coming was simply the fulfillment of an expectation. It followed that Mr. Neville, actuated by a sudden revulsion of the feeling which had caused his forbearance a short while before, had the grace to remark to Lulu in her mother's hearing,

"Where is Alderstan, Miss Lynne? He was with you when you set out."

"That doesn't necessitate his being with you for any greater portion of time—does it, Miss Lulu?" said Count Varène fascinatingly. "We don't know what became of him—do we? And we've been well enough satisfied with each other's society not to let the subject make us unhappy—have we not?"

Lulu smiled her sweetest smile, and colored with pleasure in answer to the ardent look with which Count Varène accompanied these words, while Varène himself was inwardly reflecting that this child was even a greater simpleton than he had given her credit for. However, it met his views very conveniently to have it so, and none the less did a remark that he just here intercepted on the part of Miss Lynne meet his views of the requirements of the case.

"Why, Mr. Neville," that lady candidly observed, "you just said you did not make out who the gentleman with Lulu was."

Count Varène, as he led the daughter away, distinctly heard this speech of Mrs. Lynne's—fully appreciated its bad taste, and nevertheless commended it. Mr. Neville was, of course, discomfited, and had to cover the fact as best he could, and make resolutions for future revenge. Present revenge was out of the question, since he knew nothing more of Lulu's expedition than that Alderstan had set out with her, and was not prepared to say that Count Varène did not join her, to the displacement of Alderstan, five minutes later, and had not been with her ever since. So, by the time Captain Alderstan came in with his wife, the little diversion that the entrance of the other two had caused had quite passed away, and every one was deep in the discussion of the charades.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, Lady Mary," said Ethel; "I have been waiting for St. George. I found him, you see."

"And here are the count and Lulu," said Lady Mary, "so we may begin at once."

The business of the acting here claimed the attention of every one again, to the exclusion of all matters of minor interest. So Ethel could feel sure that, for once, her husband's

rash conduct had been kept from Lady Mary's knowledge; but how could she know that tomorrow the revelation she dreaded might not be made? It was clear to her that already Alderstan showed less carefulness and caution in the presence of his home people than he had done just at the first; but there seemed nothing for her to do.

During the evening she had an opportunity to say a quiet word to Count Varène, but there was only time for her low and hurried "Thank you. You have been most kind, as always."

And his quick rejoinder, "It is nothing. Do not pain yourself by speaking of it."

His assistance was ever most generous and unexact; and the thought that she had one true and reliable friend at hand was a great comfort to poor Ethel. But she saw very little of him, not caring to make opportunities as she had done at Coldstream, and Varène himself was very careful not to seek her out or distinguish her in any way different from his manner with the other ladies. In this way his attentions were bestowed in a far more general and promiscuous way than at Coldstream, and it happened that Miss Lynne came in for a much larger share of them. It further transpired that that young lady showed so manifest a delight in her acceptance of these, that some of the guests were much amused, and one of them, Mrs. Lynne, as much pleased as another of them, Captain Alderstan, was irritated and annoyed.

Alderstan had never admitted, even to himself, that he was jealous of Count Varène in the matter of his devotion to his wife, but Ethel's willing acceptance of that devotion and plain liking for the count, together with the latter's devoted regard for her, were all matters that conspired to annoy Captain Alderstan and keenly rouse his self-love, and that Varène should further succeed in ingratiating himself into Miss Lynne's good graces was a thing not to be tolerated. So he chose to go farther than ever in his rôle of assuming a cool proprietorship of Miss Lynne, and attempting to make it tacitly understood that she was his prerogative. So determined was he to convince the company of this fact that he sometimes verged on very broad indiscretions, even in the presence of his own family.

One day there came to the guests at Colonel March's, invitations from Lord Wentworth, whose place was near by, to a great ball to be given there. Alderstan had always been fond of dancing with Miss Lynne, and while the ball was under discussion he said, addressing her:

"Won't we have some glorious waltzes, Lulu? You must let me have the first chance at your card, and I shall put myself down for a jolly good lot."

At the time Ethel appeared not to have observed or even heard her husband's words, though she was sitting near by, but later, when she happened to be alone with him, she spoke of it.

"St. George, I hope you do not mean to make yourself remarkable by dancing continually with Lulu at this ball," she said. "I fear Lady Mary has already seen enough to

arouse her to some faint suspicion as to what is going on. I had hoped that Mrs. Lynne's presence would put a stop to all this, but a little nearer acquaintance with the lady has convinced me of the futility of that idea. She seems not to realize her daughter's position, but, apart from the injury to Lulu, for your own sake, I warn you to be more careful."

