



A HELPING HAND TO THE AGED.



Chr. Kemm

GODFREY'S FASHIONS



el & C^{NY}

S FOR JUNE 1864.



Chr. Emanuel & Co. N.Y.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1864.







SUMMER'S LIEWE POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY GEORGE E. FAWCETT.



PIANO.

ff

p

tr

X

SUMMER'S EVE POLKA.

8va..... loco. 8va..... loco. 8va..... loco.

Brillante. f

p

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The treble clef part features a rapid sixteenth-note pattern. The bass clef part provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo/style is indicated as *Brillante.*

8va..... loco. 8va..... loco.

f *ff*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 3 and 4. The treble clef part continues with the sixteenth-note pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

8va..... loco. 8va..... loco. 8va..... loco.

mf *ff*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 and 6. The treble clef part continues with the sixteenth-note pattern. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

sfz. *Marcato. mf*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 7 and 8. The treble clef part continues with the sixteenth-note pattern. Dynamics include *sfz.* (sforzando) and *Marcato. mf* (marcato mezzo-forte).

f *FINE.*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 and 10. The treble clef part continues with the sixteenth-note pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte). The piece concludes with the word *FINE.*

SUMMER DRESS.

(From the celebrated establishment of MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.)



Suit of cuir-colored Glacina, stamped in a lace design. The shawl is edged with a light silk fringe. Cravat of scarlet silk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with a straw ribbon and white plumes.

SUMMER DRESS.

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



Robe of steel-colored mohair, ornamented with a very rich design of flowers and foliage in brilliant colors.

SUMMER DRESS.

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



Dress of mode-colored foulard, bordered with a plaid of blue, green, black, and yellow. The same style of trimming is on the corsage and sleeves.

SUMMER DRESS.

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



Pearl-colored *crêpe* poplin dress, with a deep bordering on the edge of the skirt, composed of a braiding design, a brilliant plaid, and a band of black on the extreme edge of the skirt. The hair is dressed in large waves, with an Alexandra curl on the right side.

ZOUAVE JACKET, WITH VEST.

(Front view.)



The jacket can be made of cloth or velvet, trimmed with a chenille gimp and a fringe of drop buttons. The vest should be of silk or cloth, of some bright color. It is cut with three points in front, and bound all round with a

ZOUAVE JACKET, WITH VEST.

(Back view.)



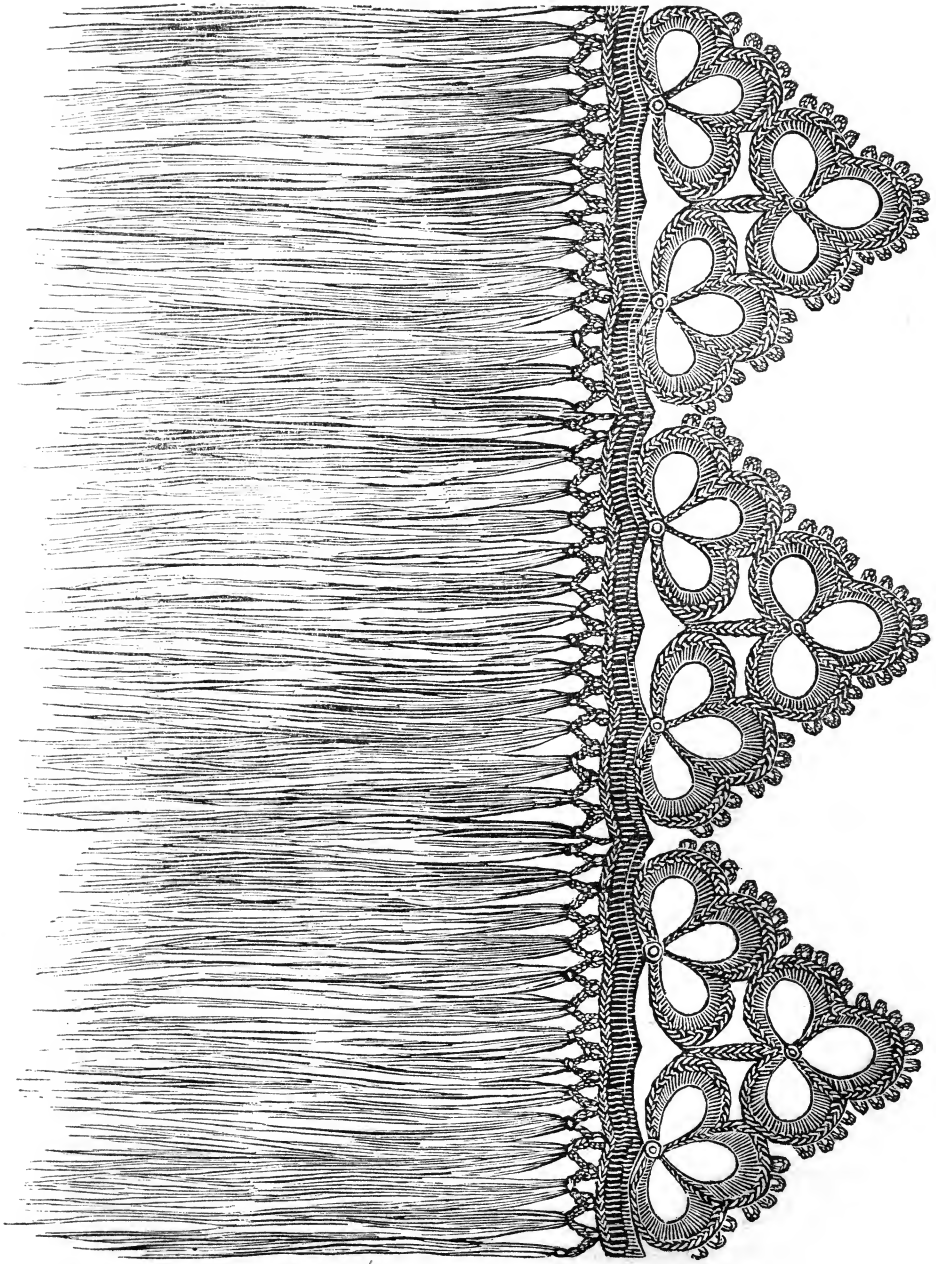
braïd matching the vest in color. The buttons can be of gilt or steel. The tie is of black silk, bound with the color of the vest. The cap is of muslin, trimmed with scarlet ribbons and flowers.

THE MADRILENA.

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



This is a charming style. There is a simplicity, and yet a piquant character about it that renders it more than ordinary attractive; easily adjusted to the back, it displays the tournure admirably. According to the season, it is made in light thin fabrics or silks, and the ornament varies greatly. A neat passementerie and buttons adorn this one. Some of the silk ones have lace edgings instead, etc., as the taste of the lady may prefer. Of course, at this season, laces share a large portion of favor. They are in a variety of styles, and some of great beauty; the patterns being more elegant than ever.

