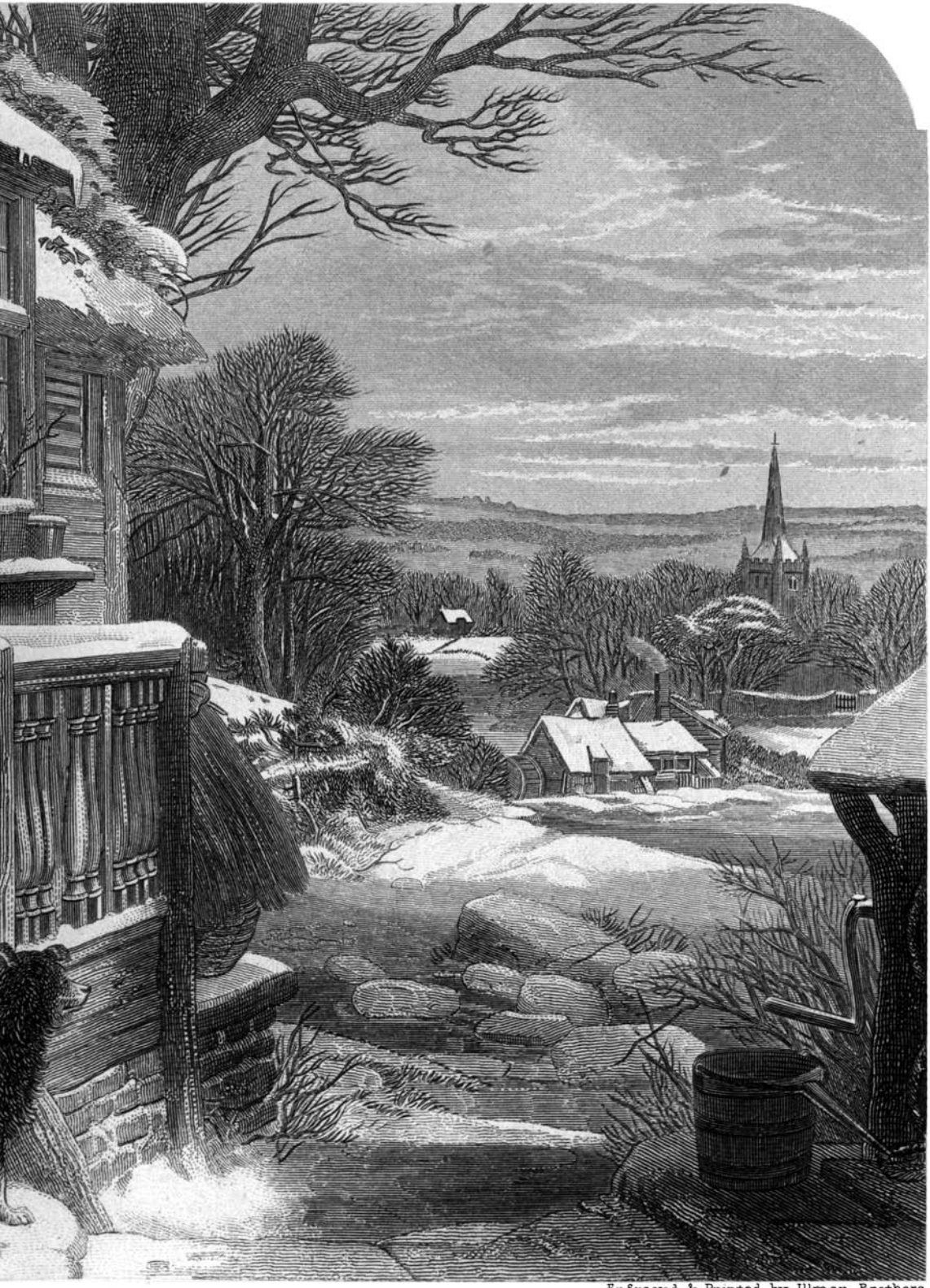
Drawn by A. Hunt.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

THE RETURN.

Drawn by A. Hunt.

THE R



Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

ETURN.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER 1861.

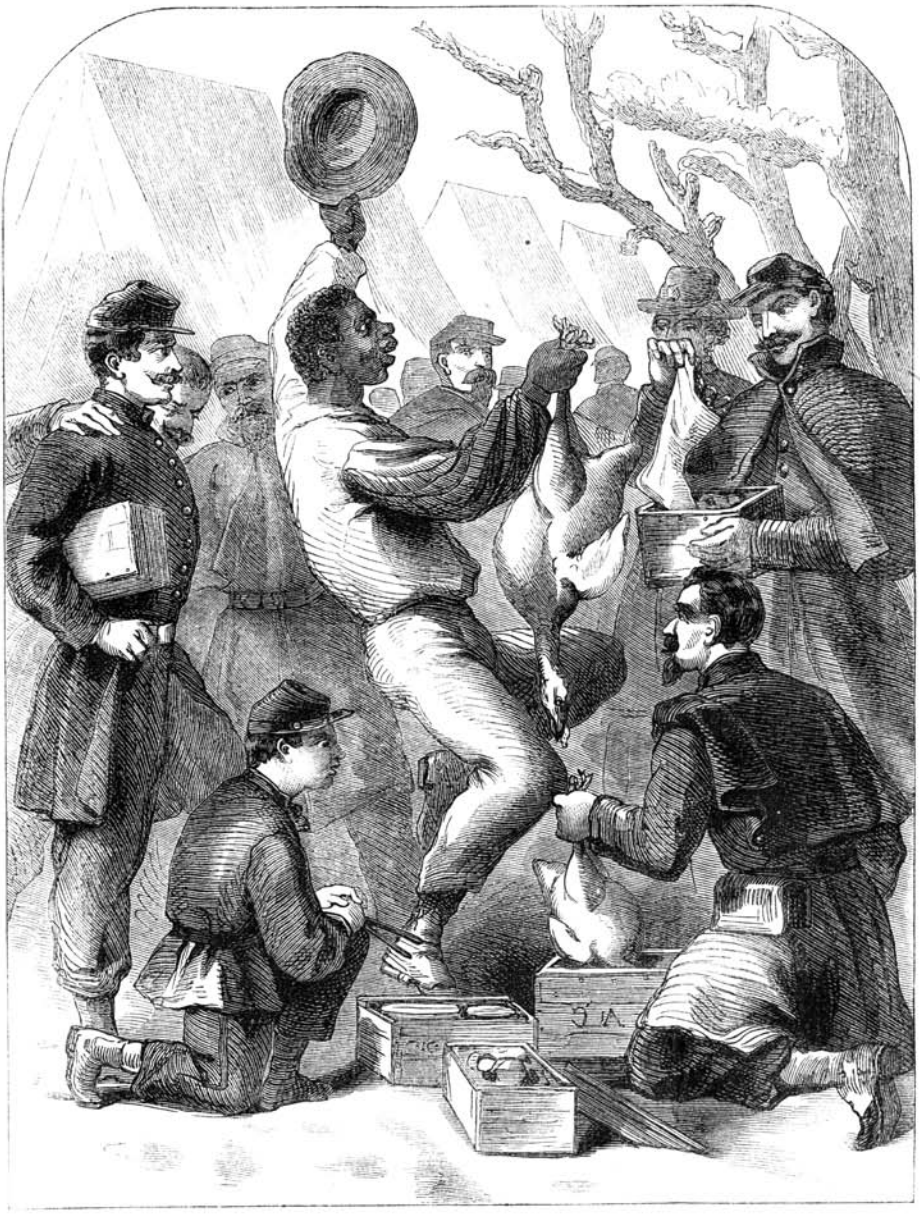
GODEY'S FASHIONS

FOR DECEMBER 1864.

TOILET C

CUSHION.

TOILET CUSHION.



CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

THE NEVADA.

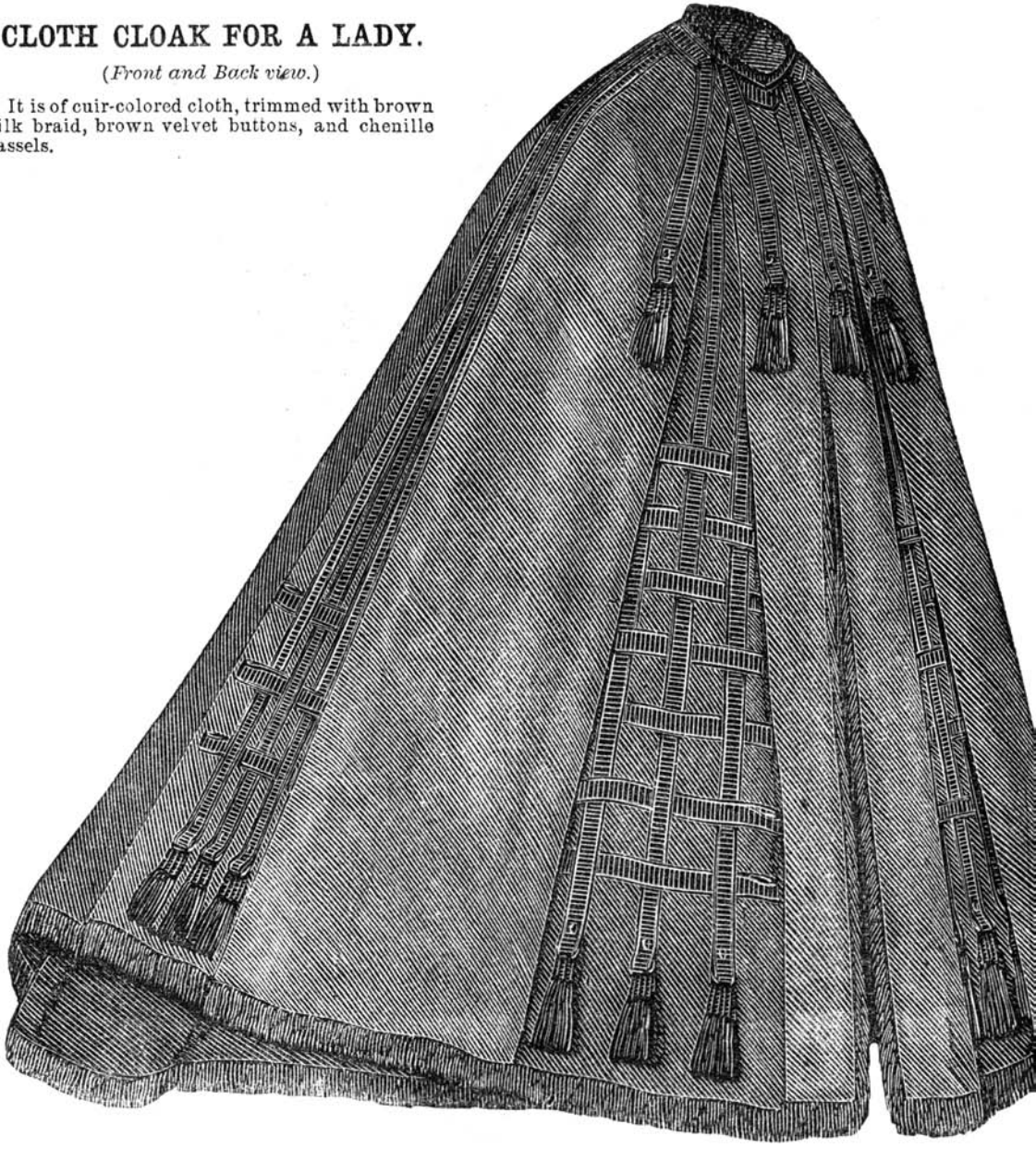
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

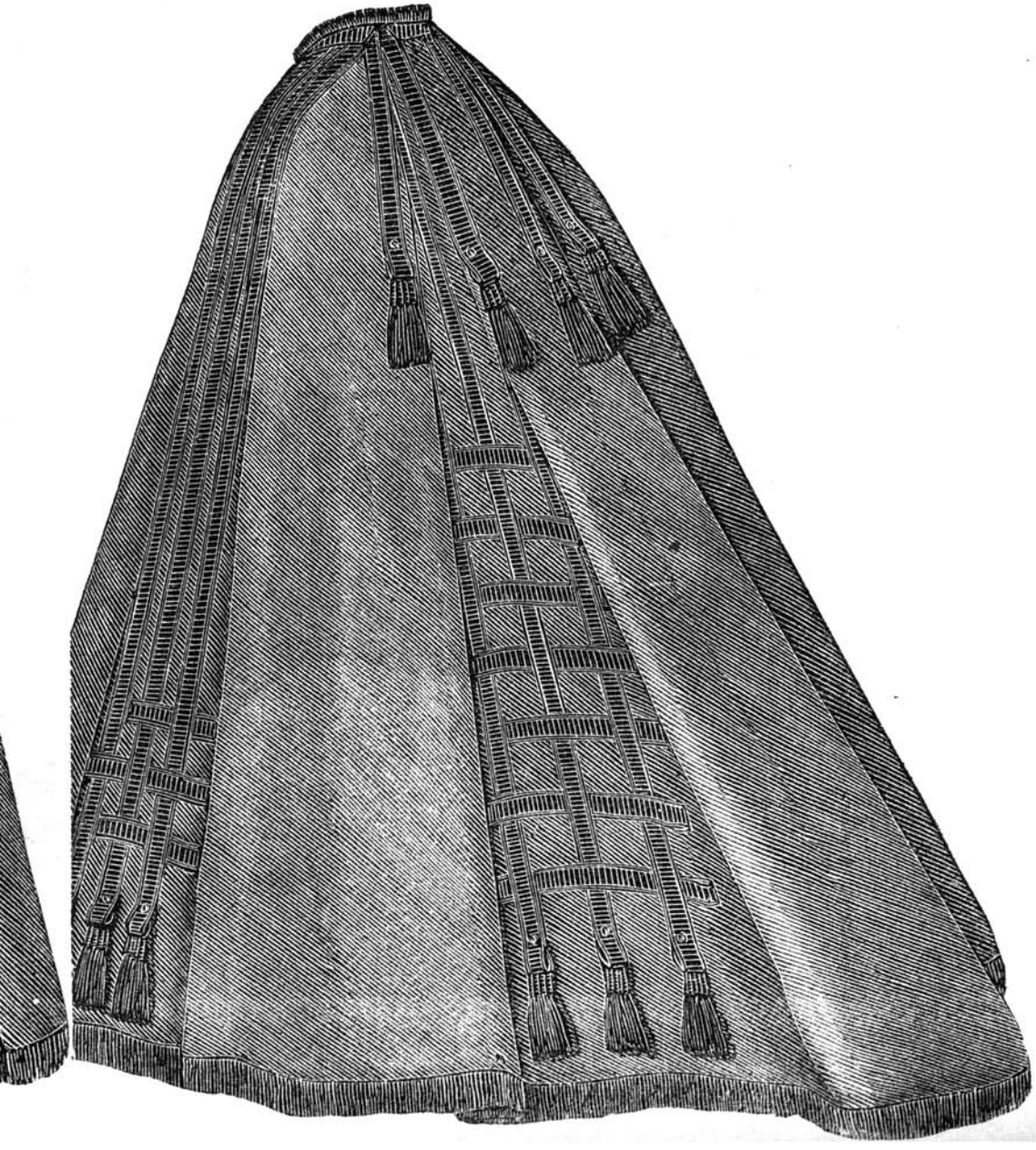
This is a most appropriate garment for the winter, being well adapted for the storms and cold. The distinguishing feature is the manner in which it is trimmed, which the illustration amply explains. The passementeries vary to suit the different qualities of the cloths, but as real usefulness is the chief object aimed at it is mostly constructed of heavy fabrics, such as may well entitle it to the character of a "dread nought." Our drawing is from a gray beaver cloth, with a flat trimming of the new style zigzag pattern, and buttons which resemble eyes, having black spots set in to the side, not centre, of white buttons.

CLOTH CLOAK FOR A LADY.

(*Front and Back view.*)

It is of cuir-colored cloth, trimmed with brown silk braid, brown velvet buttons, and chenille tassels.





THE KABYLE CLOAK.

(Front and Back view.)

This wrap is of black velvet, with a scarf of black lace lined with white silk. A full ruching of black lace finishes the neck. This is a very pretty style of wrap for black cloth. Crochet ornaments could be substituted for the black lace scarf.

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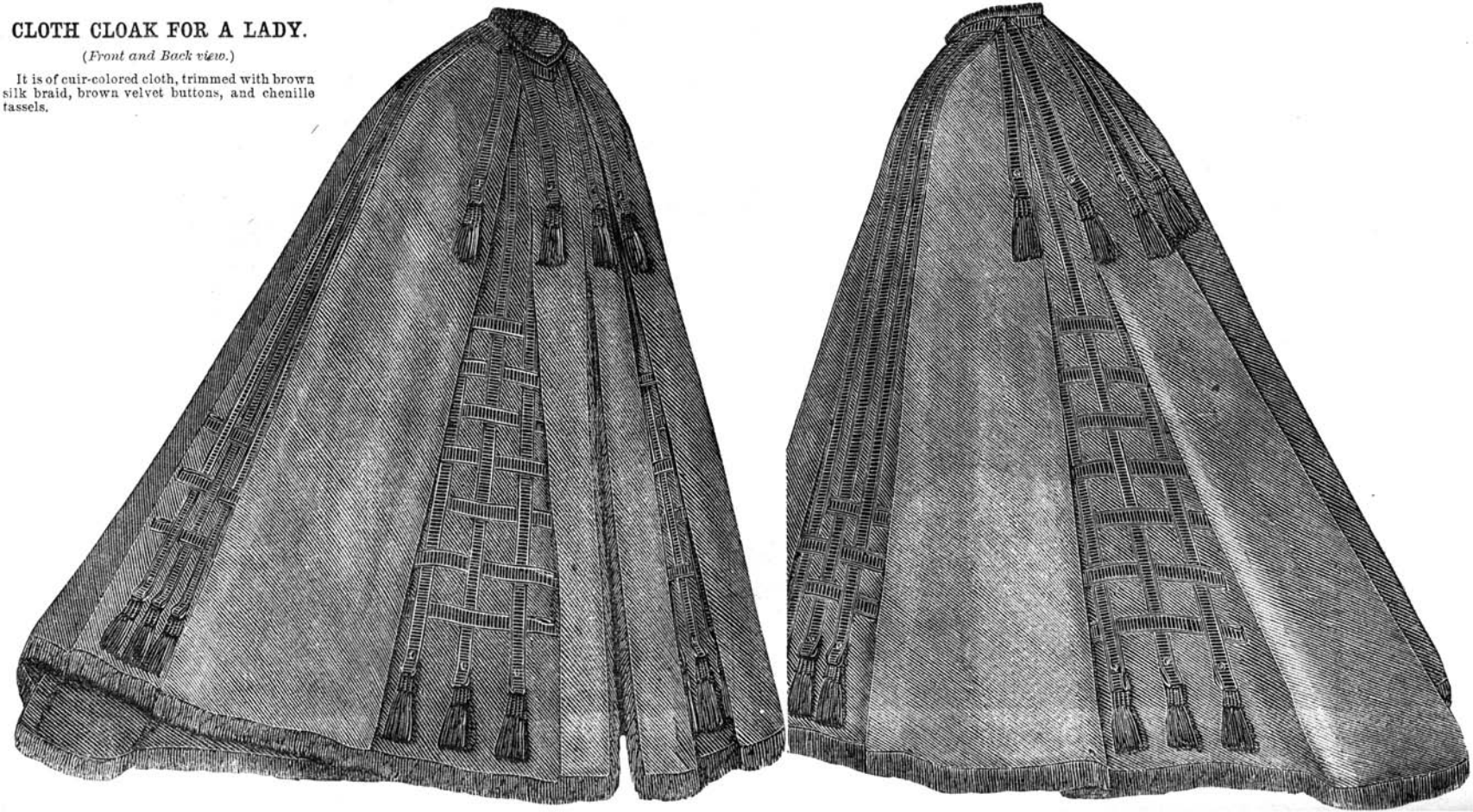

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NEW STYLE OF ROBE.

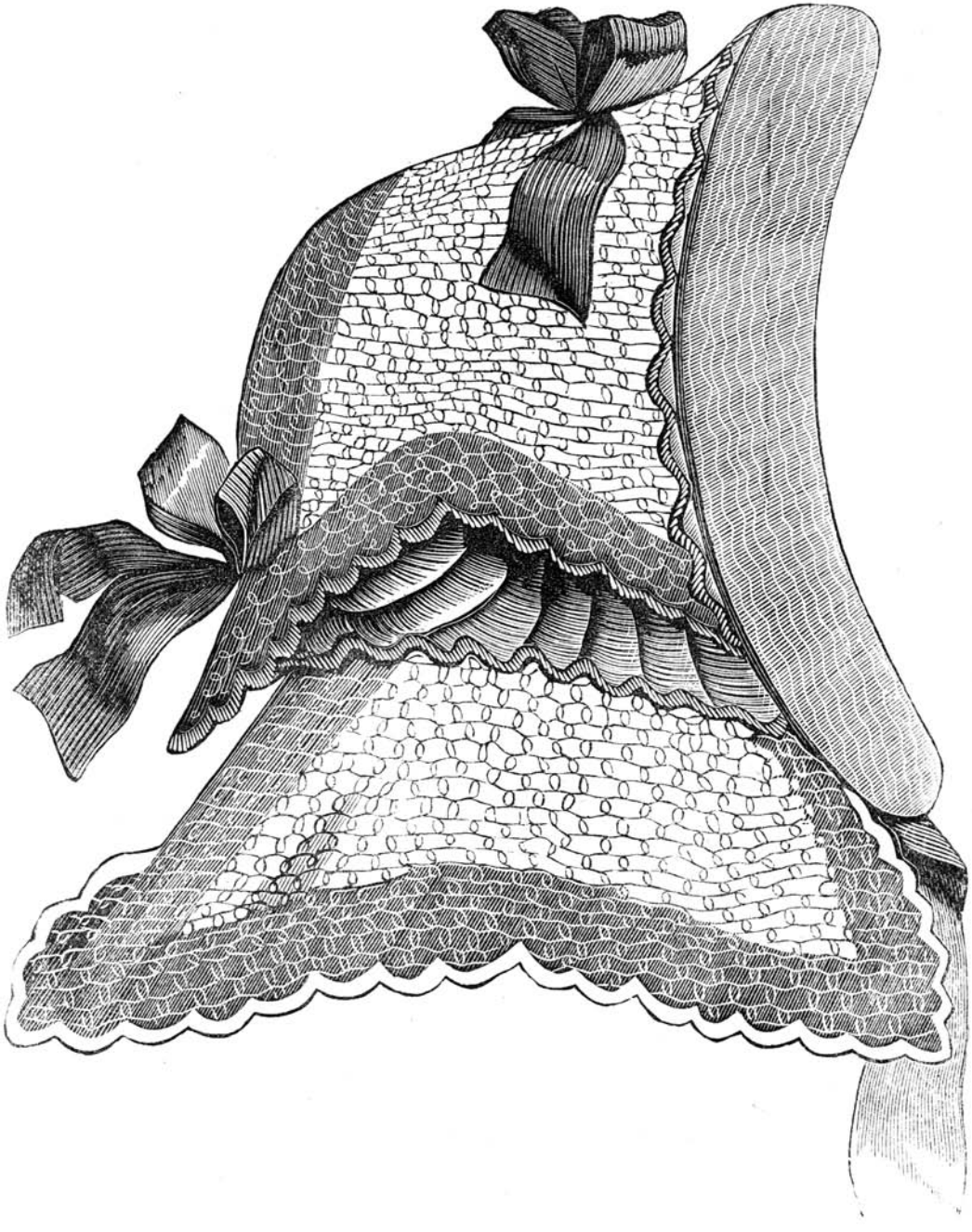
(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

Robe of blue merino, with a pattern in gay colors, graduating up the front over the shoulders and round the yoke. The tablier piece and yoke are of gray, and the designs up the front are black, to imitate jet trimmings.

ROBE DRESS.

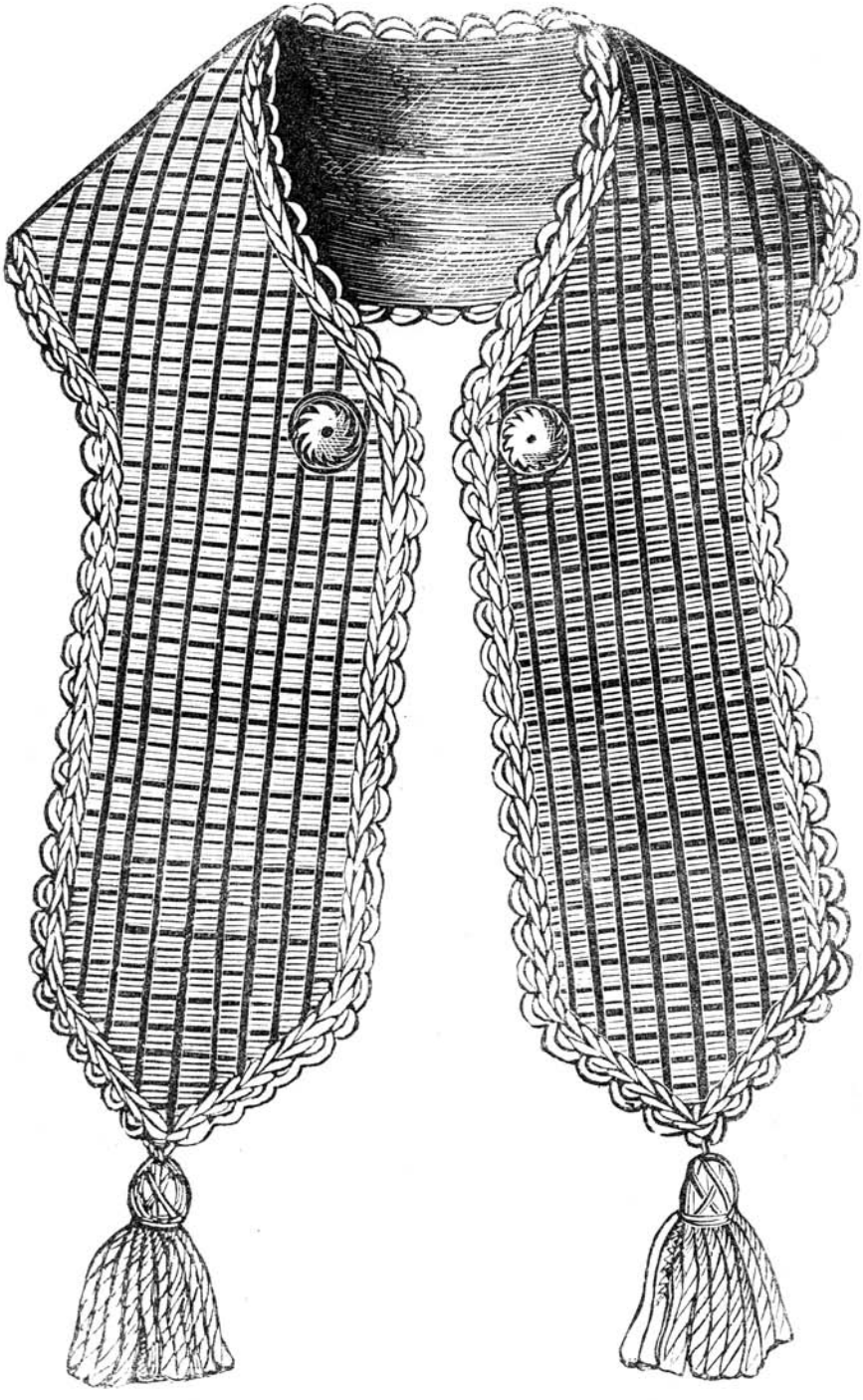
(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

Skirt of a rich blue wool material, bordered in a gay Persian design. Zouave of a black wool material, with suitable patterns in bright colors.



BABY'S HOOD.—KNITTING.

(*See Description, Work Department.*)



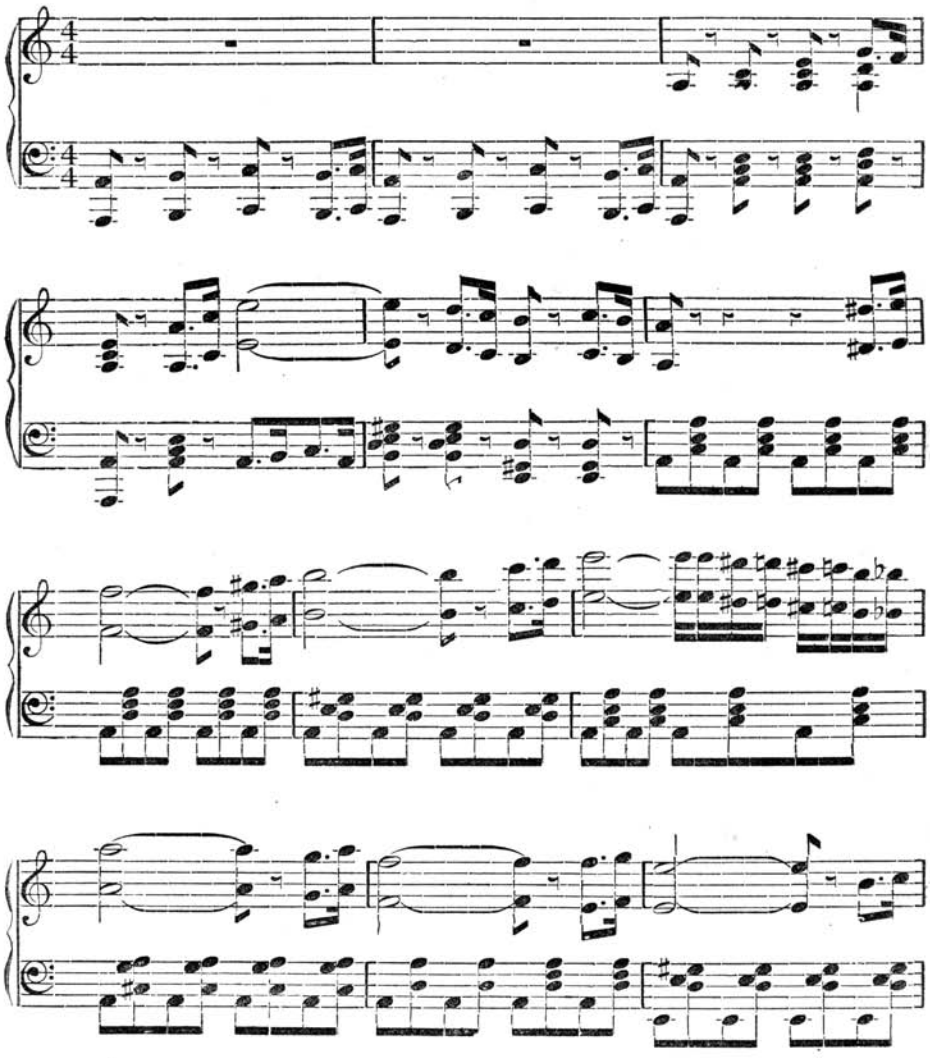
BABY'S TIPPET.—TRICOT.

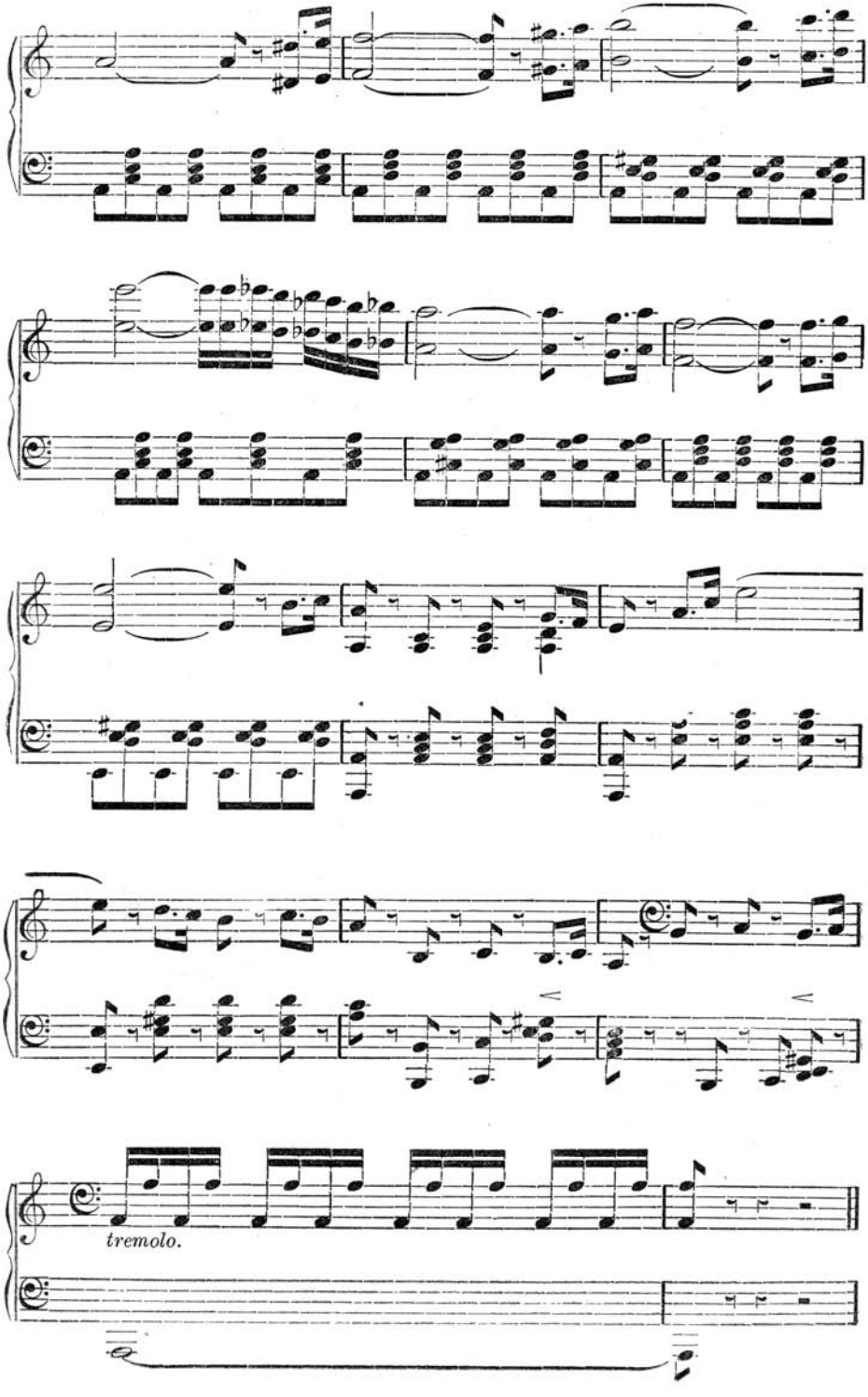
(See Description, Work Department.)

Grand March Funebre.

ARRANGED FROM PETRELLA'S NEW AND BEAUTIFUL OPERA, "IONE."

By R. RHOLLO.




tremolo.

FASHIONABLE

(*See Description, Fashi*

BONNETS.

on Department.)

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1864.

SEVEN YEARS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THE New Year had had a stormy advent. Snow at dawn, snow at noon, snow drifted breast high in the roads, heaped above the tops of the fences, banked up against the doors, and falling, driving, whirling still when darkness closed gloomily upon the scene.

"What a delightfully stormy night!" said I, drawing my chair nearer the red-hot grate.

Cousin Martha rejoined by a smile of assent, and went on with her knitting—a pair of woollen socks, by which tingling or benumbed feet, bleeding from long marches over frozen clods, or crushing the snow upon the picket's round, were to be abundantly comforted.