"For my own sake! Oh, thanks," said Alderstan, sneeringly. "You are wonderfully generous. You have not observed, of course, that your friend Count Varène is only awaiting his opportunity to appropriate Lulu for himself. Let me emulate your generosity, and for your own sake, advise you to leave Lulu to me, else you will very swiftly discover that Varène has gone over to her side. Your dear friend would be very prompt in that course, if I gave him the chance, which I've a remarkably small notion of doing."

"I heartily wish Count Varène could fancy Lulu, and content himself with her society," said Ethel. "Perhaps you cannot understand me when I say it would in no way interfere with his friendship for me, which is so profound in its generous kindness, as to be, perhaps, abstruse and difficult of comprehension."

"If you suppose I mean to give Lulu up to him, no matter how much he may desire it, let me assure you that nothing could be further from my intention."

Ethel smiled—a composed, ironical, weary, slow little smile—as she said:

"I don't fancy your intention in the matter would have any very great weight, if the count chose to win Miss Lynne's regard. I should think even you could see that the child is ridiculously delighted if he speaks her even, and meets his advances nine-tenths of the way. You don't seem to take into consideration that Count Varène is an uncommonly fascinating man."

"You do, it seems," said her husband, stung by her words in spite of himself.

"I do, yes," said Ethel calmly.

"I grant at least that you are capable of judging—by the light of experience, at any rate."

"Yes, Count Varène has distinguished me sufficiently with his regard and friendship to turn the heads of some women, I think," said Ethel.

"And are you sure yours has stood the test?"

"As sure as you are yourself, to put it convincingly," Ethel answered, with cold composure. "You need nothing to assure you that all such feelings as those you would insinuate are dead for all time, for me. You may pretend to disbelieve this, but, all the same, you know what I say is true."

Alderstan did not reply that, as she had said, he believed her words. He felt sure that it was so, and that reflection served to irritate and anger him more keenly yet. Why was it forced upon his realization that the heart of the splendid creature, leaning wearily back on the velvet lounge and facing him coldly so, had vibrated as little to the touch of his hands in all the long days he had known her, as if he had been the dullest, stupidest, ugliest of men, instead of the handsome and agreeable

one that had had such success with women, and been voted irresistible by scores of them?

The glimmering fear that he was about to lose his hold upon his cousin too became more alarming to him still in this mood, and made him resolve that, come what might, it should be hindered. Any degree of unpleasantness on the part of his family could be better borne than a cutting blow to his self-love, such as that would be.

As for little Miss Lynne, his childish cousin, she was such a butterfly that the sweets of no one flower could serve to enchain her. Her disposition to weary of its fragrant incense and turn to a newer one was ineradicable, and inseparable from her nature. She thought her cousin St. George exceedingly handsome and nice, but already she began to feel the need of a change, and not one of Lady March's guests gave promise of supplying this so agreeably to her fancy as Count Varène. But she was wise enough to prefer to be sure of the new love before she could dare relinquish her claim on the old. The amorous homage of some one was necessary to her comfort, and St. George's, she decided, was preferable to that of any of the other men, unless, indeed, Count Varène should show himself conformable.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Ethel set about her toilet on the night of Lord Wentworth's ball, she directed her maid to get out a certain crimson dress which she had bought in London, attracted thereto by the recollection of a similar one that she had had long ago. As yet she had never worn it, having, indeed, never entirely left off her light mourning for her father; but lately Lady Mary had urged her much to discard her usual somber tints, or mingle with those blacks and whites and grays and purples the rich hues which she knew would set off her beauty so well. Her spirits now were not exuberant, certainly, but she had a sudden fancy to try the dress on, at least, and, when once it had been donned, her sense of its fitness and beauty prevented her taking it off. They were her old colors, crimson and cream, and not less than in the old days did they adorn and become her. The trying scenes through which she had passed had not marred Ethel's loveliness. She was neither more thin nor more pale than of old, but there was a spiritual tone in her face that had not been there in the old days, and that gave a new feeling and a more subtle effect to her beauty.

When the rich dress with its beautiful adjuncts had been assumed, and the brown hair coiled around the small, aristocratic head, how beautiful she was!