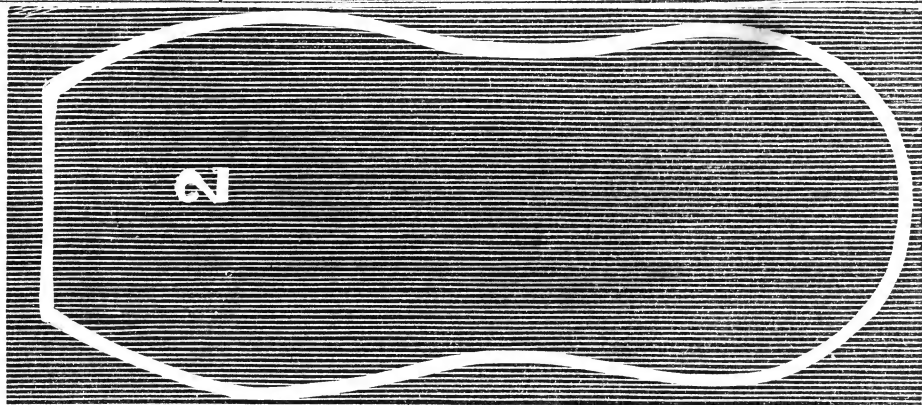
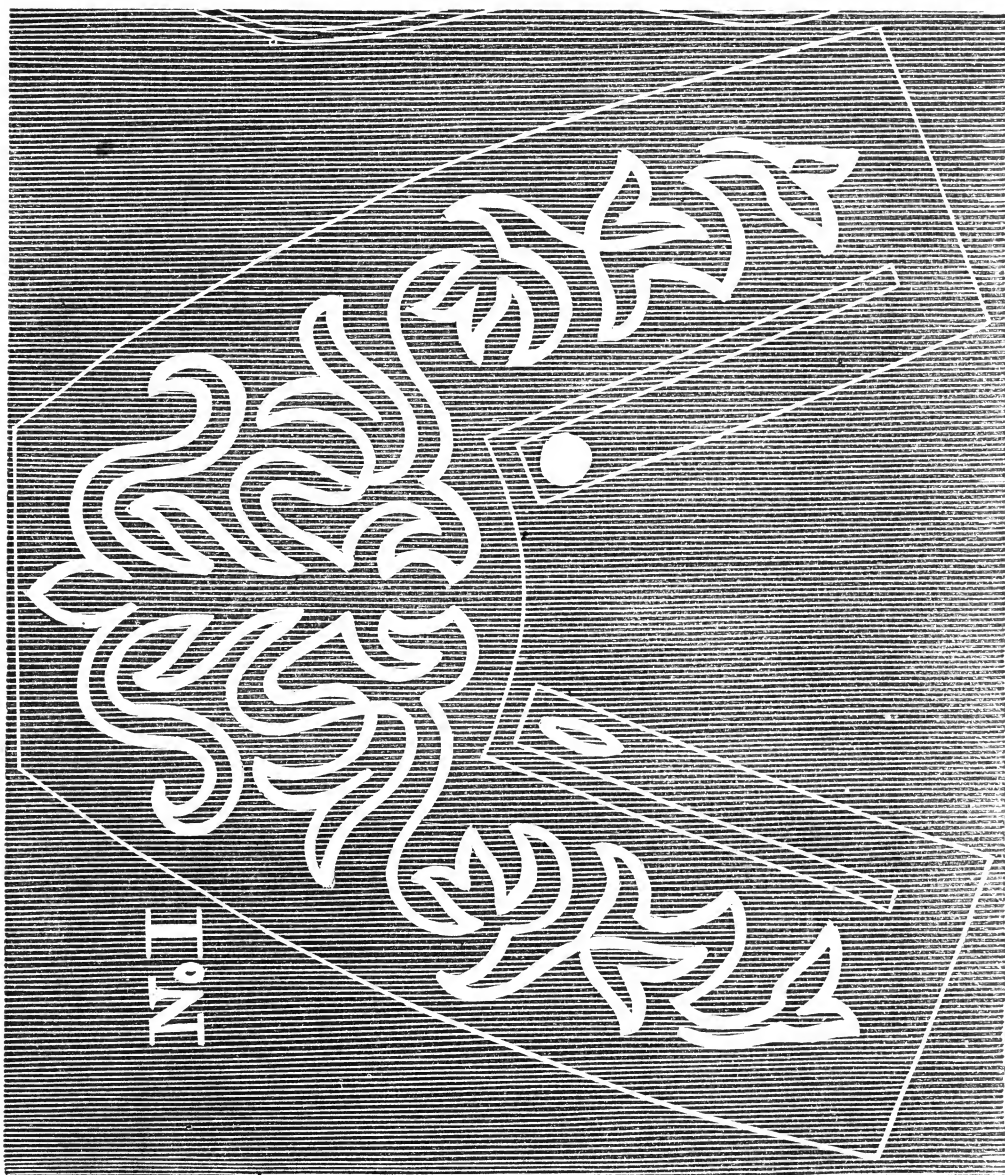


CROCHET TRIMMING AND FRINGE,

FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

(See Description, Work Department.)

CHILD'S SLIPPER, WITH STRAPS.



To be braided on scarlet cashmere or velvet with white silk braid. No. 2 is the size of the sole suitable for the slipper.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 344.)

CHAPTER XI.

IN a small room of a fourth-rate boarding-house, Maggie Lorraine sat, one autumn afternoon, three years after her secret marriage. The furniture of the apartment was dingy and ill-matched, evidently consisting of superfluous or cast-off articles from other portions of the establishment. Through an open door was visible the interior of the chamber adjoining, a mere closet, just large enough to hold a bed and washstand, and ventilated, as well as warmed, from the so-called parlor. There was a fire in the grate, for the day was cold, and Maggie's chair was drawn close to it. Upon the rug at her feet, was a pretty delicate-looking child, a little over two years old, whose striking resemblance to her once beautiful mother impressed the most casual observer. She was busy with a pile of wooden blocks, building houses, which she, ever and anon, called upon her parent to admire. Maggie's answer was always a fond smile and pleasant word, but such smiles and forced cheerfulness as would have deceived no one but a baby. The transient and sickly gleam made yet sadder the wan cheek and thoughtful brow. Disappointment, the tortures of a wounded spirit, and the wearing cares of her daily life had left unmistakable imprints upon her features. She looked nearer thirty, than twenty-two years of age.

Her very hands bore traces of toil, such as had never disfigured her shapely outlines in her girlish days. Besides the sweeping, dusting, etc., necessary to keep her rooms in order, the slender fingers were used to plying the needle many hours of each day, sometimes, when her husband was absent, far into the night. He never suspected that she had so far demeaned herself and him, as to beg of their landlady the privilege of doing plain and fancy sewing for her, that their board-bill might not go altogether unpaid. His wife had learned the lesson of necessary deceits too well in other days, not to practise it now where it seemed needful. He did wonder, sometimes, that the grim-faced hostess was not more restive, when he paid her only a part of the sum due her, and this forbearance induced him to patronize her house for a longer period than a gentleman of his tastes would have been likely to endure its want of style and lack of minor comforts. After all, it was a matter of small moment to him what kind of place his wife and child called home. He seldom saw the interior of it from breakfast until late at night. But for her babe, Maggie, with her social, loving disposition, would have been wretchedly lonely. Her old acquaintances had ostracized her, or dropped off by degrees, after the news of her marriage and rumors of her husband's disgrace were spread abroad. Her family had

renounced her utterly, and she had not the heart or courage to seek other associates.

Therefore, when she heard the sound of coming footsteps, and sweeping silken skirts along the thinly-carpeted, narrow hall, she had no thought that she was to be blest with a call, until there came a rap at the door. The color rushed up into her face as she opened it, and she saw Marie, now Mrs. Clement Lorraine. The two kissed one another, but it was a frigid, meaningless salute, very unlike the fervent greeting of olden times.