I wish you had known my Cousin Martha! And, to brave prejudice at the outset, I will remark that she was thirty-seven years of age, and had never married. Nobody called her "an old maid," yet it seemed unlikely that she would ever enter any other state than that she at present adorned. I used to think it would be a pity if she should; for, with all due respect for the honorable exceptions that redeem single-blessedness from the stigmas continually cast upon it, those who dignify and render it a desirable condition in the eyes of the multitude are not so numerous that any shining example can be spared. Cousin Martha was greatly loved and respected in our community, and it would have argued ill for the sense and taste of her neighbors had not this been the case. She had been very pretty in her youth; and, although infirm health and sorrow, more than years, had scattered gray hairs among her chestnut locks, and wasted her once plump form, there were still traces of beauty in her features, while her pleasant voice and the gentle grace of every movement remained unchanged. She wore a mourning-dress to-night, with tiny white frills at the throat and wrists. She was always thus apparelled, for she was the last of her family. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters had all stepped down before her into the waters that, dark and cold as they may appear, and stormy from the "troubling" of Azrael's wing, are yet potent to heal all mortal disease and woe. I thought of these repeated and thrice-repeated bereavements as I scanned the sweet, placid face, she unconscious of my scrutiny. She was small of stature, and very slight; her busy hands were dainty in form and touch; her eyes were still sparkling with life and intelligence. You might have searched far, on that wintry eve, before you found another fairer fireside picture than was set for my admiration—mine alone, for we were the only inmates of her parlor. A bright nook it was, with the light of fire and lamp; thick curtains excluded the chill of the outer air, white and crimson hung the walls, the carpet was a white ground, with bunches of roses dropped here and there; there were softly-cushioned chairs and lounges, and a crimson-draped centre-table held, besides books and lamps, a vase of white tea-roses, their creamy hearts filling the air with fragrance. Cousin Martha had taste and

means; the love of beauty and the ability to gratify it. We had passed our New Year's Day without other company, for in that quiet country neighborhood the fashion of receiving calls at that season was not practised. But we had had a happy time, with books, work, and talk. My hostess was the best conversationalist I ever knew, and a charming *raconteur*, and spared no pains to entertain her solitary guest.

Since our early tea, she had grown more taciturn and thoughtful, and, as I watched her, I observed that her eyes were often raised to a portrait which hung over the mantel. By and by her fingers were still, and her upward gaze became fixed. Love, yearning and fond, and settled sadness were expressed in the look, and, attracted by its intensity, my regards followed hers. It was the likeness of a young girl, of perhaps twenty summers. Bands of dark hair were put back smoothly from a wide, rather low brow; the face was oval, the complexion brunette, with a tinge of olive; nose well-formed, and lips full; but in the eyes lay the chief charm of the physiognomy. They were large, and almost, if not quite, black, and in looking long at them I became aware that there were wells of passionate meaning in their depths. So well had the artist done his work that the iris seemed to dilate and grow lustrous as I met its glance; the soul—earnest, longing, seeking, yet with a certain prescience of coming sorrow hanging over it—to speak to me from the dumb canvas. I could not command my eyes away from the fascinating study, yet there was the oppressive consciousness all the while that I, a stranger, was guilty of unfeeling intrusion, in searching into the griefs I felt, without being told, had certainly befallen her. I was wondering whether this melancholy—mysterious and not to be described by words—were indeed, as poets tell us, the token of early death to her who wore it, when Cousin Martha spoke, softly and reverently:—

"Earth holds few like her, my dear. In heaven there are many."

"She was a dear friend of yours, I think you told me once?" I said.

"The dearest God ever gave me! the most faithful that mortal ever had! It was her nature to be true, constant unto death!"

"Was hers a sad history?" I ventured to ask, timidly.

"Yes, my love."

Her eyes glistened as they again sought the portrait. The wind whistled and the storm beat heavily against the panes; but the room was so still that the clicking of Cousin Martha's needles was sharply audible. It was such a night as makes dwellers by warm hearthstones think pityingly of solitary graves, and shudder at visions of bleak churchyards filled with snow.

"I have been dreaming much this evening of another New Year's day, just twenty years ago," resumed the gentle voice, lowly still, as if self-communing, "when in a fine old country house was gathered as merry a party as that festal season saw in all the land. The host was my uncle, and my two sisters, Ruth and Lizzie, were there, happy, rosy girls; my cousins, George, Charley, and Ned Nowland, manly, handsome fellows they were; Phœbe Lane, the best dancer in the county, and blue-eyed Nellie Grey, the sweetest singer, save one, of the band, and her brother Luther."

There was a little pause here, and the dear head was bowed slightly, as one might bend in prayer beside the tomb of a friend beloved. It flashed through my mind that I had heard whispers of Cousin Martha's betrothal to this same Luther Grey, and his untimely death. So I waited respectfully until she resumed.

"Two young collegians, classmates of my Cousin Charley, Harry Frost and Allen Morley, completed the list of beaux. But the bright star of the cluster was Junia Langdon. That portrait was painted three years later, when she was twenty-three. She was looking well that summer. Allen Morley spent his entire vacation, August and September, in our neighborhood. But I anticipate. We had come together on Christmas day, at my uncle's invitation, 'to make a week of it,' and we gratified him. Such a succession of frolics the homestead had never witnessed before. It was clear, frosty weather, and we walked, rode, and played ball in the open air during the forenoon. After dinner we assembled in the great old-fashioned parlor to sing, read, dance, and talk until Aunt's bountiful supper demanded our attention. She loved young people as well as did her husband, and was never weary of spoiling them. With them, too, Junia was a prime favorite. She was never too much engrossed in her own pursuits to notice when my uncle wanted his pipe filled, or his greatcoat and hat from the hall, and every evening left the ring of dancers or

talkers to play a sober game of draughts with him in the chimney-corner. If we missed her in the daytime, we always sought her first in the pantry, where my aunt passed at least eight out of the twenty-four hours. There we were pretty sure to find our lost comrade, her sleeves rolled up above the elbows of her smooth, brown arms, rolling paste, or beating eggs, or stirring sugar and butter to a cream, her face aglow with exercise and fun, and chattering away cheerily to the old lady, who would have given half her fortune to have her for a daughter-in-law. But Junia knew that none of the three sons had the remotest idea of pleasing their good mother in this regard. They were all clear-sighted enough to understand that their love and pains would be thrown away in the attempt.

"I have called her Junia; but no one gave her that title except her mother, whose choice it was at her christening. To us she was 'June,' and the name suited her as no other could have done. Her rich, warm complexion; changeful dark eyes, with their glowing lights and intense shadows; the smile, radiant as quick to light up features that, not beautiful in themselves, drew the regards and praise of all who met her; the sunny generous temper, and, above all, the large, full heart that only denied room to thoughts of her own selfish delight; all these likened her to the brightest and most affluent of summer months. I am not drawing upon my imagination for this portraiture. For fifteen years we were as sisters in love and companionship—more than sisters, for our souls were knit together in a bond that even death could not sunder. I was with her in the halcyon days of her earlier life—saw that all the allurements of present blessedness, the rapturous dreams of a future yet more abundant had not power to make her oblivious, for an instant, of the comfort and well-being of those about her. She would leave the society of the one dearest to her on earth, at the cry of a child or to dispel the lightest cloud upon a face she loved. I, and I alone, was near her, as she stood, desolate and affrighted, amid the ruins of her cherished temple of happiness, as she trode, unmurmuring in the rough path under the thick cloud that from that dread hour settled closely down on her every side; but as the blaze of joy had not blinded her, neither did this night hide from her the finger of light pointing to 'the duty that lay nearest her hand.' I never heard from her an uncharitable or impatient word; she was utterly incapable of an ignoble, not to say an unkind action. Once I remember animadverting severely upon the conduct of one who had spoken meanly malicious words of June herself—words that I felt must wound her in a vital point. 'Gently, dear!' she said, beseechingly. 'There is much excuse for her harsh judgment. She has had no suffering to make her pitiful and tender to others!'

"It was no wonder that we—her young associates—one and all, loved her, and that our admiration kept pace with affection. Her intellectual gifts were rare and varied; her taste fine and pure to a proverb. Her tact was inimitable, and such her powers of adaptation to whatever society she might be in, that, while all recognized the ennobling influence of her character and conversation, she set the humblest at his ease by her own unassuming humility and kindly speech.

"On the afternoon of New Year's day we formed a wide circle about the parlor fire. It was too dark for reading or dancing, yet the long twilight, through which the blazing logs sent ruddy gleams, was too pleasant for us to think of sending for other lights. So we sang and talked by turns, sometimes a subdued murmur of conversation breaking up between the stanzas, like the throbbed accompaniment of some sweet instrument. Allen Morley was an enthusiastic musician, and the Grays being capital singers, they, with June, made up our finest quartette, the centre of our choruses. June sustained the alto. None of the rest of the girls would attempt it, being dubious of their ability to carry it through well, and considering it, moreover, as a subordinate and not a pleasing part, until she proved the contrary to be the truth by singing it like an angel. It was her way to undertake all manner of distasteful duties, and make them lovely by her manner of performing them. She occupied an ottoman directly beneath the mantel on one side of the hearth. Allen Morley sat next, as it was his custom now-a-days to do, whenever he could so arrange it. His chair was turned partly away from his neighbor on the other side, so that he faced June. I shall carry that picture in my mind to my last day, as I saw it then—now dimly, as the flame sank and fantastic shadows swept and quivered over the group—again, as the red tongues leaped upward, so plainly that I

could count the petals of the rose in June's hair, and scan every line of the earnest visage bent towards her.

"Allen was not a handsome man, but one looked at him more than once before arriving at this conclusion; there was something so attractive in the strong, intelligent countenance and its habitual expression of frankness and goodwill. He had keen gray eyes, rather deeply set, a broad brow and a mouth that would have seemed too large but for the very beautiful teeth revealed by his smile. He was a popular member of our party. I think there was not one of us who did not wish him success in the suit he was now pressing, for his attachment and the probable declaration of it to its object were no secret to lookers-on. June wore a heavy black silk that evening, open at the throat, as the fashion then was, with an inside kerchief of snowy tulle. About her neck was a narrow band of black velvet, and, attached to this, a pearl cross, resting among the fleecy folds upon her bosom. It was a pretty, jewelled thing, and as she toyed with it I had no prevision of the sadly heavy cross she was even then preparing to take up. A scarlet shawl had slipped from her shoulders to her waist, and once, when the saucy blaze laughed out suddenly, I saw Allen's hand steal to that one of hers that lay buried in the drapery in her lap; I noted, also, that it was not withdrawn, but that June dropped the cross and put her disengaged hand hurriedly to the cheek nearest the fire, as if she feared that the illumination should make visible its deepening blush. I knew all then, and, to divert the attention of the rest, I began to sing, not very steadily, I dare say, the first song that came into my head. Luther Grey sat beside me, and we were just opposite June and Allen. Divining my purpose, he joined in directly with his deep bass, that rang through the chords like a bell. I was surprised that June's voice was the next to catch up the strain, and then Allen took the tenor. It was that simple old 'Hymn to the Virgin.'

'Ave Sanctissima!
We lift our souls to thee!
Ora pro nobis!
'Tis nightfall on the sea.'

I cannot hear it now without an aching heart and that swelling of throat that betokens the rise of unshed tears. The plaintive melody has been vibrating in my memory for hours past, with the full, regular beat of the bass; the rise and fall of the tenor, as it blended lovingly with, then soared above the alto; the exquisite modulations of June's voice, and the thrill of pathos that always belongs to the sub-tones of a fine contralto—I can hear it all! The song was encored, I recollect, and then some other air was named, and we did not cease singing until my uncle appeared and called for candles.

"Supper was half over before I dared look directly into June's eyes. Their lids fell for a second—she had a trick of doing this when slightly confused—then a faint color arose to her temples; she smiled, a little shyly, lifted her eyes and gave me one glimpse of her heart—just one! and no one else was the wiser for the revelation. There was a certain delicacy about the girl's every thought and action, and in nothing was this exemplified more forcibly than in her manner of communicating to me her newly-born happiness—the fact of Allen's definite proposal and her acceptance of the same. In all our years of intimacy I never asked her a question to draw from her a more explicit expression of her inner life, nor did she of me. Confidence, to be valuable, must be spontaneous, and all seasons are not alike propitious for the utterance of unrestrained feeling. I was not disappointed, therefore, when we were shut into the chamber we shared together, that Allen's name was not mentioned. June knelt longer than was her habit, in her nightly devotions, and she gave me two 'Good-night' kisses instead of one.

"'Many, many happy New Years, darling!'

"'May yours be as many and as full of joy as those you wish for me, dear June,' I responded.

"Then we conversed no more until morning. Only once, when after more than two hours of happy wakefulness—for life was very bright to me, too, that New Year—I raised myself on my arm and glanced over at her, I saw by the light of the moon that she lay calmly asleep, her hands folded, as in thankfulness, on her bosom, and a smile of such sweet tranquillity on her lips that I could not help pressing mine lightly to them. The touch, gentle as it was, stirred her dream, and she whispered one word—a name! I shrank back, conscience stricken. I felt that I had violated the sanctity of the penetralia, where even I had no right to enter uninvited.

I never told her of the unintentional theft—so I called it then.

"Well, on the third of January we scattered to our various homes, consoling ourselves and one another by pledges of many more such meetings, and a positive engagement of a reunion on every succeeding New Year's day of all of us who could, by any stretch of human ability, accomplish this end.

"Mrs. Langdon, June's widowed mother, lived next door to my father, and not a day passed in the which June and I did not meet. We generally spent several hours together, working or reading or walking, yet a week went by and Allen was not referred to by either. An ordinary woman would have overwhelmed a confidante with all the particulars of the courtship and engagement, at the first available moment; poured the whole torrent of hopes, fears, and plans into her willing ears. At length, one evening, as I sat musing by my chamber fire, a cold having detained me from some merry-making to which my sisters had gone, I heard June's well-known tap at my door, and hastened to answer it. She came in brightly, as she always did, inquired tenderly concerning my indisposition, and informed me that, feeling disinclined to gayety herself, she had decided, instead of going to the party, 'to inflict her company' upon me for an hour or two.

"'You are very kind!' I said, gratefully.

"'I feel that I am—to myself!' she rejoined, drawing a stool to my knee and seating herself upon it. 'As if you did not know, you infinitesimal morsel of simple humanity, that I am wearied to death by dissipation, and that I, at all times, prefer a quiet confabulation with you to any junketing, whatsoever. Moreover, I came over to-night, as the old people say, "for a purpose." I have something to show you!' And, with a kind of desperate courage, while her cheeks glowed like fire and her lashes drooped quite over the eyes, where I was sure I had seen the tears start, she held out her hand to me. There, on the third finger, gleamed a new ring—only a plain gold circlet, such as Allen's means justified him in purchasing, but it looked very bright upon the delicately shaped hand, and I knew that, had the Koh-i-noor itself been set in it, the recipient could not have prized it more highly.

"'June!' I said, 'my darling girl!'

"The beautiful head sank upon my breast, and for a moment neither of us could speak. She was first to recover her self-command.

"'Fie upon me!' she said, brushing away the glittering tears, and smiling, like sunshine through an April cloud. 'I meant to be very straightforward and practical! You have not thought me unkindly reserved in not telling you all about *it* before, have you?'

"I answered truly in the negative.

"'Because, you know'—she went on, pleadingly, 'it was all so new and unreal to me, for awhile! like a delicious dream I feared to dispel by speaking. But to-day this came, and a letter!'

"Nerved by my warm interest in the recital, she told me all that she then knew of their united prospects. Allen had still two years of college life before him; then he designed entering upon the study of medicine. 'You perceive that you are not likely to get rid of me under four or five years at least,' concluded June. 'He says that it is an "intolerable" time to wait. I was not prepared for this strong expression of impatience from him. He always seems to me so self-contained, so equable in temperament—a very tower of strength in resolution and steadfastness of principle and feeling. Most men, at his age, are immature and, to some extent, unreliable. But I look up to him with respect and confidence. I feel that my faith is anchored on a rock. It is a blessed trust—rest, perfect rest!'

"I thought I had never beheld anything more lovely than her countenance as she said this, and accompanying my silent kiss was an unspoken prayer that no storm might ever tear that anchor from its hold. I did not anticipate this calamity, for youth seldom thinks of death as a near possibility, and Allen's character was well-known to us all. From his boyhood up he had maintained a reputation for integrity, sound judgment, and kindness of heart, while his talents were, confessedly, of no mean order. So far as I could see, there was not a speck upon June's horizon, for the union would undoubtedly be acceptable to the relatives of both parties.

"'We are both very young,' she said, presently. "He is just one-and-twenty. A few years of waiting may be good for us. He will learn patience soon; and as for me, I am content!'

"This 'content' it was, as I understood, although few others did, that made her from

that hour dearer than ever in her home, more admired and respected abroad. For her own share in the good things of life she felt that she craved nothing more than was already hers, and her active mind and great, brimming heart sought out opportunities of bestowing blessings upon others.

"One year passed thus—a swift, busy year, for the days were golden with promise, and the nights filled with dreams that only visit healthful, hopeful youth—and there was another Christmas week in the old homestead, with not a break in the circle that had sung the former year out and the present in. A second cycle wheeled around a third holiday season, and, strange to tell, we all met again under the same roof, our ranks unthinned. I say, now, 'strange to tell!' To me, then, it was not matter of marvel or especial thanksgiving that this occurred, for I had known no changes except the natural ripening of hope into fruition, of desire into accomplishment. Once more, then, we sang together our favorite songs; farewells, merry, regretful, and tender, were spoken; hands were pressed in friendly warmth and clinging fondness; eyes gazed their last upon loved and retreating forms, and we parted—the hopeful renewal of our pledge for the next year on every lip and comforting each heart.

"The ensuing summer was that of which I spoke awhile ago, when Allen spent two months in our village. He had completed the academic course, bearing off the first honor in his class, and was to go, in the fall, to a famous medical school, some hundreds of miles away. Of course he was at Mrs. Langdon's almost constantly, and June's whole being bloomed luxuriantly under the continued sunshine of his presence. Her cheek became more round; her step elastic; her eyes were luminous with thought and feeling; smiles and blushes came with ever quickened pulsation of a heart moved to its very depths. She was *glorious* in her perfected womanhood! was very busy all that spring and summer."

Here the narrator stopped, and I held my breath, longing yet fearing to hear what I divined was to come next. Then the mild eyes were turned upon mine, and in sweet, steady accents, my cousin said:—

"I seldom speak of this, dear, although not a day passes—no! scarcely an hour—in which the memory is not present with me; but June's story would not be rightly told, nor you be able to do her justice, if I omitted a sad passage in my own life. To-night, too, I seem to be wandering through the remembered chambers of the past, rather than telling to another a sadly true tale of what has been and can never come again, for there is but one spring-time in each life, my child! God help those who have never known its freshness and beauty!

"I expected to be married to Luther Grey that fall, and my preparations for this event engrossed so much of my time that it was very easy for June to have that portrait taken without my knowledge. The artist was a friend of Allen's, and came, at his invitation, to our rural neighborhood. I have heard of him since as a successful painter, but he never achieved a greater success than that likeness of my darling. She intended it as a bridal gift. The bridal never came! One week before the time set for our marriage Luther was called to the city by business, was smitten by fever on the journey, and died among strangers!

"I have forgotten much that followed. I had never felt sorrow until then, and the shock prostrated me utterly. Mine was not a nature to find a tonic in a single mighty grief. I was to be taught endurance by repeated lessons. But more distinctly than the comfortings of parents and kindred, although these were not wanting, do I remember the consolation I drew from June's society and sympathy. She would sit with me for hours together, when I could scarcely bear to hear or to speak a syllable, holding my hand in hers or supporting my head; soothing my paroxysms of rebellious woe by mute caresses, or, when she thought that I could heed them, whispering words of holy truth, droppings of oil and wine into the bruised and mangled heart. Months elapsed before she alluded, however distantly, to her betrothal. As for me—I shame to own it, but I was young, and undisciplined by affliction—I could not bear to introduce the subject. Not that I was so meanly selfish as to envy her happier fate; but we had been as one in joy for so long, had traced our futures in the self-same tints, and henceforward all was to be changed—the light was all on her head, the darkness on mine. I do not excuse the sinful repinings that then seemed to prove me unworthy to be her mate. The time came when I was punished for these.

"New Year's day arrived, and I passed it

alone, obstinately refusing to admit any one to my chamber through its heavy, heavy hours. All that in other days made the anniversary dear and joyous combined to augment the gloom of this day of mourning. I called myself unfortunate, stricken of God, wounded beyond the power of mortality to endure. I did not know that there crawled upon the Creator's footstool a more ungrateful, mutinous worm than I was bent upon being. Just at nightfall June's step and knock sounded in the hall, outside my room. I actually hesitated, in my madness, whether to open to her or not. The gentle rap came again, and my better feelings moved upon me to unlock the door. Oh! the face that met my fierce, tearless gaze! So pale, so solemn, yet so eloquent of boundless compassion and love! It was as if a pitying angel had folded her wings upon the threshold. She closed and relocked the door, took me in her arms, and wept over me, calling me by endearing names until my hard, bitter mood gave way under the gracious shower. Still hushing me upon her heart, as she would have done a sobbing, tired child, she sang lulling airs and sacred words until I fell asleep. I awoke two hours later to find her supporting me yet, and all dark about us except where the decaying fire showed a dull red, and still, save for the sighing of the wind.

"'You have not tired me,' said June, reassuringly, as I exclaimed at my protracted slumber. 'I have been watching that star. How bright it is!'

"She pointed to one visible between the curtains of the window nearest the bed, gleaming like a ruby in the winter sky. I lay back against her shoulder, and looked at it with her. The piercing ray affected me singularly. It was like a calm, searching eye that read my thoughts, rebuked the earthliness of my desolation. June's voice stole into the stillness like a strain of majestic music:—

"'Within my soul there is no light
Save the red light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailéd hand,
And I am strong again!

Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!'

"'June! June!' I cried, clinging to her neck and weeping afresh, 'I *have* feared and have failed! I have suffered without learning strength! Help me!'

"She did help me, as she knew best how to do. Her teachings were of childlike submission and filial trust; of the wisdom of that love that makes of the very hurt wherewith the Father is constrained to chasten his beloved the medicine for the wound; brings forth from the thorny seed of affliction the precious bloom of faith, love, and a deathless hope of life and joy beyond the grave. My noble friend! She needed not suffering to make *her* tender! We talked on and on, until I started up in sudden remorse.

"'O June! I am keeping you from Allen all this time! How cruelly selfish in me!'

"'I shall stay all night with you, Martha, if you will let me; Allen is not here.'

"'Not spending his holiday with you!' I said, incredulously. 'How is that?'

"'We did not think it best for him to come on just now,' was the quiet evasion.

"Allen told me, many months later, what she had not allowed me to suspect—namely, that he stayed away at her request. She feared that his coming would revive too painfully in my mind the memory of the gatherings of the three preceding New Year's days.

"It was about this time that she took up a course of study he had marked out for her; readings of history, philosophy, intellectual and moral, and French. I had a taste for such pursuits, and she enticed me into working with her. It did me good, by calling off my thoughts from morbid indulgence in sorrow, and she studied with avidity and success, to gratify him whose rapid strides in the acquisition of medical knowledge had not impaired his love of scholastic lore. Thus matters went on until he received his diploma. This was in the fifth year of their engagement. Meanwhile, my uncle and aunt, at whose house they were betrothed, had died within a few months of each other; two of their sons, both of my sisters, and Nellie Grey were married; Phœbe Lane had removed to the West, and Harry Frost was in Europe. June and I, thus left to each other, were more nearly inseparable than ever. Allen was anxious to marry so soon as he received his doctor's degree, but his more judicious friends opposed this proceeding as imprudent, and June could not gainsay their arguments. He had no fortune,

and her portion was exceedingly moderate. It would have been mere romantic folly in them to wed until he had a prospect of a settled practice. Appealed to by his advisers and hers, June undertook to reconcile him to the delay.

"'I will never be a clog to you!' she said, firmly. 'After all, it is only waiting a little longer, and'—forcing one of her bright smiles—'surely we should be used to that by this time, Allen.'

"'The last year in the felon's cell is the most tedious,' he responded. But he yielded finally, although with indifferent grace.

"For some months he was in wretched spirits, and chafed sorely at the unsatisfactory drifting from probability to chance, from what looked, at a distance, like certainty, to disappointment. June bore up bravely. Where work was demanded, he might be the stronger, but in this season of suspense, of wearisome waiting and hopes often deferred, her cheerful fortitude surpassed his. Her letters were long and frequent, and breathed in every line her steadfast devotion to him; her sanguine belief that he must succeed in the end; her conviction that this trial was the needful cloud upon their otherwise clear sky, from the shadow of which they would emerge with renovated trust in Providence, and better fitted to perform their life-work. The man who would not rally at such encouragement would not be worthy of the name, and Allen Morley was no craven. Partly on account of his own merits, partly through the influence of friends, he was at length admitted to a partnership in a flourishing medical connection in the city of N——. Soon the news crept through the large band of June's friends and acquaintances that, after six years' waiting, she was to become the wife of her first and only love. By Allen's request, the marriage was to take place on New Year's day. It was to be an important occasion, for Emma Langdon, June's younger and only sister, was to bestow her hand at the same time upon my cousin, Edward Nouland.

"One afternoon—I remember the date well, it was the fifth of December—June and I were closeted in my room, deep in talk of past, present, and future experiences. She spoke more freely of Allen than was her wont, even to me—more as a wife might speak of her husband.

"'Poor fellow!' she said, smiling a little sadly, 'he used to wonder, during that dreary six months of waiting for practice, if he would have to serve for me fourteen or seven years. I prophesied then that the Father would be better to us than our fears. But I am humbled when I reflect how poor a Rachel is to reward his faithful service. Don't interrupt me, Martha; I foresee your indignant denial of my self-depreciation, and I thank you for it. But—I say it in all seriousness—it is no slight test of a man's love to set for him a probation of such length, and he should receive a peerless wife to compensate him for the trial. And Allen was so young when this tie was formed! I think, from what I have seen in other cases, that it is not so natural for men to be constant as it is for us. They like to have the prize held within a reasonable distance of their grasp, or they weary of the pursuit. But then'—arousing from the dreamy tone into which she had lapsed—'Allen is like no other man that I ever saw!'

"'So you think!' I rejoined, jestingly.

"'And who has a better right to know him? I have never been able to express even to you how lofty is my estimate of his character and motives; how firm is my belief in the sincerity of his avowed love for me. I have never felt one pang of distrust; never dreamed, for one second, of doubting his honor and truth. I look for the continuance of his affection and fidelity as surely as I do for the sun to rise to-morrow.'

"We were interrupted by the entrance of Emma Langdon.

"'June!' she called, breathlessly. 'Come home, at once! Allen is there!'

"June grew pale with surprise.

"'Allen! what brings him, now?' she articulated.

"'I suppose the desire to see you!' laughed Emma. 'At any rate, he said so! So, run along!'

"The following morning a note was brought me before I was up. It was from June, and penned hastily at midnight—I judged, shortly after Allen's departure. She thought it best to inform me, without delay, of the postponement of her marriage, the communication went on to say. Allen's partner, Dr. Richards, had, in settling the yearly accounts with his young colleague, revealed to the latter the fact that he had greatly overestimated the amount of his income from the business, as it now stood. It would be larger the ensuing twelvemonth—how much larger they could

not yet determine. It would be unwise, in Dr. Richards' opinion, for Allen to marry upon an uncertainty. At present he could not hope to support a wife unless their establishment were extremely humble.

"'For myself,' wrote June, 'I am willing to undergo privation; care not how simple may be my mode of life, but Dr. R. dwells upon the expediency of Allen's beginning his professional career under different circumstances. Their practice is principally among the wealthier class of N———, with whom Allen is already popular. I can see that unfashionable lodgings and a plainly-dressed wife may damage him in their eyes. You know his proud, independent spirit, and can appreciate how galling to him it would be to see me excluded from the society in which he has been accustomed to move, or to be received there by sufferance. He promised Dr. Richards to lay the case frankly before me, and at the cost of great pain and mortification to himself, he has done so. While declaring himself to be willing and desirous to consummate our engagement at the time appointed, and to bear the consequences of what the world might consider rash and premature, he has nevertheless consented to abide by my decision. You cannot doubt what that is. I should be recreant to my self-respect, false to the duty I have pledged to him, if I suffered him to sacrifice his fair prospects to my impatience. To you I confess that my heart fainted, for one sickening moment, at the thought of "indefinite postponement"—cowardice, which I am thankful I did not let him detect. He has enough to bear without the sight of my weakness. He was so careworn and haggard, so miserable at the downfall of hopes that seemed so near their fulfilment, that I forgot my share of the burden in striving to alleviate his unhappiness. We will not talk of this when we meet, dear, if you please. I have a hard task before me in convincing my family and others that this is a slight trial to me, that I am so used to waiting, that a few months more will be as nothing added to the many, during which I have been in spirit, as I thought soon to be in name—Allen Morley's *wife!* Do I seem bold in writing that word? If so, forget it! I need something to-night to sustain me—this has come so unexpectedly upon me! I must be tired and nervous. I can attribute to no other cause the nameless dread that shakes my spirit. Do not, I entreat you, cast the shadow of blame upon Allen, nor suffer others to do so, in your hearing. He has acted nobly throughout the matter. The change is all my work, my own free choice. My trust in him was never stronger.'

"Judging rightly that my presence would be a support to her, I went over to Mrs. Langdon's, directly after breakfast, and found the family in great confusion; Emma crying; Mrs. Langdon gravely inquisitive, and two sisters-in-law, who had dropped in, severely censorious of the mismanagement displayed by both Allen and June, in not knowing more about their pecuniary affairs before setting the wedding-day. One of them went so far as to intimate that the suggested postponement savored of disrespect, on Allen's part, to his chosen bride and her family. June looked up quickly.

"'You must not say that, Fanny! Allen is the soul of honor; otherwise he might, from considerations of mistaken delicacy, have let things take their course. There has always been perfect confidence between us. I might have complained, had he failed to repose this in me now. I "suggested" the change—not he! He would marry me to-morrow, if I would let him injure himself and me by so doing!'

"She asked my help in packing her wedding-clothes out of sight in the large new trunk that had been bought for the bridal trip. We performed the task in silence, folding and laying away the fine linen, wrought by loving fingers, the soft flannels and sheer muslins, the handsome dresses provided by her mother for her favorite child, handkerchiefs, collars, and ribbons we had selected together; all the best of their kind, for the doctor's bride must be well apparelled among her new acquaintances. In everything Allen's taste had been studiously consulted. Not a chintz wrapper had been chosen without thought of how he would like it. The entire wardrobe was that of *his* wife, and would suit no one else. The last article was laid in, the white crape shawl in the tray allotted to it, and the dainty parasol with its rich white silk fringe beside it, and the spring-lock clicked into its place. To my aching heart it sounded like the closing of a coffin-lid, but June did not shed a tear in my sight.

"Emma was married at the time set for the double wedding, and June was first bridesmaid.

We had a gay time, or, to speak more truly, all appeared hilarious. For my part, I have often felt more cheerful at a funeral. Allen was not there. He made professional business the excuse for his non-appearance, but wrote privately to June that he could not risk being present in a scene that would bring to him so vividly the sense of his own great disappointment. For the first time I called him selfish and unmanly in my secret thoughts. Since she must run the gauntlet of curious eyes, and prying tongues, and suspicious whispers, it was surely his duty to stand at her side and assist her to support the ordeal. I had not known how brave she was until that night; I have never questioned since the truth of the stories told of martyrs who sang and smiled at the stake. Her flow of spirits had no semblance of recklessness; it looked like the blithe, spontaneous outgushings of a happy heart. Her hospitality was thoughtful and free, pleasing all, and overlooking none. The gossips forgot to remark how well she bore her recent trial—forgot, indeed, that she had anything to bear. 'If Allen does not choose to recollect this,' I said, in my cynical musings, 'it is not wonderful that others find it convenient to overlook the extent of her self-devotion.'

"Time did not fly the rest of that winter and spring; the days crept by with lagging, noiseless tread. I used to fancy there was something ominous in the dead hush and calm of our life. I say 'our,' for June and I were always together. I could see subsequently that she clung to me like a child that feels the first chill of coming evening, with a vague sense of loneliness and terror, the cause of which she knew not herself. Allen had spoken once of a hope that he might be able to claim her by midsummer; but when July came, he paid us a visit of a week, and 'feared,' as he told me—and I suppose June also—that he must not look forward to having a home of his own before the winter. I had never liked him so little as during this week's vacation, yet he found more favor in the eyes of our townspeople than ever before. His manners were more suave, his conversation entertaining, and he had greatly improved in personal appearance. June saw no fault in him; only grieved that his spirits were so often depressed.

"'He feels our prolonged separation too keenly for his peace of mind,' she said to me. 'It almost breaks my heart when he speaks of it.'

"I learned later that he had criticized her appearance and dress on several occasions—a thing unprecedented in their intercourse; had cautioned her against becoming 'countrified' and 'prim,' especially against 'growing sober before her time.'

"'Poor girl!' he once said, in savage self-reproach, 'what have I ever been to you but a slow blight upon your life?'

"Her answer was instant: 'A blessing and a glory, Allen! the best gift Heaven ever made me!'

"The afternoon before he left for his post of duty I stood with them on the piazza, watching the sunset. June was thinner and paler than usual that season, and as she leaned against a pillar of the porch, looking towards the west, the strong light showed this only too plainly. She was thinking, probably, of the morrow's parting, for there was a drawn, painful look about her mouth, and an expression of sad, dreary longing in her beautiful eyes. I saw that Allen was eying her narrowly, while he tried to talk to me, and imagining that, like myself, he desired to comfort the tired, faithful spirit that had passed the best years of life in patient waiting, in the hope of finally becoming his, I slipped quietly away.

"'June!' I heard him say, abruptly, before I was out of hearing, 'for Heaven's sake do not look so dolorous! It makes you appear a good ten years older!'

"I had nearly turned back to rate him hotly for his unfeeling and ungentlemanly address, but second thought showed me the manifest impropriety of interference.

"Autumn drew on, and early in November June was called from home by the illness of her sister Emma. She was absent seven whole weeks. We corresponded regularly, although her letters were brief, and devoted principally to accounts of Emma, her home, husband, and baby—'the fresh young June,' the fond aunt styled her. These seemed to engross her to the exclusion of all thoughts of her own concerns. She was expected back on New Year's Eve, and I meant to be among the first to greet her; but an inconvenient instalment of company detained me in my own home until past ten o'clock. Too impatient to wait until morning, I only stayed to see the last of the *mal apropos* guests cross

the threshold, when, saying to my mother that I should not be in again that night, I threw a cloak over my head and ran through the garden to Mrs. Langdon's. The back entrance was not yet fast, but I met none of the family. I entered, stole upstairs, and knocked at June's door. It was locked on the inside.

"'June!' I called, supposing she had retired, 'are you awake? It is I!'

"There was a hasty rustling within, as of papers being pushed or dragged over the floor, the key was turned, and I caught her in my arms.

"'And how are you?' I asked, pulling her around, that the light might fall upon her face. 'My beauty! how tired you look!'

"'I have travelled far to-day,' she returned, hastily, 'and I have not had a night of uninterrupted sleep in six weeks. I told you, did I not, that while Emma was so ill Baby June was brought into my room? Afterwards, I would not let her go. She is the dearest little thing!'

"This was plausible, but I was not deceived. The first glimpse of that colorless face, the deep, unutterable melancholy of the eyes, the dark shadows beneath them that spoke of nights and days of wretchedness, the unnatural smile and hollow voice, struck chill horror to my heart. I asked no questions, according to our custom, but talked about Emma, and the baby, and neighborhood news, as she evidently wished me to do, for half an hour. Then I said: 'Had you not better go to bed, dear? You need rest.'

"She seemed embarrassed, and stood, leaning her forehead on her hand, for a whole minute, as in irresolution, or reluctant to speak. Then she took my fingers in hers. I can feel their fevered clasp now!

"'I intended to keep it from you, Martha, until after to-morrow. I feared to mar the pleasure of the day to you. But, since you are here, it may be best that you should know all. I was busy when you came to the door; I ought to finish my task to-night. Do not let what I am about to tell you trouble you too much, my dearest friend! That it *will* affect you I know, for you *do* love me, Martha! See here!'

"She drew from beneath the table a heap of letters and small packages, collected in the middle of a large sheet of stout wrapping-paper. My eye caught the superscription of that which lay uppermost.

'Dr. Allen Morley,
N———.'

The shock was overwhelming. I sank into a chair, sick and trembling; then a rush of tears came to my relief. It was long before I could utter a word. Even I failed her in her hour of extremest need. I sat, silent and despairing, while she finished the arrangement of the contents of the bulky parcel; folded the paper about it and corded it up with all the strength of her small hands. Then—this is literal truth, my dear!—she took down an inkstand and traced the familiar address, for the last time, in firm, legible characters on the outside. As she raised herself from the floor where she had knelt to do this the clock struck twelve! She shivered, as in an ague fit; looked at me with a piteous smile, a thousand times more mournful than tears, and covered her face with her hands.

"'Seven years! seven years!'