Nearly all the guests were assembled in the drawing-room when Ethel came down, and the toilets there displayed were very varied and elegant, and many of the faces, which it was their province to set off, were very pretty, but, in spite of that, Mrs. Alderstan's entrance made a sensation, which was none the less fervid though characterized by a perfect silence. Various were the reasons which prevented the expression of the admiration that was assuredly felt by those who saw Ethel

that night. Lady Mary's silence was caused by the reflection that it would be in better taste to take a private occasion for complimenting her beautiful daughter-in-law. Alderstan was mute because of a sudden feeling of helpless rage at the thought that, though that superb creature was his wife, he had no more assured claim upon her heart and affection than the merest stranger there. Mrs. Lynne wished not to speak, because she realized a something in Ethel's appearance which made her feel a certain lack of tone in her daughters, that was not wholly attributable to the disparaging contrast of color between the vivid red and pale pink which characterized the two costumes. Lulu had seen the light of subdued admiration which had for a moment come to Count Varène's face as Ethel had entered, and her discontent thereat kept her from speaking out her feeling of admiration; and Count Varène himself reflected that if he were to attempt to do justice to the subject he would infallibly fail, so, having long ago learned the lesson to attempt nothing that he could not do well, he was silent too.

Ethel had remained for a moment at the drawing-room door in conference with her maid who had brought down her white wrap and fan, and now, as she was crossing the room to join Lady March, Mrs. Lyons caught her hand and held her back.

"Ethel," she said, with low-toned excitement, "you were always the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and to-night you look better than I ever saw you look before. I can say no more than that."

"And I am sure it is quite enough for one time," said Ethel smiling, "but you always had a way of spoiling me, dear Mrs. Lyons, so I hope I may be able to take the compliment with a due allowance for this pernicious habit of yours."

"But, my dear, you know you used to say you liked praise."

"I used to like it," Ethel said, with a grave, sweet smile, "and then and now and always I shall value kind words from you."

Then Ethel left Mrs. Lyons and glided over to Lady Mary. She knew that every eye in the room was upon her, but she had been so accustomed to this sort of thing that she took it in, without regarding it sufficiently to give it the disconcerting force of a reality.

When Ethel left Mrs. Lyons, her eyes had, for one second, rested upon those of Count Varène, who was standing next her friend, and though the glance was swift as thought, he gathered from it an expression of friendly good will, which made him very happy.

"Is she not bewildering to-night, count?" Mrs. Lyons asked.

"Mrs. Alderstan can never be more than beautiful, and that she always is," responded Varène in a cool, guarded tone.

Mrs. Lyons was indignant at this constrained expression of commendation, not divining its cause, perhaps; she did not press for a more enthusiastic one.

Mrs. St. George Alderstan was the handsomest feature of Lord Wentworth's ball that night, as Lady Mary was assured many times. She danced scarcely any, and when Count Varène found an opportunity to say to her:

"Do you feel like dancing? Would you dance with me?" she gave him such a friendly smile that the several people to whose admiration she had been talking, felt suddenly put at a distance by the contrast between the unaffected confidence with which she treated Count Varène, and the gracious formality they received at her hands. But none the less she declined his invitation.

"I think I shall not dance again, count," she said. "Take Lulu, and let me watch you from here."

None but Count Varène comprehended the hidden meaning conveyed by this recommendation, but he had observed that Miss Lynne had danced already several times with Alderstan, and he understood that Ethel wished it to be stopped. So he walked over to Miss Lynne immediately and asked her for that dance.

"I am engaged," she said, with rueful regret. "St. George made me promise to wait for him."

"Then give me the next waltz," said the count persuasively.

"I am engaged for that too," Lulu said. "St. George has put his name down again. It's too bad," with added regret.

"He must not be encouraged in this absolute monopoly," said Varène; "I shall come for the next, and you'll give it me, I am sure. Mind now; if you don't, I shall know it is because you don't want to dance with me; for of course you may choose your partners as you like." So he bowed and relinquished Miss Lynne to Alderstan, who just then appeared to meet his engagement, and whirled her off.

When the time came, Varène sought Lulu, and asked if she was ready for his waltz.

"St. George would not let me off," she said, "and he says if I break this engagement he will consider all my others with him canceled, and will dance with me no more this evening."

"Then take him at his word, and give me all his dances," said Varène promptly. "I have made no engagements, and shall be charmed, and Alderstan needs the lesson."

After a very short hesitation, Miss Lynne yielded. The temptation was too great. If the count chose to identify himself with her so conspicuously this evening, she was sure he must mean to mark her with his notice afterward. So she allowed him to take her card, upon which Alderstan had written himself for every other waltz in the programme almost, and see the whole extent and area of his privilege.

"How did you happen to indulge him so lavishly with waltzes?" Count Varène asked; "though I'm not inclined to blame you, since I am permitted to reap the benefit of your prodigality."

"Oh, he is sometimes so cross," said Lulu, with a sort of artless, injured air; "he made me promise last night."

"But how could he make you promise?"

"He said he wouldn't speak to me, and that I wanted to make him wretched, and that he would not dance at all unless I would—and a lot more like that."