"How do, little one?" said Marie, brushing the forehead of her niece with her cold lips.

"She is not very well," answered Maggie, drawing the wondering creature closer to her side. It was an involuntary impulse to secure to herself something of comfort and sincerity, during the heartless conversation she expected. "She was threatened with the croup, last night."

"No wonder!" Mrs. Clement seated herself in the most respectable chair of the poor collection, drawing up her flounces as if she feared they would be soiled by contact with the faded carpet. "No wonder! when you keep her cooped up in this place from one week's end to the other. Of course, if a breath of fresh air reaches her, she takes cold. I send Clement out for an airing every day, when it is not actually storming. The consequence is, his health is perfect."

Maggie thought, but did not say, that Master Clement Lorraine, seated upon the nursery-maid's lap, wrapped in a furred mantle, and rolling in a close carriage down Broadway, might reasonably be less liable to take cold than her darling, holding to her mother's hand, and tottering over the muddy or slippery pavements in this unfashionable quarter of the city. She reflected, moreover, upon the slight inconvenience it would occasion Mrs. Lorraine, her lazy coachman, and well-fed horses, to drive by, occasionally, on damp days, and invite baby Louise to share in the "airing" that wrought such salutary results to her boy-cousin.

But she only said, "I blame myself for having taken her to walk yesterday. I had no idea the weather was so raw before I went out. She was not very warmly clad, either. And that reminds me of a surprise which I had to-day. Perhaps you can tell me what kind friend has remembered my daughter in this way."

She took from a drawer an embroidered child's cloak of softest merino, a blue silk hood, and a pair of tiny rubber boots, lined with wool and edged with fur. If she had truly imagined that these acceptable additions to her babe's wardrobe came from her husband's rich brother or his wife, Marie's countenance undeceived her. Her ignorance as to their donor was genuine, and with her scant praises of the articles, there was mingled unconcealed surprise that any one should have thought enough of the child to present them.

"It must have been Marian, or perhaps poor mamma!" sighed Maggie, as she laid them back. "I cannot bring myself to believe that they have ceased entirely to care for me."

"They choose a singular method of showing their affection," remarked Mrs. Clement. It is a pity they do not drop the anonymous and do something to aid you, instead of wasting money upon unsuitable finery for Louise."

Maggie's heart swelled. As if her pure lily-bud were not entitled to as much of the sunshine of life as the pampered nursling of the speaker's rich conservatory! She picked up her work and went on with it, in silence. Marie eyed it almost angrily. It was a slip of white cambric, too small for Louise, and in its very pattern and size, a mute and touching appeal to a mother's heart.

"You are extravagant in your preparations," said the wealthy sister. "That cambric is altogether too fine for such a purpose. I should think that you had enough of Louise's clothes left to obviate the necessity of making up new ones now."

"Louise wore out nearly everything. I altered whatever I could for her last summer's wear. And this cambric is not new. It is part of a wrapper which I had before I was married."

There was no hidden meaning in the rejoinder. It was the truth, simply spoken, but even Marie's bold forehead felt a glow of shame. "Before I was married!" Ah! there was no need of economical contrivances then! The phrase had a significance and a pathos that reached the vain, world-hardened heart of the summer friend. Reached—but not melted. The memory of the guileless school-fellow, her docile pupil and loving slave; the happy, popular daughter of a luxurious home; the passive instrument in her hands, when she urged the step that had made her the broken-

hearted woman she now saw before her, all this stung Marie into a sort of impatient resentment towards the one, upon whose injuries it made her uncomfortable to dwell.

Louise had settled down quietly again to her blocks, and Maggie's patient features retained no mark of wounded feeling. Outwardly, there was nothing Mrs. Lorraine could lay hold of as a text for the lecture she had come to deliver. So, she had to begin out of the abundance of her inborn discontent.

"My visit to-day is partly on business, Maggie. Clement wanted me to see you and talk to you about the way Albert is going on. It is really too bad that he should show such disregard of the feelings, and so neglect the interests of a brother, who had sacrificed so much on his account. You must know that his habits of dissipation are growing worse and worse."

She paused, but Maggie made no reply.

"I need scarcely remind you, Maggie, of what was your husband's situation at the time of Clement's return from abroad. But for his charity in taking Albert into his employment, when every one else shunned him, you would have been homeless and penniless long ago. But what sign of gratitude has Albert ever showed to his benefactor? I am sorry to say it to you, but you ought to know that his behavior, from first to last, has been unpardonable. Clement was too prudent to put him into a position of much responsibility, but, few as were his opportunities of betraying trust, he has contrived to do mischief; has bitten the hand that fed him. Only yesterday there came to light a transaction which displayed such wanton carelessness on his part, or intentional foul play, that the other members of the firm have insisted upon his discharge. Of course, Clement could urge nothing against so necessary a measure."

Maggie's work fell from her hand.

"O, Marie! what will he do? what will become of us?"

"Just what I said to Clement, my dear! And his answer was, that it was high time Albert was forced to see the consequences of his evil practices. You cannot expect a man to ruin himself, even for his own brother. Clement has exhibited wonderful patience."

"I know it! He befriended us when no one else did. I am deeply grateful to him. But if he would only give us one more trial!

You have unbounded influence with him, Marie. Will you not use it in our behalf?"

"Really, Maggie, you are going too far!" returned Mrs. Clement, in a tone of displeasure. "There are limits to everything. I feel an interest in you, and pity for your child; but I cannot deny that the alienation between Albert and myself is now complete. I have been bitterly disappointed in him throughout, and I could never yield my consent to his brother's further test of one he has found so unworthy. A little consideration would have taught you the impropriety of your request."

Maggie had taken her baby into her arms, and the tears fell fast upon the sadly perplexed little face that looked up into hers.

"My darling, this is dreadful news for you!"

Mrs. Lorraine became more and more vexed, as she felt herself growing uneasy at this scene.

"This is a most disagreeable task for me," she resumed. "The thought of it has made me nervous all day. I told Clement just how you would take it. I wish you had more energy, more self-command, Maggie. This weak way of breaking down under every trial has occasioned you a vast deal of unhappiness. Clement and I were saying to-day, that if you were a person of more character, of firmer will, you might do much to guide your husband back to the right path. It is always a wife's fault, in part, if her husband throws himself away. You ought to take a decided stand with Albert, and say—'I will do thus and so! I will not do that!' Your passive, yielding disposition, has been your great snare in life."

"No one knows that better than you do, Marie!" The bruised, crushed, insulted creature, gathered strength to retort from the very pain that racked her. "It was never more my snare than when I weakly, wickedly allowed myself to be persuaded by you and him, whom you then eulogized, as much as you now condemn, into the private marriage that has ruined me for time, if not for eternity. I was a sick, nervous, unworldly child. You were a strong-minded, strong-willed woman. I had leaned upon, and clung to you, until I had no judgment of my own. You took me away from my father's house, out of the hands of a loving, tender sister, whom I would never, of myself, have estranged.

You could argue, and I could not. You coaxed and caressed, and I could never withstand the entreaties of those I loved. From the hour when you almost dragged me to the altar and encouraged me to repeat the vows, I was too faint and terrified to comprehend, until the present time, I have not had one moment of real happiness. O, Marie! Marie! upon me has fallen all the punishment of that rash, fatal step; but surely, I was not the only one to blame!"