"I have been in many scenes of distress since then; have heard many wails of bereavement, but never has there sounded in my ears anything else so plaintive, so expressive of wounded love and regretful anguish as that one low, sad cry. 'God forgive him!' burst from my lips. I am afraid the accent as well as the inward sentiment were those of a curse, more than a supplication for a blessing upon the author of her woe. Her ear was quick to detect my meaning.

"'You wrong him, Martha! He was, and he is good! He could not help being weaned from me. He tried to keep his heart steady to its allegiance. He would have remained faithful to the letter of his pledge, although the spirit had died out. He never designed to desert me. But he is moving in a different sphere from mine; is courted and flattered, and he was always ambitious. Then, too, while he has barely reached his prime, I have passed the first bloom of youth. I feel that I have grown old very fast.'

"'Waiting for him!' I ejaculated, warmly.

"'Hush, dear! Had this engagement ended in one year from the time it was formed, it would have been all the same. Having once loved him, I could never have married any other man. Do not dislike him because I have ceased to please him. He is not to blame. This change has been growing a long time. I can see it all now. When, through his representations, I postponed our marriage, a year ago, I thought it was all my doing; I

am sure now that his heart shrank from fulfilling the compact even then. I was blind, selfishly blind, not to have discerned it, and, by breaking the engagement myself, spared him further pain; saved him from the odium that will, I fear, attach to him. He loves no one else, he says, but there has been a gradual waning of his affection for eighteen months past. I am not the only sufferer. This has been and is still a great sorrow to him. Now, dear, we will go to bed, for I need rest to prepare me for what is yet to come. I must answer questions, you know, and I *must* shield him! Mother knows nothing yet, nor Emma, although it is five weeks since our correspondence closed. I felt that all was not right, and finally gathered courage to write, imploring him to deal truly with me and tell me all. I fear I am not very coherent.' Again she put her hand to her head, and the poor, pale lips were wrung, not wreathed, by a smile. 'But I have maintained a show of composure in the sight of others until to-night, and I am weary—God only knows *how* weary! Forgive me for distressing you! You will stand by me, won't you? will help me defend him, for there will be harsh, unjust things said of him, and that I cannot bear! Now, kiss me; good-night, dear! Our Father in heaven give you a happy New Year, and grant me strength!'

"My dear child, it is too much the fashion to speak lightly of woman's constancy, and there are those who exchange one lover for another with as much apparent ease as they would slip a glove from the hand. But, if only in memory of the sad, simple tale I have told you of one heart's loyalty—staunch, stainless, and abiding—never let these slurs pass unreproved in your presence. Such women, and there are many as true, love for a life-time."

"Did she ever meet Allen again? (How I hate him!)" said I.

"Once. In the spring of that same year, we both paid a visit to Emma. We went by rail, and at the junction of the road with that leading from N———, a large wedding-party from that city came on board. It soon appeared that most of them had only escorted the happy pair to this point, and were to return upon the next down train. Conspicuous among the gay and laughing group was the figure of Allen Morley! June and I were thickly veiled, and remained very quiet, not speaking or moving lest he should recognize us. I was somewhat surprised that he did not, for he stood for, at least, five minutes, talking to a lady directly across the aisle from us, and so near to June, that she could have touched his arm. At his entrance, her hand had closed convulsively upon mine, and while he spoke, the pressure tightened until it was really painful. I could have said, too, that she held her breath, lest she should lose an accent of his voice. He lingered on the cars until the last moment, and was uttering his hurried adieux, when the first movement of the train at starting jostled him against June's shoulder.

"'I beg your pardon!' he said, lifting his hat in courteous apology, true to his instinct of gentlemanliness, in the haste and bustle of the moment.

"The next instant he had sprung from the platform and we left him behind. We made no allusion to the meeting, for many miles. Indeed, we did not speak at all, for June's bowed head warned me to forbear comment or inquiry. At last she looked up, and again pressed my hand.

"'I must never see him again, Martha! never!'

"I understood the touching acknowledgment of the power he still possessed to move the inmost recesses of her heart, and devoutly hoped that the pathways so widely sundered might from that hour never cross one another. They did not. They will meet no more until the great day."

"What became of him?" I questioned, further.

"He lives yet—prosperous, and, the world says, happy. He was married about a year after his rupture with June, to a 'fast' belle, with red cheeks and saucy black eyes; voluble of speech; superficial as to education, and who bantered him at their wedding-feast, in the hearing of all the guests, upon his former 'love scrape.' I leave you to draw your own inferences as to her delicacy and depth of feeling."

"And she!" I looked up with moist eyes, now, into the noble face bent towards me from the mantel. I could have fancied that the head was encircled by a halo, such as worshipping painters love to throw around the brows of martyrs who have fought the good fight against great odds and entered into rest.

"She walked on in her appointed way,

meekly, yet brightly still; more mindful than ever, if that were possible, of others' weal; charitable, with holy pity to the erring; gentle to the lowly, full of sympathy with the suffering, an angel of mercy to all upon whom her shadow fell. Such goodness was not without many admirers. More than one sought her hand perseveringly, in spite of her twenty-six years and the story of her disappointment; but she listened to none.

"'How could I?' she said to me, once, when I spoke of her rejection of an estimable suitor. 'I told him, plainly, that I had no love to give him. The cup is as bitter, now, as when it was first pressed to my reluctant lips, but the Father gave, and shall I refuse to drink it?'

"Yet I have heard acquaintances of years' standing compliment her upon her unflagging spirits; her mother told me she had never seen her downcast for an instant, and her sister would look on, with a sigh of envious admiration, as her children frolicked with their best-loved playfellow, 'Aunt June,' and say, 'How fortunate it was for herself and for others that June's temperament enabled her to throw off care so easily.' I knew better, and the merciful Father comprehended the full extent of her patience, her loving kindness, and heroic self-sacrifice. When the precious fruit was fully ripe, He put forth His hand and took it. She has lived in the unclouded light of His love for seven years."

MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

It has been the great ambition of my life to be an authoress; not that I have dared to think of being a famous one—I *may* come to that point some time—but thus far I have felt that I should be satisfied if I could but see something of mine in print. From my childhood, visions of myself as a writer have danced before my eyes, and I have thrilled with delight as I have imagined some one pointing me out as the talented authoress of "those delightful sketches in the —— Magazine."

Hitherto, however, notwithstanding all my devotion to the art of composition, I have never before summoned courage enough to attempt an entrance into the arena of literary fame; indeed, to tell the truth, I have had very little encouragement. I don't think people have appreciated me sufficiently. At school, though my compositions were undoubtedly remarkable, my teacher never took any particular notice of them, and made no attempt to accelerate the growth of my budding genius, and so, through her neglect, my ideas upon "Friendship," "Spring," and various other subjects, are lost forever to the world. At the moment, I was filled with indignation at her treatment, but as time has somewhat healed my wounds, and as I am naturally amiable, I have forgiven her, and hope that her neglect was owing rather to want of ability to appreciate than envy of my superior talents. Then I have heard, too, some of the most heart-rending stories of blood-thirsty editors, who have refused to print thrilling stories and lovely poetry, merely for the sake of tormenting their luckless authors, and I have naturally been afraid of falling into the hands of one of these "roaring lions." But true genius always overcomes, sooner or later, the greatest obstacles, and so I have determined to make one more attempt to reach the coveted goal.

If I should be rejected—but I will not think of that; I would rather dwell upon the idea that my article will be accepted, and imagine myself waiting anxiously for the magazine in which it is to appear. How eagerly I shall turn over the pages until my eye rests upon the familiar yet unfamiliar words! How I shall torment my friends by repeatedly inquiring if they have read that article in the magazine, and what they think of it! The mere thought exhilarates me so now, when it is only fancy, that I hardly know what will become of me should the idea resolve itself into reality.

Pshaw! there comes the dark side of the picture thrusting itself before me. Well! I will meet it bravely. Suppose my poor little attempt *is* ignominiously rejected! Ah, I am afraid I should become from that instant a cynic, and a firm believer in the doctrine of total depravity. I know I should be an editor-hater for life. But there is consolation, even in that view of the question. Have not many of our very first writers been unsuccessful at first? And then no one need ever know that I tried for the prize and failed, for I intend to keep it a profound secret.

Well, I have decided to write. Now comes the momentous question, What shall I write about? I have no disposition to make inroads upon the domains of poetry, and even if I had the disposition, I fear I should lack the ability.

I never did attempt anything in the rhyming line but once, and that was several years ago, when I *did* perpetrate a poetical description of one of my schoolmates, which was contained in three verses of four lines each; and, as I availed myself of poetical license to a considerable extent, I hardly think the description was very striking. I know it abounded in allusions to pearly teeth, vermilion lips, marble necks, and jetty curls. I believe the subject was rather deficient in every one of these particulars, but I presume it was as near the truth as most newspaper poetry. It decided me, however, that my mission does not lie in the region of poetry, and so I am not obliged to decide whether I shall astonish the world with an epic poem or merely minister to its taste by a sonnet. But if I don't hurry and choose my subject, I won't have any room to make my observations about it, for I have determined that my "first attempt" shall not be a long one. Perhaps, way down in the bottom of my heart, I may consider myself competent to handle any subject, from a political leader on the state of the country down to a dissertation on a coat-button; but I want to choose one that will meet with general approbation.

Now, "Our Country" would be a grand theme, but I don't think the "other sex" exactly like the ladies to meddle with that, except to bow acquiescence to all that they do, and as a lady and an authoress I feel bound to conciliate the lords of creation. I must say, though, that I think that some of the women could have done quite as well in the field as some of our generals; indeed, I will venture to say that I think they might have surpassed them, and without trying very hard, either. The other day, after reading the newspaper, I fell into a reverie, and began to imagine myself a modern Joan of Arc, and to build castles in the air, having for foundation my exploits in that capacity. Just at the instant when my castles had reached a goodly altitude, my brother happened to fire off his pistol outside the window. The start I made threw my airy buildings to the ground, and convinced me that if my mission was not a poetical, neither was it a warlike one. I have made a stern resolution to learn to shoot within the next six months, if only for the sake of overcoming my nervousness. It has always been one of my doctrines that women ought to cultivate self-possession and courage more than they do, and for the future I am resolved to be less afraid of spiders, caterpillars, and pistols (three of my weaknesses) than I have hitherto been. I have a perfect antipathy to spiders; they have destroyed a great deal of pleasure for me; half of my enjoyment in the country is spoiled by the intrusion of these unwelcome insects.

I have decided not to have any subject this time, but will close this short effusion by hoping that the editor will read it after dinner, when he is in a good humor; and if I am allowed to come upon the stage again, I will begin with my subject at once, and I will also inform him that I have some very good stories (in my estimation) tucked away in my brain.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(*Pearl the Twelfth.*)

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

By hopes that gathered round thee
When life was like the May,
By loves whose glory crowned thee
In manhood's earlier day,
Give up, give up, the fatal cup
Forever and forever.

By memories that muster
Round hearthstones of the heart,
By joys and griefs that cluster
In which we both have part,
Give up, give up, the fatal cup
Forever and forever.

By thought of holy altar,
Of maiden changed to wife;
Of words that did not falter,
That were to last through life,
Give up, give up, the fatal cup
Forever and forever.

By little BEN and KITTY,
Who sleep the sleep of peace
In that sad, silent city
Where sorrows ever cease,
Give up, give up, the fatal cup
Forever and forever.

L'ENVOI.

So, with the year, THE CASKET is complete;
Its sorrow and its suffering are merged
In one continuous chain; and if the work
Be done not wisely or not well, I pray
You take the purpose for the deed, and find,
Though scattered far between, the pearls of faith
In the humanity whose centres lie
In clouds of doubt; the pearls of hope and love
See shining through the drifts of murky fears;
And here and there see stars of promise beam
In arcs wherein are drifting silver-lined
And rose-hued clouds; and so, and so, with thanks
For kindly heed to utterance of mine,
Farewell—farewell.

THE PHANTOM SKATER.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

JOHN PHILLIPS was, and is, one of the most accomplished skaters I ever saw, and the most untiring and devoted cultivator of that graceful art anybody ever saw. Morning, noon, and night, through every skating season, found Jack skimming over the glassy surface of the river that ran by the foot of his garden, or whirling in wondrous curves and gyrations manifold within a magic circle of a few yards in diameter, whose periphery was closed by a triple line of admiring spectators. He seemed to live on the ice. People who wanted to be witty insinuated that ice was his meat and drink, and that he had been seen making a hearty lunch off a good-sized block of it, washed down by a draught of the clear, cold water of which it was composed. I have too often lunched with Jack off cold chicken and ale, however, in the noontide interval of skating, not to know that this was pure invention.

There were a number of cottages along the river side on each side of the Phillips mansion, and a number of pleasant people lived in them —amiable "old folks," clever lads, and pretty lasses, all of whom (saving the elders, whose skating days had gone by) were more or less familiar with Jack's favorite accomplishment, and many merry skating frolics were held thereon.

Perhaps the most graceful and accomplished *artiste*, after Jack, was a charming young damsel of some seventeen summers (and winters, for every season must and *will* count in the race of life), by name Fanny Leyton, who lived in the cottage lowest down the river, nearly half a mile below Phillips's house. Fanny and Jack often ran races, and it was a doubtful matter which was the swifter of the two on a straight-ahead match, though Jack far surpassed her in the arabesque, if I may so call them, evolutions and figures of the art. My readers will not be surprised to learn that Jack Phillips was desperately smitten with Miss Fanny; but it will give them pain, I fear, to know that she looked coldly (even in summer) upon his passion. What the reason was I never knew, nor did he, I believe. Probably it was simply one of those mysterious caprices that seem incident to maidenhood. At all events it was a fact, and to Jack a melancholy one, though he bore up under it manfully, and, believing that "faint heart never won fair lady," kept hoping and persevering in his suit with praiseworthy ardor.

Fanny didn't dislike Jack, mind you; on the contrary, she seemed fond of his society, for he was a genial fellow and a thorough gentleman; but whenever he attempted to pass beyond the limits of simple friendship and *camaraderie*, and to speak of his love, she turned the subject aside with a laugh, saying "she didn't intend to allow any thought of love to trouble her till she was five-and-twenty, at least, and that Jack was too agreeable as a friend and companion to think of changing him in that character." Upon which Jack would look mopish for a moment, but soon brighten up again and join in the laugh; and the conversation would continue in the bantering tone Miss Fanny had just adopted.

This was the state of affairs between them when the events I am about to relate suddenly and essentially modified them.

Jack had been kept in town all day, very much to his disgust, by some business it was impossible to delay or neglect. The ice was in splendid condition, and Phillips had been picturing to himself the gay scene it doubtless presented the while he was tied down to his desk in a musty law office. And, as if to vex him the more, there was a large space of dirty frozen water in the court on which his windows looked, and every time he glanced up from his papers he beheld some five or six boys, most of them with a single skate, scudding up and down this oasis with shouts of laughter and many a tumble on the opaque surface of the frozen puddle, which only made them the merrier.

"Confound the brats!" said Jack, savagely. "How the deuce can a man think, with such an infernal row in his ears! I've a great mind to go out and drive 'em of!" However, as Jack was a most amiable fellow at bottom, he didn't execute his threat, but contented

himself with semi-occasional anathemas on the urchins, in the intervals of his labor.

When he finally stopped to light his gas, they were gone, and a couple of hours' perfect silence enabled Jack to finish his task, and prepare to go home. "Let me see," said he to himself, as he went along. "Yes! it will be moonlight by about ten to-night, and, by George! I'll have a glorious skating frolic all to myself, for there won't be any one out, it's so abominably cold." Jack was quite consoled with this idea; and by the time he had had his supper, lit his cigar, and sat down in front of a cheerful wood fire beside his widowed mother and his only sister Kate, he was in a capital humor.

"Kate, how I wish your poor foot was well!" said he, "so that you might go with me on the river to-night. There won't be a soul out, and we'd have it all to ourselves." Kate had violently sprained her ankle a few days before, in skating.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Phillips, "you surely don't think of going skating such a bitter night! You'll freeze to death, my boy."

"Not a bit of it, mother!" cried Jack, cheerily. "I'm used to it, you know. And haven't I that splendid worsted jacket you knit me? I'd defy Lapland in that jacket."

"They've been cutting up the river to-day, Jack," said Kate. "Look out for air-holes."

"Pooh! as if I didn't know all about it," answered Jack, chucking his sister playfully under the chin. "I'll jump 'em, my dear, if I don't see 'em in time to go round."

Being aware, from experience, that remonstrance would be useless, neither Mrs. Phillips nor Kate volunteered any further remarks of that nature; and at ten o'clock Jack bade them both good-night, and, apparelling himself in skating guise, went merrily forth to his solitary ice frolic.

There was fortunately no wind. A still, bitter cold made everything crisp and brittle. The turf crackled under the foot, and, though it was many inches thick, the ice ever and anon gave a sharp snap as the weight of Jack Phillips pressed for an instant upon it, here and there in his erratic course over its moonlit surface.

After loitering, as it were, back and forth in front of his own grounds for a while, an idea, and a very natural one under the circumstances, struck Jack that it would be a pleasant thing to skate down the river as far as Fanny Leyton's domicile, and have a look at the windows thereof, especially certain two that gave air and light to that young lady's chamber. Jack immediately acted on this idea, and in a very few minutes brought himself gradually to a stand in front of the Leyton villa. His hope, however, if such it was, of seeing a light glancing from the casements, or from any special casement, of that mansion proved fallacious. The house was entirely dark within, and the moon, which was but lately risen, shed a pale, cold glitter on the gray stone walls, blackened fantastically here and there by the shadows of the old trees that stood round them.

Jack heaved an involuntary sigh, and, after remaining a few moments longer in a sort of reverie by the river bank, struck out towards its centre, with the intention of returning homeward. Gazing mechanically down the stream, as he shot out from the shadow of the bank, his gaze was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a form that seemed to be skating in a circle near the further shore, about a couple of hundred yards lower down. He fancied for a moment that it was an optical illusion, as the distance and the uncertain light thrown by the moon through the belt of trees that lined the river side made the figure somewhat shadowy and indistinct. He rubbed his eyes, skated further out into the line of vision, and looked again. No! there it was, an actual form, curving and swaying in the fantastic evolutions of an accomplished skater, in the same spot where he had just beheld it the instant before.

"Who can it be?" muttered Jack. "Some one from town, I reckon. At all events, I'll run down and have a nearer look at him." And, suiting the action to the word, he struck out leisurely down the river.

A few yards below the point at which the form seen by Jack was gliding about, the river took a bend, and narrowed suddenly, running for more than three miles between lofty overhanging banks, from which the trees, chiefly hemlock and pine, projected themselves towards each other from either shore, throwing the stream into deep shadow, with here and there a band of light, where a few trees had been cut down, or had fallen away from the bank with the gradual wash of the soil from their gnarled roots.

To Jack's astonishment, no sooner was he fairly under weigh for the mysterious skater than the latter, apparently seeing him and divining his intention, suddenly ceased his gyrations, and, after an instant's pause, shot swiftly down the river, keeping close in shore, and evidently with the design of evading Jack's pursuit.

"Ho, ho!" said Jack to himself, half aloud. "That 's your game, is it? Very well! Here goes for a chase, my fine fellow!"

And, putting forth an additional amount of strength, he increased his speed so far and quickly as to gain a hundred yards in a moment upon the flying Phantom. But the other, apparently perceiving this again, immediately increased his own pace, and, without materially widening the distance between them, sped onward with a rapidity that defied Jack's utmost efforts to surpass. In a moment the form had entered the deep shadows beyond the bend, and Jack lost sight of it. In another he again beheld it flitting across a space of moonlight, still the same distance ahead, to become again lost almost instantly in the next line of darkness. In this manner, through gloom and through glitter, the chase continued with wonderful swiftness for nearly two miles, neither pursuer nor pursued gaining upon each other.

What the emotions of the Phantom were (for Jack had begun involuntarily to call it thus to himself) of course I cannot pretend to say; but Phillips's mind was aroused up to a pitch of excitement that sent the blood coursing hotly through his veins, and caused a profuse perspiration to start forth upon his bosom and brow in spite of the bitter cold. He, however, was utterly unconscious of this, and felt neither cold, nor heat, nor fatigue. His whole soul was possessed with the one fixed resolve of overtaking the Phantom; he neither saw nor heard anything else but the fleeing form and the echoes that rolled along the glib ice from the skate-strokes; nor did he relax his speed for an instant, whether in shade or in moonshine, nor give other heed to his course than to make it as straight and swift as that of an arrow launched by a stout archer from an ashen bow!

The chase had now entered on its third mile, and here the river became tortuous and irregular, a sharp curve spreading out into a broad, bay-like expanse, and as suddenly closing up again into a deep, dark gorge, only to carve out its banks again, a few yards further on, into another brief space of clear moonlight and calm water.

Whenever these open spaces occurred, the Phantom hugged the shore, which was always in partial shadow, but Jack held straight across the open space, hoping thereby to gain upon the fugitive by substituting the straight line for the curve. The advantage, however, had been but slight and transient, so far; and the race bade fair to carry them both to the sea, which was but twenty miles further down, when, as Phillips entered the third of the openings above described, he beheld (for his eye was ever steadily fixed in quest of the Phantom), with a grim delight, the form scarce two-thirds of the distance around its margin, and evidently gliding with diminished speed. The pace had at last begun to tell upon it.

Jack's heart bounded fiercely, for he was possessed with a kind of rage against this weird skater, who had thus far foiled his powers of speed and endurance, and, with a desperate effort, he shot, with the speed of light, straight out across the moonlit space, feeling confident that he should head the Phantom off in the mouth of the opposite gorge. His eyes were still fixed upon the dark form seen indistinctly skimming along under the shadow of the further bank. He was more than half way across the opening, and nearly abreast of the figure, when there was a sudden crash; he felt the ice give way beneath him, and in an instant he was plunged into the deadly cold water, with a shock that caused him to utter a wild, sharp shriek of mingled terror and pain ere his head sunk beneath the bubbling surface!

Fortunately the river was not very deep at this point, nor was the current at all rapid, and in another moment Jack was struggling manfully among the broken ice to reach the firm edge of the air-hole. But, encumbered as he was by his skates and his heavy clothing, and nearly paralyzed by the intense cold of the water, it is more than doubtful whether he would have succeeded in rescuing himself from a horrible death! Help, however, was at hand! The Phantom had heard the shriek and seen Jack disappear, and, swift as a swallow's flight, it sped to the rescue. On the very edge of the air-hole it halted, and, rapidly tearing off a long cashmere scarf with which its throat and shoulders were protected,

planted its skates firmly athwartwise on the ice, and flung the end of the scarf, with skilful aim, right into Jack's face, crying at the same time, in a clear, sweet voice: "Hold hard, Jack, and never fear! Now for it!"

That voice gave Jack new life. A sudden glow seemed to gather round his heart, and to start the warm blood afresh through all his stiffening frame. He caught the scarf in his teeth, then, grasping it with his left hand, was enabled, without great strain upon his rescuer's strength, to climb upon the solid ice, hoarsely ejaculating, "God bless you, Fanny!" and instantly lost consciousness.

There was not a moment to lose. Assistance must be had at once, or Jack had only been saved from one death to succumb to another almost as speedy. There stood a small cottage on the nearer shore of the stream, inhabited by a ferryman who carried freight and passengers over the river, for the nearest bridge was opposite the city, three miles and more above, and there was none below for more than ten. To this cottage Fanny Leyton, brave and devoted girl, and no longer provoking Phantom, flew rather than skated. A few heavy blows with a large stone soon awoke the inmates, ten hurried words told the tale, and in twenty minutes Jack Phillips was stripped and wrapped in blankets, was laid on a mattress before a blazing fire, while Enoch, the ferryman, concocted a powerful hot gin toddy, his panacea against all fleshly ills, for his slowly reviving guest.

Fanny Leyton, having sent young Enoch by land to her own house with news of the affair, heroically rebuckled on her skates, and started as swiftly as ever up the river to bear the tidings to Mrs. Phillips and Kate. In an hour Jack was as well as ever, apparently, and took a second toddy with decided relish, and less than two hours later Mrs. Phillips's carriage, with Kate and all sorts of remedies and clothing within, drove up to the ferryman's door, and carried Jack home.

The next morning, however, Jack was not so well. He had high fever, and every limb seemed to burn and throb, as if with acute rheumatism. But about nine o'clock came Fanny, with anxious inquiries about his state, and before she left Kate, with whom she was in close confab for an hour, she wrote a few lines with a pencil, which she desired might be given to Jack as soon as she was gone.

As my friend would never show me the note nor communicate its contents, I am unable to give them to the reader. But that they were eminently agreeable I feel confident, for as soon as Jack recovered, which was in a very few days, he called at the Leyton mansion, and continued to repeat his visits daily for the next month, at the end of which period he announced to me "and to the rest of mankind" who cared to know it, that he was engaged to Miss Fanny Leyton.

They have been married, now, more than a year, and a happier couple I never desire to see. They still go skating now and then, both by day and by night, when there is a moon; but always together, and so they are sure never to be betrayed into danger by the fantastic chase of a PHANTOM SKATER!

SMOKE.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

SMOKE, smoke, this winter's night!
Where dost thou go from the fire so bright?
  Curling in silence away—
Like a noiseless spirit on viewless wing
Intangible, graceful, æriform thing,
  In blue, and in white, and in gray!

Smoke, smoke, this winter's night
Like you I 'd steal away if I might,
  On silent, invisible wings!
Out in the starlight, fearless and free,
No ban of the senses arresting me,
  Mid silent, unsullied fair things.

Could I carry myself in a fleecy fold,
Or a curling wreath unnoticed, untold,
  Rare sights, O smoke, I 'd see!
From aloft in fearless, conscious height
Fair dells, when kissed by the morning light
  And the work of the frost-king's glee.

And away I 'd float to those I love best,
And I 'd work them a spell of joy or rest,
  With sweetest of benisons fraught.
Unseen and unheard, nor more in their way
Than holy moonbeam or sunbeam gay,
  I 'd live in a blissful thought.

Smoke, smoke, this winter's night!
We 're all of us wrong, and you are right:
  Curling in silence away—
Away from the cheer and the cares of earth,
From the lonely vigil or harmless mirth,
  It is you that is right, I say!

Our spirits like you, O smoke, should rise
From things of earth to the holy skies
  Where love and truth endure:
Above calm fields of upper air,
On invisible wings of thanksgiving and prayer,
  Seeking the perfect-pure.

FANNY'S ENGAGEMENT; OR, HOW *NEWS* IS MANUFACTURED.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"Good afternoon, Miss Bisbee! Thought I must run over and see you a few minutes to-day. Didn't see you out to meeting Sunday, and concluded you must be sick," was the salutation of Miss Selina Peabody, one June afternoon, as she entered the snug little domicile which stood a few rods' remove from Dibbletown Square, as neat, spotless, and comfortable as fresh paint, constant "house-cleaning," and the full purse of its easy, plump little spinster-owner could make it.

"I'm dreadful glad to see you! Take a seat right here on the lounge! Scat! Tabby always gets the best corner. I declare, if I wasn't thinking about you not three minutes ago, Selina! I been *sick!* No, but I spent Sunday up to Sister Hannah's, at Rockville; her husband come down after me Saturday, and brought me home last night. Lemme see! I haven't seen you for a fortnight. What's the news? Don't you think it's dreadful dull here in Dibbletown? Why, I told Sister Hannah they had more happen the three days I was there than we'd had for a month. A wedding in the church Sunday, after meeting; Deacon Brigg's wife's funeral Monday afternoon; and one of the neighbors got word of two of his sons being awfully wounded in the last battle. I *do* like to live where there's something going on! That's right! take out your knitting; and now tell me what's new over in your neighborhood." And, while the visitor produced her work from her reticule, the hostess disposed her plump figure in a comfortable rocker, first running her eye round her little parlor to assure herself that everything was in that state of "apple-pie order" on which she prided herself.

"Well, I don't know of anything new, except Fanny Henshaw's engagement. But I suppose you've heard of *that*, Miss Bisbee!" began Miss Peabody.

"Fanny Henshaw! You don't say? That *is* news! Why, who's the man, and when did it happen? I didn't know as anybody was paying attention to her!" exclaimed the little spinster. "They've kept it dreadful sly, seems to me; but I suppose it's one of them city fellers that she has coming to see her. Do tell me all about it, Selina!"

"Well, all I know is *this*—and it all came out through the Henshaw's Irish girl, Norah," commenced the visitor. "You see, Sister Maria and I, living so near Mr. Henshaw's, have seen this young man there for a week or two past. He came one night in the evening train from the city, and then we saw a young lady come about the same time he did, and so we concluded it must be Fanny's beau and his sister. They kept very close, and didn't go out much, and I thought *something* was in the wind, and made up my mind to find out *what*. So one day I jest put on my things, and made a call over there. And what do you s'pose Mrs. Henshaw's plea for Fanny's not coming down was? Why, I must excuse her daughter, who was very busy with her *dressmaker!* Well, that only set me out the more; for that very night, after I called, I saw the depot hack bring that young man back to their house again; he must have gone off some morning, in the first train, before we were up, for the city. So, sez I to Sister Maria: 'I believe something more 'n you and I know of is going on over to the Henshaw's, and I'm determined to pump their girl.' Well, bimeby the chance came round. Norah was going past the house one day, and I jest called her in, pretending that I wanted to inquire about her sister's sick baby—'twas as good a handle as *any*, you know; and then I found out considerable, in a roundabout way, you see, for 'twouldn't do to ask questions directly. It seems that the young man is a Lieutenant Lossing, of the navy, and was brought up by Mr. Henshaw, who was his *gardeen;* and the young lady is Fanny's cousin, come to make a visit. Now, putting all this with a city dressmaker's being there a week, things look suspicious; and you see if Fanny Henshaw isn't married before July is out!"

"But about this young navy feller. Does anybody know anything about him? Fanny's father, of course, is glad his gal is going to make out well, if he's smart and likely," said Miss Bisbee.

"That's jest what I was coming to," was the reply. "Norah hinted as much as to say he was opposed to it; and, between you and

I, there must be good reasons for it, for Mr. Henshaw is too sensible a man to want his daughter to go into the fire with her eyes wide open."

"You *don't!* What *did* the Irish gal say, now?" asked little Miss Bisbee, in an eager voice, bringing the swaying motion of her rocker to a stand-still.

"Oh, it isn't my way to *gossip*, you know, Miss Bisbee; but I do think you have a right to know all I do about it, seeing that the Henshaws have always set themselves up above other people so! And to keep this engagement so secret (for of course it's been coming about for a long time), when there's nothing to be proud of! But p'r'aps that's the very reason, after all! These haughty kind of people *do* get come up with sometimes."

"But what did Norah *say* about Mr. Henshaw's being opposed to the match? What's the *reason?*" repeated Miss Bisbee.

"Well, I had to ask kind of cautious, you see; so the first thing I said—and that was after she'd told about the dressmaker—sez I: 'Well, I couldn't help seeing this stranger going in and out often. Of course, he won't leave you just yet, Norah?' 'Ah, no, ma'am,' sez she, 'not till the fust of July, when they'll be afther travellin' on the journey.' 'The *journey!*' sez I—and that's what the *dressmaker* was there for, you see, making the wedding outfit, Miss Bisbee. 'You'll miss them after they're gone. How do Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw feel about it?' I didn't like to say 'about losing Fanny,' directly, so I put it that way. 'Oh, it's bad enough they feel intirely. Misther Henshaw declares it'll be the death ov him, and worries all the long day over it. But Miss Fanny, she only laughs, and says *she'll* take the risk on her own head, and the cousin, Miss Nellie Kingman, she upholds her in it.'"

"But, to get to the bottom of the matter, what makes Mr. Henshaw feel so about it, Miss Peabody?" was the pertinent query.

"That's what I'm coming to," replied the narrator. "But Norah seemed to take it for granted that I knew about things, so I had to be careful in my questions. 'Well, I hope they'll enjoy the journey,' said I next; and Norah's answer set me on the right track. Sez she: 'Ah, faith, and it's but little comfort poor Mr. Lossing'll be afther gettin', the way he goes on.' 'How's that?' I asked, and sez she: 'Why, from bad to worse, sure! It's down hill purty fast he's goin'; and he's no more like the same young fellow that sailed away three years ago than you're like me, Miss Peabody.' You see, *that* gave me the key to the mystery, Miss Bisbee," said the speaker, growing more animated.

"Yes. What is it?" asked her listener, in one breath.

"Why, *what*, of course, except that he *drinks* dreadfully? Isn't that what they *always* mean by 'going down hill pretty fast?' I declare, I was all struck up. But I didn't let on to Norah but what I knew everything about matters, and so sez I: 'Well, I've heard a little about it, and am sorry for Miss Fanny.' You see, I had to make believe, so as to get at the rest. 'Ah, yes, it's bad for Miss Fanny; she feels dreadfully, though she purtends not to,' said Norah. 'But it's worse for the young gentleman goin' *that* way in the flower of his days. It makes my very heart ache to see him staggerin' from the carriage to the door when he comes back from the city.' 'Is he so bad as that, Norah?' I asked upon that; and sez she: 'Ah, yes, indade, it's miserable he is! purty far gone! and all the family see it but Miss Fanny; but she insists that the mountain air, and the change of the journey, and her care, and the like of that, will bring him out of it. And the Blessed Virgin grant it may, but it's Norah Rooney that cannot see it.'"

"Well, did you ever? The gal is bold and brazen, as well as headstrong. It's bad enough to *like* a feller with them habits—but to insist upon *marrying* him, and believing that she can make him over into a better man, and to want to make a fashionable journey and a great display, is flying right into the face and eyes of Providence! I sha'n't pity her one mite. She *ought* to suffer for it! These folks that always set themselves up above others. You know the Henshaws never *would* mix with our people at the sewing-circles or fairs; I think it's a judgment upon them when something happens to 'em! What else did you find out, Selina?" And Miss Bisbee paused, quite breathless with interest.

"Not much, for Norah was in a hurry then; only I *was* determined to know if there was *money* at the bottom of the match, and so sez I: 'I suppose the young man is well off, Norah?' She looked at me kind of sharp,

and answered: 'Sure, I'd like to see how *that* can be after what I've been tellin' ye! It's well off enough he *was*, but it's *poorer* he's growin' every day; though Miss Fanny keeps her spirits up just as high as ever, and won't believe it. She says he isn't half so bad as he was off in the foreign lands where he's been, and 'll be himself agin by the end of the summer-time. The saints grant it to him!' Norah went just then, and I called after her, and told her I'd send a flannel petticoat to her sister's baby. You see, I had a piece of homespun in the house that I found the moths had got into, and it 'll be a generous thing to give it to an Irish woman, especially when flannel is so high these war times, and I dare say she 'll come and work a day or two for me next week, housecleaning. And then Norah thanked me, and was gone. But I'd found out what I'd *meant* to when I called her in, and I sot down pretty well satisfied, I tell *you*, Miss Bisbee! But I must be going now!" And she gathered up the thread of her story with her knitting.

"Oh, *do* stay and have a cup of tea! I'll have the kettle right on," urged Miss Bisbee. "It don't seem as if I'd seen you a minute yet."

"Thank you, but not to-day. I only run over for a little while; besides, I've got to drop in at one or two places as I go home. You won't mention anything about *how* I got my news, Miss Bisbee; for if the Henshaws knew of it, they might blame Norah. As if a hired girl can be expected to keep all the secrets of a family, and work as that girl has to, for nine shillings a week!"

"Oh, not a word! You know I never gossip. But *do* run over again soon, Selina! I *have* enjoyed every minute you 've been here, and I do hope we shall have something now to keep us alive here in Dibbletown!"

"So do I. Come over soon and return my visits. Good afternoon." And away hurried Miss Selina Peabody, with her knitting in her reticule and her "news" in her brain, intent upon finishing up her afternoon's mission.

And by the time the sun of that June afternoon had sunk behind the boundary of the western horizon over half a dozen tea-tables was Miss Selina Peabody's "news" discussed; and before the close of the succeeding day it was known pretty thoroughly throughout the precincts of Dibbletown that Fanny Henshaw was engaged to be married, early in July following, to a "dissipated" spendthrift, who had squandered his fortune by confirmed habits of excess, but whom she was "bent upon having," in direct contrariety to the wishes of her father, who was "bitterly opposed to the match."