"And you are willing to brave all this to

gratify me?" asked Varène, and when Lulu nodded a gracious assent, he added, "You shall see how grateful I'm going to be."

So when Ethel saw Count Varène and Miss Lynne continually together during the rest of the evening, though, in the intervals between their engagements, the pretty young lady's hand was very eagerly sought by numerous admiring partners, she knew quite well how it had been brought about, and whose kind hand it was that had lifted the burden of anxiety for a little space from her heart. Presently she observed her husband standing moody and wrathful in a doorway, and excusing herself to her companions for the time, she crossed to him and said:

"Are you not going to invite me to dance, St. George? You are almost the only gentleman here who has not, and yet you are the only one whose claims I should be inclined to consider."

"You think because you have sent Varène to take my place, that you can beckon me to his—do you?" said Alderstan, in a cold, keen voice.

"The place I offer you is your own rightful one, if you choose to claim it," Ethel said, "not only for this dance to-night, but for the future time."

She had never made so humble a speech to him before, but her pity had been roused because her very comprehension of his character revealed to her the cutting wound that had been inflicted upon his self-love, and she reflected that it had come from her, and felt anxious to atone. But her momentary softness was soon frozen again by the surly way in which her husband took her overture, merely glancing sullenly at her, and then coldly turning away. She felt wounded.

That night when the party from Col. March's had all returned and were dispersing, tired and worn, to their different apartments, Count Varène was witness to a little scene between Alderstan and Miss Lynne, in which the latter had made overtures to a reconciliation which were summarily rejected. As Alderstan wrathfully turned away and passed out of the apartment, Varène went up to Lulu, and said:

"Miss Lynne, I couldn't help seeing that your cousin showed just now that he was angry with you, and I cannot help knowing that I am the cause. I regret it, of course, but you must let me tell you that I shall make every effort in my power to atone to you for it. You have been able to feel that you could command Alderstan's services in the thousand little ways in which a man may make himself useful in a country house, and I trust you will let me be his substitute in these. If he chooses to keep this thing up, of course I dare not promise you compensation for the loss of his society, but I beg you to believe in my anxiety to do what I can, and I assure you, you may command my services as freely as you would his. I shall have no engagements, and you will make me very happy if you'll consent to consider me the humblest and most willing of your slaves, during your stay here—and as long afterward as you consent to tolerate me."

The decisive blow was struck; Miss Lynne

no longer hesitated. She had wished, until now, to keep a lingering hold on her cousin, but since the count had declared his intentions so positively, and she might feel perfectly sure of him, she was quite willing to give Alderstan up. In fact she was already growing a little weary of him; and his monopoly of her, except when they were under the strict surveillance of his father and mother, had had the effect of isolating her from the attentions of the other young men who came and went at the house, and she couldn't help fancying that when they did speak to her, it was with a freedom and carelessness that was uncomplimentary. Then, too, Mrs. Lyons was always so frigid to her now, and Mr. Lyons so careless and free before her, though he took but little notice of her. But she was conscious of the fact, that his manner to her was widely different from the deferential regard that he showed for his wife and Ethel. She thought that all this would perhaps be changed if Count Varène came to be acknowledged as her devoted admirer, and so for many reasons she was very glad to encourage him.

So Count Varène and Miss Lynne became almost inseparable companions, while Alderstan held himself moodily aloof, and would neither converse with or look at his cousin, except when it was unavoidable; but to his surprise he found that this plan did not work, and that Lulu made no advances toward a reconciliation. After waiting for these a considerable time, he determined to descend a little, and let the first advances come from him. But, to his dismay and disgust, he found that, though Lulu was willing enough to make friends, she would go no farther, and when he touched her hand eloquently, and said that the last few days should be blotted out and the old sweet intercourse renewed, she had answered nothing, and when, encouraged by her silence, he had told her to be ready at five for one of their dear old drives, she told him she was engaged for a walk with Count Varène that evening, and though he scowled and looked angrily reproachful, she did not attempt to soothe him, but remained quite silent and demure.

Presently, however, there came a softening of the gloom in his face, and "See how good I'm going to be," he said. "You shall take this one last walk with him, but after that you are my own, for the rest of our stay here—if one must fix limits. So we'll have our drive to-morrow morning—shall we?"

"I'm afraid I can't to-morrow," she said, "for Count Varène and I are to go in town and have our pictures done together. He said he would take me, as I wanted to have it done."

"Lulu, I'm not to be trifled with," said Alderstan, starting up angrily. "You have got to choose between Varène and me, and you've got to abide by the choice. This is the last chance you shall have to make friends with me. Tell me what you mean to do."

"I don't mean to do anything," said Lulu with a sort of deprecating decision. "I want to keep you both for my friends."