Mrs. Lorraine fairly lost her breath with wrathful astonishment. If the stones she trod upon in the streets had cried out against her, she could hardly have marvelled more than at this appeal from the meek, long-suffering friend of her youth. Her love for Maggie had waned so naturally, as it was overgrown by other and more selfish interests, that she had not noted the hour of its death, had never confessed that it was no longer in being. She had no difficulty in persuading herself that the flame, she used to declare was deathless, had gone out like a candle in a puff of wind, before the outburst of recrimination from the "poor relation" she had insulted. In all the majesty of offended dignity, she arose, and drew her India shawl about her shoulders.

"If this is the state of your mind towards me, Mrs. Albert Lorraine, it is useless, worse than useless, for me to prolong this visit. I came here with the kindest intentions, to break as gently as possible, intelligence that I thought would afflict you. I offered my advice in the spirit that has ever characterized my conduct towards you—a disinterestedness as pure, as I now perceive that it was ill-directed. That your marriage has been unfortunate, and mine happy, may be a source of mortification to you; but a sense of what is decent and becoming in a wife ought, it seems to me, to prevent such a tirade of reproaches as you have just launched at me. Since you choose to be independent of me, to despise my friendship, I have no disposition to resist your decision. I hope that you and your husband will be more prosperous without the aid of *my* husband and myself, than you have been with it. Good afternoon!"

Maggie made no response as the incensed dame swept from the room, shaking off the dust from her feet upon the worn carpet, that could not have sustained any sensible damage had the said dust been literal, instead of

figurative. And this was the *finale* of an endless friendship.

CHAPTER XII.

For a long while after Mrs. Clement's departure, the mother sat rocking her child in mute sorrow, holding the little figure tightly to her breast with the bewildered, dizzy feeling, that it was the one object upon earth to which she could cling, for cling and twine such natures as hers must and will, until death loosens the tendrils' hold.

Louise submitted to the silent embrace, without complaint. She was a sensitive, affectionate babe, and had learned, at this early age, that she was not only her mother's companion, but her sole comfort. Now and then, the small hand stole quietly up to the tear-stained cheek of her parent, and the pretty mouth was held up for a kiss, and once she sighed—a sound too full of thought and sorrow to have its rise in so young a heart—and murmured, half aloud, "Poor mamma!"

Maggie's very infant pitied and fondled her. It was the natural impulse with all who knew her, unless the kindlier feelings of humanity were dead or perverted within them. With the twilight, came the summons to tea, and although sickening at the thought of food, she arose with Louise in her arms, and went down stairs. It was contrary to the landlady's rules to have children at the table unless full price were paid for their board; but in consideration of Mr. Lorraine's frequent absences, and his wife's valuable services with her needle, the presence of Louise was graciously allowed by the presiding genius of the inelegant feasts, and welcomed by most of the boarders. It was especially agreeable to the "gentlemen," as Mrs. Richards, the proprietress of the establishment called them, their interest in the engaging, well-behaved child, being enhanced by the respectful sympathy they felt for the neglected wife and devoted mother. Maggie's meals were thus rendered more tolerable than might have been expected by one in her unprotected position. Already she recognized her child's beneficent influence upon her daily life, and, in her more sanguine moments, hoped that it might accomplish great things for her in the future.

Having finished her slight repast, and seen

that Louise's appetite was satisfied, she wended her way up to the dismal "third story back," without waiting for her husband's return. It was a rare circumstance, indeed, when the little girl's lips received a good-night kiss from "papa." She knew almost all of the men, who plied her with biscuits and sweet cakes down stairs, better than she did him, and certainly loved several of them more. Still, when she knelt at her mother's knee, after she was undressed, and repeated the simple nursery prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

she added, by her teacher's dictation—"Pray God bless and take care of dear papa and maamma!" coupling the names upon her tongue, if never within her heart. Soon she slept the happy sleep of infancy, and Maggie could weep or work, uninterrupted.

Scarcely an hour had been worn away in mechanical toil and dreary musings, when a well-known tread upon the stair announced the unexpectedly early arrival of her lord. The step was heavy, but not firm. It had a peculiar, and even to uninitiated ears, an unpleasant shuffle at every few paces, and Maggie's uneasy expression showed that it was no strange sound to her. She had just time to hide her work and draw Louise's cradle further into the shade and quite out of the way of any one sitting by the hearth, when Lorraine fumbled at the door for the lock. His wife opened it.

"Hullo, Mag!" he said, chucking her under the chin, "it's well you let some light into that dirty hole of an entry. When we get into our new house, there will be an end of such filthy arrangements."

He was half-intoxicated, according to his nightly custom; but he was in a good humor, which was a more uncommon occurrence. When this was the case, he was boastful in prophecies of better—that is, richer days, predictions that had, long ago, ceased even to tantalize his wife's imagination, much less awaken any hopes of their fulfilment. She was only thankful that his mood was not surly or violent. He was often both, and abused her in terms of shocking vulgarity and profanity, and, more than once, her timid attempts to pacify him had brought down the weight of his heavy arm upon her shrinking form. She bore it all! she, the shy, delicate girl, who had always trembled at a harsh word from the father, whose control, by

contrast with this ruffian's rule, seemed like the reign of peace and gentleness. To whom could she complain? Besides this man, she had no protector in the wide world, and cruel as were his tender mercies, she had no alternative but to endure whatever he chose to lay upon her.

Every wife is dependent, no matter what may be her fortune or strength of character, and seldom, indeed, even among those who are styled "good husbands," are found those shining examples to the rest of their sex and the world—men, who seek to convert this dependence into a glory—who would esteem it a lasting shame to themselves, if their wives had ever the least occasion to look back longingly to lost liberty, or to speculate secretly, whether wifehood—after all that has been said and written to dignify it—be anything more than honorable and licensed beggary.

Maggie had no speculations on the subject. She was the abject slave of this one of the masters of creation, who lolled before the fire in his arm-chair, bloated, and red-eyed; his breath hot and rank with brandy and tobacco; rowdyish in dress; foul and blasphemous in talk; such a sight as men despise, and angels weep to behold. He had never possessed any refinement, except the polished surface, and the corroding atmosphere of evil associations had joined to inward corruption, to destroy the thin crust.

He laughed aloud several times, after he took his seat, looking into the fire, and rubbing his swollen hands in drunken glee. At last he spoke.

"Great news, old girl! great news!"

"Indeed!" said Maggie, sadly, thinking how soon his mood would change, when she summoned courage to tell her news.

"The best joke going! Clem. has turned me out of doors! given me my walking papers!"

Maggie stared at him like one petrified. Was he really mad, that he could jest at irrevocable ruin?

He chuckled again. "Yes! genteelly kicked me out! He couldn't do anything ungenteel, you know. Paid me my wages, and threw in a moral lecture free gratis, and for nothing! Says I crook my elbow too often! throw too many cards! don't attend to business! am a disgrace and a nuisance. Pious saint, he is! Says he has given me six hundred a year ever since he came home, just to keep me and you

out of the almshouse; that I've done him a deal of harm, and no good. Ha! ha! I'm glad to hear that I have hurt him a little, the sneaking, canting hypocrite! Wish I could have ruined him! He says I must never show my face in his house again. It's a better looking phiz than his, that's one comfort. And now comes the fun of the thing. As I was coming up town, whom should I meet but Jim Dolan, a first rate fellow, and a grand friend of mine. So we turned into an oyster-saloon to take supper together—his treat, you understand. Before we got to the bottom of one glass, I told him what a fix I was in. He brought me a slap on the back that made me jump, and says he: 'Old fellow, you are just the chap for my use!''