"I don't understand it, Cousin Fan," said Nellie Kingman, as the two girls sat in a front chamber of Fanny's home, a few days after Miss Peabody's visit to the little cottage domicile of Miss Bisbee; "there 's such a dodging to and fro in the square before your house! I should think the feminine portion of Dibbletown had been holding a convention for the last four or five days. I've seen that old lady with the leather reticule and the green sun umbrella pass the window at least six times this afternoon. There she goes now, up the steps of the house over opposite. See how she scans these windows! She looks like Dickens' Widow Gummidge, 'a poor, lone, lorn critter,' with whom 'everything goes contrairy.'"

"Why, that 's one of the 'leaders of society' in our town, Miss Selina Peabody. Widow Gummidge, indeed!" replied Fanny, with a smile. "And, instead of everything going 'contrairy' with her, she has everything her own way, for she actually manufactures and sets afloat seven-eighths of the gossip of Dibbletown. I expect you and Frank will be the nucleus around which she will weave a famous air-castle during your visits here, Nell. She called here a week or two ago, but I made mother excuse my non-appearance down stairs to her, for I always avoid her when it is possible."

"Miss Selina Peabody! Well, if *I*'d had the bestowal of the lady's patronymic, I should have made it *Busy*body," replied Nell, laughingly. "But who 's *that?* Another of the sisterhood? *She* 's more of the *Pegotty* style, plump and rolypoly. I declare, if *she* isn't going into that house, too! Depend upon it, Fan, they 're holding a meeting over there for the dissemination of knitting-work and the propagation of scandal."

"That 's Miss Martha Bisbee," said Fanny, laughing at her cousin's faithful description of the little dumpy figure that disappeared in the doorway of the house toward which her attention was directed. "And she *is* another of the clique. Mrs. Honeywood is holding a tea-party, or perhaps the sewing-circle meets there to-day."

"What a precious trio they'll be! Busybody, Busybee, and Honeybug!" said Nell, with a shrug of her dimpled shoulders. "Won't *characters* suffer over there? Don't I wish I was a little mouse in the wall, to overhear what they manufacture about *us?* Say, Fan, why won't you invite the three weird sisters here some day for Lossing's delectation? It would be better for him than all his medicines. But don't you think he *has* improved wonderfully, of late?"

"I *know* he has—though papa can't see it, and says he isn't strong enough for the journey. But, as I've thought all along, it'll prove the best thing for him. Ah, there he comes now!" and Fanny nodded and smiled at the occupant of a low buggy which disappeared in the avenue that led round to the stables; and she sprang up, followed by her cousin, to hasten down into the sitting-room.

Meantime, as the buggy turned into Mr. Henshaw's grounds, half a dozen heads appeared at the windows of the house over opposite; and then Miss Selina Peabody exclaimed with decision, to the group of ladies who constituted the "Dibbletown Social Circle": "I am just going to put on my things and make a call over there! I mean to see him for *myself!* Fanny's at home, for I saw her at the window as I came in." And straightway the spinster's purpose was put into execution.

Some twenty minutes later, the scout returned to camp with important tidings prognosticated in her triumphant nod and smile.

"It's true, every word of it! just as we've heard! But who would think he could parade it so openly? I found him in the sitting-room, with the girls and Mrs. Henshaw—and, what do you think? with *a glass of wine in his hand!* Currant or elderberry, I suppose—but that feeds the appetite, you know; and that girl must be reckless, to put the cup to his lips! She ought to suffer for it! Wasn't I lucky, to go in just as I did? But you can't imagine how unconcerned they seemed; and that young man was jest as cool and polite to me as though he was all right, and I didn't know he often got so bad that he staggered from the carriage into the house."

"But it seems to me he looks dreadful kind of thin and pale, for anybody that drinks so hard!" said Miss Martha Bisbee, from the depths of her easy chair. "There's old Squire Treadwell—he's red as a beet, and weighs nigh on to two hundred; and they lay it all to old Cogniac!"

"Oh, the Doctor says that liquors affect different constitutions differently!" said Mrs. Doctor Vermyfuge, wife of the principal Dibbletown practitioner, with an air of superior knowledge.

"Of course," chimed in Miss Peabody; "and while Squire Treadwell might go off in an apoplexy, this beau of Fanny Henshaw's 'll grow thin as a shadder. It affects some so. He does look terrible kind of sickly! But wa'n't I lucky to go in there as I did, and see for myself? I never like to report a story on *hearsay!*"

Six weeks later, at the close of an August afternoon, a travelling-carriage passed through Dibbletown Square, and drew up at the house of Mr. Henshaw. Two ladies and a gentleman alighted; trunks were unstrapped and carried into the house; and the vehicle was driven round to the stable. But the trio who had disappeared within the front door of the mansion little imagined that they were the centre of attraction to all occupants of the Square, and that, from behind blinds and curtains, sundry pairs of Argus-eyes scanned their movements, while busy tongues as freely were put into motion.

By a singular coincidence of events, it chanced to be the afternoon of the meeting of the "Dibbletown Social Circle" at the house of Mrs. Honeywood; and much the same company were there assembled as upon a former occasion. And it also chanced to be at that twilight hour when crochet and knitting needles had subsided, anticipatory to the "tea" that was shortly to be announced; consequently everybody was at leisure to rush for the windows when keen-eyed Miss Selina Peabody made the discovery of the home-returned travellers.

"Just a month to-day since they started!" said Mrs. Honeywood. "I was up-stairs at my window the morning they went off, and saw Mr. Lossing hand 'em into the carriage. I remember 'twas of a Tuesday, and I'd had a large ironing—and 'twas an awful hot July day."

"A month? That's the length of the *honey-moon*, you know!" said Miss Martha Bisbee, wiping her rotund, ruby face, down which the perspiration was streaming violently.

"Hum! the honey'll soon turn to vinegar,

in my way of thinking!" returned Miss Selina Peabody. "I suppose they were married on the way—or, maybe, just before they started. Nobody knows—and their Norah keeps so close, nobody can see her and ask her a question! I wanted to find out how her sister's sick baby is getting along. I s'pose they give her her orders!"

"But it 's never been in any papers, and nobody 's ever seen it; and Mr. Henshaw, he only laughed when somebody joked him about his daughter's getting married," ventured a little mild-face lady, whose manner was very confused and uncertain whenever Miss Peabody was by.

"Of course he wouldn't own up! That 's their way, never having anything to say to people. They 've always set themselves up above the rest of Dibbletown, these two years, since they moved here. Well, for my part, I guess they won't hold their heads so high always! This marriage will break their pride, see if it don't!"

"What were their travelling-dresses, Mrs. Honeywood?" asked another lady. "I could not get a glimpse of 'em, they vanished into the house so quick."

"Well, as near as I could make out, they seemed to be of this new-fashioned taffeta; and they did look pretty stylish. Suppose Fanny Renshaw has everything nice. And Mr. Lossing—he cut quite a figure in one of his naval suits. S'pose they 've made quite a sensation. It seems queer that they didn't have another gentleman along with 'em for groomsman. This Miss Nellie Kingman must have felt kind of lonesome—'third party,' you know. Well, I always kind of liked Fanny Henshaw, and hope she 'll make out well. Marriage does reform young men sometimes; and, of course, if she and her husband that is were brought up together, they must understand each other's dispositions, and she may be just the one for him!"

"Don't you believe that, Mrs. Honeywood!" exclaimed Miss Selina Peabody, with asperity. "He 's too far gone for any woman to reform him. Of course he 'll do better for awhile—he 'd be ashamed to carry on so bad, right away after he 's first married; but you see if he don't go back to his old ways before a year! However, there 's one comfort! At the rate he 's been going down hill, and by his looks that day I was over there and caught him taking his wine, he won't stand it a great while. But there! as I 've said all along, I don't think Fanny Henshaw deserves an atom of consolation; and I wouldn't be the one to hint to her that she 's likely to be a young widow. If I pity anybody, it 's her father, who opposed the match so terribly!"

At this juncture Mrs. Honeywood left the parlor to have tea served; and, a little later, the ladies of the "Dibbletown Social Circle" were summoned to the dining-room, to refresh themselves with divers kinds of cake, buttered bread, and old hyson.

A few days of quiet passed to the returned travellers; when suddenly commenced such a steady influx of callers, that Fanny Henshaw and her mother were in a complete state of bewilderment at the social tendencies of Dibbletown, and honest Irish Norah found herself oftener in attendance upon the door-bell than upon her duties in the kitchen.

First, came the young ladies of about Fanny's age, making short and stereotyped calls, succeeded by others, as regularly as soldiers relieve guard on picket duty; then came their mammas, in the same formal, stereotyped manner; till poor Fanny and Mrs. Henshaw were quite worn down with this incessant draught upon their time, good nature, and patience. It seemed a little singular, *en passant*, that, whenever Mrs. Henshaw made her appearance in the parlor alone, the callers never seemed disposed to depart without a call for "your daughter" or "Miss Fanny," for none dared openly apply the supposed marital patronymic—hence the tide of social life rolled in and out the door which honest Norah tended, and the mystery of its flow was unravelled.

But, on the seventh day after her return, Fanny entered the cool, shady library that opened into the garden in the rear of the house, and where her Cousin Nellie and Lieutenant Lossing were enjoying a game of chess, and exclaimed, with impatient weariness:—

"I don't understand this! Three-quarters of Dibbletown have been here within a week—people whom I have known considerably, slightly, and not at all; and mamma and I are regular martyrs! And these folks all make the primmest, most ceremonious calls, and scan me so curiously, and ask about my journey in the queerest way, and look around every time the door opens as though they expected to see somebody else; and this afternoon those Ellery girls actually asked me if I

should remain long in Dibbletown. I'm sure I must have looked astonished, but I believe I managed to say that I didn't intend leaving home at present, though I might possibly be controlled by circumstances, meaning a hint at our present deluge of visitors; but they took it all as a matter of course, and rose to go, after leaving their regards for all other members of the family, whose acquaintance they hoped to make before they left town, and of course that means you and Frank. Now, I'm resolved upon *one* thing, Nell. You've got to make your *debût* into Dibbletown society, going into the parlor to relieve mother and me, while we recruit ourselves with a week's sleep; and Frank shall also be impressed into my service."

"Not I, Fanny! Commend me to a California expedition or a South American trip, but deliver me from the tender mercies of the Dibbletown ladies—present company excepted!" replied Lieutenant Lossing, laughing heartily. "But little Nellie, here—hasn't she just beaten me unmercifully in the game? Didn't she explore every hidden nook at the Notch, and bring home a regular table of statistics of the altitude of every hill, the length of every river, and the population of every town we passed through on our journey? *She*'s just the one to ferret out the mystery of this sudden descent of the good people of Dibbletown. Take her into the parlor as your ally. Ah, now's your time; there goes the door-bell."

"Miss Peabody and Miss Bisbee, Miss Fanny," was Norah's announcement in the library doorway. "And sure an' yer mother has laid down, an' tould me not to disturb her."

"Busybee and Busybody! Widow Gummidge and Pegotty! Delectable! Come, Fan!" said Nellie Kingman, with a gleeful shrug of her shoulders, looking back, as the two girls were on the threshold, to add, "I'll bring you the solution presently, Lieutenant Lossing!"

Five, ten, fifteen minutes glided away, and then, following the sound of the closing street door, Nellie Kingman burst into the library again with shouts of laughter.

"O, Lieutenant Lossing, you'll die—I know you will! Fan and I are almost suffocated! We *had* to keep a sober face, you know, till they went. I *will* tell him, Fan! it's too good to keep, and you can't blush any redder than you are at this moment! What *do* you suppose is the reason of Cousin Fan's deluge of visitors, Lossing? Why, they all thought she was married, and had been off on her bridal tour, and so came to pay the wedding calls! Isn't it splendid?" And the girl sank into a chair to take breath, the next moment running on with the remnant of the story. "Yes, I do think it's splendid fun! But Fan never'd have known she was receiving bridal calls, if I had not been very busy talking with Miss Peabody, and told her I intended to have Cousin Fanny with me in the city this winter 'to make her market.' I said it just for the fun of the thing, you know, when I was suddenly horrified by the old lady's turning straight to Fan, and saying, drawing herself up: 'And, pray, how will your *husband* like the idea of his wife's flirting during his absence?' 'My *husband!* During his absence!' said Fan, looking surprised as possible; upon which the Busybee spoke up —'Ain't you married, my dear, after all?' I was beginning to *take* then; but Fan says, as innocent as you can imagine: 'After all *what*, Miss Bisbee?' And then it all came out! Oh, I wish you could have seen the Widow Gummidge's face, Lieutenant Lossing! She looked the personification of disappointment, when Fanny, very quietly, keeping back her vexation and laughter, informed them that 'she was sorry that she couldn't return the bridal calls of the Dibbletown ladies, from the fact that she was still Miss Henshaw.' That Widow Gummidge! I do believe she's at the bottom of the whole affair. She looked so disconsolate, and a little spiteful, too, when she found that events had actually gone 'contrairy!'" And again Nellie Kingman paused to take breath, and then go off into a longer peal of laughter.

"But what upon earth, or who upon earth led these people into this supposition?" ventured Lieutenant Lossing, at length, a strange flush on his handsome forehead and a sudden tremor in his usually gay, easy tones, uttering his words in that half hesitating way that people assume when they would prefer silence at that particular juncture, but feel that silence would be more awkward than speech, if possible.

"Oh, that is the cream of the affair!" laughed Nellie. "Poor Norah! they actually lay the whole matter on *her* shoulders! Miss Busybody didn't intend to let *that* slip from

her tongue, I am confident, but it came out in the confusion of the moment; and now poor Norah will have to be summoned before the Inquisition to meet the charge of manufacturing the story out of whole cloth. Why, Fan, you blush as crimson as though there was some truth in it. But there goes the door-bell again. Now, let *me* assume the task of entertaining the rest of the afternoon's callers; leaving you and Lossing to consult together on the proper mode of procedure with Norah." And, flinging a mischievous look upon the pair, Nellie Kingman darted from the library.

Whether the conversation that ensued between Lieutenant Lossing and Fanny Henshaw related directly to the affair that had so strangely agitated both we will not here record, but chronicle a few of honest Norah's exclamations, when, an hour or two later, in presence of Fanny and her mother, she was informed of her alleged agency in the report circulating through the length and breadth of Dibbletown.

"Sure, ma'am, and sure, Miss Fanny," she broke forth indignantly, after listening to that laid to her charge—"sure, and it 's ould Miss Pabody that *did* call me in there the day I was going past her house, an' it 's meself that answered her questions; but it 's the very ould Spirit of Evil himself that put it into her head to make mischief out of me words, barrin' but I don't think, meself, you *could* find it mischief to say Miss Fanny had got married to sich a fine gentleman as Lieutenant Lossing! The old maid! it comes to me mind, this blessed minute, how she axed me all about the journey, and wanted to know how many new gowns the dressmaker had made for Miss Fanny, and all about Misther Lossing's health, and if it 's better he was getting, or more poorly!"

Norah was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Nellie Kingman, who, it would appear, had managed, with her usual tact and adroitness, to fathom the whole matter, and sift every particular of the stories afloat through Dibbletown from the callers she had volunteered to entertain during the remnant of that afternoon. A short conference with her aunt and cousin sufficed to furnish them with a knowledge of the embellishments Lieutenant Lossing's character had received; and then, in reply to their request that Norah should repeat circumstantially, as far as she could recall it, her conversation with Miss Peabody, the honest girl complied, adding, by way of *finale*, her own convictions.

"Oh, the ould she-dragon!" exclaimed Norah. "Isn't it meself that will throw the lie back to her? Faith, and when I said Miss Fanny's father was afther opposin' the journey, wasn't it that the masther feared the long carriage-ride to the mountains would overtax the young jontleman's health—an' wasn't it Miss Fanny herself who insisted in belavin' it would be the upbuildin' ov him agin, an' it proved the blessid thruth? An' when I said he had, many a time, come staggerin' into the house, didn't I mane it was from *wakeness*, sure, afther the long spell of faiver he 'd had, off in the forrin counthry an' all the way home on shipboard? An' wasn't it Miss Pabody herself—the ould, cross-eyed, double-tongued vixen!—who axed, the last thing ov me, before she offered Bridget's sick babby—the poor darlint!—the stingy bit ov ould wormy flannel, 'if Misther Lossing wasn't afther gettin' poorlier ivery day?' An' I answered 'yis' to that same; an' come away, never dramin' she was twistin' my words into sayin' he was squanderin' his fortune? Arrah now, sure I can't help bein' sorry for it all, barrin' that she belaved about the *weddin'*, which same I can't help thinkin' would be no discredit to the young leddy as good an' handsome as yerself, Miss Fanny; but to make me out wid accusin' Misther Lossing—the born jontleman that he is!—wid bein' the *dhrunkard!* Ah, bad luck to the lyin', mischief-makin' ould thing, and the likes ov her! If Saint Pathrick was only alive, an' in this counthry, I 'd pray on me knees he would serve 'em as he did the other crapin' things in ould Ireland! It 's the plaguey gossips that are always afther twistin' an' turnin' sayin's to suit themselves; an' then they get together, an' set the stories adhrift—an' *that* 's how the 'news' is manufacthured!"

Reader, you are wiser and more refined than is poor, ignorant, Irish Norah—and, doubtless, have added Logic and Rhetoric to the list of your educational acquirements; but, think you that ornate embellishments of language, keener reasoning, or subtler intuition, could guide you to a surer deduction than that expressed in her closing sentence—"and that 's how the news is manufactured?"

A few more words and our tale is brought to a terminus.

Whether the story of his engagement and wedding-tour suggested the idea that this report, reduced to a reality, might not be an unpleasant era in his experience—or whether Lieutenant Lossing had long felt a tender *penchant* for his beautiful and warm-hearted sister by adoption, we do not pretend to solve; but we do affirm it, for a well-authenticated fact, known by the Henshaw family, and their more immediate circle of relatives, Nellie Kingman included, that the first named state of beatitude now exists between the lovers, and that the second event, in due course of time, is sure to follow.

But the public at large, and the community of Dibbletown in particular, not being cognizant of that happy event which will, one day, transform Lieutenant Frank Lossing, U. S. N., from bachelor to Benedick, we feel it our duty, as a faithful historian, to enlighten them regarding it.

And, with this *morceau* of "news," we make our *congee* to them and to the reader!

RUINED CASTLES.

Ruined castles, ruined castles, standing desolate and lone,
From whose walls the latest echoes of the former days have flown;
Oft the traveller stops to view them, and, with sorrowful regret,
Marks the wild and mournful beauty of the wreck remaining yet.

Once the laugh and song resounded through each grand and lofty hall,
And young noble hearts responded to the battle trumpet's call;
Here have merry groups of maidens bent o'er the embroidery frame,
Striving there to weave the record of a warrior lover's name.

Here were held the joyous revels when the chieftains home returned,
And the spirit of each noble with the fire of triumph burned;
Here they filled the precious goblet with the red and sparkling wine,
Drinking gayly to the honors of their lord's ancestral line.

Here, ofttimes, the wandering minstrel found a welcome free and warm;
Here he sang old songs melodious, songs of danger, wreck, and storm—
Songs of battle and of triumph, songs of war and songs of peace—
Songs of love and glad reunion, when the earthly life should cease.

Hither in the time of feasting, or the time of want and dearth,
Came the peasant and the pilgrim, came the lowly ones of earth;
And the gentle high-born lady gave of gifts to each his part,
And, as each one spoke his blessing, each one blessed her in his heart.

Ruined castles, ruined castles, standing desolate and lone,
With the lichen, moss, and ivy, hiding every humbled stone;
Once their strongly guarded inmates feared no siege of hostile bands,
But no barricaded fortress Time's unending siege withstands.

Hushed is now the voice of music, hushed the harp, and hushed the lute,
And the lips which spoke defiance, and the lips which blessed are mute;
And the maidens weave bright pictures in the tapestry no more,
And no longer shine the torches on the wine-cup brimming o'er.

Yet the poet, 'mid their ruins, writes his most enduring lays,
And the pencil of the artist their wild loveliness portrays;
Or some beauty-loving traveller, all unskilled in song or art,
Gazes on them, still and silent, till sad wonder fills his heart.

Ruined castles, ruined castles, standing desolate and lone,
Links to bind our busy present with the ages that have flown;
Undisturbed, in fallen grandeur, may their relics long remain
On the wintry northern hillsides, in the summer land of Spain.

A Child's Eye.—Those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love you in return. It will take, it is true, no measure or sounding of your thoughts; it will not judge how much it should believe, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

RETTA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"WRITING *to-day*, Retta?" The question came in a tone of surprise, as Mr. Saunders saw pen, ink, and paper placed upon the little table at his bedside.

"Yes, indeed, papa. Why not?"

"Why, you told me yesterday of wonderful preparations for my Christmas dinner, all to be made to-day; of turkey to stuff, chicken pie to manufacture, pies to bake, and pudding to boil, sauce to sweeten, and gravies to spice—"

"Stop! stop! Allow me to remark, sir, that I am afraid your exalted ideas will have to come down before your dinner! But all is done. Was I not up before the peep of day, baking and preparing, in order to have time to spare for the editor of the *Evening Star*, who wants, if you please, something *funny*. Funny! My brains are baked as dry as a chip, and my head would certainly rattle if anybody would take the trouble to shake it! Now, papa, here is the pen, there the ink, and under my hand the paper; only one thing is wanted—I haven't the ghost of an idea."

"It is all some writers ever do have, and dreadful work it seems to be to raise it."

"Do you mean to be personal, Mr. Saunders?"

"Not at all, Miss Retta. But what are you going to write, and *must* it be done to-day? You look tired."

"I am not very tired, only rather weary of pots and pans. Literature will make an agreeable variety. Ain't it funny, papa, to come from such direfully matter-of-fact topics as roast meat and apple pies to the 'Sorrows of Seraphina' or the 'Wails of a Broken Spirit?' But this won't write my funny article. Oh dear! What *is* funny? I ain't. I feel as solemn as that historical animal, a church owl, though mind you, papa, I am by no means prepared to grant that an owl is any more solemn in a church than he is out of it."

"Where are all the unfinished articles you were talking about the other day?"

"Oh, those are my heroics! They ain't funny. They are the wonderful productions that are one day to place me at the head of American authoresses, and send my name, wreathed in laurels, down to posterity. They are to be the evidences of the 'startling original genius' of our talented contributor, Retta Somers, the highly finished artistic finish of which, etc. etc. You know all about it."

"Well, why don't you finish them?"

"Because—whisper, papa; walls have ears—I can't, if my life depended upon it, think of a single 'startling original' line for one of them."

"Won't any of them do for this emergency?"

"Well, there is the young man who fell in love with the young lady—"

"My dear, can you complain of want of originality?"

"Don't be sarcastic, sir. And the young lady drives him to despair by flirting with young man No. 2, and I stopped there, and have not decided whether it shall be suicide or pistols for two. Then there is my mysterious murder; but I have made the mystery so deep that I don't see how in the world I can ever explain it—and anyhow it is not funny."

"Couldn't you introduce a comic song?"

"Now, papa! As if bringing one's muse down to a caterer for bread and butter was not sufficiently aggravating, without being made fun of. Come, sir, I'll forgive you, if you'll tell me something to write about."

"Put away your pen, then, and come here close to me. Lay your hand in mine, and now listen. Once upon a time—"

"Now, papa, you are going to make fun of me."

"You asked me to make fun for you, but you must not interrupt me. Once upon a time, not many years ago, there lived in the pleasant city of P—— a gentleman who had one little daughter. Many years before, when this little girl was a wee baby in arms, he had lain his wife in her long, narrow grave, and taken this tiny pledge of her love into his inmost heart. He loved the child fondly, yet in his love he was blind to many things that might have made her happier. As he loved books, music, and painting, he made her life one round of study, sweet sounds, and sights, neglecting those little feminine pursuits a woman loves and craves. She was his scholar and companion, trained to masculine tastes, yet gentle and womanly from nature and a

higher instinct than her father could teach. As she passed from child to woman, her father read upon her broad white brow and in her clear blue eyes a talent he had never possessed, and by gentle urging he trained the gift till his eyes were gladdened by reading all the pure outpourings of his child's genius. A poet born, her prose was full of gems, and her pen became her dearest treasure."

"Papa!"

"Listen, Retta. One day, upon all this dreaming life of pleasant intercourse there came a blow, sudden as the thunder in a sunny summer's day. The trustees who held the wealth that had made this life an easy one to indulge in, failed, and swept off at once the whole fortune upon which these two depended. This was not all: a fall upon the ice crippled the father so incurably that he was chained by his injuries to bed, dependent for actual bread upon his child, whose eighteenth summer had just opened, a fair, loving blossom, trained to a life of luxurious ease. It was then he learned his mistake; when watching the noble nature that conquered all difficulty, he saw how the fastidious taste shrank from such domestic labor as most women love. With many a pang of bitter self-reproach, he saw the most common-place duties of a poor house fulfilled by fingers trained to glide over the ivory keys of a grand piano, saw the busy little hands he had so watched guiding the pen now roughened and soiled by cooking, dusting, sweeping, and knew his fair child a martyr in every detail."

"No, no! Love made the tasks easy. What could repay the years of care such a father had lavished? She were a disgrace to her sex, if such memory did not gild the most menial task."

"Hush, Retta, listen. When the little ready money that had served at first was gone, the talent that had been the father's pride became his support. Other eyes than his loving ones learned to scan and grew to praise his child's works, and day after day piles of neatly-written sheets were transformed into food, medicines, and clothing. Perhaps this might have become the life of these two, content to always continue all to each other; but one was a woman, with a loving heart and noble womanly nature. Visiting this pair, passing whole hours by the bedside of the invalid, was a young doctor, whose love for his profession at first drew him often to study an interesting case, but who came soon from a deeper motive. The father, from his prison bed, had grown to watch his child's face so closely that every thought of her heart was transparent to him, so he soon read in her eyes the secret she tried to hide, and knew that these two, both dear to him, were still more dear each to the other. Retta, why do you weep? There was no shame in such love: it was sought with manly frankness by one worthy to win it. Still, there was a bar. The young doctor was poor, and when he told his love, the maiden would not burden him with a helpless invalid, neither would she leave her father."

"Oh, papa, how did you know?"

"The lover himself told the invalid, who then wrote to see if a hospital could not afford him a home."

"Never! Papa, you break my heart."

"Not yet, for the story does not end so. Christmas was coming, and the day before, while the child was busy in the kitchen at her distasteful work, the young doctor came to pay his daily visit. His story was worthy of a novel, for he had received a legacy from an aunt sufficient to keep him in luxury. He had purchased a house, and a deed of gift made it his Christmas present to the father of the woman he loved. To-night, Retta, this father and lover move into their new domicile, and the child, the loving girl who has so patiently borne dark days, will she not come to gladden bright ones?"

It was evening when the flitting was made, and in the new home the loving father gave away his treasure to stronger protection, while there was no happier heart in that large city than little Retta's on that Christmas Eve.

—In early youth, while yet we live among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But when we enter into the world, and are repulsed by strangers and forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How delightful to us, then, are the caresses of children! All sincerity and affection, they fly into our arms, and then only we feel the renewal of our first confidence and first pleasure.

—As the best-tempered sword is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

AN ARCTIC LANDSCAPE.

BY ZAN THORNE.

When I first began to know Helen Harper, it did not occur to me that she could ever become, to me, an object of interest. I remember trying her at the mental bar, and finding her tame, without even the benefit of a doubt. She was a tallish girl, of good figure, and without being in any sort related to the class of pink and white beauties, had a fair skin and rosy cheeks. Her features were distinct without any harshness in their outlines; her hair nearly black, with brown shades in the sunlight; and her eyes—but I think, at that period of our acquaintance, that I could not have observed her eyes, or I must have seen that they were deep, far-seeing, true eyes, with no want of affection in their gray depths. No; at that time I could not have looked into her eyes, for in the mental arraignment, already mentioned, I found her cold, unloving, and unlovable.

She was noticeable only for her quietness. Not in the statuesque style. There were no suggestions of Parian marble. You never caught yourself fancying her, tranquil and moveless, sitting in the midst of a wild conflagration; or, with rigid calmness, watching the rising of a tide which must in the next moment overwhelm her. Nothing of the sort. She was no automaton, either, kept from dead inertness by the intricate contrivance of the human mechanism. It was apparent to me, from the first, that she was an habitual thinker, often an idle thinker, always a reserved one. Her thoughts, whether subtle or lofty, enriched no one but herself.

It was in her father's house that I met her. I had closed up my business in Montreal, having already conducted it with such success that I need never think of engaging in business again unless I chose.

While spending a summer in travelling through New England, it chanced that in a small manufacturing village I stumbled upon my cousin, Alonzo Thornton, at that time an agent, I believe, in the employ of a manufacturing company. In boyhood we had been intimates, and he now insisted that I should visit him. I accordingly accompanied him to his boarding-place at Mr. Harper's.

The family comprised Mr. Harper and his wife—a second wife, not Helen's mother; Mr. Gilroy, and his little girl, Lulie Gilroy, boarders; my cousin Thornton, a boarder likewise, and Helen Harper. I soon learned that Mr. Gilroy was Mrs. Harper's son by a former marriage, and that his wife, lately dead, was Helen Harper's sister. There was also in the family a small maiden called Janet, whose chief employment seemed to be to amuse the little Lulie, a remarkably beautiful child two years old, or about that.

Mrs. Harper was, oddly enough, one of those women with whom there never can be any sense of repose. She was a large woman, and rather handsome. She talked incessantly, using a redundance of pet phrases and double-headed superlatives. Once I found myself wondering whether Helen Harper's marked quietness of demeanor was not assumed in contempt of her stepmother's continual fussiness. Nothing appearing to confirm me in this hypothesis, I did not pursue it further.

There seemed to be no ill feeling between the two. On the contrary, Helen's manner to Mrs. Harper (she always called her Mrs. Harper, and never mother) seemed to say, "I accept you as a friend, and value you accordingly. But Heaven vouchsafes us only one mother, and you are not mine."

By accident I learned that Helen Harper sometimes indulged in stronger emotions than her frigid exterior indicated. There was a little shady nook in one corner of the grounds where, with a book, I sometimes passed the hours while my cousin was employed. Going thither one day I found Miss Harper, prostrate upon the ground, holding before her a picture in a small oval frame, and sobbing piteously. I heard her cry, "Lucy, O Lucy! and I loved you so much, Lucy! O Heavenly Father! help thy struggling child." I stayed to hear no more, but went back noiselessly as I had come.

At supper, that night, I watched her as closely as I dared. No iceberg could have been more coldly impassive than Helen Harper. Little Lulie got no beaming glances, no tender caresses. The intercourse of courtesy between Helen and the boarders was briefer than usual. She smiled wearily at one or two

trivial attempts at nonsense, which I addressed to her, and seemed as if she would have felt surprise that I had taken the trouble, if it had been worth her while, which it clearly was not.

That evening, contrary to my custom, I lingered in the sitting-room after leaving the supper-table. Miss Harper was busy arranging some sewing. I pretended to look over the evening paper, and watched her as she worked. Mr. Gilroy came in.

"Are you going to the Hall, to-night, Helen?" he asked.

"No," she answered, briefly.

"The entertainment will be very amusing."

"I do not care to be amused."

"And instructive."

"You should not miss it, then."

"And you?"

"I am not in the mood to be instructed."

Mr. Gilroy stood before the fire and played with his watch-chain. It was a slender golden thread, and he broke it asunder. He thrust it into his pocket, and began smoothing his hat. Finally he put it on and went out. If he had been waiting for a more gracious word or look from Helen, he was obliged to go without either.

There was an interval of silence. I broke it at length by asking:—

"Do you know, Miss Harper, which of the heroines in Dickens' novels I think you would be sure to like best?"

"How can I tell? It may be the amiable Mrs. Skewton, for aught I know."

"By no means. It is Louisa Gradgrind."

"And why?"

"Because, seeing you so cold and stately, one would judge that all the warm romance, all the tender thoughts, all the deep emotions, all the soft, womanly enthusiasm natural to the young of your sex had been expressed from your nature by some process like the Gradgrind system of facts."

"And judging so, one would be wrong, as they are apt to be who judge of what they know nothing about."

She began to disarrange the work in her basket, and then scanned the carpet closely, as if looking for something.

"Have you lost anything?" I asked.

"My thimble."

I assisted in the search, and on one of the light figures of the carpet I at length found the tiniest silver thimble, fit for Cinderella, if she wore a thimble at all proportionate to her tiny slipper."

"Here is some child's thimble; Janet's without doubt," I said.

"Let me see it."

I held it up, crowded upon the extremity of my little finger.

"It is mine. Thank you."

"Not so fast, if you please. Yours! Absurd! See; I cannot make it cover the nail of my smallest digital."

She waited quietly to have it given her. She would not condescend to waste words about it.

"Janet!" I called to the little handmaiden who was singing to Lulie in another room, as she rocked her to sleep, "come here."

She came, and stood bashfully in the door waiting to know why she had been called.

"Come here," I repeated, "and let me see whether this finger-hat, as those sly humorists the Germans call it, belongs to you. Hold up your finger!"

She had a brown chubby hand, and the fat finger rolled out around the silver rim like the silken threads of a tassel around the cord which it adorns.

I laughed, and sent her back to her task. Helen was still quietly waiting to have the implement necessary to go on with her sewing restored.

"If you can put it on," I said, handing her the thimble, "I shall have to acknowledge that the right bride is found at last."

She dropped the thimble carelessly into her basket, and took up some crochet work. She would not gratify me by giving the proof I asked for; but I observed that the hands which handled the crocheting so nattily were as small and white, and the fingers as tapering as any peeress could boast. I never could resist a beautiful hand. I am sensible that I acknowledge a weakness, but a fair face never had the power to move me that a perfectly formed hand possesses. She went on with her work in stately stillness. Our conversation for that time was evidently at an end; without rudeness, she made me understand *that* in answering a trivial observation that I addressed to her.

On going to my room that night, Helen Harper was again brought before the mental judiciary for a new trial, with the benefit of the new light thrown upon her character by the revelations of that and the preceding days.

At a similar arraignment I had formerly found her cold, unloving, and unlovable. The scene among the trees that day was now admitted to prove that her coldness was only upon the surface. The fact that I had once or twice surprised her in the act of caressing the little Lulie Gilroy with passionate words of endearment showed that she was not unloving. A rigid inquiry into the state of my own heart demonstrated that she was wholly lovable.

Some days afterward, while on the street, I saw a child, at a little distance on the opposite sidewalk, escape from the small maiden who had charge of her, and run with all her childish might down the street. Not three yards off there was a bridge; its railing was old and rotten; a part of it had fallen in that day, leaving a gap of several feet. At the other end of the bridge a span of horses came dashing on, rearing and plunging uncontrollably. The child, to evade the little maiden who pursued her, was running with her utmost speed across the bridge, when, seeing the plunging, foam-flecked steeds, and their driver in disorder, pulling at the reins to no purpose, she turned half around, screaming in terror, and ran backward off the bridge into the water below.

I was but three paces off. Another bound, and I might have caught her before she fell. Failing in that, I plunged into the water after her. It was no great feat to seize her by her dripping robes as she rose to the surface, and swim with her to the shore; but the crowd who had gathered around would magnify it into a deed of heroism, and insisted upon accompanying me when I took the half-drowned child in my arms to carry her home.

The child was Lulie Gilroy, and the little maiden, Janet, white and terror-stricken, walked on at my side, and almost momentarily put the question, "Will she live, sir? Will she live?"

"To be sure she will live," I answered, as often as her returning fears forced her to renew the question.

"Oh, sir, if she shouldn't, Miss Helen would die—would die!" said Janet.

I was jubilant. Miss Harper would have to acknowledge me the saviour of the child that she loved. Perhaps she would take my hand in hers, and thank me with tears in her eyes. Not with all that crowd at my heels, however. With ten words, I dispersed them. They went their several ways, chattering about Lulie's peril, and my noble daring. Miss Harper was alone in the sitting-room when I carried Lulie in.

"Where is Janet?" she asked.

"She could not quite keep pace with me. She will be here directly."

"Something has happened!" said Helen, a trifle paler, but with no other sign of emotion.

I related what, coloring my recital according to the state of excitement in which I spoke. She listened, coldly quiet.

"I am sorry you should have had such trouble," she said, when I had done. "Mr. Gilroy will be greatly obliged to you. Janet, call Mrs. Harper; she will know what should be done for Lulie."

That was all. I was referred to Mr. Gilroy for the thanks I had set my heart upon receiving from her. Her manner said but too plainly that she had no sentiment to throw away upon me. I was furious. I chafed and fretted like a madman in chains. The visit with my cousin had been prolonged to the utmost limit contemplated by either of us, and nothing was gained. Reason bade me go home like the sensible fellow I had always flattered myself I had a right to be called; inclination bade me stay. When was reason ever known to triumph in such a cause?