"But, by Jove, you can't," said her cousin angrily. "If you go off on any such errand with Varène to-morrow, that's the end of your

intercourse with me. I leave you to think about it—but I mean what I say."

So he turned angrily away from her, and avoided her all that day. He waited for a sign of conformity from her, but it had not come when he went to his room that night. He was sure it would be forthcoming in the morning, after she had had time to reflect. It was not in his nature to face the probability that she really cared as much for another man as himself, so he held himself aloof from her during breakfast and all the early morning, thinking that her hesitation in coming to terms deserved some punishment, and he resolved he would not make it easier for her by being familiarly accessible—she deserved to be somewhat humiliated. So he soon ordered his horse and rode out, to show his indifference, and on his homeward way from his ride, he met his cousin and Count Varène in his father's dog-cart driving toward town, in picturesque attire, assumed with regard to photography, as he soon decided. He lifted his hat as he passed them, but did not speak. On reaching the house he went directly up-stairs and walked with an angry air into Ethel's presence.

"How much longer do you mean to stay at this confoundedly dull place?" he said.

"I suppose we will leave with the rest," said Ethel, looking up at him with grave surprise. "In a week, I suppose."

"When do the others leave?" said her husband. "Mamma has just told me that several are going Monday, the Lynnes among the number."

"Indeed," said Alderstan, with an air of grim satisfaction, "I suppose mamma did *not* inform you whether Count Varène would leave with the Lynnes or the Alderstans."

"Neither Lady Mary nor myself has had any reason to suppose that his movements would be affected by either of these," said Ethel coldly.

"A pretty figure you have been making of me," said Alderstan with angry bitterness, "you and your count together; but you are amazingly mistaken if you suppose I care a straw about either you or your schemes."

"You don't seem to," said Ethel, quietly. In some moods she would have been too good for this sneer, but just now she didn't feel as if she minded that or anything else.

"It's as plain as day to any one that Varène is acting under orders from you."

"It may do no good to say so, but I've never at any time talked to Count Varène in reference to your intimacy with Lulu or the causes of its rupture."

"You can't make me believe that this plan of separating Lulu and me was not yours that you managed to impart to the count."

"It was done by means of electricity or clairvoyance, or something like that, then," Ethel said. "You heard me say I had not spoken to him of it."

"When does Varène mean to leave? You know, of course," said Alderstan.

"Begging your pardon, I *don't* know," said Ethel, speaking with provoking coolness, but slightly accenting the negative.

"When do you mean to go?" said her husband savagely.

"I am quite willing to be ruled by you in that," said Ethel. "I care very little."

Alderstan was silent a moment, and then: "We will wait until after the Lynnes have gone," said he, "and see."

The interval between that time and Sunday passed very swiftly, and probably with much enjoyment to most of Lady Mary's guests, for there were excursions about the country, garden-parties in the neighborhood, and theatricals and various other entertainments at home, and at last Sunday was come. Alderstan had been, all the time, playing a game of transparent indifference, and pretending to be immensely amused at the existing state of affairs between Count Varène and Miss Lynne.

The consistency with which Varène forbore to seek Ethel out, or distinguish her by the display of any kind of attention, touched her very much. She knew it was a consideration of the fact that it would be very painful to her to have the slightest suspicion aroused that there was any species of connivance between them that actuated him in this scrupulous reserve that he showed her. So she saw even less of him than usual, and had no opportunity to thank him, hoping he would *feel* that she was grateful.

On Sunday, when luncheon and afternoon church were over, and the guests for the most part scattered about the halls and piazzas, Ethel came down after an hour's sad solitude in her room, and sought her usual seat near Lady Mary.

"My dear, I think you look pale," said Lady Mary, receiving her with gracious affectionateness. "I hope you are not feeling ill."

"Oh, not at all, thank you, dear Lady Mary," said Ethel, "but I think I have not taken exercise enough lately. I was always so dependent on that, and I have been very lazy about it lately."

"Let me recommend a little in the shape of a walk to the lake. I want your opinion as to the site for the new boat-house we are arranging for. Count Varène will go with you, I am sure. At my age, you know, exercise, except of the gentlest sort, is a thing to be avoided."

Count Varène arose without too much alacrity, and said he was quite ready to accompany Mrs. Alderstan. Ethel seemed to hesitate a moment, and then caught up a white shawl and threw it loosely over her arm, and went down the walk at his side.

The hour was drawing on to twilight, and the evening was tranquil and sweet. After they had proceeded a few moments in silence, Ethel said:

"I am so glad of this opportunity of seeing and talking with you again. You have been so infinitely kind and considerate that it hurts me to think there is no way that I can thank you except in poor dull words. But you will know me to be grateful, will you not?"