But we are sick of writing, and we are sure that our readers are of perusing this stuff, which, purified as it is, from the senseless oaths interjected at every breath, still remains disgusting slang. The sense of his communication, as nearly as Maggie could make it out, was that this Dolan was the proprietor of a gambling-house in St. Louis, a branch of one of longer standing in New York, and had engaged him, Lorraine, to act as door-keeper and decoy to the concern. The two worthies were to set out for the West that night at twelve o'clock.

Maggie was stunned by the tidings. This shameless confession of the nature of his calling; the delight he expressed in undertaking it, the jocular indifference with which he prepared to leave her and his child, for weeks, perhaps for months, gave Maggie a clearer realization than she had ever had before, of the thorough perversion of every right sentiment; the deadening of natural affection within him. Afraid to remonstrate, she set to work, by his directions, to collect and make ready the clothes he was to take with him. He packed his cigars, meerschaum, and a travelling case of liquors; then re-seated himself, and smoked at his ease, while the weary, patient woman attended to the rest. Once, as she was getting together his socks and handkerchiefs, she opened the drawer where lay the anonymous gifts, but she was too sick-hearted to display them, and listen to his silly conjectures as to the giver. He was very talkative, and evidently took to himself great credit for endeavoring to keep her spirits up, under the approaching affliction of parting with so exemplary a companion.

"Don't you think I met that scoundrel Cleveland, twice to-day?" he said, by and by.

With all the vindictiveness of a mean nature, he had hated John, since the day on which the latter had witnessed his capture by Mr. Lawrence's agent, and his knowledge of Cleveland's feelings towards Maggie, prior to the announcement of her marriage, did not detract from this enmity. He never named him without a curse and abusive term, and his wife learned, at a very early period of their wedded life, that it was dangerous to attempt the defence of her friend. She said nothing now, and he talked on.

"The first time, I came upon him in a fancy store. I don't mind letting you into the secrets of my flirtations, once and a while, and I may as well say, out and out, that I ate a philipena with a lady at a party the other night, and she met me in the street to-day and caught me. So, I stepped into this place, you see, to pick up some trifle to send her, and, as I went in, I passed this puppy standing at the front counter. He did not see me, although I brushed right by him. He was busy looking at baby-cloaks."

"Baby-cloaks!" Maggie ejaculated, imprudently.

"Yes!" bursting into a horse-laugh. "I guess he is training up another wife to his hand, and means to begin, this time, before she is out of long clothes. Hope she will serve him exactly as you did! When I came out, he was in the same place, and had a blue cap or bonnet, or something of that kind on his fist, studying it with a most solemnly face. I vow it was the most ridiculous sight I ever saw in all my born days! But he was always a milk-sop and a spooney!"

Maggie was kneeling by the trunk, with her back to her husband. He could not see the convulsed features, or the great, scalding drops, that bedewed the garments she was pretending to pack. It was the bitterest moment of her life; but how was he to suspect it? How could he imagine that his down-trodden thrall dared to compare his conduct, in letting his wife and infant suffer for the necessary comforts of existence, while he squandered his earnings upon the vile companion of his disreputable orgies, for thus, she rightly interpreted the errand that took him to the store; and the secret benefaction of the one who, of all mankind, had most reason to despise her?

"I met him to-night, face to face, right under a street-lamp," continued Lorraine. "Jim and I were walking, arm-in-arm, and laughing fit to split our sides at one of Jim's stories. He is the wittiest dog in creation—Irish humor, you know. It was at a crossing, and this rascal, seeing us coming, stepped one side to give us a wide berth, afraid of soiling his respectability, I suppose, if he touched a pair of jolly tipplers. I was on the side next to him, and we looked one another straight in the eyes. I saw his countenance change as he recognized me. He turned as white as a sheet, and then his eye flashed, and his lip curled as if he were a king, and I a hog in his path. I tell you, I swore at him handsomely by name; and if Dolan had not held my arm so tight, I would have laid him in the gutter in no time. There is an account to be settled between us yet. I have not forgotten it, if he has!"

Maggie's tears were all dried as she arose, and asked, steadily, "what else there was to do?"

"That's all, I guess. Upon my word, it's eleven o'clock! I haven't a second to lose. See here, old lady!" (he pulled out his pocket-book), "I need every cent I can rake and scrape to pay my expenses out West. Dolan would do it, he says, but he is hard up, just now, for cash. Here is an X for you, to keep that old she dragon down stairs quiet until I can forward more. When my fortune is made, we will sink her and her pig-sty. I'll let you hear from me when I am settled, and if trade is brisk, maybe I'll send for you to come out and pass the winter in St. Louis."

"How shall I direct my letters?" asked Maggie.

"I can't say, yet. Don't write until you hear from me. Good-by! Don't cry your pretty eyes out, when I am gone!"

He kissed her, and ran noisily down stairs to send a porter up for his trunk. Ten minutes later, it too was gone, and no vestige of his recent presence remained in the room, except the blended fumes of bad cigars and worse liquor. Maggie threw up the windows that the noxious air might not poison her child, then tucked the cradle-blanket closely about the tender little throat.

"He forgot you, my angel!" she murmured. "He left no kiss for his baby, but never mind, darling! You and your mother are

left to one another, and he will soon forget me too!"

There was no philosophy in this calm calculation of a possibility that would have wrung blood from the heart of most wives. It was unfeigned apathy, the candid expression of one whose love for her husband had never been more than a girlish fancy, fostered, if not engendered by the representations of a wily and dangerous friend, and being formed only for holiday use, had soon worn out. She felt lonely and forsaken, as the midnight chimes rang out, but her thoughts turned to other days and other associates.

Deep would have been Lorraine's wrath, and bitter his imprecations, if he had known that his wife's last look that night, was at the identical cloak and hat he had ridiculed Cleveland for buying, and the only tears she shed after his going, were those that filled her eyes, as she whispered—"If I should die, there is one noble heart that would not let my baby starve, for the sake of what her mother once was!"

(Conclusion next month.)

AN ARTICLE ON CORSETS.

A WRITER in *Once a Week* (1862), computes that 12,000,000 pairs of stays of different kinds are annually made for British consumption alone, which would certainly put the unstayed portion of the female community in a minority, justifying the application of the fable of the tailless fox to themselves, rather than to the wearers of corsets. As far back as we have any written record of the tastes of our ancestors up to the present time, a small and slender waist has been praised and admired by the men, and sought after by the women, and at the present time, we have only to notice descriptions of heroines and beauties in our fashionable poets and novelists to be equally certain, notwithstanding one or two assertions to the contrary, that it has not lost its charm and attraction. This being the case, and slenderness being neither naturally common to all, nor permanent in the few, women have sought artificial means, either to obtain the grace that was denied to them, or to preserve what they naturally possessed. The kirtles, or *kertiles*, seem to have answered this purpose in early English dress, "and sometimes they were laced close to the body, and probably answered the purpose of the boddice