I sent for a palette and colors, and got an easel constructed. On fine days I sketched the scenery about the village, which from many points was really fine. It was at this time that I began my grand classical representation, which has since become somewhat celebrated.

I was now one of the regular boarders at Mrs. Harper's. In my new character of artist I contrived to pass a part of almost every day with Miss Harper. Sometimes I would beg leave to bring my easel into the sitting-room, pretending to get a better light there than in my own room. Indeed, in those days, my brain became so fertile in pretences that I never was at a loss for an available one. Two or three apt criticisms of my pieces revealed to me that Helen Harper had artistic taste. She read much, showing rare discernment in her choice of books. An occasional thrust aimed at Mr. Gilroy proved that she was an expert satirist. It was not long before, in spite of her impassivity, I believed I had discovered that she had some stronger feeling for Mr. Gilroy than for any one else whom she was accustomed to meet; but whether of

liking or disliking it was impossible to conjecture. An intenser quiet, a prouder rejection of all tendencies to emotion characterized her manner when he was by, and a subtler poignancy was infused into her occasional gravely uttered witticisms. I should as soon have thought to see her lavish endearments upon Lulie's gutta-percha doll as upon Lulie Gilroy when the child's father was present.

Once I remarked something of the sort to Thornton.

"Neglects to pet Lulie?" said my cousin. "Well, what do you expect? No show of warmth from a delicate piece of frost-work like the Harper, I suppose?"

"I may believe that the frost-work is only upon the surface."

"An incrustation? Very likely. I've heard it said that before she inherited her uncle's twenty thousand dollars she could be merry or sad, according to the occasion, like any other girl. That was just after Mr. Gilroy came home."

Here was a revelation. Miss Harper was an heiress. Why should this have changed her? Was she vain enough to assume a haughty manner because she was rich? I thought not. Some other cause must have been at work. Was it Mr. Gilroy? My anxiety was becoming torturing. I overturned my easel, and caused all the colors on my palette to illustrate the universal law of gravitation as I thought it over; I put my heel upon a sketch of the Harper grounds, with the sheltered nook, and a lady's figure bending over an oval frame; I overset an ottoman which supported a small picture of the ruinous bridge and the child's escapade, leaving it crippled in one of its slender carved legs. A little King Charles spaniel, belonging to Mr. Gilroy, ran in at my half-opened door, and began smelling about among the ruins; I gave him a kick which sent him whining to his master, whom the uproar had brought to my door. He stood surveying the scene with the dawning of a smile which, if allowed to expand, would have been altogether too expressive.

"Anything serious up?" he asked.

"Nothing but myself. Everything else is down."

"An accident?"

"No; design."

I could not help giving my answers curt and crispy.

"The worse; unartistic," said Gilroy.

"I am in despair that Mr. Gilroy should have found me unartistic."

"Better I than another, with whom devotion to art is a cardinal virtue."

"I know none such."

"I am more fortunate."

"I congratulate you."

"For what?"

"Your good fortune."

"Oh, you mean about Miss Harper. The thing has been very near consummation a long time, and only lacked the formality of speaking. I take your congratulations kindlly, be assured."

"Confound—I mean I am glad you do."

"I think Miss Harper told me that you are soon to leave us. We shall be inconsolable."

"Be consoled then; and assure Miss Harper that she is in error. I shall stay to see the consummation of your happiness."

Mr. Gilroy's face retained its composure, but I thought I could perceive that it was with an effort.

"That is kind," he said; "I know not how we have deserved such distinguished consideration from Mr. St. Joyeuse."

When this interview was ended, I tried, vainly for a time, but at last successfully, to recall a scene in which I had met the same expression that Mr. Gilroy's face wore when we parted.

It was in the course of a European tour. In an idle hour I sauntered into one of the *salons* at Baden, and looked on at the playing. An accomplished gambler, having had a run of luck almost unparalleled, staked his whole winnings upon a single game, and lost. His expression, as the stakes were swept off, was like that upon Mr. Gilroy's face at our parting. Had he undertaken to play a desperate game and lost? And how? I wondered.

If it had been possible for Mr. Gilroy to be congealed by a frigid manner, he must have been paralyzed by Miss Harper's that evening, and during the ensuing week. Her repose was icy, her action glacial. My thoughts and researches at that time all tended poleward. I procured and read Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations. I was uncomfortably anxious about Sir John Franklin and the Northwest Passage. I attempted to paint a fancy piece. My imagination delights in soft, warm tints, and hazy skies, with the sunlight glittering through; and an exuberance of light, and warmth, and glorious forms of vegetation.

But now it could devise nothing warmer or softer than an Arctic landscape, in which icebergs glittered and polar bears gambolled, and Helen Harper, the genius of the scene, in no respect discommoded by her frosty surroundings, yet breathing sentiment, with all the essentials of a full warm life pulsating in her veins, had a fit dwelling in the tallest of the bergs. A frost queen in her glacial temple, smiting with congelation whatever approached her.

I did not choose this subject for my painting. The fancy got hold of me, and pursued me like a fate. I could not escape it until the piece was executed. Then placing it upon my easel in the light of a gray October sunset, I stood back to look at it, and shivered as I looked.

Turning to shut my door, which, as the day waned, I had thrown open for more light from the window in the passage, I stood face to face with Helen Harper. Her eyes were fixed upon the picture, and she scarcely knew that I saw her. A bright spot burned upon each cheek, and there was a strange softness in her eyes.

"How do you like it, Miss Harper?" I asked.

"You have frozen me," she said, with a shiver. "How dare you?"

"Frozen you! No. No more than a North Sea glacier could be frozen by a warm sunray."

"The warm sun-ray is not in your picture."

"No, but it is in my heart, or was. I am not sure that the frost queen has not banished it and filled its place with icicles."

"They are beautiful. Do you like them?"

"What?"

"Icicles."

"No. Why should I like them?"

"I do. I remember that as a child I used to covet them. I have seen them when the sun's rays were on them, so lustrous, and pure, and dazzling. But, though sparkling with radiance, they never cheated me into believing that they might impart warmth. They are sublime in their sincerity."

"Does Mr. Gilroy admire them?"

In a moment all the softness faded from her eyes, leaving them cold and glittering like the icicles for which she professed an admiration.

"He! But no matter; if you seek to know, ask him."

"Ah, now I have frozen you indeed! Strange that, rejoicing in the realization of love's young dream, you should have the art so effectually to chill all who would offer congratulations or utter kind wishes for your future."

"Pray stick to your canvas, Mr. St. Joyeuse, and let love's young dream alone. Or, at least, do not identify the dreamer with the genius of a scene like that you have just painted. Let me pass, sir."

I had taken such a position in the narrow door that she could not well go until I moved aside. I was by no means ready to let the interview end. My movement was then quite involuntary. Had she commanded me to cut off for her my right hand, with that tone and gesture, I think I must have obeyed her. She bowed slightly in acknowledgment, gathered up her robes that there might be no possibility of their touching me, and went away. She might have been indeed a dweller in the Arctic zone, and I could scarcely have felt that there was a greater distance between us than that simple act of gathering up her garments, that they might not touch me, had placed between us.

Going down stairs later, I heard laughter and merry voices through the half closed parlor door. One of the voices was unmistakably Helen Harper's, yet so changed from its ordinary passionless tones that one less sensitive to its faintest modulation, would have failed to recognize it. She came out a moment after, and I saw an equal change in herself. Her face was lighted up with a glad smile; her step, her very form seemed changed.

"Mr. St. Joyeuse," she said, "my friend, Nellie Grattan is here, and wishes to see you. She has often heard of you through Lieutenant Cafferton."

"Lieutenant Cafferton is my very best friend."

"And Nellie Grattan is mine."

"Is this friendship a recent one?"

"No, or it never would have existed. I knew Nellie Grattan and loved her before—before"—she hesitated, in real confusion.

"I understand. You mean before you conceived such a passion for icicles."

"Perhaps."

"How could the face that glows so brightly in speaking of your friend ever have led me to perpetrate that Arctic landscape?"

"Even the polar regions have their season of sunshine." But she added, with a saddened face, "'Frosts come in dog-days, and snows fall a month before the harvest moon.' So their brief summer is to little purpose."

"One should make the most of the sunshine while it lasts, then."

"Come and see Nellie Grattan, and I think I may promise that you shall not pine for human sunshine while she remains," said Helen.

Nellie Grattan was that rarest thing in nature, a brilliant woman unspoiled. Her geniality could not fail to please, since it rendered you well satisfied with yourself; her discourse was bristly with sharp points of wit. She was possessed of a cultivated intellect, and accomplished in all that graces social life. I could scarcely wonder that Helen's coldness had yielded to the enchantment of her gladdening presence. The intercourse of the two friends showed a tenderness without affectation, as rare as it is delightful.

Nellie was accompanied by a brother and sister, pleasing acquaintances, and such as would be well received in any drawing-room in New England. But in my opinion they were in no respect so distinguished as in being closely connected with Nellie Grattan.

How the memory of that evening moves me! Blessings on the rare Nellie Grattan. Blessings on thy real and loving heart, with warmth enough in its depths to set aglow the soul of the veriest cynic that ever sneered at human affection. During that evening Helen Harper gave herself up to gayety with child-like abandon. Her rippling laughter thrilled me through and through like a strain of strange music from a master hand, heard unexpectedly, where neither instrument nor player is visible. I had never heard her laugh before. I began to comprehend how all this might be, while her heart must have been starving for companionship, for love. Could Mr. Gilroy ever supply this need?

He was away from home that day, and I saw the cloud come back upon Helen's face only once; that was when Nellie Grattan inquired when he was expected to return.

He reappeared next morning at the breakfast-table, and so did the icy repose of Helen's manner. But Nellie Grattan was not there to see it. Would the change have come if she had been? I think it would.

Some days later I was waiting up town for the sorting of the evening mail, and stood before a cheap engraving in the gentleman's parlor of the hotel, when a pair of arms were thrust around me with a bearish grip, and before I could utter a word I was lifted from the floor and placed, standing, upon a tall office stool, facing my assailant.

"Lieutenant Cafferton!" I exclaimed, surprised.

"How are you, my boy?" said the cheery voice of my friend. "You know me, I suppose, as one would a bear, by the peculiar force of my initiatory hug. Can you find room in your den to stow away a brother cub for a day or two?"

"For a score of days, if you like. Come along and see."

He took my arm, and we went out together. As we walked along, talking tumultuously as old friends will, he stopped, with the abruptness that characterized all his movements, and said—

"St. Joyeuse, I am going to be married."

"Very likely. I wonder you never thought of it before."

"Perhaps I did. I may have had my romance in real life, and my heart tragedy as well. But now, if God wills, I shall be the happiest man alive."

"And who will be the happiest woman alive? Who will be Mrs. Cafferton?"

"Nellie Grattan."

"God bless you, my friend. You would be the veriest ingrate living, if you had won rare Nellie Grattan, and were not the happiest man alive."

I had to explain then, of course, how I came to know Nellie Grattan, and with mutual explanations and confidences we prolonged our walk until a late hour. There was a light in the parlor at Mr. Harper's when we returned, and as we stood in the front door a moment, looking out upon the glory of the moonlit night, we heard the indistinct murmur of voices. Presently the parlor door was opened, and Mr. Gilroy's voice, harsh and angry, arrested Helen Harper as she was about to leave the room.

"You shall consent, Helen Harper," said Mr. Gilroy. "You think if you refuse me, that Mark St. Joyeuse will take you for the sake of your property. But I know him better. He has told me himself that I am welcome to you if I like. It would take more than twenty thousand dollars, he said, to reconcile him to a union with a snowbank."

"You do well to guard your friend's confidence with such chivalric honor, Mr. Gilroy," replied Helen, coldly.

"Be as sarcastic as you please, Helen Harper, but I tell you you shall consent. Refuse me, and before one week all whom you value most, Mark St. Joyeuse, Nellie Grattan, your father, proud in the unspotted purity of your family name, shall know that Lucy Harper, later Mrs. Gilroy, was a false wife."

"Scoundrel!" cried Cafferton, striding into the room hurriedly, "unsay that of Lucy Harper, or never speak again."

"Did you know Lucy Harper?" asked Helen, without showing any surprise at the irruption of a stranger at such an hour.

"Know her! Yes, and loved her. I should have won her, but this Gilroy came between us."

"More. Tell me more," said Helen.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I will tell you all there is to tell. Mark, I told you to-night that I may have had my romance and my heart tragedy. You shall hear the history now, if you like. I told Nellie it before I asked her to marry me. Lucy Harper was spending a winter with her aunt in Boston; I met her there, and loved her. There was no merit in that, for none who knew her could help loving her. We were much together until Mr. Gilroy came, armed with a *brother's* passport to her favor. After that we met but rarely. He married her, and removed to Ralston. I had a sister living there. She became acquainted with Lucy, and loved her, as everybody did who knew her. She often wrote to me about her friend Mrs. Gilroy, not knowing how every word concerning her hurt me. At first her letters were full of her friend's happiness at home and the admiration she obtained in society; then there were glimpses of unhappiness, caused by her husband's injustice and jealousy. Poor Lucy! She could no more help being admired than the sun could help shining. But her husband worried her into believing that every time her sweet, beautiful face provoked an admiring smile it left a trace of guilt upon her heart. She abandoned society, hoping to avoid her husband's censure, and secure his confidence. That hope was vain. One day she was left alone at home. Having nothing cheering in the present or hopeful for the future to employ her thoughts, they turned naturally enough, I suppose, to the past. She had in her writing-desk a note which I had written her. It had been detained by some means when the others were returned. Her husband came in later, and found her asleep with the note lying on her lap. It was written very tenderly, as everybody spoke and wrote to her, whether friend or lover. It prayed her to grant me an interview, with a gentle reproach for having disappointed me the previous evening. It was dated with the day of the month, but the year was omitted, and the month and day were the same as that on which her husband found it open on her lap. He would not hear her tearful protestations, but struck her in his brutal rage. She fled to my sister. Poor girl! she knew nowhere else to seek a refuge. She could not go home, for her father's wife was Mr. Gilroy's mother. Six months afterward she died, charging my sister to assure the father of her little babe that she was innocent, and died forgiving him. Anatomy of falsehoods," said Cafferton, turning abruptly to Mr. Gilroy, "tell me whether this be true?"

"It is," said Gilroy, cowering abjectly.

"Enough. Now, begone!"

"One moment, first," I interposed. "Will Mr. Gilroy tell Miss Harper *when* Mark St. Joyeuse did himself the distinguished honor to express such sentiments as he has this night ascribed to him?"

"I think—there must have been some mistake. It must have been some one else."

I bowed profoundly, and Mr. Gilroy shied out of the room.

Helen took Lieutenant Cafferton's hand. "Lucy Harper's sister thanks you," she said, with a burst of tears. "I shall be happy, again, now that this cruel falsehood is exposed."

"As the friend of Nellie Grattan and the sister of Lucy Harper you have a double claim upon me. Say the word, and I'll immerse that fellow, Gilroy, in the nearest pond, until he begs your forgiveness heartily."

"No. If you would do me a favor, will you promise, for Mrs. Harper's sake, that what has passed here to-night shall be known only to us?"

"As you please. I promise. Bah! Such cowardly meanness sickens me; I must walk it off in the night air. St. Joyeuse, will you go with me?"

"Presently. Miss Harper!"

"Oh, yes. And you."

"And I shall devise no more Arctic landscapes."

She laughed, and again, like a strain of mysterious music, her laughter thrilled me through and through. "And *you* will promise, too? Or, rather, I need not exact your promise to be silent about Mr. Gilroy; I may rely upon your honor."

"You may. Miss Harper—Helen—"

She looked up, wondering.

"Will you rely upon my love as well? Will you let the sun-ray in my heart expand and glow in the added beam of your own love?"

"Not icicles, then, after all," she said, with another laugh.

"O Helen. Come."

She has been my wife three years, and my household hearth has never been cold for want of the sunshine of a glad, loving heart. Lieutenant, now Colonel, Cafferton is in the army, and his wife is spending the Christmas holidays with us, waiting, in cheerful, holy faith, until the end of the war shall restore him to her.

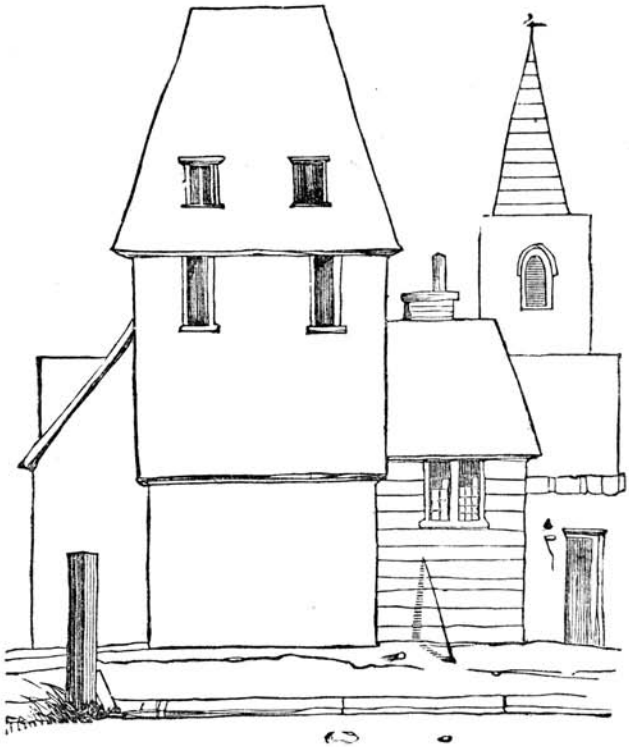
THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

P. Now, here is a new drawing for you. You must not think it is difficult. You must first copy the two trapeziums carefully; then, if you can draw easily the figures you have learned before, you will be sure to make the drawing nicely.

L. I will count the different figures in it. There are two squares, viz., the upper part of the house, and the window of the shed.

Three rectangles, viz., the lower part of the house, the tower of the church, and the door in the wall.

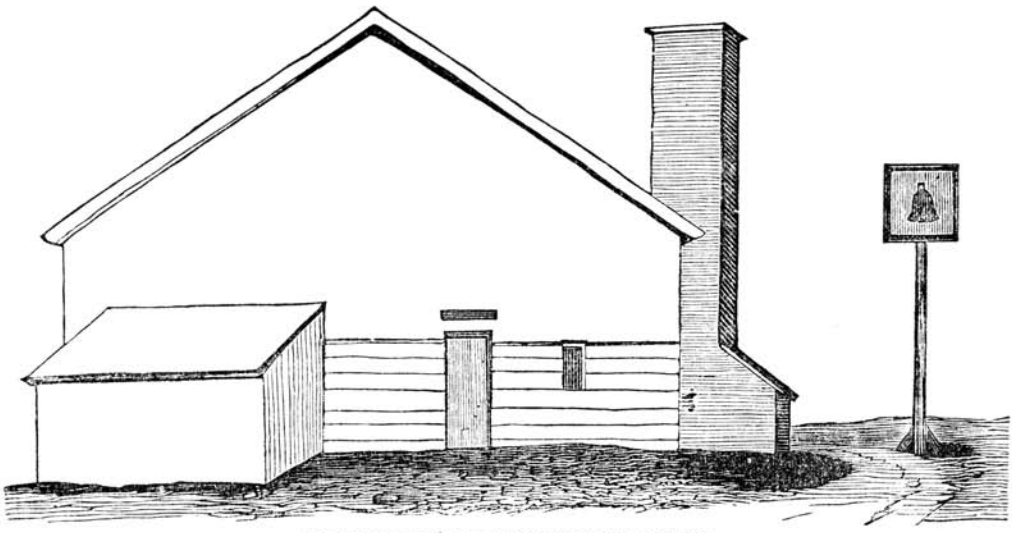


TRAPEZIUMS, SQUARE, ETC.

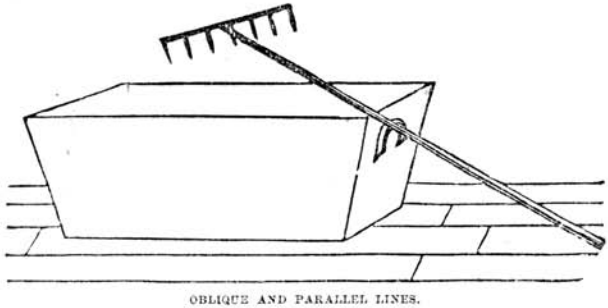
Three trapeziums, viz., the two roofs, and the little house on the left.

The little piece of roof projecting from that house forms a right-angled triangle; and the spire of the church is an isosceles triangle; so that there are, altogether, two squares, three rectangles, three trapeziums, a right-angled triangle, and an isosceles triangle.

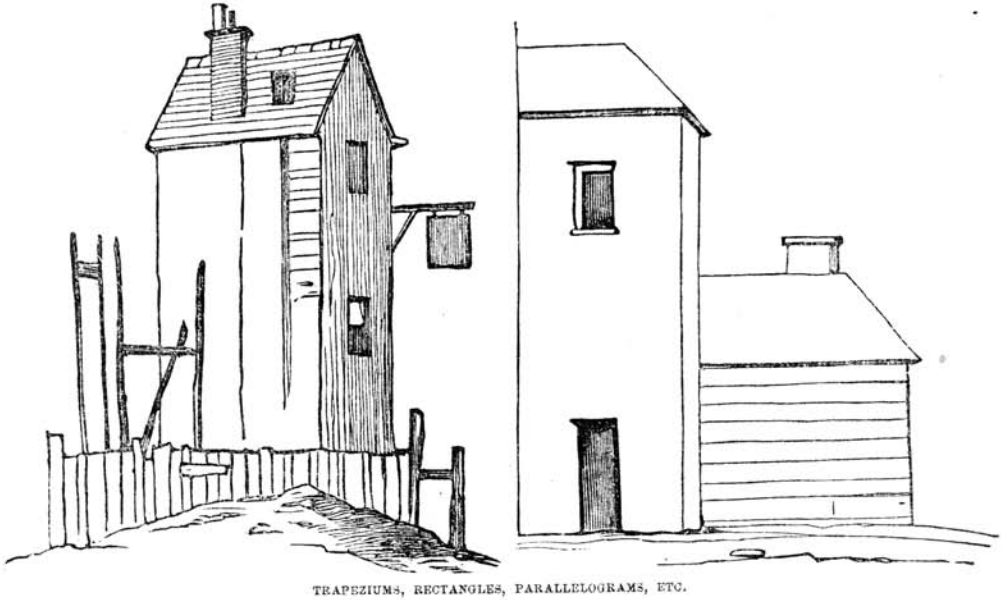
P. We will not learn the names of any new figures for the present; but I will supply you with a series of drawings for practice. Some will be easy, and some difficult.



THE SQUARE, PARALLELOGRAM, RECTANGLES, ETC. ETC.



OBLIQUE AND PARALLEL LINES.



TRAPEZIUMS, RECTANGLES, PARALLELOGRAMS, ETC.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

A FANCY DRESS PARTY.

For several days before the last meeting of the "Child-again Society" mysterious little notes were fluttering about town. Mrs. Green, the hostess elect, sent them to members and non-members with marvellous prodigality, and each recipient lost no time in dispatching a prompt acknowledgment.

When the evening arrived, it was evident that something unusual with the society was about to take place. Mrs. Green's mansion seemed fairly ablaze within, from basement to roof. Subdued but impatient violins were giving vent to solitary squeaks, and guests by the score were admitted by a pompous darkey, who seemed, by some strange reversal of modern law, to have purchased the Green family bodily, and to have just opened an exhibition of them on his own account.

Soon the ladies' dressing-room became almost crowded; gentlemen's ditto. Glances, curious and penetrating, were dealt freely and unreservedly, still few recognitions took place. Finally, as pair after pair moved slowly down the stair, little groups above discussed their identities in laughing whispers. Soon the violins were permitted to relieve themselves, and a joyous melody floated through the mansion. The stairway continued in active service, leading expectant and timid forms up to the "front room, second floor," and bearing them down again, transformed into joyous creatures, who already began to feel at home.

Society, true to itself, wore two faces this time. Shielded by mask and domino, the guests could look and feel as they pleased without disturbing their outward calm. Of the ladies, Mrs. Green alone appeared with countenance uncovered; yet all had to look twice before they could persuade themselves that their graceful hostess and "that stout landlady with the gorgeous cap and the bobbing courtesy" were the same. There was an old gentleman, also, among the guests, who scorned to degrade his gray hairs and time-worn cheek with the absurdity of plumed cap or domino. Wrinkled, and yet not wrinkled; decrepit, and yet graceful; drawn at the mouth, yet laughing in the eye, it was well the dear old gentleman did not venture to speak without two thimbles in his mouth, or some of the company might have recognized the voice of the gallant young Stykes. Few knew that his beautiful top-boots were constructed of his Sunday best, with a band of yellow paper neatly pasted around their tops; that his wrinkles were charcoal, and his dilapidated teeth eked into deformity by bits of black paper skilfully Spaulding-ed upon his immaculate ivories. Why should they know? It was none of their business. Why should they know, either, that a fair hand had converted his oldest black vest into a costly brocade by simply transferring the flowers from a gaudy bit of ribbon to its surface? And why should they suspect that his cast-away soft hat had been converted into a "lovely three-cornered affair" by that same useful member?

Mary Gliddon certainly did not know or suspect any of these points, for she had been conducted to the festive scene by a long-cloaked, black-plumed Hamlet; and upon her suggesting to his Danish highness that some one would surely find out who they were, if they remained together, he had vanished, somewhat after the manner of his ghostly father, and she had seen him no more. How astonished would she have been, and how indignant, too, had she suspected that the meek old gentleman to whom she ventured to address the simple question, "Have you seen my Lord Hamlet, sir?" might have replied truthfully, "He is here, dearest Ophelia, at your feet!"

Mary Gliddon, with her long flaxen wig and whitened eyebrows (though the lashes contradicted them), made a very pretty Ophelia. Straws and a white dress are always accessible, and flowers were not difficult to find in Mary's home; indeed, some of Ben's bouquets had helped to eke out her store. So Mary had chosen the character "to save trouble," she said. Alas! she little knew into what trouble the dress would lead her. But of that anon.

I cannot tell the reader what costumes the other "Few Friends" wore, for I left early on that evening, before the masks were removed. Still, perhaps, an ingenious mind may be able,

after a brief description, to give some of the characters "a local habitation and a name."

In the first place, there was an animated creature flitting about, which all recognized at once as "The Press." Her dress was of newspapers, and very pretty it was, too, with infant waist and short sleeves, gathered into graceful shape. The skirt, too, formed of *Commercial Advertisers*, lined with white muslin, hung beautifully, as the ladies say, while the soft gray hue of the whole proved to be exceedingly becoming. Of course, there was a newspaper fan and a newspaper handkerchief, to say nothing of exquisite bracelets wrought of twisted fragments of the *Evening Gazette*. The sceptre in her hand, too, and the headdress of pens, and miniature scissors, and gay pen-wipers, were suggestive, and added much to the general effect. It seemed to me that the movements of this lively, busy "Press" were not unlike those of the "pretty cousin from Ohio," but of course I could not feel any certainty about the matter.

Another lovely figure moving through the crowd met with no little admiration. This was the "Spirit of the Sanitary Commission." All about the hem of her flowing garment there waved a line of gold, and not until one marked it closely was it plain that the golden line was but a list of the cities whose noble fairs had enabled her to be a blessed spirit indeed. Over the graceful sash of red, white, and blue that crossed her fair shoulder hung a canteen and a knapsack packed with lint, cordials, and comforts for the wounded soldier, while the blue, star-spangled diadem above her brow lent a brightness to the beautiful eyes beneath. With one fair hand she clasped a willow branch twined with laurel, and with the other she held a basket, on the sides of which the words "FOR THE WOUNDED" were woven in immortelles. Many an offering was dropped silently into this basket during the evening, and, with a joyous heart, dispatched next morning by Theresa Adams (I suspect) to headquarters. The respectable old gentleman aforesaid dropped in an anachronism in the shape of a twenty-five cent currency bill. So did a fierce-looking brigand, and a Chinaman, and Sir John Falstaff. A Yankee, dressed in the conventional flaxen wig, short striped pants, and high hat, left off whittling for a moment to plunge his hands into his pockets, and look wistfully at the bright spirit.

"'Tain't natur'," he said, shaking his head sadly, "'tain't natur' not to heave sumthin' in that 'ere basket of yourn. I woz goin' ter give you a dime er tyoo, when, jest es I was goin' ter take out my pocket-book, I thought all ter onct, that the blamed thing was home in my tother trowsers. You 're Miss Scott, I reckon, or Miss Adams. Beant you, now?" And, after an insinuating glance, the representative of our enlightened republic shuffled off.

Of course there was the usual sprinkling of Scotch lassies, flower-girls, and Italian peasants. These seemed to have empty pockets, and, in consequence, slid quietly past the "Spirit of the Sanitary."

In the middle of the evening a huge giantess entered the room, and stalked boldly about. She towered far above the tallest man present, carried a huge green work-bag, and wore a red shawl and the most outlandish of poke bonnets. People stared, and well they might, for how could they guess that this mammoth specimen was composed of two young men, the smaller and lighter one firmly seated upon the shoulders of his perspiring companion.

A monkey scampered about near the giantess, apparently much to her annoyance and terror. This animated little biped I am *sure* was Bobby. A tight-fitting red jacket, with short, full skirt, from which protruded a long, gracefully wired tail, limbs covered with brown worsted leggings, brown paint, and a jaunty little red skullcap completed the effect; Bobby was for the time being a veritable monkey, and delighted in doing, "in character," all sorts of mischievous things.

One of the prettiest creatures present was "Aurora," a fair young girl dressed, *sans crinoline*, in pink silk, covered with a fleecy, cloud-like drapery of tarletane, with golden tresses, shaded by a long floating veil, caught over the brow by a single blazing star.

"Music" was there, too, but in a new guise. His jacket was a drum, his hat an inverted trumpet, his pantaloons composed of sheet music, his coat sleeves ditto, ingeniously tapered off into drumsticks, his epaulettes were miniature key-boards, his earrings *bona fide* jewsharps, and in lieu of a sword a fine flute swung gallantly from his belt. Strapped across his back was a metronome quiver filled with violin bows, and his breath faintly came and went through the chambers of a pandean pipe. Altogether, he presented a curious appearance, being, as all admitted, one of the finest effects of the evening.

I must not forget to mention the character of "Nancy" in Oliver Twist. This was well sustained by a fat lady with small, jetty eyes. In fact, the only thing she did which was entirely out of keeping with her part was to cast fearful and warning glances at an uncomfortable-looking brigand, who seemed to be slightly rheumatic in the knees. Nancy's dress was admitted by all the ladies to be "capital." A short gown and petticoat, wide apron, showy cotton shawl folded carelessly over her bosom, heavy shoes, a defunct bonnet trimmed with nameless ribbons, a big house key in her hand, and an empty basket hanging upon her arm. This was all, but the whole constituted an effect from which one did not wonder that the Oliver present fled with a never-ceasing horror. Persistently she followed him up and down the rooms, claiming him as her own dear Brother Oliver, her "ungrateful boy;" but she had not succeeded in laying her hand upon the terrified youth at the time I left.

While the giantess was stalking about, and Nancy was trying in vain to clutch the poor book-laden Oliver, a strange scene was being enacted in a far recess of the long parlors. Ophelia had drawn aside, partly to rest and partly to wonder why Hamlet had taken her request so very literally, when suddenly she saw that Hebenon-haunted young man moving slowly and surely toward her. He was disguised, like herself, in black silk mask and domino; still she could see that he was suffering under extreme trepidation. Gradually drawing closer to the astonished maiden, he addressed her in an agitated whisper.

"Miss Gliddon—for I know you are no other—the time has come for me to speak. I love you passionately; I will devote my very life to your happiness. You know me, of course."

Blushing and trembling behind her mask, Mary nodded a surprised acknowledgment.

"I knew you would. What veil can hide kindred spirits from each other? Answer me, dearest. Can you love me? Ah! you are silent! At least, if you cannot speak, place your hand in mine."

"This is no time—no place," faltered Mary, shrinking back in surprise.

"Nay, but it is," whispered the husky voice. "This very night, if you love me not, I embark for a foreign land. I can bear suspense no longer. Your hand in mine, if you love me!"

Startled, yet quivering with a strange joy, Mary timidly placed her hand within the eager palm extended toward her.

"Heaven bless you!" sobbed the lover.

At that moment supper was announced. Trembling, almost fainting, Ophelia leaned upon her dear Hamlet's arm, as the guests walked two by two into the grand supper-room. All were assembled at last, the signal given by the host, and every mask was removed. How could poor Mary look up at Ben? And yet a shy glance from beneath her eyelashes while he was bending so devotedly beside her could do no harm. Horror! It was not Ben at all; *it was the gentleman from Liverpool!* What could she do? How rectify the mistake there, in that crowded, noisy room, among all those smiling faces? The walls seemed spinning round her, the lights danced and flashed, then suddenly grew dark. Soon the tidings spread rapidly that a lady had fainted.

For the last half hour the fine old gentleman in yellow top boots had been watching the movements of Ophelia and this second Hamlet in an agony of jealous interest. Now he sprang forward and assisted the young man from Liverpool in bearing the maiden out of the room. Mrs. Gliddon and the captain, too, were soon beside her inanimate form, lending every assistance in their power. Soon her eyes opened, and she beheld the pale visage of the young man from Liverpool fairly glaring into her own.

"Not *you!*" she cried, faintly, stretching forth her hand, "not you! Oh! *I was mistaken!* Forgive me!"

"What does this mean?" asked Ben, savagely, looking horrible things at the young man.

"It means," answered the other, bitterly, "that I am not needed here. Good-evening."

Just one week from that night, Benjamin Stykes entered the parlor where Mary sat alone, quite resolved upon playing with her a certain game called "Yes and No;" not that played by the Few Friends at their fourth meeting, but the old-fashioned, beautiful version which has been so popular among Adam's children since the days of Eden. The room was dimly lighted, and Mary spoke faintly, but a little bird told me that her answer to his first question, after the game had been fairly commenced, was "Yes."

NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

BONNETS, SLEEVES, NIGHT-DRESS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—White corded silk front, with puffed silk crown edged with black lace. A black velvet ribbon, which is fastened inside the front of the bonnet, is carried to the centre of the crown, where it finishes in a point, from which hang clusters of grapes with foliage. The inside trimming is of tulle, scarlet velvet, and purple grapes.

Fig. 1.

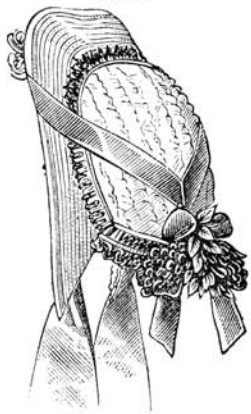


Fig. 2.

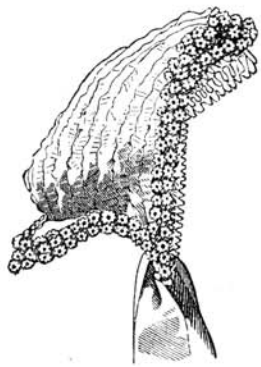


Fig. 3.

Fig. 2.—Eve bonnet of puffed white tulle, with small pointed cape. The front edge of the bonnet and cape are edged with a double row of Marguerites. The same flower, mingled with tulle, forms the inside trimming.

Fig. 3.—The front of the bonnet is of quilted gray silk. The crown is soft, and of plain silk crossed with black velvet. Deep blue flowers are arranged on the lower part of the crown, and instead of the curtain are loops of

Fig. 4.

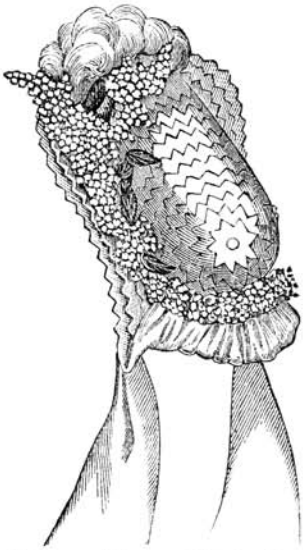


Fig. 5.