"Do not pain yourself by speaking of it," said Varène with quick fervor. "I have done nothing, but I wish you could know how altogether true it is that there is nothing I would not do to save you one pang."

"I understand; I believe you," Ethel said. "Nothing could exceed your great delicacy and kindness. There are not many whom I

regard as my real friends, but you will always be one of those."

They walked on in silence until they reached the lake, and there had some indifferent conversation about the boat-house and the scenery, and Ethel was turning homeward when the count said hesitatingly:

"Should you mind sitting down for a moment? I have something to ask you, and think how rare this opportunity is!"

Ethel sank upon a low bench near the water's edge, and when Count Varène had taken his seat beside her, he said,

"Have you settled when you will leave?"

"I think about Thursday," Ethel said.

"Have you any wish about when I shall go?"

"That must, of course, depend solely upon your own convenience."

"It cannot depend solely upon that until I learn that you have no wish in the matter," said the count. "Pray tell me if you have."

"No; I have no right to influence you at all," said Ethel. "You have already been carried so far in your considerateness of me as to be seriously irksome to you perhaps. I have only to thank you for that with all my heart, as I do, and try to spare you future trouble."

"I have been thinking of going up to London with the Lynnes. Would it make things at all the easier for you?"

Ethel knew it would, but she would not say so; she answered simply,

"My way has been infinitely smoother and less painful than it could possibly have been but for you. Only accept my gratitude for that, and don't speak of increasing the obligation."

"Unless you would deeply pain me, don't speak of obligation again," said Varène. "There cannot exist such a thing from you to me, and don't let the thought occur to you when I leave with the Lynnes to-morrow."

"You mean to do that?"

"I am determined to do it," he said.

Ethel was silent, and her eyes filled with tears. Presently she said:

"I have done as little good in my life to deserve such kindness, as I sometimes think I have done little evil to deserve the pain I feel. But I would not care to have the lessening of my trouble this will give, if it were fraught with pain to you. It would not be a kindness if you left me in ignorance as to that."

"Madame, there is no pain but that of parting with you, and it will be only getting that wrench over," said Varène with great quietness. "I cannot help thinking what a parting this will be—we two may be thrown together no more forever. For I shall never seek you."

"Oh, how sad you make me by those dreary words," said Ethel, "but I can only face them as the probable truth. Remember this, dear friend: at some quiet times, sacred to memory and sad sweet thoughts, I shall often hold you in my heart and think of you. The joys and griefs of my life alike shall bring you back to me. I shall know that there is one who would have rejoiced in the joys, if there be any, and who would have spared me the griefs, which are certain and many. I feel this parting, too, and it must come now." She rose as she spoke, and as he stood up too she went on, standing still and sad before him:

"We need not go through the form of wishing each other happiness, but I would be more wretched yet, unless I thought it would be found by you. 'Whoever lives true life will love true love,'—that was my theory long ago, and if I have grown to disbelieve all the old axioms of my long ago, I still trust that, in your case. For myself, I will not grieve you with my thoughts about my own future, but resolve—and the memory of you shall give me strength in this—not to believe of myself that happiness is dead for me. It may not be—darkness often passes away. Some joy may come to me yet."

"If the last drop of my heart's blood could purchase it, it should be yours," said the count with more passion in his look and tone than he had yet shown, but he quickly curbed and banished this, and there was only sadness in his eyes as she said:

"We will go back now," and began to move. He stepped in front of her and stood still until she raised her eyes to his.

"Madame, may I kiss your hand?" he said gently.

Ethel gave him her left hand, and he carried it to his lips, and kissed and slightly pressed it once, and then she softly drew it back, and they walked away in silence. There was no one on the piazza when they came up, and Ethel had to overcome her desire to be alone, and enter the drawing-room gay with careless people. Count Varène did not follow her immediately, but when he did, he went at once to Miss Lynne and said a few words to her in a quiet way, and Ethel saw her flush with pleasure and show all her dimples in a merry smile, and the sight caused a quick pang of uneasy dread to come to her. Later, when they were irregularly dispersing for the night, she saw Miss Lynne go to her mother and say something with such a radiant, triumphant face that both she and Varène divined its meaning. As the latter handed her her candle in the hall, she perceived that, for the moment, they were unobserved.

"Do not let her be hurt, the poor young child," she said, looking at him with sad appealingness. "That would give me pain."

"It shall never be, if I can help it," Count Varène replied, with hurried ardor. "You are wrong in what you suspect. I do not think that danger threatens her."