or stays."—(Strutt). "In the fourteenth century," says the same author, "the women introduced the corset or boddice, a stiff and unnatural disguise even in its origin. To the boddice succeeded the whalebone prison, as Bulwer calls the stays, which are even more formal than the boddice." And in another place: "Towards the conclusion of the fourteenth century, the women were pleased with the appearance of a long waist, and, in order to produce that effect, they invented a strange disguise called a corse, or corset." The word corset appears, however, as early as the thirteenth century, as an item in the household roll of Eleanor, Countess of Leicester, date May 24, 1265, shows: "*Item. Pro ix ulnis radii Pariensis, pro robas estivas, corsetto et clochia pro eodem.*" The persons previously mentioned are Richard, King of the Normans, and his son Edmund, who died in 1308. It was, therefore, an article of apparel not confined to the female sex, and, in Mr. Planche's opinion, only a close-fitting body garment. There is reason, too, to believe that, though not mentioned in England before the thirteenth century, the corset was worn by women in Europe even as early as the tenth century, for Strutt gives an engraving "taken from a curious illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, which, from the writing and style of the drawings, appears to have been made in Italy, and as early as the tenth century. The MS. is preserved in the Harleian Library at the British Museum, and marked 2821. The figure is meant to represent the devil, and the artist has thought proper to dress his infernal majesty in a lady's surcoat. A curious circumstance attends the body part of the surcoat, which, in this instance—and singular, indeed, it is—resembles the bodice or stays of more modern times. It is laced in the front from the top to the waist, and the lace itself, with the tag at the end of it, hangs carelessly down from the bottom of the interlacing. This fashion was certainly not common at the period, and from being appropriated to the Prince of Darkness by the satirical artist, we may naturally conclude that in his day it was considered indelicate or improper to be followed by ladies." More probably the corset was worn then, as now, under the dress, to improve the figure, which would account for its not appearing elsewhere, and the satirist, to expose the practice, represented it as in the text. It will be observed

that, besides the two busks through which the lace runs, there is also some stiffening material run from behind and in front of the hip to under the arm. The whalebone bodice is said to have been introduced into France from Italy by Catherine de Medici, 1519. Strutt derives "corset, from *corps*, formerly written *cors*, a body, and so called because it covered the greater part of the body. The stays were called a pair of bodies in the seventeenth century, and the word boddice, so commonly used, is evidently a corruption of bodies." Webster gives the derivation from *corse*, and describes the corset as "a boddice; jumps; something worn to give shape to the body; used by ladies and dandies." It seems likely that *corse* was a kind of silk of which the corset was originally made. "By the sumptuary laws of Edward IV. no woman, under the degree of a knight's daughter or wife, might wear wrought corse; and corse worked with gold was prohibited to all women under the rank of wife or daughter to an earl." "In Richard the Third's letter from York," says Mr. Planche, "he orders one and three-quarter yards corse of silk meddled with gold, and as much black corse of silk for our spurs." This word corse is mistaken by Mr. Strutt for corset.

Towards the close of the fifteenth, and during the sixteenth century, the use of the corset to compress the figure can be traced very clearly in the costumes of the period. "It was then called boddice, which was a kind of sleeveless waistcoat, quilted, having slips of whalebone between the quilting. In the reign of Elizabeth this boddice was used by men. It is uncertain when this part of the dress obtained the name of stays, but probably not long before the commencement of the eighteenth century." Gay is the earliest classical writer who uses the word stays—

I own her taper form is made to please,

Yet if you saw her unconfined by stays.—*The Toilet.*

Gay flourished about 1720. Ben Jonson spelt bodice *bodies*, thus clearly showing the origin of the word, and the frequency of their use in his time (1600)—

The whalebone man

That quilts those *bodies* I have leave to span.

Hogarth gives many drawings of the form of stays worn in his time (1730), and they appear very formal, indeed. The writer in *Once a Week*, referred to above, says: "The corsets worn by the majority of females among

the wealthier classes are made on comparatively commendable principles as contrasted with those donned by the generality of their humbler sisters, who prefer an article which sets at defiance every hygienic rule and law ; but even they are an improvement on those worn by our grandmothers in their maiden days, for the stays of that period contained almost as much whalebone as they did buckram and jean, and in many instances were made entirely of heavy, solid shoe-leather, nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness."

The only period in which the general use of the corset appears to have been discontinued, are the few years immediately following the French Revolution (when the general licentiousness of manners and morals was accompanied by a corresponding indecency of dress, which, it was pretended, was modelled on the antique), and during the equally licentious times of Charles II. A curious proof that the fashionable admiration for a slender waist is not necessarily the result of education or custom will be found in the following extract from the genuine letter of a genuine Chinaman, by name Woo-tan-zhin, who visited England in 1844-45, and who thus describes the beauties of the ladies of England. (The whole of the letter, with an account of the writer, will be found in *Chambers's Journal* for March 1855.) "Their eyes, having the blue tint of the waters of autumn, are charming beyond description, and their waists are laced as tight and thin as a willow branch. What perhaps caught my fancy most was the sight of elegantly-dressed young ladies, with pearl-like necks and tight-laced waists. Nothing can possibly be so enchanting as to see ladies that compress themselves into taper forms of the most exquisite shape, the like of which I have never seen before." It would be interesting to know the dimensions of those waists which have most excited the admiration of the circles in which their owners moved ; but the sanctity with which the under garments of ladies are more or less invested has raised an obstacle to the accurate inquirer. We have seen a collection of ladies' shoes, but never one of ladies' stays. The span is the only measure to which we are referred by the poets, except Waller. Now the span varies from sixteen to eighteen inches, according to the length of fingers. Waller, however, praising the *slender waist* of his mistress, binds the girdle round his head, which would

probably give a girth of twenty or twenty one inches ; and this he considers slender. The girdle made for the Empress of Austria, and exhibited in the Exhibition of 1862, was only 16 inches in length. The waist of a famous horsewoman, whose figure is the admiration of loungers in the park, is eighteen inches. We may, therefore, conclude that a "slender waist" is not a fixed quantity, but varies with the height, etc., of the possessor, from about sixteen to twenty-one inches. The corset does not appear ever to have been generally worn by men in this country, if we except part of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and George III. The practice has been long condemned as effeminate in England, but on the Continent it is very prevalent, especially in the Austrian, Russian, and French armies. The officers of the famous Gustavus Adolphus were, says Dr. Doran, "the tightest-laced exquisites of suffering humanity ;" and the Prince de Ligne, that famous beau and warrior, is said always to have worn black satin stays. Pope also wore stays, but it was through bodily infirmity, and not from vanity. Dr. Johnson says of him, in his life, "When he rose, he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself upright till they were laced." But it is obvious that the male figure does not require the same support as the corset gives to the woman, except in cases of weakness arising from infirmity.

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LINES.

BY F. S. T.

It is a quiet summer's day,
I dream, whilst gazing on the sky,
Bright dreams that quickly speed away,
And leave fond hopes that droop and die.

Upon the wall I see a face—
A face which mildly looks on me—
And round that sainted forehead trace
The emblems of eternity.

Aslant the sunbeams cast a ray,
Which, floating through my lonely room,
Dissolves the clouds of sombre gray—
Moves hastily its silent gloom.

I listen, as I hear again
A voice, which echoes to mine own,
Borne onward in a sweet refrain—
And am content with this alone.

I clasp the picture to my breast—
The voice and sunshine all are fled—
My heart is soothed to quiet rest—
In prayer I humbly bow my head.

TOM SNUGGERY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

BY J. BUNTING.