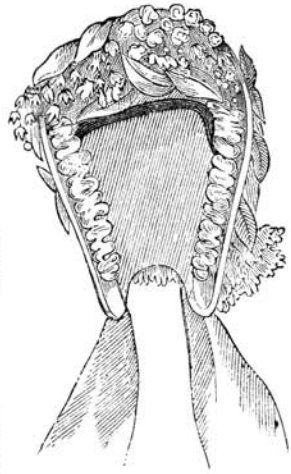
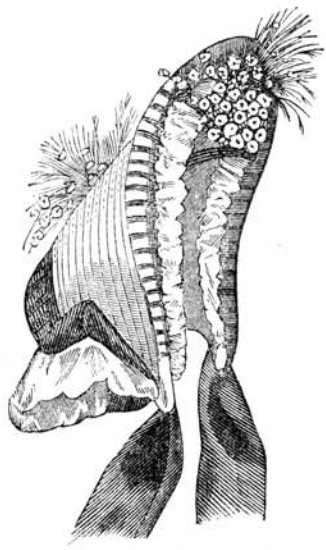


Fig. 6.



ribbon and lace. The inside trimming is of tulle, black lace, and blue flowers.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet formed of rows of violine-colored ribbon, arranged in points. The outside is trimmed with a half wreath of lilies of the valley and a violine-colored feather. The

inside trimming is of violine velvet and white flowers.

Fig. 5.—Reception bonnet of white royal velvet, with a short cape formed of two rows of blonde. On the outside are white camelias with scarlet velvet leaves. Inside are blonde caps, small white flowers, with coral centres and scarlet leaves.

Fig. 7.

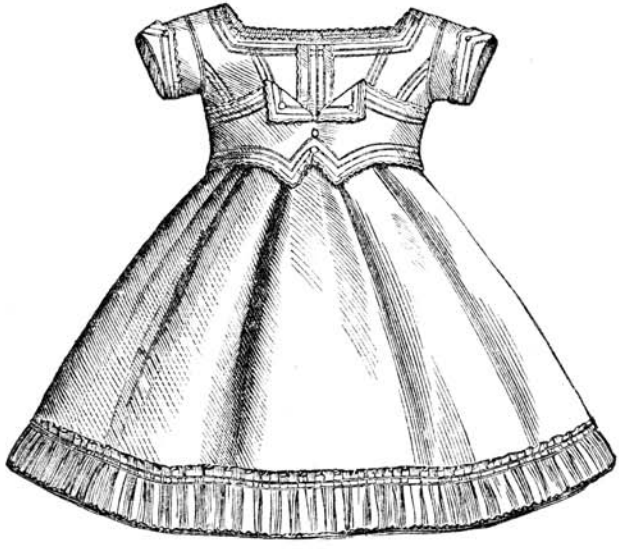


Fig. 6.—White silk bonnet, with crown of Azurline blue velvet. On the edge of the bonnet is a roll which is strapped with narrow blue velvet. Inside is a very large cluster of blue daisies and grasses. Daisies and grasses are also arranged on the outside of the bonnet.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 7.—Pique dress, for a little boy. The corsage is plain, but a fancy belt of the pique is worn over it. The skirt is edged with a fluted cambric ruffle.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 8 is the back view of the same dress, showing the back of the belt and a pique sash, with ends trimmed with cambric ruffling.

Fig. 9.—Short night-dress, with the entire front tucked. It is richly embroidered, and trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle.

Fig. 10.

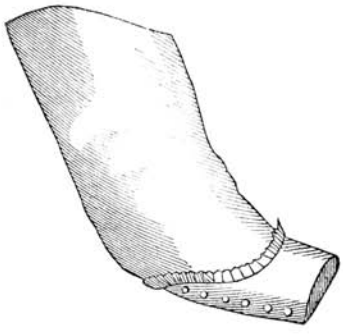


Fig. 10.—Sleeve, suitable for a dress or undersleeve.

Fig. 11.

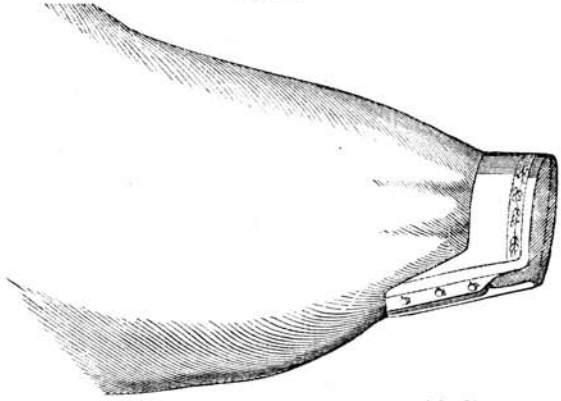


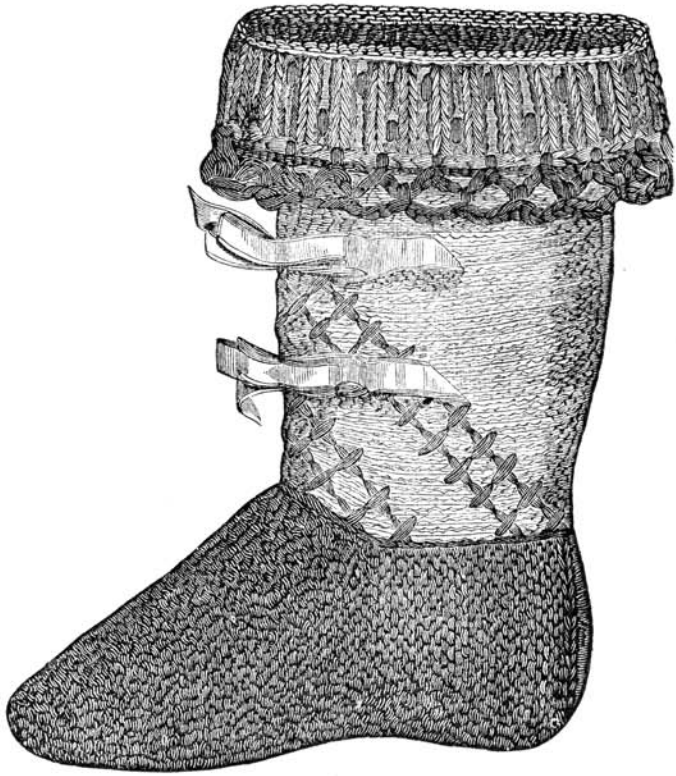
Fig. 11.—Morning sleeve, with linen cuff embroidered in scarlet.

EMBROIDERY.

BABY'S KNITTED SOCK.

Materials for the Pair.—Half an ounce of single red wool, and half an ounce of white; one yard of narrow white satin ribbon. In our pattern the shoe is red, and the part forming the sock white.

Begin at the toe. Cast on 30 stitches with red wool on four steel needles, and knit in rounds alternately plain and purled. In the 3d round increase 1 stitch before the 1st and before the 16th stitch, and repeat this increasing in every 4th round. Between each increasing there must always be 15 plain stitches in the row, which form the sole: the part increased is for the upper part of the shoe. When you have increased 13 times, work 3 or 4 more rows without increasing; then cast off the 13 middle stitches in front of the shoe, and knit the heel all plain, working backwards and forwards so as to continue the ribs. After the 38th round the heel is large enough, but a small piece should be worked on each side in the following way: Take up 11 stitches in the centre of the side of the heel, and knit backwards and forwards, taking 1 of the



stitches left on each side with the last of the 11 stitches in each row. When this is done, begin the little sock with white wool, knitting either in rounds, or backwards and forwards alternately plain and purled: in the latter case the edges must be joined together by a seam at the back. The rows are to be increased several times at the back, at the calf of the leg. When you have completed 86 rows, work 18 or 20 rounds of double or *patent* knitting, which forms a border to be turned down over the sock. When the seam is made, work 2 rows in crochet of loops of chain stitches in red wool; work a few red spots on the border and cross stitches on the sock, as shown in our illustration, and add 2 bows of white satin ribbon. Our pattern is lined with white knitting; for this lining cast on 42 stitches on wooden needles, knit loosely backwards and forwards, and decrease twice in the space of 8 stitches, which form the front part of the foot. When you have decreased 9 times, knit 3 more rows without decreasing, and cast off very loosely. Join together both sides of this lining by a seam which will form the middle of the back of the heel: the foun-

dation row will come in the middle of the sole, and the cast-off stitches at the toe. Fasten the lining inside the shoe by a few stitches.

LADY'S KNITTED UNDER PETTICOAT.

Materials.—One and a quarter pound of four-thread scarlet fleecy, and quarter of a pound of white ditto.

We cannot too highly recommend these very warm garments for wearing under crinolines, as they cling so nicely to the figure. Our model is made in scarlet and white wool, those portions of the illustration represented black being knitted in scarlet, and the tiny stripes in white. The petticoat need not be made very long, therefore does not take a great deal of time to knit.

Cast on 141 stitches with scarlet, knit 4 rows.

5th row.—Join the white, knit 1, *, make 1, knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, repeat from *.

6th.—Seamed.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows till 8 are done.

Join the scarlet and knit 4 rows.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows till 8 more are done, knit 4 rows of scarlet.

29th.—Knit 3 with white, slip 2 stitches, repeat.

30th.—Seam the white stitches, slip the scarlet.

31st and 32d.—The same as 29th and 30th.

33d and 34th.—Knit plain with scarlet.

35th.—Knit 1 with white, *, slip 2, knit 3 with white, repeat.

36th.—Seam the white stitches, slip the scarlet.

37th and 38th.—The same as 35th and 36th, knit 2 rows of scarlet.

This completes the border of the petticoat.

For the centre knit and seam alternate rows of scarlet till 18 are done. Knit 1 row of white, seam and knit alternate rows of scarlet till 15 are done, knit 1 row of white, knit a stripe of 13 rows of scarlet, 1 row of white, then a stripe of 11, 9, and 7 rows, with 1 row of white between each, knit 6 stripes with 5 rows of scarlet and 1 row of white between each, knit 1 row of white, seam 1 row of scarlet, then knit 24 rows in ribs of 2 and 2, cast off. Three breadths will be required. Join them with single crochet, and add an elastic band.

BABY'S HOOD.—KNITTING.

(*See engraving, page* 487.)

Materials.—3 skeins of white, and 1 of pink or blue Andalusian wool; a pair of knitting pins No. 11, and one pair No. 5, measured in the circle of the bell gauge. For the edge, a small ivory crochet needle will be required; also 2 yards of colored sarcenet ribbon to match the wool. To form the shape of the roll, a dozen skeins of white single Berlin wool is the best, but wadding may be used if preferred.

THE CROWN.

Commence with the white wool and No. 11 pins. Cast on 80 stitches on one pin.

1st row. Slip the 1st stitch, and purl the rest of the row.

2d. Slip the 1st stitch, and knit the rest of the row plain.

3d. All purl knitting, always slipping the 1st stitch every row.

4th. All plain.

5th. All plain; so that the ribs may be on the contrary side to those previously worked.

6th. All purl.

7th. All plain.

8th. All purl.

Four rows will now be ribbed on one side of the work, and four on the other, which forms the pattern.

Commence again at the 1st row, and repeat the eight rows three times more, when there will be four patterns.

For the Back, cast on 10 stitches, then purl the row the same as the 1st row, and at the end of it cast on 10 stitches more. Then repeat as the 2d and following rows to the end of the 8th row. The next row will be the 9th row of the Back.

9*th*. Purl 2 together and then purl 5 stitches, alternately to the end; this decrease is to shape the crown.

Repeat from the 2d row to the end of the 8th row.

17*th*. Purl 2 together, and purl 3 stitches, alternately to the end. Repeat from the 2d row to the end of the 8th row.

25*th*. Purl 2 together, and purl 2 stitches, alternately to the end.

26*th*. All plain.

27*th*. All purl.

28*th*. All plain.

29*th*. Knit 2 together and knit 2 plain, alternately to the end.

30*th*. All purl.

31*st*. All plain.

32*d*. All purl.

33*d*. Purl 2 together, and purl 1 stitch, alternately to the end.

34*th*. All plain.

35*th*. Purl every two stitches together; and with the rug needle draw up the remaining stitches. Then sew the sides of this piece together to make it round.

TRIMMING FOR THE CROWN AND FRONT.

Commence with the pink or blue wool and No. 5 pins, cast on 61 stitches loosely and with both pins.

1*st*. Knit the first 2 stitches together to decrease, then knit 27 stitches plain, knit 3 stitches all together, knit the rest of the row plain to the last two stitches, then knit them together.

2*d*. All plain.

3*d*. Knit 2 together, knit 25 plain, knit 3 together, knit the rest plain to the last two stitches, then knit them together.

4*th*. All plain.

5*th*. Knit 2 together, knit 23 plain, knit 3 together, knit the rest plain to the last two stitches, then knit them together.

6*th*. All plain. Join on the white.

At the end of the last row cast on 14 stitches; work the rest of this piece with the white wool.

7*th*. Knit the 14 stitches cast on, then on the colored row knit 23 plain; then knit 3 together as before, and knit the rest plain. The three stitches knitted together are always in the centre of the row, and immediately over those in the row preceding. At the end of this row cast on 14 stitches to correspond with the other side.

8*th*. Knit the 14 stitches cast on; then knit the white row all plain.

9*th*. Knit 37 plain, then knit 3 together, and knit the rest plain.

10*th*. All plain knitting.

Repeat as the 9th and 10th rows 11 times more, but working one stitch less at the beginning of the 9th row each time; the work will decrease two stitches each time.

Then knit twenty rows quite plain; and when they are worked knit 14 rows more, but casting off 3 stitches at the beginning of every row; then cast off the remaining stitches.

To make up the roll which forms the front of the hood, place the skeins of white wool or wadding on the right side of the work, across where the colored border begins, and the decreasing ends in the centre of the white; then turn the last rows of white over the roll, so as to cover it, sewing the casting off to the part even with the border; draw the straight rows at the ends together, then attach the front to the foundation of the crown, leaving the triangular piece to fall over it, the point of which should cover the centre of the back. The sewing should be made with a rug needle and the wool.

THE CAPE.

Commence with the colored wool and No. 5 pins; cast on 73 stitches with both pins.

Knit 7 rows all plain.

8*th*. White. Knit 2 together, knit 33 *plain*, knit 3 together, then knit the rest plain to the last 2 stitches, then knit them together.

9*th*. All plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 7 times more, knitting 2 stitches less where it is marked in italics each time.

24*th*. Knit every 2 stitches together, and cast off.

For the lining of this cape, commence with the white wool; cast on 73 stitches as before,

and repeat the direction for the cape, but using white wool throughout. When finished, join the two pieces together, by sewing the edges.

THE EDGE.—Work along the colored border of the cape, with white wool and crochet needle. Make 5 chain, miss 1, and 1 plain; repeating to the end. Then sew the last row of the cape to the back of the hood, and edge it thus: with the colored wool make a chain of 100 stitches, and along this chain work a row of 5 chain, miss 2, and 1 plain; repeat to the end and turn back. Then 5 chain, miss 5 and 1 plain, in the 5 chain of the last row; repeat to the end. Fasten off.

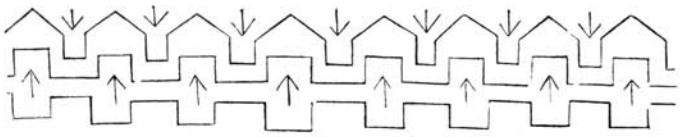
Sew the foundation row of this trimming along the top of the cape and sides of it. Work another piece of trimming the same, and sew it where the roll joins the crown. Then with the ribbon make two bows and ends, attach one to the top of the hood and the other at the back; finish with strings.

TOILET CUSHION.

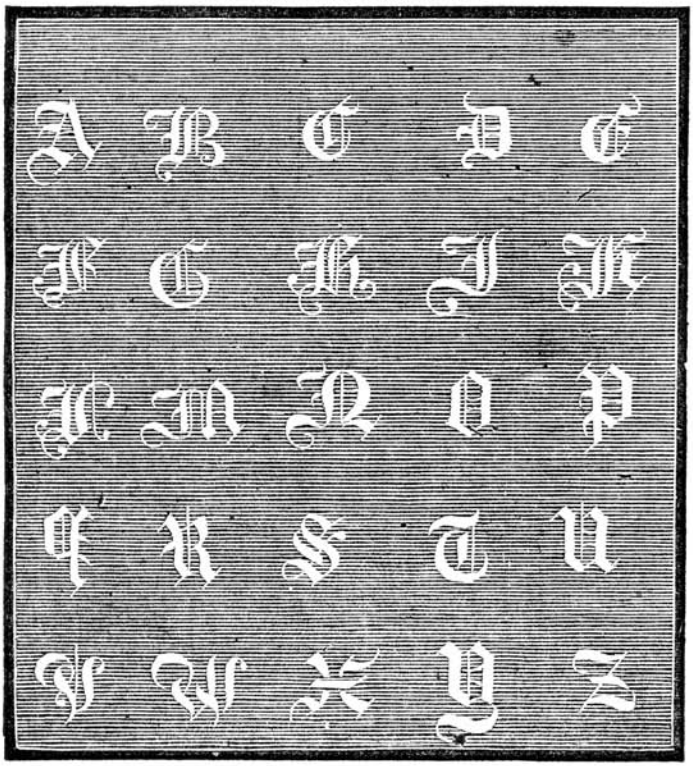
(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

THE cushion is made of two round pieces of muslin sewed together and stuffed with bran. It is then covered with deep blue silk, and bordered with blue ribbon plaited on one edge, headed by a narrow black velvet ribbon quilled in the middle. The star is bound with black velvet and edged with gold-colored cord, which is also used for the braiding pattern in the centre. The star is placed in the middle of the cushion, and a ruffle of black lace is between each point. The bead tassels and bows are put on as represented in pattern.

INSERTING.



FANCY LETTERS FOR MARKING.



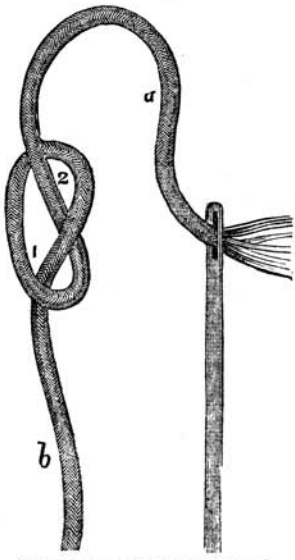
A PET DOG'S COLLAR.

Materials.—Two and a half yards of thick worsted cord; two tassels to match; a large wooden bead.

We think that many of our readers will approve of this collar for a pet dog. It is pretty, and very easy to make. The work consists entirely of knots; it is begun in the centre, and one half is first finished, then the other. First tie the cord in the middle, as shown in Fig. 2. Nos. 1 and 2 mark the places where the cord is to be passed at first. Take the knot represented by Fig. 2 between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, so that the end of cord marked *b* may fall into the palm of the hand, and hold the end marked *a* in your right hand (this end of cord, which is threaded in a bodkin, is much shortened in our illustration), and insert the bodkin in the opening marked 1, drawing up from the bottom; next pass it in the same way through the opening marked 2. The bodkin must always be slipped through from underneath upwards, and care must be taken not to draw it too tightly. The result obtained by this first process is seen in Fig. 3, and Nos. 1 and 2 show again the openings through which the bodkin is next to be passed. The knots are to be continued in the same manner until only about 3 inches of the cord remain; then fasten off, and repeat the same process of knotting on the opposite side. When both halves are finished, pass the ends of the cord through a large wooden bead, and add a tassel to

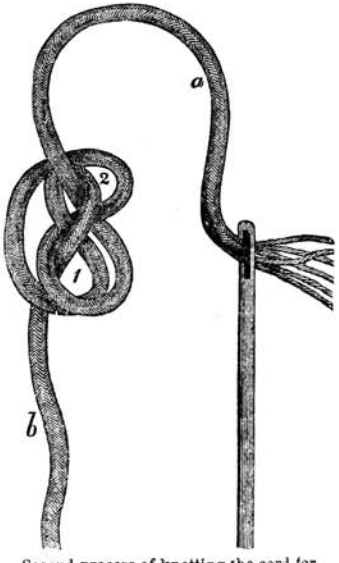
Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



First process of knotting the cord for dog's collar.

Fig. 3.



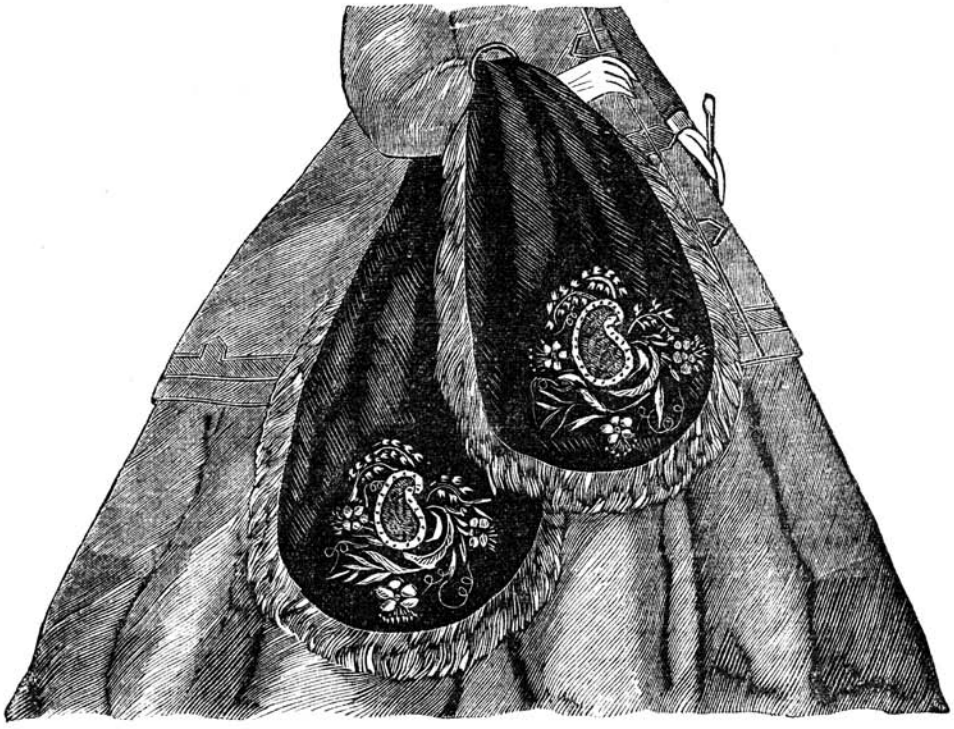
Second process of knotting the cord for dog's collar.

each of them. The bead should first be covered with red silk, and then with a network formed with red wool. To undo the collar when round the dog's neck, it is only necessary to draw out the cord till the tassels touch the bead.

LADY'S TRAVELLING-BAG.

POCHE POMPADOUR.

THIS elegant travelling-bag is especially suitable for a lady. It is made in the shape of a very large purse, and is of violet rep embroidered in white. These colors may, of course, be changed according to taste. Two and a half yards of rep or other woollen material, twenty-seven inches in breadth, are

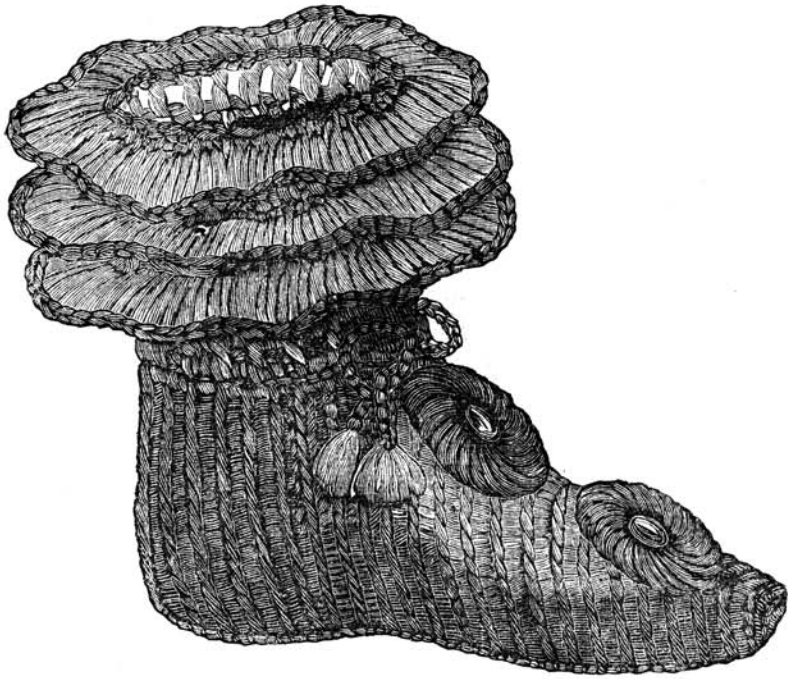


required, and the same quantity of white calico for lining; two and a quarter yards of silk fringe, and five skeins of white embroidery silk for the trimming; two ivory rings, and some pearl buttons. The pattern is not worked twice on the same side of the purse, but on one side at one end and on the opposite side at the other, so that both patterns may show when the bag hangs over the arm. The bag is entirely lined, a pocket is formed on each side, and a slit is made in the centre of the bag exactly in the same way as in a purse; two rings are slipped over, and the slit is further fastened by pearl buttons and silk loops. Each pocket is edged with silk fringe up to the slit in the middle. These pockets are very convenient to hold the numberless small articles which a lady always wishes to have by her during a journey. The embroidery is worked in satin stitch, the inner part of the pine pattern being filled up with colored silk. The material should be stretched over a frame in order to be worked neatly. The bag is very easy to make up, being, in fact, nothing but a purse of very large dimensions. The embroidery can easily be dispensed with, and a useful bag made of plain materials. One of the advantages that this bag possesses over the ordinary kind is that it really has a graceful appearance when properly carried, which can scarcely be said of many travelling pouches.

INFANT'S CROCHET BOOT.

Materials for one pair.—Eight skeins of white single Berlin wool, four skeins of black, and two skeins of red.

The elegance and grace of this little boot amply repay for the trouble of making it. Round the ankle it is very light, being worked in open crochet. The whole of the boot is made in close double crochet, always worked on the right side, so that the wool must be cut at the end of every row. Make a chain of 9 stitches with black wool, and work 2 rows with the same number of stitches; in the 3d row begin to increase by working 3 stitches in the middle stitch; continue to increase in the centre stitch of every row; in the 4th row work the 3 middle stitches in red, for which take a piece of red wool 4 yards 12 inches long, and begin in the middle of it, leaving the ends to hang down on each side, to go on with the small red border in the middle of the black; in the 5th row the 3 middle stitches are white, with 1 red stitch on each side, and the rest black. The same arrangement of colors is to be continued in the following rows. There must always be the same number of black stitches, with 1 red stitch on each side; the white part alone increases. When you have worked 10 rows with white, work 4 rows, missing in each 1 stitch on each side, but you must also bring the red stitches nearer, so that the number of black stitches remains the same. At the 13th row, with white, divide the two parts round the foot, working on each side, and leaving the middle stitch free. Work on each side in the following manner, beginning in the middle: 1st row. 10 white stitches, 1 red, 5 black. 2d. 9 white, 1 red, 5 black. 3d. 8 white, 1 red, 5 black (from this place do not miss any more stitches at the ends). 4th. Then 8 more white, 1 red, 5 black. 5th. 9 red, 5 black; work 8 more rows entirely black, without increasing or decreasing. Complete the opposite side in the same manner, and sew the edges together. The sole is worked with white wool, backwards and forwards, very tightly, and always inserting the needle through both parts of the stitches. Begin at the point of the foot, make a chain of 8 stitches, and work 3 rows with the same number; then increase 1 stitch at the end of each row until you have 13 stitches; afterwards work 14 rows without increasing, and then decrease in the same proportion, until you have only eight stitches left; after working 2 rows with 8 stitches, increase to 11 stitches, work 6 rows with that number, and decrease again to 7 stitches. The sole is



then completed. Join it to the boot by a seam. The trimming at the top is worked on a foundation of open crochet in white. Round the top of the shoe work 1 row of double crochet and 4 of treble open crochet. In the upper chain of the 3 last rows work a fringe as follows: Draw a loop through the first stitch, pull it out to half an inch above the work, draw a second loop, and keep both on the needle, repeat the same in each stitch; afterwards join all the loops together by a row of chain stitches, work 1 chain in each loop, and 2 between each. The chain stitches in the first and third rows must be worked in red, those of the second in black. The top of the shoe is finished off with a stitch of double crochet into each long stitch, with 3 chain between each in black. A plaited string in red and black wool is run through the first row of open crochet, and the 2 small rosettes in red wool, ornamented with pearl buttons, are added on the front of the shoe.

BABY'S TIPPET IN TRICOT ECOSSAIS.

(*See engraving, page* 485.)

Materials.—Half an ounce of blue or Alpine pink, and half an ounce of white single Berlin wool; a tricot needle, the stem of which measures No. 9 bell gauge; a piece of white sarcenet for the lining, and two buttons with an elastic loop for the fastening at the neck.

THE whole of this tippet is made in the ordinary tricot stitch; but the arrangement of the colors gives it an exceedingly pretty effect, the white wool having the appearance of being under the pink or blue loops.

THE RIGHT SIDE.

Commence with the pink wool, and make a chain of 16 stitches, which is for the centre of the back.

1*st row.* Keep the loop on the needle, and put it into the last chain stitch but one, take the wool up on the hook, and bring it through the chain stitch; there will now be 2 loops on the needle; put the needle into the next chain stitch, and bring the wool through in a loop as before, when there will be 3 loops on the needle; continue putting the needle into each chain stitch, and bringing the wool through until there are 16 loops on the needle; this is termed raising the loops or stitches. Join on the white wool. The wools are cut off every time, the joinings being kept on the wrong side, as they are covered with the lining.

To "work back." Use the white wool, and work from left to right thus: Take up the wool on the hook, and bring it through the 2 last pink loops, *, take up the wool again, and bring it through the white loop, and also through the next pink loop; repeat from * until there is only a pink and white one left on the needle. Join on the pink wool, and bring it through the remaining 2 loops to finish the row.

2*d.* Pink. Keep the pink loop on the needle, and put it into the second pink stitch—that is, the upright one to the left of the edge; take the wool on the hook, and bring it through, so as to raise a stitch as before, then put the needle into the next pink upright loop, and raise another stitch, and in the same manner raise a 4th and 5th pink stitch; leave the rest of the 1st row unworked, as the shaping for the back is now to be made. Join on the white wool, and

To "work back," take up the white wool, and bring it through the last 2 pink loops on the needle, then take up the wool, and bring it through a white and pink loop, take up the wool again, bring it through a white and pink loop; join on the pink, and bring it through the remaining two loops.

3*d.* Pink. Raise the four pink stitches of the last row, exclusive of the one on the needle, then on the 1st row raise 2 stitches; join on the white, and "work back" as before, always joining on the pink wool to finish the last 2 loops.

4*th.* Pink. Raise the 6 stitches of the last row, then raise 2 more on the 1st row; join on the white, and "work back" as before.

5*th.* Pink. Raise the 8 stitches of the last row, then 2 stitches on the 1st row; join on the white, and "work back" as before.

6*th.* Pink. Raise the 10 stitches of the last row, then raise 2 more on the 1st row; join on the white, and "work back."

7*th.* Pink. Raise the 12 stitches of the last row; then raise 3 more on the 1st row; join on the white, and "work back."

8*th.* Pink. Raise all the stitches of the last row; join on the white, and "work back."

Work 16 rows more the same as the last. This will make 24 rows, counting the short ones at the commencement. At the end of the last row put the needle into a stitch at the side of the work, draw the pink wool through, and make 8 chain stitches rather loosely. Cut off the wool, and draw it through to fasten it; these chains will be used in the

following rows; tie the white wool into the 1st of these chain stitches, and work back as usual.

25*th*. Pink. Decrease at the beginning of this row by putting the needle into the 2 1st stitches of the row, and bringing the wool through as one stitch; raise the rest of the 13 stitches as usual, then put the needle into the next chain stitch made in the last row, and raise a stitch, so that there will be still 16 loops on the needle; join on the white, and "work back."

Work 6 rows more the same as the last.

Then work 27 rows as the 8th row—that is, without shaping at the sides.

To form the point at the end. Work 6 rows more, decreasing at the beginning of each row, and at the end leaving one stitch unworked each time. This finishes one side.

THE LEFT SIDE.

1*st row*. This side is worked on the 1st row of the right side, and it will make the work neater if the foundation chain be unpicked, when the upright loops of the 1st row will be exactly the same as though just worked; however, the foundation may be left at the back, if preferred. In either case, commence with the pink wool at the right side of the 1st row, and raise the 16 stitches of it, putting the needle into the upright loops as usual; at the end, the 2 last loops will be close together, being raised from the edge stitch. Join on the white, and to "work back" (take up the wool, and bring it through 2 loops 3 times); join on the pink, and bring it through the white and pink loops; leave the rest of the stitches on the needle.

2*d*. Pink. Raise the 4 stitches to the left; join on the white, and to "work back" (take up the wool, and bring it through 2 loops 5 times); join on the pink, and bring it through the white and pink loops.

3*d*. Pink. Raise the 6 stitches to the left; join on the white, and to "work back" (take up the wool, and bring it through 2 loops 7 times); join on the pink, and bring it through the white and pink loops.

4*th*. Work as the last row, raising 8 loops, and working back 9 times, instead of 7.

5*th*. Work as the 3d row, raising 10 loops, and working back 11 times.

6*th*. Work as the 3d row, raising 12 loops, and working back to the end of the row.

Work 17 rows without shaping, and for the shoulder—

24*th*. Pink. To increase a stitch, make 1 chain, put the needle into the edge stitch, and bring the wool through; then raise 14 loops as usual, which will leave one stitch at the end of the row; join on the white, and work back.

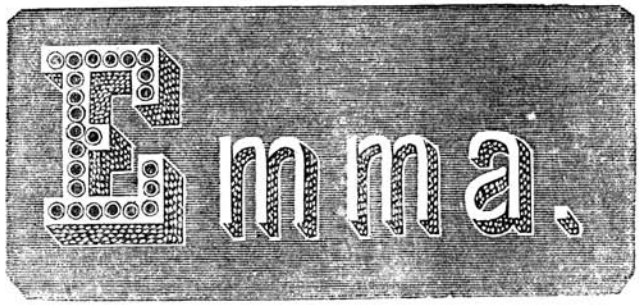
Work 6 rows more as the last, then 27 rows without shaping, and make the point the same as the other side.

THE EDGE.—1*st round*. White wool. Work a row of single crochet all round the tippet, putting the needle sufficiently deep into the work to make it look neat.

2*d*. Make 5 chain, miss 1, and work 1 single on the last round; repeat all round, and fasten off.

THE TASSELS.—Take a card about 2 inches wide, and wind the white wool 20 times round it; then with the pink make 16 chain, pass it through the loop at one of the points of the tippet; then place the ends by the side of the white folds, take them off the card and fasten them together so as to form the top of the tassel; making a few hem-stitches round it with the pink. Line it, and sew on the buttons.

NAME FOR MARKING.



Receipts, &c.

PLUM PUDDING, CAKES, AND OTHER RECEIPTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

We devote the whole of our space in the Receipt department this month to instructions for making such puddings and cakes as are generally used during the Christmas holidays. We have published some of them before, but to our increased list of subscribers for 1864 they will be entirely new.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Carefully look over one and a quarter pounds of currants, and wash them well with your hands. As soon as the water runs clear through the currants put them into a clean cloth, doubled lightly over them, and there let them drain and swell for a quarter of an hour. Next pick from the stalks and stone one and a quarter pound of rich raisins. The fruit being thus prepared, shred and chop one quarter of a pound of beef suet, and mix it with the fruit, in a pan large enough to contain all the ingredients, into ten ounces of flour, ten ounces of finely grated stale bread crums, eight ounces powdered loaf-sugar, one ounce finely ground spice (made of equal parts of mace, cloves, and nutmeg), half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and half the peel of a fresh lemon, grated. Break ten eggs into a basin, and well whip them up with a small teaspoonful of salt, and mix them with a pint of milk, but before you pour it into the pan mix up with the flour and fruit five ounces of candied lemon-peel, two and a half ounces of candied orange-peel, and two and a half ounces of candied citron-peel, shred, or cut into thin pieces. Then strain the eggs and milk to the other ingredients, and well stir it about; add a gill of brandy (or a quarter of a pint of strong ale), and well mix the whole together with a strong wooden spoon. Cover the pan, and set it by till next morning. In doing the above, you should first mix the spice and sugar with the flour and bread crums, then mix with this the candied peel, suet, and fruit, next the eggs and milk, and then the brandy or ale. Next morning thoroughly beat up and mix the pudding again, before putting it into the pot; put a plate to prevent it sticking to the bottom of the pot, flour the inside of the cloth, and tie the same close and tight. Put it into water enough to cover it two or three inches, cover the pot down, and let it boil twelve hours; keep gently boiling, and fill up as the water boils away. When done, put it just as you take out of the pot into a colander, and immerse it in a pan of cold water, letting it remain covered with cold water from three to five minutes. This will bind it, and prevent it from breaking or falling to pieces; then take the colander out of the water, and let it drain a further fifteen minutes; then carefully untie the cloth, the pudding still resting on the colander; put the dish in which it is to be served upon the top of the pudding, and turn it over into the dish, and serve it up. A little brandy sauce poured on the top of it, and some in a sauce-tureen may accompany the pudding.