As she took the lighted candle from his hand, and met his earnest, thoughtful eyes, there was a look of gentle grace and heavenly benediction in her own that Count Varène remembered through many long, long days.

In another week the gay party was all scattered. Ethel was back at Coldstream, settled down into a useless, unenjoyed life, while her husband was off shooting and fishing all day, and absent, she knew not where, half the night, while she sat sad and pale at home, waiting for the slow hours to go by, and feeling utterly sorrowful and alone.

She had not forgotten her good resolutions, and she had adhered to them in the main; but such a change as the one she had determined to make in her life is almost bound to be fitful in its first evidences.

(To be continued.)

The Bells of Christmas Eve.

BY HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

AP in the tower ring the bells,
O'er hill and dale their music swells;
We ask if angels come again
Down to the homes of sinful men,
On blessed Christmas Eve.

SO near to heaven they seem to be,
It seems as if their melody
Were mingling in the starry sky
With angel anthems, sweet and high,
On blessed Christmas Eve.

AND yet they sing with plaintive notes;
Round human homes their music floats,
As voices hushed so long ago
Are whispering now so soft and low,
On blessed Christmas Eve.

WE see the gifts around us spread,
Hear whispers from the blessed dead:
"Think of us, in our home above,
Waiting the clasp of those we love,"
On blessed Christmas Eve.

THE matin song we seem to hear,
Filling the air so loud, so clear,
When the long sleep is o'er at last,
Chanting of griefs that all are past,
On blessed Christmas Eve.

WE listen thus to Christmas bells,
Our human heart with sorrow swells,
Missing the clasp of a dear hand
From loved ones in the spirit land,
On blessed Christmas Eve.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

STICKING TO IT.



THE most difficult part of anything that needs to be done in this world is not the doing it once or even twice, but the sticking to it, and doing it always again and again and again with each recurring day, week, or month for the active years of one's life.

Time, and the inspiration of a strong enough motive may render it comparatively easy to do anything once; the hard part of it is to keep on doing it when the momentary inspiration has departed, when the novelty is gone, when the little excitement and éclat attending a new departure have passed away, and only the hard work and the monotony remain.

There is a certain strain upon the nervous energy in the constant doing of the simplest work, in the accomplishment of the easiest tasks at regularly recurring periods. But the strain of course differs in degree, and becomes greater in proportion to the complexity, importance, originality, and amount of the work.

Still, as a general rule, the less important the work the more frequently it recurs, the more constantly it has to be done, and this of itself renders the pressure, if less at certain times, more continuous, and therefore in the course of a lengthened experience fully as hard to bear.

All wives, mothers, and housekeepers will understand this. They know what it means to wash faces and dishes, peel potatoes and apples, make beds and sweep floors, mend stockings and patch jackets, turn out perpetual supplies of bread, cake, and pie and other comestibles which as perpetually want renewing. The treadmill round is incessant; there is not and cannot be any cessation, in the majority of cases, for the laws of growth, of acceptance of obligation, and performance of duty are inexorable.

Neither are the wives and mothers alone in the steadfastness with which they must follow routine. All the world is kept moving in precisely the same way; all the work of the world is done by some one eternally doing the same thing over and over again, and all our associations, all our values come from this aggregation of what, had it only happened once, would have been of no consequence, possessed no significance for us or any one.

The world owes all it has, all it is, all it ever was or will be to those who have the faculty of sticking to it; to those who have begun and kept on until the work or their part of it was completed. How wearisome they have found it no tongue can ever tell; how often they were tempted to relinquish it, to throw it aside, to go anywhere away from it, so that voice or sound should never more convey to them its resistless demands, could hardly be put into words. Yet they did not yield. Something within them kept them in the place or at the work; made them go on and finish, or die in the attempt, leaving the inspiration of the courage and perseverance with which they pursued their object to those who came after them.

Women are less accustomed than men to apply themselves to a single pursuit, or make it the occupation of their lives. Domestic and social cares usually forbid, and thus they are credited with inability to concentrate strength in a given direction. But this is not so; they are in reality less restless, more constant, perhaps less determined, but certainly more tenacious than men, and therefore well adapted to succeed in whatever can be gained by patient, persevering effort.

A little more enterprise, a little less patience and acceptance of what is, would indeed be an advantage to the majority of women, for their lives are a treadmill with hardly more of object than that monotonous mode of punishment afforded. Still, even these have their reward in the love of home, the comfort, the sweetness, the habits which grow up about them. All that we get from age, all that life itself means to us comes from association and identity. If we were ourselves to-day and something or somebody else to-morrow, we should have no interest for ourselves or anybody else; we should be all the time fighting to have our personality changed to that of the most fortunate, or the most beautiful, or the

most accomplished person of our acquaintance. But we are fortunately, or unfortunately, obliged to stick to ourselves; make the best or the worst of ourselves, and so in time we not only get to have an affection for ourselves, but the very worst and most disagreeable of people find some one who has an interest in and for them.