MR. THOMAS SNUGGERY, a rich bachelor of thirty-five, had reached this advanced age without having fallen in love, and hence without getting married. Not that he had suffered from lack of kind advisers. He had been again and again told that it was a very nice thing to be married; that he had much better take a wife, etc. etc.; but as these kind instructions had invariably proceeded from slightly faded single ladies, or anxious mothers of large, grown-up families, he had thought it just possible that they might not know so much about connubial bliss as some of the *connubials* themselves.

Being, however, somewhat anxious to know for a certainty the whole truth of the matter, he determined, one fine morning, to set off on a voyage of investigation and discovery. In order to satisfy not only himself but all the world, and settle the question for all time to come, he resolved to take no half-way measures, but to visit all classes of acquaintances in all conditions of life. Being a merchant of considerable connections, he had naturally fallen into intimate relations with various grades of social life, some higher, and many lower than his own, and he decided to examine into the married conditions of them all. So, providing himself with passports in the shape of sweetmeats for such children as he might meet on his travels, he sallied forth.

As the morning was fair, and it was yet quite cool, Mr. Snuggery determined to forsake the crowded streets, and so bent his way first to the suburbs, where sturdy Jonah Plowman, who served Tom with fresh milk and vegetables every morning, kept a little truck farm, and lived along in great health and apparent happiness.

Tom found Jonah in a field near his house, setting out cabbage plants.

"Well, Jonah, how are you, to-day?"

"Hale and strong, your honor. And how are you? and what takes you out so early in the morning, if I may be so bold?"

Now, Tom being, as I have said, a bachelor, had never learned the art known as "beating round the bush," which husbands are so soon obliged to study, so he answered, promptly:—

"Why, Jonah, I want to ask you some questions. How came you ever to think of being married?"

"Well, now, that isn't so hard to answer as a question I might ask you, by your leave."

"Ah! and what's that, Jonah?"

"Why, how came *you* to live this long and *not* to think of it?"

"Ha! that is a question; but now, answer mine."

"Why, you see, Mr. Snuggery, I was a livin' here on this patch, and bein' forced to go to market every day, I had to pay a woman to stay here and mind things. But one day, while I was a-standin' at my stall, there comes up such a well-built specimen of a girl as I hadn't often seen. I thought to myself I never saw a better pair of hands for milkin' and dairy-work, and the way she lifted her big market basket showed she was none of your weakly sort. So I made up my mind that, unless I could get her on my patch, the crops and things would pretty much all go to ruin. So, by dint of persuadin' and a deal of courtin' (for it took so long that I began to think she liked courtin' better than marryin'), I managed to get Margery safe out to my place, and I must say, sir, that my onions grow bigger, and my hot-corn comes in earlier than ever it did."

"Then you would not like to change back again, I suppose," said Tom.

"No, *sir*, not I; for, true as I'm standin' here, *sir*, them cows of mine have give more milk every season since she's been here; because, don't you see, she has such nice big hands, and never slights the milkin'. Ah, *sir*, I wasn't mistaken about the hands."

"Well, Jonah, bring in two extra quarts to-morrow, and don't forget the Lima beans."

So saying, Tom started off, thinking to himself, "Well, I am not a farmer, so I am clear of reasons yet for wanting a wife."

As he walked back to the city, a fine carriage overtook him, and as it drove opposite it stopped, and the occupant cried out:—

"Why, hullo, Tom! where have you been? Jump in, and I'll give you a lift down to town."

The speaker was no less than a young member of the legislature, one Charley Osborne, who, with an immense fortune and a fashionable young wife, was as far removed from Jonah in social condition as it was possible to imagine. So, Tom, being philosopher enough to perceive the advantages to his present undertaking, which were likely to arise from such an invitation, was not backward in accepting it, and they were soon talking amicably together on the back seat.

Now, Osborne held in his hand a MS. which he appeared to study semi-attentively during the pauses of conversation, so Tom asked him what it was.

"Oh, it's a speech that I am to deliver on a city railway bill, to-day, and as I have not seen it all yet, I think it will be well to look over it some, or I shall make some blunders."

"Not read it yet!" said Tom. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, just this; you see, between ourselves, Mrs. Osborne writes all my speeches, and I had no time to read this off after breakfast before the carriage came round."

"So, then, you think a wife necessary to one's happiness, do you?"

"Happiness! Yes, necessary to your very existence. Why, before I was married, I had three sisters to please. If I bought a pair of gloves or a cravat, I mustn't put them on until they passed their inspection. Ah, a hard life it was! But, now, I only have one to please: and as soon as I learned all her little ways, I found that the best way to manage her, as Artemus Ward says, was to let her have her own way. And now she takes all trouble off my hands. I don't have to drive out with her after adjournment, as I did with my sisters, for she finds some one else; and not a servant have I had to dismiss or engage since I was married. And as for my political affairs, you see how she does those up for me. Ah, Tom, if you want to live without trouble, hunt up some fine woman, soon as you can; I tell you it will be the making of you."

"So," thought Tom, as he reached the city, and bade his friend good-by, "wives, after all, appear to be only wanted to do one's own business for him, when he should do it himself. They may do for truck farmers or for politicians, but I am lazy enough as it is, and if wives have the effect they seem to, I am wise to keep clear of them."

He had not gone far when he met the pastor of his church, making calls. Putting on a sober countenance, as became one addressing so reverend a personage, he thus accosted him:—

"My dear sir, I have been asked, time and again, why I did not get married, and as I have never yet seen my way clear, I have concluded to ask you whether it is best to marry or not."

"My dear Mr. Snuggery, when Adam was placed in the garden, surrounded by so much bounty and profusion, the Lord thought it not good for him to be alone, and provided an help-meet for him. Would you ask higher authority than that?"

"No, reverend sir, not higher, but lower. I am utilitarian; what is the *use* of a wife? In short, sir, without offence, what do *you* do with a wife?"

"A strange question, Mr. Snuggery, and one that shows your exceeding hardness of heart. You convince me that you have never known properly of the many duties and responsibilities of a man in the world."

"Then, practically speaking, you find a wife useful only in these, do you?"

"Sir, I will not take offence at the coarseness of your manner. My wife is a good Christian. She teaches a Sabbath class; she presides over the sewing society; she visits and provides for the poor; she keeps my house in order, and in a hundred ways lessens the weight of my laborious avocation."

"Does she ever write your sermons for you?" asked Tom.

(Exit the man of God, in wrath.)

"Well," thought Tom, "perhaps I was impudent, but I have become so disgusted. I always imagined that wives were to be loved and protected, and not made to protect us and do our work. I hear all about labor, but nothing about love. Here goes for one more trial," said Tom. "I see my Irish porter coming from his breakfast. Let me see what he has to say. Well, Pat, where have you been?"

"Bin down to the old woman's, to ate me brikfast, yer honor."

"The 'old woman's!' why, are you married?"

"And faix, bad luck till it, it's jist I that am, yer honor, and more's the pity."

"Why? Doesn't the married life seem to work well?"

"Niver ye mind, sir. It's I that daren't tell all the secrets connected wid me own house and family, or I'd have her aafter me in a short space."

"Oh, you need not be afraid of that; she won't hear of it, I guess."

"Is it *hear* it, she won't do? Sure she hears iverything. She's just *here* and there, and iverywhere all at the same time, sir."

"Why, how did you happen to get so taken in?"

"Taken in, sir! She didn't take me in. I had a house of my own, and it was *I* took her in; sorra the day that I did it."