A Plum Pudding.—Two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, two and a half ounces of flour, one and a quarter ounce of beef suet, half a pound of moist sugar, four eggs, one ounce citron and lemon-peel each, cinnamon, cloves, and mace, wine and brandy a tumblerful. To be boiled at least nine hours.

P. S.—The brandy sauce for both puddings is made with thick melted butter, to each half pint of which a gill of brandy and two ounces of lump sugar are added. Some prefer the sauce made with sherry in the same proportion as brandy.

A Very Nice Little Christmas Pudding for a Small Party, suitable to a young and happy pair who are just commencing housekeeping, are rather inexperienced, and can only invite three or four friends: One ounce of candied lemon peel, one ounce of orange peel, six ounces of raisins, six ounces of currants, six ounces of best beef suet, six ounces of flour, 6 ounces of sugar, two eggs, a pint of milk, a small nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Stone the raisins, pick, wash, and dry the currants, chop the suet extremely fine, put them, with the lemon and orange-peel finely sliced, all together in your large dish for mixing, add the flour and sugar, and grate the nutmeg over all. Then beat up your eggs, and stir the milk gently into them. With this liquid wet all the other ingredients; flour well a strong pudding-cloth, and, when you have thoroughly mixed your pudding materials, so that all is perfectly blended, and taking care not to make them too wet or to leave them too dry, put your pudding into the cloth, tie it tightly, and boil in a large pot four or five hours, taking care that the water boils ere the pudding is put in, and that it is kept on a quick boil during the whole time of cooking, and also that the pot is replenished with boiling water, as it frequently requires to be.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Stone carefully one pound of the best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef suet, blanch and chop small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter ones; mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of crumb of bread soaked in milk, then squeezed dry and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange, and lemon-peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice; quarter of a pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of the proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made too thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom, but be made to the consistence of good thick batter. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be tied in a cloth, and will take five hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured round the pudding.

The pudding will be of considerable size, but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants, and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

Another way.—Seven ounces raisins, seeded and a little chopped; seven ounces currants, well washed and

picked; one and a half ounce citron; three ounces of beef suet, chopped very fine; three-quarters of a nutmeg, grated; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; five eggs well beaten up; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; five tablespoonfuls of wheat flour; half a lemon-peel, grated; one glass of brandy and one glass of Madeira; a little milk to mix, sufficient to make rather a thick batter. The whole must be well mixed. The above mixture to be put into a well-buttered basin. Tie a pudding cloth over, and pin the four corners over the top. Put into boiling water, and to be kept boiling without ceasing for five hours. We have tried this receipt, and know it to be excellent.

A CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, WITH OR WITHOUT EGGS.—Take two pounds of bread crums that have been well sifted through a colander; two tablespoonfuls of flour; half an ounce of ground allspice, and one pound of brown moist sugar; rub these ingredients thoroughly well together; chop one pound of suet very fine, and thoroughly mix in with the other things. Wash well in tepid water a pound and a half of raisins, and stone them, or two pounds of Sultana raisins, which require no stoning, and are equally good, though more expensive; chop these, not too fine, and well mix in; then a pound of well-washed currants, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel, cut into lumps, *not slices*. Having mixed all this together well, make the whole sufficiently moist with a little milk; well butter one or more large basins; well press the mixture into the bottom of each (or they will not turn out in good shape), and when filled to a trifle above the brim of the basin, spread some flour on the top, and tie the basin down with a well-wetted cloth; place the pudding in boiling water, let it boil up rapidly, and so continue for four hours; then take it up, remove the cloth but do not turn it out of the basin. The next day, or when wanted for use, put the pudding to warm, with the basin still on, for two hours, in a moderately warm oven, then take it out, turn it from the basin on to the dish in which it is to be sent to table. With the handle of a teaspoon, or the blade of a fruit-knife, make incisions in different parts of the pudding, and pour on some sherry wine, then sift powdered sugar over. It is obvious that this pudding must be made the day before it is required for use, and it is much better for being so. Eggs are not necessary to give either richness or flavor, or to "bind the pudding;" the milk and the flour will do that. Eggs render the mass thoroughly indigestible; but if they must still be had—and *we again repeat that they are not needed*—eight eggs, well beaten and strained, can be used instead of the milk. Great care is necessary in all puddings of the kind, not to make them too wet, or they will be heavy; and to thoroughly mix the ingredients separately.

A RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of raisins, stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

A GOOD POUND-CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yelks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, in fine powder together; then by degrees work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways. It must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it an hour in a quick oven.

The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

COMMON CRULLERS OR TWIST CAKES.—Mix well together half a pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, two teacupfuls of sugar, one teacupful of butter, and three eggs, well-beaten; add to this a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg grated; and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; sift in flour enough to make a smooth dough: roll it out not quite a quarter of an inch thick; cut in small oblong pieces; divide one end in three or four parts like fingers, and twist or plait them over each other. Fry them in boiling lard. These cakes may be cut in strips, and the ends joined, to make a ring, or in any other shape.

SOFT CRULLERS.—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; heat a pint of water in a round-bottomed saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel; and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden spaddle or spatula till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crullers, removing them from the board by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad-bladed knife. Boil but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, and beat them together with the yelks of eight eggs; beat the whites separately; mix with these one and a half pound of flour, one teacupful of cream, one wineglassful of brandy and one of wine, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one salt-spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of citron; mix with the flour two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

QUEEN CAKE.—Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and of washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yelks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar over just as you put them into the oven.

LEMON CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yelks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yelks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half a pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in gradually one and three-quarter pound of flour, one wineglassful of wine or brandy, and one nutmeg, grated. Beat all well together.

This will make two round cakes. It should be baked in a quick oven, and will take from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the thickness of the cakes.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wine-glasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

LEMON GINGERBREAD.—Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice, and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

CREAM PIE (*fine*).—Half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

GINGER SPONGE-CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

GINGER CAKE.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, two ounces of ginger, and one pint of treacle; add a quarter of a pint of cream and a little nutmeg. Mix warm, and bake in a slack oven.

GINGER LOZENGES.—Mix with white of eggs four ounces of powdered ginger, two pounds of white sugar, and one pound of starch.

FRENCH JUMBLES.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

SEED CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yelks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yelks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

CURRANT CAKE.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of water or milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, cup of currants.

MINCEMEAT.

WE give a number of receipts for making mincemeat. The ingredients can be increased or lessened at the pleasure of the person making it.

MINCEMEAT.—There are various opinions as to the result of adding meat to the sweet ingredients used in making this dish. Many housewives think it an improvement, and use either the undercut of a well roasted sirloin of beef, or a boiled fresh ox-tongue for the purpose. Either of these meats may be chosen with advantage, and one pound, after it has been cooked, will be found sufficient; this should be freed from fat, and well minced. In making mincemeat, each ingredient should be minced separately and finely before it is added to the others. For a moderate quantity, take two pounds of raisins (stoned), the same quantity of currants, well washed and dried, ditto of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of apples, pared and cored, two pounds of moist sugar, half a pound of candied orange-peel, and a quarter of a pound of citron, the grated rinds of three lemons, one grated nutmeg, a little mace, half an ounce of salt, and one teaspoonful of ginger. After having minced the fruit separately, mix all well together with the hand, then add half a pint of brandy and the same of sherry; mix well with a spoon, press it down in jars, and cover it with a bladder.

Another way: Six pounds of meat, three of suet, six of raisins, seven of sugar, nine of apples, one pint of wine, three gills of brandy, half pint molasses, one pint rose-water, essence of lemon, one quart of liquor of the meat, one cup of salt, one-fourth of a pound of cinnamon, or orange-peel, three ounces of cloves, one dozen nutmegs; add a little cider if you wish before putting in the oven.

MINCEMEAT TO KEEP.—Take a pound and a half of currants; a pound of best raisins, stoned; three-quarters of a pound of almonds, cut very small; the peel of one lemon, minced small; the juice of one lemon; three apples, minced small; a pound of citron, minced small; a pound and a half of suet, shred very fine; an eighth of an ounce of nutmeg; the same of cinnamon; the same of mace, and the same of cloves. Put the whole into a jar, and keep it dry. When wanted, mix it with either wine or brandy.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT MEAT.—One pound hard apples cut small, one pound currants, half a pound shred raisins, half a pound beef suet, quarter of a pound moist sugar, one ounce lemon and citron-peel, quarter of an ounce cinnamon, one drachm mace, the rind of a lemon grated, one glass of brandy, and two glasses of sherry. Double the above for a large family.

MINCEMEAT.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another way.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one pottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

Editors' Table.

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR FRIENDS.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE seasons have gone their rounds, and *Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-four* begins, to-day, the last month of his reign.

With the close of the year our LADY'S BOOK also closes its present volume. This number, therefore, must bear to our generous friends, for their long and appreciative support, our warm thanks and good wishes, and a cordial invitation to continue the intercourse and friendship—to us so pleasant—through the medium of the new and beautiful volume now in preparation for EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE.

But here comes the important query: "Will the price of the Lady's Book be raised?" Books and newspapers have "gone up," and editors of periodicals have been compelled, as they all tell us, to advance their prices; other magazines that were three dollars are now *four* per annum.

The reasons for this advance must be obvious and sufficient to all who consider the present conditions of trade and the high prices now ruling throughout our land. One item only need be named here. Four years ago good muslins could be purchased for *ten cents* per yard; now, from *sixty to seventy-five cents* is the price. This article of muslin regulates, in a great degree, the value of paper. Thus books and periodicals cost now for paper alone nearly the full amount formerly spent on the completed work. Then the high taxation must be met. And yet, notwithstanding this dark side of the picture, and our diminished profits, Mr. Godey is going to try the experiment of keeping our new volume of the Lady's Book at its old price to our *subscribers—three dollars a year, paid in advance*. He does this cheerfully, in gratitude for the long-continued and, we may say, loving patronage we have received from our old friends. We are willing to make sacrifices to enable *all* who desire our work to go on with us through another year. We know that many who subscribe—widows and single ladies with fixed incomes—would feel the increase of a dollar per year as a tax they were unable to meet. We cannot part with these intelligent friends; *names* that have stood on our list from ten to thirty-five years must not be dropped because gold changes its value. True and tried friends are invaluable.

Should these readers desire to reciprocate favors, as we believe they will, they may induce their friends whose names are not on our list to send for the Lady's Book. An increase of *subscribers* would help much to bear the work onward and upward.

The character and object of our periodical are well known. There is no English or American magazine that comes into competition with ours for usefulness as a Family Instructor and Guide "in whatsoever things are lovely and of good report" for women to know and to do. As one of our correspondents wrote to the Editress:—

"No one who reads the Lady's Book attentively can fail to see and feel the high standard you have for women, and the deep interest you take in their progress in all true virtue and right conduct. The dress patterns and the costumes are but the outward adorning of the person whose chief charms it is your desire should be humility, patience, gentleness, and godliness."

CHRISTMAS.

At Thy nativity a glorious choir
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sang
To shepherds watchful of their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see Him, and to Thee they came,
Directed to the manger where Thou layest,
For in the inn was left no better room.
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
Guiding the wise men thither from the East
To honor Thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
By whose bright course led on, they found the place
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
MILTON.

OUR beautiful Frontispiece suggests the memory of Milton's spirit-stirring lines, so appropriate to our artist's description.

These wonderful scenes of our Saviour's birth and infancy have stimulated and employed the highest efforts of genius; poets and artists, through the long series of centuries, have consecrated their best gifts to do honor to the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Christian can never contemplate these scenes without pleasure and triumph, and if he retires into himself, and commune with his own heart, never without profit. All that has been done for the individual being, as well as for the human race, to restore the lost happiness and glories of Eden, seem rooted in this heavenly history, as brought down by the host of angels who sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men!" The echo of that glorious anthem seems to breathe of peace, love, and happiness on each return of the hallowed anniversary.

Christmas is the bright household festival that comes to gladden old winter, bring joy to life, good cheer, family gatherings, and tokens of love. To children especially it is the happy epoch to be joyfully anticipated and joyfully remembered. Merry Christmas! The words are full of happy meanings to warm every heart. Even when gloom darkens the minds of the elder members of a family, when sorrow or adversity has checked their pleasures, there is ever a little reserve of Christmas merry-making for the young folks. "We must not, on this day, throw a gloom over the children," is every wise parent's thought.

And so the Christmas-tree rises in its glad greenness, laden with its glittering presents, and bright with the tapers that display its rich fruits. And the stockings are hung up for Kriss Krinkel, and filled with such wonderful treasures as fairy lore never exceeded in the fancy of the little ones, who pull out the toys and presents of the season. Wise and good mothers take this time of Christian joy to teach the little hearts, made happy by home cherishing, to remember the poor and desolate, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

In selecting books for Christmas gifts, we would suggest to our friends who really believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as our divine Saviour, the need of studying His history. It would be well to have among these Christmas books some that refer to Christ as the theme of chief interest.

There is a "Little Poem,* Dedicated to a Little Girl," that we would especially commend as one of the sweetest and most perfect productions of poetic genius devoted to

* Infancy of Our Saviour: A Christmas Carol. By Mrs. Juliet H. L. Campbell. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

the infancy of Jesus. Written by an American lady, it deserves the love and praise of American mothers.

Another work* on the Saviour that we consider very remarkable, and wish would be placed in the hands of every intelligent reader in our land during the coming Festival of His Nativity, is the production of a Scotch lawyer. It is a small, neatly printed book, written in a style of such clearness and earnest yet calm thought and research that none can read it without being interested. Whoever is seeking for truth must be enlightened by the expositions of the writer. All true learning and literature must draw their divinest charm from the Divine Teacher, who says of Himself: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Thus we are made to feel the great import of the Christmas festival, as it celebrates the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. On this day the hope of the world reposes; "peace on earth and good-will to men" are announced; we should rejoice in these heavenly assurances of divine favor. Sorrows may lie heavy on individual hearts; households may be in trouble and grief, and sore perplexities and dark shadows may be over our country; still, the day is sacred to joy, and hope, and faith. "Merry Christmas" is not a wish without meaning; it includes all the best blessings life has in store for humanity. Thus we mean it while from our heart we wish a merry Christmas to all our friends who meet us in the Lady's Book.

THE SACRED NAME OR TITLE OF SAVIOUR.

SHALL the word Saviour, when applied as the name or title of our Lord Jesus Christ, be spelled without the *u*?

This we consider a question of such grave importance that we have often wished to draw to it the attention of learned and Christian men. No one has yet taken up the subject, and as the season of Christmas seems a favorable opportunity of introducing the inquiry, we will do this by giving to our readers extracts from the letter of a lady to a clergyman concerning this mutilation of the holy name. Woman was the appointed guardian over the infancy of the Saviour, and women were ever faithful to His ministry; they watched beside His cross and were first to welcome Him from the tomb. Women should be faithful preservers of His words and His titles, and never suffer unbelief or carelessness to pervert the one or mutilate the other without an effort to sustain the true and the right.

* * * * * * * *

"The mistake or misnomer to which I allude is dropping the *u* from the name of our *Saviour!* It seems to me that orthodox clergymen would not so write the blessed NAME; therefore I infer that the omission was the printer's way. He has dropped the *u* in *Saviour* in every instance, as you will find.

"It is true that Webster's Dictionary sanctions this mode of spelling the class of words to which *Saviour* belongs; but in the case where it forms one of the names or titles of the Son of God, the learned Lexicographer seems to shrink from the innovation. Dr. Webster first spells the word *Saviour;* then '*Savior*—pronounced *Sav'yeur.*' Do the letters *ior* spell *yeur?* If the sound of *u* is necessarily retained in this class of words, why not retain the letter and drop the *o*, if brevity or uniformity requires to have a letter omitted?

"In the blessed Saviour's name I feel that not a single letter should be taken away. It seems to me a desecration and the sign of unbelief to allow it. I can hardly describe the painful effect which this mutilation of the Saviour's name has on my feelings. Eye, heart, mind, all suffer. My eye turns offended and sorrowful from the misspelt name. My heart feels that something loved is lost; and my mind is distressed and perplexed by the fear that this innovation is the sign of real declension in the faith of those who have professed to love Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour.

"This description may appear fanciful, but is true; and as I am not learned in languages, it would be folly for me to attempt to prove, philologically, the truth of these ideas; yet some thoughts have been suggested to my mind while pondering on the subject, which I will venture to lay before you.

"Have you ever observed the manner in which the letters of our alphabet (and of all alphabets) differ in their effective powers or *nature?* (I do not find any other word that expresses my meaning.) The vowels seem the living spirit; the consonants are the substance of the language. Take as many consonants as you please; you may rattle them in your throat like dry bones, but never will a word come forth, a thought be spoken, a sentence formed. Now drop a few vowels into this inert mass of dead letters—like the vision of Ezekiel, the dry bones come together, each in its right place, and the power which God has given to the *sounds*, represented by *vowels*, breathes life into the language, clothes thought with beauty, and gives truth its fitting habiliments of expression.

"It seems to me that the old English Bible, as it came forth finished from the hands of the *seventy translators*, holy men, who feared God and did their work in earnest zeal, believing in the truths of the Divine Word, is the only *true* BOOK, and from it not a vowel should be taken, not a word left out. The BIBLE, if held sacred in its language, will keep our Anglo-Saxon tongue from deterioration. If the vowels are diminished, will not the life of the language be lessened? I am thankful that the British nation guards their language from American innovations; and particularly that the name of the blessed Saviour is never shortened, never mutilated in our noble mother tongue as written where the English Bible was translated from the original languages."

FLOWERS IN A SICK ROOM.

WHAT unsealed fountain covers me with showers,
Dropping sweet-scented odors all around?
What secret spring hath love's skilled finger found
To ope a "fount of gardens," throwing flowers
Free as the summer rain on vine-clad bowers?
When pain's strong grasp has gently been unbound,
When light the darkened room again has crowned,
Roses and fuschias, ye are for such hours!
Precious the breath your perfumed censers hold,
Sweeter your message than all spices smell.
Love! name it not with silver or with gold!
Love! think its value ne'er with gems to tell!
Richer than fragrance from the tender vine
The whisper that a true heart beats with mine.

KRUNA.

A MAN'S IDEA ABOUT NOVELS.

"We are constantly calling attention to the fact of the influence exerted over morals and manners in France by the prevailing tone of the lighter literature, and we mark the increasing licentiousness that has followed such works as those of Eugene Sue and the younger Dumas. Let us not forget to look at home, and see if, in the days when the Waverleys constituted almost all our lighter reading, the tone of society was not higher, the spirit more heroic, the current of thought and expression purer, than in these realistic days, when we turn for amusement to descriptions of every quaint vulgarity that makes up the life of the boarding-house or the strolling theatre.

"The glorious heroism of Scott's novels was a fine stream to turn into the turbid river of our worldliness and money-seeking. It was of incalculable benefit to give men even a passing glance of noble devotion, high-hearted courage, and unsullied purity.

"I can remember the time when, as freshmen in our first year, we went about talking to each other of 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth;' and I can remember, too, when the glorious spirit of those novels had so possessed us that our romance elevated and warmed us to an unconscious imitation of the noble thoughts and deeds we had been reading. Smile if you like at our boyish enthusiasm, it was better than the mocking spirit engendered by all this

* The Christ of History: An Argument Grounded on the Facts of His Life on Earth. By John Young, LL.D. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

realism, or the insensate craving after stimulus taught by sensation novels."

Are noble thoughts or noble deeds now taught or incited in our popular novels?

WORDS.—The *Literary Gazette** has some curious information about words. The Old Testament uses only 5,643 words; Milton's Paradise Lost has 8,000 different words; Shakspeare, in all his plays and poems, moving all the feelings and passions of the human heart, contains only 15,000 different words; but these are all in their right places. The English language has 25,000 words.

NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS: GOLD PENS—SEWING-MACHINES.

"WHAT Christmas present would be most suitable for a young gentleman, a cousin of mine, who has a dozen smoking-caps and nearly as many pairs of slippers? I want to make him a novel present (not a new *novel* or gift book; I think these are become vulgar); something nice and pretty, that he can *use;* not merely keep to look at. Dear Mrs. Hale, do advise me, etc." * * *

Thus writes one of our favorite correspondents. We counsel the gift of a gold pen—the very best. We (*Editors*) use "Morton's," and find them excellent. There can be no holiday gift from a young lady to a young gentleman more appropriate than a gold pen. It is suggestive of mental power and moral improvement, of refinement of thought, and progress in civilization. Would you indicate the highest heroism and patriotism to your masculine friends, remember that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

There is a dark side to this picture of pretty presents on Christmas Day. It is the sorrowful appeals that come to us with almost every post, appeals from women, many accustomed to live in luxury, who must now find some way to support themselves, and many have helpless ones to care for. "What shall I do?" "In what work or pursuit can I engage?" are the earnest questions.

Now, for one class of these sufferers, widows, often in delicate health, with little children, we counsel needle-work, if they can get a *sewing-machine.* It is better for them than any attempt at literature, however well educated and gifted the lady may be; better than getting up a school, which requires capital and time; better than opening a *boarding-house,* which requires not only capital, but strong health and steel nerves. But there comes back the query, "*How shall I get a sewing-machine?*"

O ye who bask in fortune's sun,
And life's gay colors wear!
Your blessings from the God of love
Let your poor sisters share.

In every large city there are numbers of these appealing sufferers, in every town and village one or more of these women, who would esteem it quite a fortune to own a good sewing-machine. Are there not rich and benevolent women enough in our land to gladden all these sorrowful households with such a Christmas present? What a glorious opportunity the rich have of doing good at the coming Christmas!

OUR SCRAP BOX.

ANCIENT LAWS.—Henry VIII. made a law that all men might read the Scriptures, *except servants; but no women,* except ladies who had leisure, and they might ask somebody the meaning. This law was very properly repealed in the reign of Edward VI.

* Published by George W. Childs, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It is an interesting and useful periodical.

——"LOVE is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! It is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although its height be taken.

DOMESTIC LOVE.—"Who can measure its height or its depth? Who can estimate its preserving and purifying power? It sends an ever-swelling stream of life through a household, it binds hearts into one "bundle of life," it shields them from temptation, it takes the sting from disappointments and sorrows, it breathes music into the voice, into the footsteps, it gives worth and beauty to the commonest office, it surrounds home with an atmosphere of moral health, it gives power to effort and wings to progress; it is omnipotent; God is love."

VERTOT, the historian, had a celebrated siege to describe; the documents he expected did not come; he grew tired, and wrote the history of the siege half from the little he knew, half from imagination. The documents arrived at last. "I am sorry," said he, "but I have finished my siege."

"DEACONESSES."—We have obtained a small number of this pamphlet, and sent copies to all who had remitted stamps. A few copies are on hand; those who want one will please send a stamp.

THE HEALTH OF SPEECH: HOW TO CURE STAMMERING.—The mother is the true doctress as well as nurse of her child. She should watch every development of an injurious habit as carefully as she would a dangerous disease, and strive to cure it. The habit of stammering is one of these diseased habits that if suffered to become chronic, probably causes more real distress through life to the stammerer than would the loss of a limb, or even of an eye, for these losses can be supplied by art in such a manner as to *appear* well to the world. But one who stammers is an annoyance to all he approaches. He either meets pity or ridicule every time he attempts to speak. What a terrible infliction is this constant warfare with one's self as well as the world which the poor stammerer has to encounter! We never hear such a one speak without feeling that the mother must have been ignorant or unfaithful, and usually it is ignorance of what to do that hinders a mother's efforts. The following way of treatment is simple, safe, and said to be certain of doing good, if not making a perfect cure. So we give it a place, hoping it may aid some sorrowful mother who has a stammering child to improve its health of speech:—

"Let the stammerer begin at once to beat time for *every word he utters,* either in talking or reading, just as if singing the words. If this does not stop the hesitancy, then try beating time to every syllable, and afterwards gradually run into beating for words, and then for sentences. The beating can be done with the foot or with a hand, or with one finger of the hand, or by striking the finger and thumb together. Thus: 'When (beat) in (beat) the (beat) course (beat) of (beat) hu- (beat) man (beat) e- (beat) vents (beat), etc.' A persistent course of measuring the words until the stammerer can read and talk straight forward, though slowly, for an hour at a time, will doubtless overcome the habit of stammering. We do not say that this will always effect a perfect cure in the worst cases, where the stammering or habit has been long established, but from the nature of the defect it must be greatly modified, if not cured."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "Broken-Hearted"—"Donald Grey's Legacy"—"Social Engineerings"—"My Love"—and "The Dawn of Hope."

We shall not have room for the following manuscripts: "Unrest"—"Song"—"Winter is Coming"—"Maude Bronté"—"Lines" written by a little girl at the age of seven years. (The editors have not time to examine poetry not intended for publication; yet we have read the *lines,* and think them remarkable for a little child.) "Muliebris"—"Our Country's Dead"—"Til Graham's First Beau"—"Minnie Lee"—"A Story"—"Clouds" (worth publishing if we had room)—"Disappointment" (we are sorry to disappoint the writer, but the article would not do justice to her talents)—"North and South"

—"The Great Event of My Life"—"Sorrows"—and "The Friends of my Childhood."

"Aunt Charity," disposed of as writer requested.

We have other MSS. on hand that will be reported next month.

The close of this volume gives us the pleasant opportunity of thanking our many contributors for their kind favors. If *all* could not be accepted, we are still obliged for the appreciation of the Lady's Book, of which these many contributions are the proof. Most truly and warmly do we wish our kind friends a pleasant Christmas, and hope to meet them all again in our happy New Year's greetings.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PETERSON'S NEW COOK BOOK: *or, Useful and Practical Receipts for the Housewife and the Uninitiated.* We have examined this volume with some care, and believe that it is fully up to all the professions of its merits. We learn that the book contains no less than eight hundred and fifty new and original receipts for cooking and preparing food of different kinds. This is a great addition, and we presume no epicure, even in the present state of the markets, will experience the least difficulty in selecting a sufficient number and variety of dishes to gratify his ever changing appetite.

THE HAUNTED TOWER. By Mrs. Henry Wood. The pen of this ready author seems none too prolific to satisfy the demands of her admirers. This, as the title indicates, will be another taste of excitement for all who indulge in that class of novels.

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From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE MARBLE ISLE, LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE, *and other Poems.* By Sallie Bridges. This is a very neat little volume of poems on a variety of subjects, written in a style of sober thoughtfulness which will require and repay the careful attention of the reader. Many of the poems will be recognized as old favorites and particular friends with the public through the columns of our best periodicals.

NARRATIVE OF PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE UNITED STATES OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHILE PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF REBEL AUTHORITIES. *Being a Report of a Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the United States Sanitary Commission.* With an Appendix, containing the Testimony.

A MANUAL FOR CAVALRY. *Routine of Duty for Cavalry in Quarters, in Camp, and on the March.* By Brigadier-General W. L. Elliott. A neat and complete little book for young officers and regiments in such service.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. No. 77. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest editions of the German Conversationes Lexicon. With wood engravings and maps. The best Encyclopædia published, and only 20 cents a number.

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From A. WINCH, Philadelphia:—

THE TAX PAYERS' GUIDE. *An Analytical and Comprehensive Digest of the Internal Revenue and Excise Tax Laws of the United States.* Being a Concise Compilation of the Revised Acts of Congress now in force, passed June 30 and July 4, 1864. The whole arranged alphabetically, for easy use and reference. By Thompson Westcott, of the Philadelphia Bar. This digest is a necessity in the hands of the people.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HARPER'S HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Railroad Map, corrected up to 1864, and a Map embracing colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Third Year. This convenient and valuable book contains all the information, historical and descriptive, which is necessary for the class of people for whose special interest it is intended. A book of this kind is also attractive to those not privileged to visit other lands except through the pages of this and other works of a similar character. It will meet a want often expressed, for while there are *many* guides through European countries, no *one* is so complete. It is the intention of the publishers to issue a new edition every year, with corrections up to the latest moment.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND. *A Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk, with Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe.* By J. Ross Brown, author of "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise," "Yuseff," etc. The contents of this book have been published in *Harpers' Monthly*, in which form they attracted very considerable attention, on account of the easy and spirited style of the narrative and the diversity of character and incident introduced, to the great amusement of the reader.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

MEMOIR OF MRS. CAROLINE P. KEITH, *Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to China.* Edited by her brother, William C. Tenney. This interesting memoir of an amiable and persevering woman is embraced in a series of letters written by herself, and running from the year 1838 to a short time before her death in 1862. In these letters she gives full expression to her feelings, and relates much of her experience while employed as a teacher in the South. In 1850, she returned North, and soon after determined to devote herself to the Mission of the Episcopal Church in China. While there she married the Rev. Mr. Keith, and continued her services until 1862, when they returned—but only to meet death in their own land, Mrs. Keith dying in San Francisco a few days after her arrival, and the Rev. Cleaveland Keith being lost in the "Golden Gate" on passage to the North.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. *For October*, 1864. Price 25 cents.

THE TRIAL: *More Links in the Daisy Chain.* By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Two volumes in one. Those already acquainted with the pure elevating thoughts and sentiments of the former work of the writer will not be disappointed in their anticipations of a literary and moral treat in this volume. There is no leaving the book without benefit from its pictures of distinctive character. Though not as intensely fascinating as its predecessor, "The Heir of Redclyffe," we predict for it as deserving popularity with the public.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE SCIENCES: *To which are added Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte.* By Herbert Spencer, author of 'First Principles," "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," and

the "Principles of Psychology." Mr. Herbert is at home in nearly every department of science, and possesses the highest confidence of our most intellectual and influential men. Therefore the present work will demand attention among persons interested in the class of literature to which it belongs.

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE IN THE TIME OF CALVIN. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D. Vol. III. *France, Switzerland, Geneva.* Those who have read the two first volumes will eagerly seize on this; they will not be disappointed. It is of absorbing interest; showing, with the vividness of a personal recollection, almost, the picturings of those wonderful events which have had such permanent effects on the character of European civilization. This history should find place in every family library. It is not only of deep import in its religious bearing, but also in its historical value; and the story of those eventful times is told in such a natural manner that the most careless reader will be attracted by the wonderful scenes described, and remarkable persons who seem living and moving through the book.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY'S BOOKSHELF. By the authors of "The Wide, Wide World."

SYBIL AND CHRYSSA. Here are the two dear little girls, again, as happy and interesting as when they first came out. Every little girl will love them.

HARD MAPLE. By the author of "Dollars and Cents." Here, too, in this pretty volume, Sybil and Chryssa are the centre and attraction of the story. But little girls and boys, too, will like the story to the end.

CASPAR AND HIS FRIENDS—by the same authors—is the concluding volume of this series. We think the whole will be popular, and make welcome gifts for the holidays.

SEA DRIFTS. By Mrs. Georgie A. Hulse McLeod, author of "Sunbeams and Shadows," etc. The writer of this book for the young has been very successful in her stories. This one is the story of a little girl saved from a shipwreck, where all but she were lost or died. There is a high, pure tone of piety in the narrative; yet a vein of cheerfulness, and often merriment runs through, like flowers and stars in nature. It is a pleasant and good book for the young.

THE MARTYRS OF SPAIN AND THE LIBERATORS OF HOLLAND. By the author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family." The popularity of her first work has been followed by several others, written in a similar spirit; this lady's heart and soul appearing devoted to the task of illustrating the struggles, sufferings, and triumphs of the early martyrs who embraced the true faith when there was no liberty of conscience allowed by the church. This work is very interesting, but has not the freshness of such originality as marked the "Schönberg Cotta Family." All the books of this author are valuable for their suggestive power: those who read them will want further knowledge of those old times of persecutions.

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From MASON & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A NEW STORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Fanny Fern. The *nom de plume* of the author has been so long familiar to the public that it will not be required to enter into a review of these sketches, apparently intended only for the amusement of young readers. There are, however, some sentiments introduced, and some references made to peculiar principles, which might have been left out with benefit to that class of readers. The same vigorous and pointed style which she has maintained in her former writings will be found in full force in the pages of the "New Story Book."

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From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONDON DETECTIVE. By "Waters," author of "Experiences of a French Detective," etc. etc. This is a very readable book, written in the clear pointed style characteristic of a business requiring so much vigor, resolution, and sustained zeal. Various classes of swindlers and rogues are portrayed, and the cautious, wary detective enchains the attention by his fearless, honest energy in his vocation.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. By Robert Browning. We have here a third volume of poems from the pen of Robert Browning, but with what intent and for the edification of what particular class of readers it was prepared may not be easily determined, even by the shrewdest of our critics. The style adopted by the author is by no means pleasing or agreeable to the taste of general readers, nor are the subjects he has chosen such as will be likely to interest or amuse those who seek to have their feelings gratified if not excited by the perusal of everything assuming to be poetry. Browning's versification is formal, stiff, and unpleasant, and, by readers unpractised in the conjugation of verbs, hard to be understood, and in some cases painfully mysterious. In these simple points his poetry is so positively at variance with that of all those who have for many years been considered our *standards* among the English poets and prose writers, that we can only look upon the present effort of Mr. Browning and his admirers as an attempt to reform our old school literature altogether. But if such be their aim, we think they will have a hard task to perform, and but few recruits from among those familiar with the flowing verses, and the simple majestic sentences of our favorite poets.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS. By James Russell Lowell. We find the following notice of this volume on a spare leaf at its beginning. It is the author's own brief explanation, and is transcribed for the benefit of the reader:—

"The greater part of this volume was printed ten years ago in *Putnam's Monthly* and *Graham's Magazine*. The additions (most of them about Italy) have been made up from letters and journals written on the spot. My wish was to describe not so much what I went to see, as what I saw that was most unlike what we see at home."

The captivating style of this author is too well known and recognized to need any eulogies from our pen. His name and its tasteful appearance are all-sufficient introductions.

EMILY CHESTER. *A Novel.* We do not know to whom we are indebted for this ably written novel, but we do not hesitate to say that the characters have been drawn by a masterly hand, and will leave their impression on the mind of every reader. Few novels have lately appeared equal to it in interest and ability.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS. From the *Saturday Review.* The perusal of these Essays will probably induce many persons to examine themselves on certain points of conduct, peculiarity of habit and manners, with the salutary effect of producing changes in their thoughts and actions. An ounce of such practical common sense is worth a ton of idle gossip.

POEMS OF THE WAR. By George H. Boker. This volume of admirably written poems will prove a most worthy voyager to posterity along with the honest prose records of these troublous times. In after years more emphatically than now, when every event is passing so hurriedly before us, these poems will be the source of great poetic and historic interest to our descendants. Think, for a moment, how much we are indebted to the poets of Rome for the bloody details of her civil struggles, and it will be at once appreciated how such books will be prized by our posterity. Having, in most respects, preserved the dignified style of the ancient laureates, Mr. Boker's poems are truthful and philosophical; they thrill the heart with enthusiasm. His personification of "Death" and "Fame" in the "Ride to the Camp," is the conjuration of a brain used to sympathize deeply with all the passions and weaknesses of humanity.

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From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia:—

WATCH AND WAIT: *or, The Young Fugitives.* A Story for Young People. By Oliver Optic, author of "The Soldier Boy," "The Riverdale Story Books," etc. etc. This little story details in a vivid and stirring manner the escape and adventures of three young slaves from Louisiana, and their safe and happy arrival in New York city.

—

From A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

EVAN DALE. *A Novel.* The author seems to possess a close acquaintance with the spirit which animates the hearts of young people, whether engaged in the pleasures or the more engrossing matrimonial schemes natural to that age.

—

From CROSBY & AINSWORTH, Boston:—

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. *For October*, 1864.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

DECEMBER, 1864.