This example in nature is not at all a bad one for us to follow, or at least remember at times when it may be useful. We are not permitted to get rid of our own personality because it is subject to disease or misfortune of any kind; we must stay in our skin no matter what its color; we must look with our eyes, hear with our ears, and talk with our tongues, no matter what their shortcomings or disadvantages may be, and by judicious treatment we are frequently able to improve, not only the organs themselves, but their performance of their special functions so as to produce an average result at least. It is true that the work of our lives seems to be much less restricted than the instrumentalities by which we perform this work, but is it so in reality? We talk about our freedom to choose this or that; we imagine sometimes that "the world is all before us where to choose," but is it indeed a simple "oyster" that we can open at pleasure? No. We are all bound in a hundred different ways by the circumstances of birth, hereditary inclination, transmission of qualities, and never more strongly than when we pride ourselves upon our freedom, and though other forces may come into our lives changing or modifying them, yet we shall still, inevitably and unconsciously, work toward our own goal. What is better is to do it consciously, and with a purpose. Where we start from, the road we take, even the vehicle we travel by, is not of so much consequence (except that the more rapid it is the less we learn in the transit) as the perseverance with which we pursue the journey in order to arrive at the goal, and that goal is or should be excellence in whatever we have undertaken.

It is one of the most delightful facts in nature that age brings honor and rest and sweetness when the life lived has been a true and faithful one, no matter how poor or commonplace.

The beauty and sacredness of the old homes was in their attribute of permanency. If they had been shifting and changing, had they consisted sometimes of a second floor front, sometimes of a third floor back, had they been under the dominion of the one incompetent and slatternly "domestic," whose ministrations oblige a general system of reconstruction, reorganization, and replacement every six months, they would have left no memories or associations that would serve any purpose, but to point a sad moral, or adorn a pitiful tale.

But the old homes were very different from this, whether cottage or mansion mattered nothing. They and their occupants seemed to be always the same. The carpets may have looked worn, but they never seemed to wear out, the ornaments on the mantelpiece never got broken; the tea-set, and especially the little cream-jug, had occupied the same places in the cupboard and on the table for forty

years, and were there still. The stiff chairs stood against the wall, the old clock ticked away, and at the back door was the broad, flat stone which had served as a stepping-stone for half a dozen generations, and was quite capable of serving its purpose for half a dozen more.

Even the spring where the water-cresses grew had its special interest as part of the old place, but over and above all was the atmosphere created by the years that had gone by filled with the pure, wholesome life of the occupants. The brown hair, and the dark hair change to silver; the voices of childhood are lost in the fuller growth of manhood and womanhood, and finally pass away altogether, but the "old" home is the old home still, while the father and mother remain to keep up its traditions, and preserve the lifelong associations. The beginning of these two may have been uninteresting enough. Ignorant and narrow, perhaps, both, with this simple faculty of stick-to-it-iveness as their strongest characteristic. But it made them faithful to all their obligations, it kept them in one place until the beauty grew little by little out of the patience and loyalty with which daily duties were performed, just as the trees grew out of the soil, and vines flourished over the windows, which had received but little thought in the planting. Wet seasons and dry seasons, sickness and health, struggle and care, regrets and anxieties make up the record, commonplace enough in the living, covering many weary nights and tedious days, but marked also by the growth and development of family ties, the acquirement of cherished habits, the increasing charm of life-long association, until every stick and stone has its story, every object its meaning and character, one with which some circumstance has invested it, that has little interest for a stranger, but renders it dear beyond words to those most nearly interested.

There is hardly a place or an object on the face of the earth so unpromising or unattractive that it cannot be made interesting or important enough for some human being to attach himself or herself to it; or that the moment it is thus placed under steadfast, persevering influence, does not begin to grow, to improve, to become a sort of magic mirror in the conscientious life, the latent tastes, the inclinations usually held in check by circumstances, are seen.

The wisest and most successful business men always advise "hanging on," as the phrase goes, even when loss is impending, provided the thing is good in itself, because, in the course of time, it must recover its value. People who jump from one thing to another, who potter with this and that, who plant a seed here, and if it does not grow up like Jonah's gourd in one night, go away disgusted and try something else, can never be successful, or worth anything to themselves, or anybody else.

What the young dread in sticking to it is a life of monotony, a life in which there is no change, no relief, no variety, in which one day will be the counterpart of another, and stagnation of body and mind follow. And there is this danger, but it is experienced by