Two beautiful steel engravings, one of them, "The Nativity," comprising six different subjects; a further description of this splendid plate will be found in Mrs. Hale's department. "The Return." In these sad days, when almost every hearthstone has a vacant chair, and one picture in the family group will bring tears to the mother's eyes, our Christmas plate will touch a chord in every heart. The old man so eagerly scanning the road, the child with watchful face and half-suspended breath, the waiting group inside, even the very dog, all seem to live only for the blue coat they hope to see at the Christmas feast. The three dreary years of absence and suspense fall back far into the past, while the minutes that must elapse are lengthened into hours by love's impatience. God grant that before another Christmas dawns upon us that these pilgrims of patriotism may be all again united to their families, and that no vacant chair or unfilled plate dampen the festivities of the day! To many, alas! this hope and watching may never come again; but to them our Heavenly Father gives promise of a meeting that will as far exceed in joy these earthly ones as heaven's bliss is above mortal.

Godey's fashions. Six figures, and, as usual, reliable. A Toilet Cushion, printed in tints, and an original amusing engraving, "Christmas in Camp," designed expressly for Godey. Two fashionable garments are furnished us from the celebrated house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, and one from Brodie. It will also be observed that we give engravings of comfortable winter garments, articles that ladies can make up in these long winter evenings. Our other engravings are of useful subjects.

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MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS according to the new rates, which will be found on the next page. Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. Any person with a very little trouble can get up a club for the Book. We have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone.

—

OUR NEW OFFICE.—After a period of eighteen years, we have changed our quarters. We now have an establishment worthy of the Lady's Book. Our new office is in Hart's Buildings, at the N. E. corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, certainly one of the most desirable situations in the city. We have the Hall of Independence in full view from our windows. We occupy four apartments, each thirty feet by seventy, and we have a cosy little office of our own on the first floor, where we shall be pleased to see our lady friends. We do not think we have neglected any of our correspondents, but if we have, we must plead our removal as the excuse. Some letters and MSS. may have got misplaced, but they will turn up in time.

—

WE wish all of our 150,000 subscribers a very merry Christmas. We trust that they have been pleased with the book, through the present year, and we hope to meet most of them, if not all, the next year. We have been catering for their instruction and amusement nearly thirty-five years, and we think that by this time we have found out what kind of publication they want—and the result is that Godey's Lady's Book is the very one.

—

OUR readers may congratulate themselves upon the music in this year's numbers, and may thank our musical editor, J. Starr Holloway, for the rich treat he has given them. We are pleased to find that *Holloway's Musical Monthly* is so successful.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is the monthly that we recommend to those who want a cheaper magazine than the Lady's Book.

—

THE following is an extract from a letter written by the Principal of one of the largest ladies' seminaries in the West:—

"I am certain that the Lady's Book will refine the taste of our young ladies, and exert a decidedly healthy influence upon their morals. I know of no periodical of a secular nature half so valuable as Godey's Lady's Book."

—

THE contributors in this number are Marion Harland, Miss Frost, Miss Janvrin, Willie Pabor, C. Gardette, and Zan Thorne—an array of names that cannot be equalled by any magazine in the country.

—

OUR CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALBUMS.—We are distributing these elegant pictures all over the country, from Maine to California and Oregon, and everywhere they are giving satisfaction. Why? Because they are of the finest quality: equal to anything produced. All orders are promptly mailed, and the cards selected with particular care. Liberal terms to those who buy in quantities to sell again.

The Terms of the LADY'S BOOK for 1865 are as follows, for the present:—

1 copy, 1 year	$3 00
2 copies, 1 year	5 50
3 copies, 1 year	7 50
4 copies, 1 year	10 00

CLUBS.

5 copies, 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 6 copies	14 00
8 copies, 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 9 copies	21 00
11 copies 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 12 copies	27 50

All additions to clubs of any denomination $2 50 each.

Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine will both be sent 1 year on receipt of $4 50. We club with no other magazine.

Canada subscribers must send 24 cents additional for each subscriber to pay American postage.

In order to secure the extra copy for the club, the money must all be sent at one time.

L. A. GODEY,

N. E. Corner Sixth and Chestnut Streets.

MORE complimentary club letters:—

When our year expired for your charming Lady's Book, we all felt, to meet the demands of the times, we should forego the pleasure of your excellent Book, for the present year at least. But as the time drew near for its accustomed visit, some of us agreed that, if necessary, we would retrench in some other way rather than give up our old friend Godey, and hence the club. MRS. M., *Maine.*

I have taken the Book for a number of years, and always welcome it as I would a very dear friend. It is invaluable to me. I hardly know how to wait until the number becomes due, and all the ladies are equally impatient. MRS. O., *Mass.*

Again I have the pleasure of sending you a club. I had no difficulty in getting the subscribers, as every one knows what the Lady's Book is. MISS B., *Ohio.*

The ladies in this section of the country cannot do without Godey, as witness this club. R. S. R., *Pa.*

MR. GODEY: I have taken your Book the past year, and like it so much that I wished to continue it; therefore thought I would get up a club. How well I have succeeded the above sixteen names will show. Every one seemed willing and pleased to take it. S. L. B., *Mass.*

FREIGHT ON LETTERS OR PREMIUMS ON DRAFTS.—We want our subscribers distinctly to understand that, when they send their letters by express companies, they must pay the freight. We advise our subscribers to procure drafts—they and the postal money order are the only safe mode of remitting. The premium on the draft must be paid by the subscribers.

MARION HARLAND.—The only magazine that this lady will contribute to in 1865 is Godey's Lady's Book. Her stories are copyrighted.

A MAIDEN lady, whose age is not a proper subject for discussion, warns young men that the stamp tax on matches is soon to be enforced, and that it would be a saving of money to finish up engagements at once.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York:—

The Copperhead of 1864 and '65.
God Save our Noble Union. Patriotic song and chorus.
On to Richmond. Gallop.
We 'll all go Home again. Song and chorus.
There are Voices—Spirit Voices. A song.
They tell Me I 'll Forget Thee. A song.
Starlight Waltz.
I will be True to the Stripes and Stars. Quartette.
'Dey said we Wouldn't Fight. A song and chorus.
The Sunnyside Set—Cannon Gallop, and Farmer Stubbs.
My Country, Dear, I Die for Thee. Song and chorus.
The Soldier's Dying Farewell.
Moonlight and Starlight. A song.
No Slave Beneath that Starry Flag. A song.

From C. D. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.:—
Lucilla, the Maid of Shillon. Song and chorus.

CLUBBING WITH MAGAZINES.—We have no club with any magazine or newspaper except *Arthur's Home Magazine.* One copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of *Arthur* will be sent one year on receipt of $4 50.

Two elegant little volumes for ladies are just published by Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. Price $2 00 each. Illustrated in the style of their "Art Recreations."

WAX FLOWERS: How to Make Them. With new methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

SKELETON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS. A complete and Practical Treatise on the Production of these beautiful Transformations. Also, Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers in their fresh beauty.

PARTICULAR NOTICE to the Binder of the Lady's Book. Please give the fashion-plate a double-fold before binding. It will thus escape being cut when the edges are trimmed.

A MISPRINT occurred in our last number, page 448, sixth paragraph—"Clubbing with Magazines." "Godey and Arthur one year, should be $4 50, not $4.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—The December number is now ready, completing the second volume and the second year of our popular *Monthly*. The contents are: a beautiful and brilliant schottische, the Chancery Hill, composed for the *Monthly* by Geo. E. Fawcette; Norah Mavourneen, a new Irish ballad; and Morceau Melodique, a charming nocturne by Theo. Oesten, a composer of rare merit, who divides popularity among our subscribers with Brinley Richards. The December number also contains for subscribers a complete index and title-page for the volume, for the convenience of those who desire to have the year's numbers bound. They make a splendid volume for preservation.

Our arrangements for the new year are now completed, and notwithstanding the enormous advance in the prices of white paper, plates, etc., amounting to about double the cost of any former year, we have determined *not to advance* the rates of subscription. Nearly every other three dollar periodical has been obliged to increase its subscription price for 1865 to four dollars, but our friends are now so fully responding to our call for an increase in our subscription list that, as we have already announced, we shall be enabled to go on at the old rate. We shall have three times the number of names next year that we have this, or quadruple the circulation ever before attained by a musical periodical. Terms $3 per annum, in advance, for each and every subscription.

Three Hundred Dollars in Premiums.—All the old club rates at a less price than three dollars are necessarily discontinued. We had either to do so or advance our single subscription rate to four dollars. But in order to induce still further subscriptions to the *Monthly* we have issued a splendid list of premiums, including one of *one hundred dollars in cash*, all of which will be duly awarded according to the plan laid down in our Prospectus. Copies will be forwarded to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp for postage.

Holiday Gala Number.—We shall open the new volume with a beautiful number, prepared with especial reference to the holiday season. Thousands of copies of this single number ought to be sold. It will be ready December 1. Price to non-subscribers 50 cents, and sent free of postage to any address on receipt of price.

Bound Volumes for 1863 *and* 1864.—We have ready a few copies of the two volumes of the *Monthly*, neatly bound. Price of each year's volume $6, and sent free of postage to any address. Copies in extra binding, morocco and gilt, $10 and $12. A splendid Christmas present. The volumes sold together or separately.

New Sheet Music.—The Good-By at the Door, by Glover, 30 cents. Home of my Youth, by Glover, 25. Watching all Alone, 30. Evangeline, with beautiful lithographic title-page, 35. Forget Thee, by Balfe, 25. Around the Fire, song and chorus, 25. At the Gate, new edition, 25. All day Long, by Stephen C. Foster, his very best ballad, 30. Oh, I wish the War were Over, 25. How are you, Telegraph? comic, 25. No Irish need Apply, 25.

Frozen Rill Polka Schottische, 25. Our Governor's Schottische, 25. Volunteer's Quickstep, 25. Marche Militaire, by Glover, 30. Cavalry Quickstep, same, 35. A Night on the Ocean, nocturne, 30. Musings at Twilight, nocturne, 30.

All orders for Holloway's *Musical Monthly*, etc., must be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post-office, Philadelphia.

J. Starr Holloway.

Braid and Embroidery Stamps.—We have frequently, in times past, called the attention of the ladies to the Premium Braid and Embroidery Stamps manufactured by Alfred Peirce, Massillon, Ohio. We learn from Mr. P. that, having purchased a homestead at the junction of A. & G. W. and C. & P. Railroads, his post-office address will be, for the future, Franklin Mills, Portage County, Ohio. That he has neither "quit the business," "sold out," or "gone dead," as has been industriously circulated; but, on the contrary, is more extensively engaged than ever in the manufacture of the stamps which have so justly acquired such wide-spread popularity. That his efforts to please have been successful has been shown by the diplomas and medals awarded him, and the spontaneous praise bestowed upon them by those who have used them for years. Mr. P. may be considered the pioneer in the stamp business, which he has made a specialty for over six years. He warrants his stamps to join well, to be the best made and cheapest stamps in use, and to give entire satisfaction in all cases. Be careful to direct orders to Alfred Peirce, Franklin Mills, Portage Co., Ohio., or to the following agents: George Atkins, 102 W. 4th St., Cincinnati; Mrs. M. A. Bender, Temple of Fashion, 1023 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; Magneus Muller, 541 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore; Mrs. H. L. Raymond, 26 N. Fifth St., St. Louis; Mrs. M. A. Rice, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary E. Fox, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. M. Schreiner, Lancaster, Pa.; Mr. W. W. Sherman, Toledo, Ohio.

Our Superior Needles.—We have made arrangements by which we can continue to furnish the ladies' favorite needles for 40 cents per 100 and a 3 cent stamp to pay return postage. This is much cheaper than they can be purchased elsewhere, and the needles are of a much finer quality. The demand is so great for them that it is the business of one person in our office to attend to the orders. We resume again at little profit to ourselves, but we are anxious that our subscribers should be supplied with a superior article.

Dear Sir: A little incident came under my observation a few days since, which was so amusing and so *characteristic* of a large class here that I thought I would send it to you, though it does not come under the head of "servant-gal-ism." We were waiting at a small station for a train, when two girls (I should say young ladies, I suppose) came in, with that peculiar *strut* which they intend shall let you know "I am as good as you." They walked about, making all sorts of remarks in a loud tone, and at last came to a window opening into the little telegraph office; though no one happened to be there, the machine was clicking away.

"What in the world is that?" cried the more modest of the two.

"La! don't you know? That is a sewing-machine; my sister has one just like it."

"But it is going, and there is no one here."

"Oh, well, it is only spooling thread now; it does that itself. Don't you see that green spool on top?"

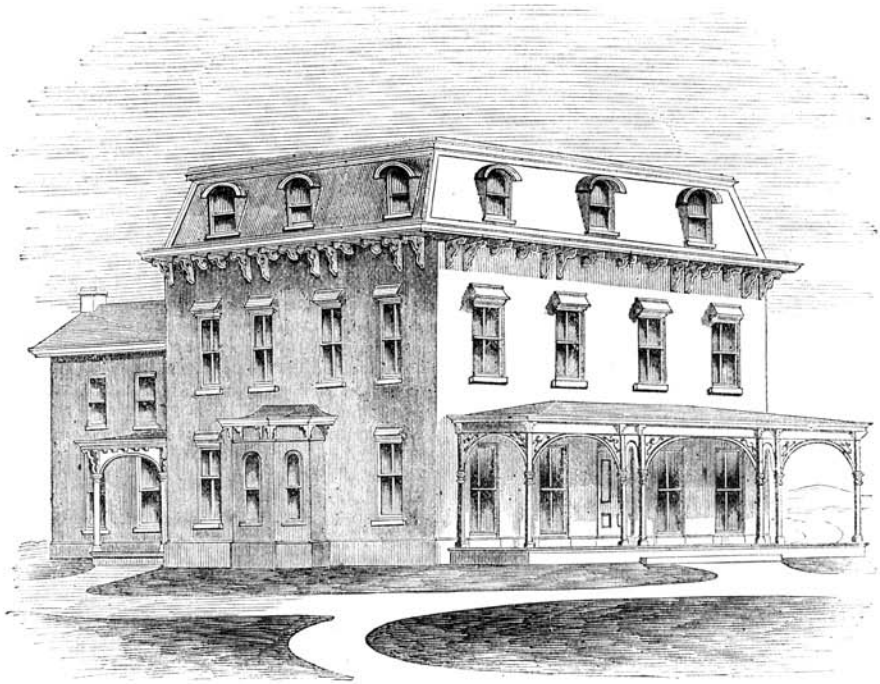
This was satisfactory, and the sewing-machine that "went all by itself" called forth much admiration, much to the amusement of the waiting passengers.

An Old Subscriber.

A Book for the Young.—We take great pleasure in announcing "The Irvington Stories: A Book for the Young. With illustrations by Darley." The author is Mrs. M. E. Dodge, a lady well known to our readers through a series of stories lately published, entitled "A Few Friends."

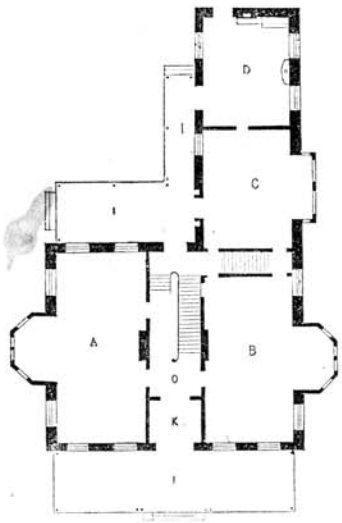
DESIGN FOR AN ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

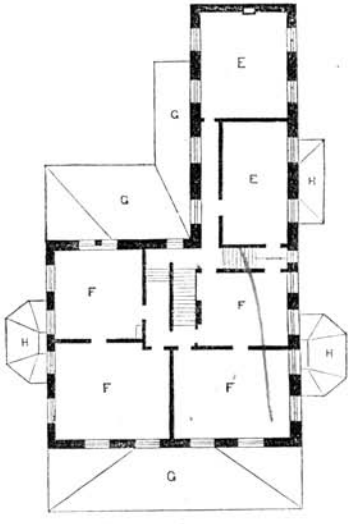
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by Isaac H. Hobbs, *Architect, Philadelphia.*



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

The above design is a square building, of a simple but good plan. It has a French roof, and can be built of either stone or brick. If the building was built in the neighborhood of Philadelphia it would cost about $7,000. It contains parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, with ample kitchen upon the first floor. It is designed to be 43 feet in the front, and 34 feet deep in main building. The ornamental part of this building is simple, and will cost but





little. The main hall runs through the centre of building, which will make it airy, convenient, and easily to be kept in order.

Description of Plan.—A parlor, B library, C dining-room, D kitchen, E bedrooms, F chambers, G roof of porch, H roof of bay-windows, I porches, O hall, K vestibule.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE WRESTLERS.

A GAME FOR CHILDREN.

Materials.—Two large corks, some thin card-board, small pieces of various materials, water-colors.

THIS game consists of two small heroes in cork and card-board, to whom a piece of thread about three yards long is attached, causing them to put themselves into all sorts of contortions. This thread (whether white or black it should be very strong) is passed through the crossed arms of the little men, and is fixed at one end to the floor by means of a small nail or tack, while the other end is held in the hand, rather slanting. By slightly drawing the thread, the movements of the wrestlers are rendered easier; but practice alone will teach this, and we must warn our readers not to draw the thread too tightly, as this would cause the little men to fight too desperately. Let us now explain how they are to be made: Take for the bodies good corks, three and a half inches long. They must be of the same size and *the same weight*, as it is necessary for them to keep their equilibrium. A face should be painted on the top of the corks (it is unnecessary to have a great talent for painting to do this). Next, they must be dressed. A strip of linen two inches long, and gathered round the figure, serves for a skirt; it is fastened by pins. The under part of the body is hidden by a small piece of black silk; it is fastened to the skirt, which is pulled down tightly underneath. The toilet is completed by a band made with a colored ribbon, and by a little cap, the shape and color of which may vary according to the taste of the worker, and which is also put on with pins. Next cut out the arms and legs in thin card-board from the illustrations 2 and 3. As the arms are drawn crossing each other, two similar pieces only should be cut out, but four legs are required. The part represented black in the pattern for the legs is covered with

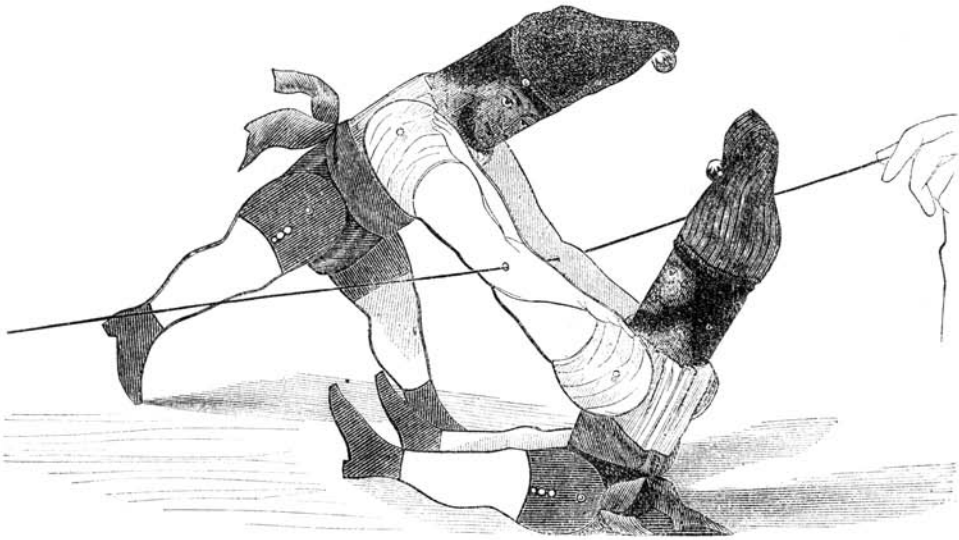
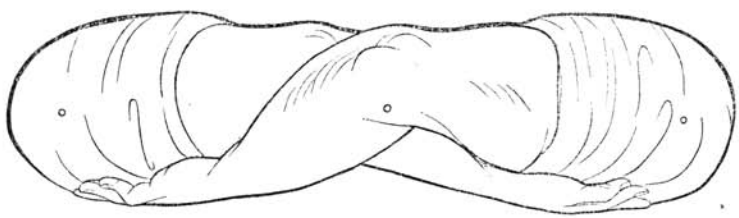


Fig. 2.—The Leg.

Fig. 3.—The Arms.



India ink, and the two pieces for the arms are painted in water-colors, as well as the shirt-sleeves. A pin is inserted in each leg, and the same pin is fastened on each side of the wrestler's body, so that it may move easily. The arms are attached in the same manner to the shoulders, and in a very horizontal position. As a general rule these small dolls should be well poised, and every fold in their dress which might impede their movements carefully avoided. Now pass the long thread through the arm at the place marked by a small round, and fasten this thread to the floor in the manner already described, and make a knot in the thread about one yard from the end, to prevent the wrestlers from slipping about too much.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. D. T.—Sent pattern September 24th.
Mrs. A. S.—Sent pattern 24th.
Mrs. R. C. J.—Sent braid 24th.
Mrs. E. C. G.—Sent pattern 24th.
Mrs. M. F. M.—Sent pattern 24th
H. T.—Sent pattern 24th.
Mrs. N. E. D.—Sent pattern 24th.
Mrs. H. E. W.—Sent pattern 24th.
Miss R. M. I.—Sent pattern 24th.
Mrs. E. K. L.—Sent articles 27th.
J. A. H.—Sent pattern, etc. 27th.
Mrs. A. K.—Sent pattern 27th.
Mrs. S. A. W.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss S. E. R.—Sent hair heart, October 4th.
J. F. S.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. M. W.—Sent pattern 4th.
W. H. K.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. H. K.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. M. E. H.—Sent pattern 4th.
G. G.—Sent box by express 4th.
M. E. M.—Sent pattern 4th.
J. R. M.—Sent lead comb 8th.
J. S. H.—Sent lead comb 8th.
M. E. S.—Sent lead combs 8th.
N. F.—Sent lead comb 8th.
M. S. T.—Sent lead comb 8th.
J. L.—Sent lead comb 8th.
Mrs. V. S. F.—Sent kid gloves 10th.
D. E.—Sent dress shields 10th.
L. J.—Sent box by express 10th.
E. J. B.—Sent box by express 10th.
J. E. W.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. J. B. W.—Sent pattern 14th.
Miss L. C.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. M. A. W.—Sent pattern 14th.
Miss E. T.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. A. B. C. P.—Sent pattern 14th.
Miss B. C. H.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. P. G. R.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. J. B.—Sent pattern 14th.

M. G.—We think it best not to publish your receipt, although we thank you kindly for sending it. If any accident should happen from any cause after having partaken of the berries, it would be laid to that cause.

M. and A.—To the first: Decidedly not proper. To the second: Not proper, unless the gentleman is an accepted suitor.

Old Subscriber.—We cannot tell any way to make the braids into curls, unless you send them to a hairdresser. The only way to keep the curl in is to recurl them when it comes out.

E. Y.—Mask veils are of lace, and come ready made. Hats are worn by ladies of all ages. We think forty too old for them.

W. E. C.—Very sorry, but we have no advice to give on the subject.

A Subscriber.—Arthur's Home Magazine, for 1864, can be had in numbers, but not bound. Price $2. You pay postage on receipt of it.

Beata.—We do not publish charades. Yours is excellent.

Miss E. C.—There is no "simple" remedy for removing freckles. We have published receipts on the subject, but have not the time to look them up.

L. J. L.—The waists are intended for home and evening wear. With care they can be worn a season without cleaning.

M. C. H.—We believe that there is no sequel to the volume. "Say and Seal," and "Queechy" succeeded "The Wide, Wide World."

M. E. M.—The bride should walk up leaning on her father's arm; or, in absence of a father, on the one who is to give her away. He stands behind, but next to the person to be married, so as to be ready to answer the question, "Who gives, etc."

Miss M. S. S.—We cannot give the information. That is a secret known only to the manufacturer.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions;

and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Fawn-colored silk dress, trimmed with flutings of Solferino silk. Low waist, with a short puffed sleeve of white silk. Folds of white silk pass over the shoulders, and a fine muslin guimpe is seen directly in the front and back. The hair is rolled from the face, and arranged in a double waterfall at the back. An Alexandra curl falls behind the right ear. The wreath is of green leaves and Solferino berries.

Fig. 2.—Dress of green silk, trimmed with narrow pinked ruffles. Corselet of green silk, with shoulder straps and bows. White muslin guimpe, with long sleeves, and finished at the neck with a fluted ruffle. White felt hat and white wing.

Fig. 3.—Rich dinner-dress of a black and white cross-barred silk, trimmed with applications of black velvet, edged with a white fluted ribbon. The jacket is of white corded silk, trimmed with black velvet and white quilled ribbon. The sash is of black velvet, with applications of white silk, and edged with a narrow box-plaited white ribbon. The coiffure is composed of black lace and Solferino flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dress and petticoat of dark cuir-colored reps. The petticoat is edged with a fluted ruffle, and trimmed with bands of silk cut out in a pattern and edged with a silk piping. The dress skirt is plain, and festooned in each breadth by bands of silk arranged in loops. The corsage is made with one wide tail, and trimmed with velvet of a darker shade than the dress. The bonnet is trimmed with a row of daisies around the edge. The crown is formed of loops of ribbon and flowers, and a fall of white lace takes the place of the curtain.

Fig. 5.—Visiting-dress of pearl-colored Irish poplin, with coat of the same, trimmed with guipure lace. Bonnet of white royal velvet, trimmed with white feathers. A fall of blonde lace constitutes the curtain. The inside trimming is of blonde lace and a small scarlet feather.

Fig. 6.—Dress of purple silk, edged with a fluted ruffle, and richly trimmed with black velvet. The corsage is plain, and fastened up the front with black velvet buttons. A fancy point is worn over this, which is laced up in front. The long tails are trimmed with bugle trimming. White bonnet, trimmed with black lace. A black feather is laid over the front, and on the right side where the black feather is fastened is a large tuft of pink roses.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

(*See engravings, page* 488.)

Fig. 1.—White silk curtainless bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, black lace, large black beads, and sprays of orange-colored velvet flowers.

Fig. 2.—Evening bonnet of white *crape*, trimmed with mauve feathers. A fall of blonde lace and loops of mauve velvet take the place of a cape. A tulle veil ties under the chin, and is a substitute for the side caps. Over the forehead is a pink rose, with buds and leaves.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Bonnets are now worn quite small, though not the marvels of diminution we sometimes hear of. They are proportioned in size to the head and features of the wearer. Where the curtain is abandoned, it is replaced by loops of ribbon and falls of lace, so tastefully arranged that the curtain, which generally gives the style to a bonnet, is scarcely missed. We cannot resist describing some charming bonnets from the establishment of that fashionable artiste, Mme. Tilman, of 148 East 9th Street, New York.

A snowflake like bonnet, suitable for visiting or reception, was of white royal velvet, with soft, drooping crown, covered with falls of marabout fringe. Inside were clusters of half-blown roses, bedded in a mass of white tulle.

Another was of puffed tulle, with hanging crown covered with soft blonde lace, loops of rose-colored velvet, and tufts of forget-me-nots. On the edge of the front was a tulle scarf, which tied under the chin, and took the place of the quilled side caps.

A very graceful bonnet was of violine *crêpe*, with a wreath of autumn leaves and mulberries placed round the crown, and tied at the back with a ribbon and long ends.

Another evening bonnet was very tastefully trimmed with fuchsias round the crown. The face trimming was formed of a fringe of fuchsias, falling over a plait of tulle. The effect of this was charming.

For the street were velvets of rich, soft shades, trimmed with plumes or flowers, some having net crowns of narrow velvet, arranged loosely over white *crape* or silk.

The prejudice against the mixture of blue and green no longer exists, and we find this combination in flowers, feathers, ribbons, and, in fact, in all kinds of goods.

The coronet style of headdress is no longer the favorite. Clusters and branches of flowers are now the adopted styles, and from the hands of Madame Tilman these are perfect types of elegance. These branches and clusters fall very low upon the shoulders, and are frequently arranged on bright-colored chenille with good effect. Half wreaths of mountain ash or holly-berries, dotted with white flowers, are very graceful. The beautiful waxlike camellias are quite prominent in many of the tasteful toilettes; some are surrounded by Parma violets, and form pouffs; at other times they are mounted on scarlet velvet with admirable effect.

The dress garnitures cross the breast in the order style, and are particularly becoming formed of the rich Chinese pinks, the trailing convolvulus with foliage, lilies of the valley, or roses, which are always fashionable and pretty. The mixed compositions are exceedingly tasteful; they consist of azalias, periwinkles, heather in green moss, poppies, and a variety of other flowers, rich in color and perfect in form.

Among the multitude of elegant garnitures in the show rooms of the Maison Tilman we noticed rich clusters of autumn leaves, with bunches of grapes mounted on gold. These we think rather a novelty, and destined to be well received. *Fleur-de-lis* are introduced into most all the bridal coiffures and garnitures. We hope next month to present our readers with more novelties from this same establishment.

We noticed a very pretty corsage at Mme. Demorest's. It was of the Spanish form in front; that is, pointed both up and down, and laced up. At the back, however, were

two long coat-like tails, with a pocket in each. This is quite a stylish little affair, particularly so when made of black velvet and trimmed with jet. Instead of the regular jet trimmings, jet beads are now sewed on the dress in close rows; large black beads are also used as a heading for lace or fringe, and the effect is very good.

Dress skirts are frequently gored, and not only is the edge of the skirt scalloped and bound, but each seam is lapped over and scalloped. When the skirt is not gored, the breadths should only be scalloped half way up.

For the economist who wishes to attempt dress-making, we copy the following directions for ; ring a skirt, which are said to be very good:—

"Have the front breadth plain; then a gore on each side, the straight side of each against the breadth; then two breadths, one on each side the gore; then two gores on each side these, the plain part of each gore coming against the plain part of the breadth, and the plain side of the second gore on each side against the gored part of the first of the two gores. Then comes the back breadth, the gored sides of the two gores coming against the straight sides of this plain breadth. We would caution against cutting the back breadth into gores, as it is apt to overlap, and not hang well. To cut the gores, divide each breadth, of whatever width, into three; thus there will be two-thirds of a breadth at the widest part and one-third at the narrowest, and all the slope of each must be got into the straight side of a corresponding breadth."

Linsey is now very much worn for full suits. It is a soft, thick, mixed material, and very fashionable. Double width de laines are this season of excellent quality, and of all the choice shades. They make up very prettily, hang well, and are not expensive. Plaids are to be had in all kinds of goods. The *crape* plaids are, however, the richest of the all-wool plaids, and these are worn for full suits.

Very wide and deep scallops are the fashionable finish for a skirt, and when the skirt is scalloped the sleeves should also be scalloped from shoulder to wrist, also the tails to the waist.

There is no particular style of trimming. Bands of rich embossed velvet of a different shade from the dress are much worn; also fancy tabs cut out of velvet or some rich material, and edged with chenille fringe. These are arranged at the distance of about a quarter of a yard apart. Frequently the skirt is edged with a fluting or puffing, and velvet or braid is arranged to simulate a scallop or point, the edge falling over the trimming on the skirt.

The coat sleeve, which to some persons was very unbecoming, has been slightly altered. It is now cut in the coat form in two pieces, and gathered into a band which runs from shoulder to wrist on the inside of the arm.

We have seen some double skirted dresses open in front and looped back. Others have the upper skirt of a different color from the lawn one, but trimmed to match.

Jackets of all kinds are worn, and the Continental style of coat tail is very fashionable; that is, the coat tail is turned over as a *revers* to show the lining, which should be of silk. The most stylish jacket for home wear is of bright-colored merino, trimmed with several rows of cashmere braid, and edged with Thibet fringe. At the back is a hood, trimmed with a Thibet tassel. The sleeves are very wide, and laced with cords up to the elbow.

The fashion of looping the skirt is on the increase, and the newest method of looping is to wear a velvet waist-band from which hang six or eight long loops of ribbon velvet. The skirt is then pulled through these loops, which festoons it very prettily. Frequently the dress and petticoat are of the same material, the principal trimming, however, being on the petticoat. Sometimes the dress is arranged in deep festoons, and looped up permanently by fanciful buttons and straps. For colored petticoats, the black and white stripes or blocks are decidedly the most fashionable. They are trimmed with bands of velvet richly braided, or else with fluted ruffles of the material bound with a colored braid. We hear of white muslin skirts tucked and embroidered in colors. We do not think this style will suit the tastes of many. A really pretty style is to cut the white skirt into deep scallops or points, and trim them with a narrow ruffling.

Nothing can exceed the richness of the new cloakings. They are very thick, soft, and velvety; the shades are entirely new; some are of a delicate lilac, others of a peculiar blue, approaching the soldier blue, but very beautiful; then there are the softest and most indescribable shades of mode and ashes of roses.

For travelling, small jackets will be worn; these reach only as far as the waist; they are straight, without any seam down the back; they have a large, turned-down collar, coat sleeves, two pockets, and trimmed with very large buttons. We hear of paletots fastened up the back, which are said to be very stylish, but we have not yet seen anything of the kind.

We call attention to the cuts of the new morning robes brought out by A. T. Stewart & Co. They are of the most brilliant colors, and are to be had in great variety of design. The shape is quite novel and stylish, but, we fear, only suitable for a tall, slender person. They could, however, be confined to the waist by a thick girdle, and then, we think, would be better liked.

The newest black silks are embroidered in white, a large design on each breadth, and are very elegant.

The most fashionable hats we have yet seen are of black felt with a small vizor. The crowns are rather high and straight in front, slope off at the back somewhat like a Scotch cap. The favorite trimming is large black beads, edging them, or looped in with velvet arranged in front. Birds are very much worn, and some of them are quite pretty.

For travelling, square grenadine or *barège* veils are generally worn. These are now made with a very large button at each corner, or else the end is drawn through a large, heavy bead. When thrown over the bonnet, the veil is kept in place by these beads or buttons. Large buttons are also fastened on the ends of the velvets or ribbons, which are tied round the throat, and fall in long bows and streamers at the back.

Fancy ties, half an inch wide, of colored silk, with pointed ends, fringed and woven in a brilliant design, are among the new importations. Others are of Ottoman silk, one finger wide, with a gay Persian pattern on the end. White cravats, an inch wide, with pointed ends embroidered in colors, are now very much worn by young ladies.

The newest riding gloves have a gauntlet cuff, with a horse head raised on them of a darker shade.

We close this Chat with a description of a very *distingué* ball-dress worn by the empress at a late ball. The dress was of pearl gray tulle; three skirts, one over the other, formed of puffs running lengthwise. The upper skirt was looped up with two bouquets of velvet nasturtiums, with a diamond humming-bird in the centre of each. A bouquet of the same flowers, with velvet loops of a darker shade, in the centre of the forehead, and a small bouquet of the same at the back. A band of diamonds was used to connect the bouquets, and a diamond bird was nestling in both.

FASHION.

Arthur's Magazine deservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the best moral literary magazines published in America.—Cobourg *Sentinel*, Canada West.

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1865.

Volumes XXV. and XXVI.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1865 will be enlarged and improved, and made still more worthy of the eminent favor with which it has been received. Its character as a

High-toned Periodical,

claiming public favor on the ground of real merit, will be carefully maintained; while for variety, interest, usefulness, and all the attractions of literature and art essential to a true HOME MAGAZINE, the publishers will aim to make it

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Besides liberal contributions from the pens of the Editors,

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will continue to enrich its pages with novelets, stories, poems, essays, and sketches of life and character, written with the aim of blending literary excellence with the higher teachings of morality and religion.

Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, Domestic Happiness,

To these the Home Magazine has been and will continue to be devoted.

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will appear in every number, besides choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a large variety of patterns for garments, embroidery, etc. etc. In all respects we shall give

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at a price within the reach of every intelligent family in the land.

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1 copy - - - - - - - - - -	$2 50
3 copies - - - - - - - - - -	6 00
5 copies, and one to getter-up of club - - - - - -	10 00
9 copies, " " " " - - - - - -	15 00

☞ A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE INFANCY OF SHAKSPEARE," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive $2 50.

☞ For $4 50 we will send one copy each of HOME MAGAZINE and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for a year.

☞ We do not require all the subscribers in a club to be at the same post-office.

☞ Canada subscribers must add 20 cents on each subscription for pre-payment of United States postage.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

DECEMBER, 1864.

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