"You didn't marry her out of charity, did you?"

"No, no; ye see when I first knew her she kept a little corner grocery, and I thought she was doin' a nate trade, all to herself, and she thought I was havin' a nice situation all to myself, and so there was a mutual attraction presinted itself immadiately. But when the deed was done and no backin' out, I found meself mortally desaved, for the crathur didn't own her corner grocery, and all the bisness was jist none at all, and she in debt more 'n the stock and fixin's would bring, and there was I with a savage wife upon me hands, and money out of pocket both together, bless yer presince, sir!"

"And she don't abuse you, I hope, Pat?"

Pat made no reply; but looking cautiously around to see that the dreadful Mrs. Patrick was not visible, showed his teeth, and shook his fist in a decidedly belligerent manner, and walked off to the store.

"Well, I'm satisfied now," thought poor Tom Snuggery, as he turned his feet in the same direction.

Before he had gone a square, he met a person whose appearance brought him to a full pause. He was a tall, slender, melancholy looking man, with black hair, a black suit of clothes, black crape on his hat, dark complexion, and dark, sad eyes. He was fully five years younger than Tom, perhaps more; but his shoulders had the slight stoop which indicate student life, and gave him an older appearance than his years would warrant. In short, Tom knew, presently, that the individual before him was no other than his old college chum, Harry Brown, who had been out of sight and out of mind to him for the past five years.

After the first interchange of salutations

was over, Tom forced his friend to return with him to his own house, and accompany him to a late breakfast. It was not until the said meal had been finished, and the two friends in their easy chairs, that Tom remembered and detailed to his friend, in a jocular way, his project of the morning, and the adventures which had befallen him. Nor did he fail to express the decision he had arrived at, on the strength of his newly-bought experience. Finishing, he asked the other, with a lively air, what his opinions were, without noticing the sadness that had been deepening on Harry Brown's face while he had been speaking.

"If you ask me whether a married life is necessarily happy," replied Harry, "I shall be obliged to answer indefinitely; for it depends altogether on the feelings. Unless the hearts have been long previously wedded, the mere outward bond cannot make the most desirable marriages happy. But is it possible, Tom," he continued, surveying the bachelor apartments in which they sat, "that you have been all this while in the world, and never loved? for I perceive that you have not, or you would not be undecided on these questions. You have never had all your thoughts to centre around one form; all your efforts made for her benefit; all the regions of your ideal world peopled with one image. You have never wished for omnipresence, that you might always be near her; never longed to be invisible, that you might guard her from danger, without her knowing from whose hand the help had come. You have never watched for the spring time and the season of flowers only that the warmth of the breezy days might bring health to her cheek if she were ill, or lightness to her heart if she were sad."

"No, by George! I haven't," said Tom. Then, seeing the melancholy which had deepened on the face of his friend, and noticing for the first time the crape on his hat, his tone softened apologetically, as he asked, "Harry, who's dead?"

"Two years ago, Tom," said his friend, "I was married."

"You married!" cried Tom, in much astonishment.

"No ordinary friend has a right to know the deep secrets of human hearts," continued the speaker, unheeding the interruption; but I will tell you, since you seem so incredulous, that *I was happy*. My wife was young,

younger than I, and we were both poor. I had one of the lowest fellowships at the college, and we could barely live comfortably on my salary. But although my home was meagrely furnished, and my dinners far from luxurious, I was as happy as God ever permits mortals to be; happier than He ever permits unto the end. My mental tasks at the college were long and arduous. It was always dark in winter before I reached home; but my wife's kiss would dispel a day's weariness in a moment. And when she met me at the door, and her sweet voice questioned me, or her eyes looked into mine as no eyes ever looked into yours, Tom, I would forget that the world was wide, and its great bosom stormy with human passions, and its heart cold and uncharitable to the poor. If she went out of my little sitting-room to prepare supper, I could hear her light step, and the sound of her voice singing some music that we both loved. And I knew that the music came from a heart that was happier because I was near, and I knew that this heart was mine. Mine! Ah, that was my fatal mistake! I only thought it was mine. It was not mine. It was God's own heart, too lovely for this earth—too lovely for me. My wife is dead, Tom; she is gone before me, and I am alone. The first tears she ever shed after she was my wife fell on her pale cheek when she first knew that we were to be parted.

"Do not ask idle questions, Tom, on these divine things. Do not ask me for metaphysical dissertations on human love; but remember this, and believe it forever, for it was said by one greater than either of us: 'No revelation from God, no dissertation from man can tell you what love is. Nothing but the mirror, the broken, shattered mirror of the human heart ever can. Out of your own heart you may know what love is. In no other possible way, by no other help or sign. All the words and sounds ever uttered, all the revelations of cloud or flame are utterly powerless. They cannot tell you in the smallest point what love means. Only the broken mirror can.'"

Harry Brown arose, put on his coat, bade adieu to his friend, and withdrew.

"Well," thought Tom Snuggery, as he rang to have the breakfast cleared away, "I'm worse off than I was before. If I get a bad wife she'll beat me, and if I get a good one she'll die. I think I'll be a bachelor, after all."

DUTIES OF BROTHERS TO SISTERS.

AN American writer gives the following excellent advice to young men: You may, by your example, exert a very salutary influence upon your sisters and the younger members of your family; also upon female society at large. Sisters may do much towards restraining their brothers from vice, but brothers may do still more for their sisters; for sisters generally love their brothers with more ardor and tenderness of affection than brothers exercise towards their sisters. They also *look up* to their brothers, respect their opinions, enjoy their protection, seek their society, imbibe their views, follow their example. Hence, brothers are, in a great degree, responsible for the character of their sisters, and also, for the same reason, of the younger members of their family.

Make it your first object to secure your sisters to religion.—However beautiful and accomplished, unless they are pious, they lack the essential glory and ornament of their sex. You can hardly be faithful to them in vain. It is very rare that a good brother puts forth kind, judicious, persevering efforts to bring his sisters to the knowledge and love of the Saviour, which are not crowned with success.

Always treat them with affectionate respect.—Every young man ought to feel that his honor is involved in the character and dignity of his sisters. There is no insult which he should sooner rebuke than one offered to them. But if you would have others to esteem and honor them, you must esteem and honor them yourself. Treat them with far less reserve, but with no less delicacy, than you would the most genteel stranger. Nothing in a family strikes the eye of a visitor with more delight than to see brothers treat their sisters with kindness, civility, attention, and love. On the contrary, nothing is more offensive, or speaks worse for the honor of a family, than that coarse, rude, unkind manner which brothers sometimes exhibit.

Beware how you speak of your sisters.—Even gold is tarnished by much handling. If you speak in their praise—of their beauty, learning, manners, wit, or attentions—you will subject them to taunt and ridicule; if you say anything against them, you will bring reproach upon yourself and them too. If you have occasion to speak of them, do it with

modesty and few words. Let others do all the praising, and yourself enjoy it.

If you are separated from them, maintain with them a correspondence.—This will do yourself good as well as them. Do not neglect this duty, nor grow remiss in it. Give your friendly advice, and seek theirs in return. As they mingle intimately with their sex, they can enlighten your mind respecting many particulars relating to female character important for you to know; and, on the other hand, you have the same opportunity to do them a similar service. However long or widely separated from them, keep up your fraternal affection and intercourse. It is ominous of evil when a young man forgets his sister.

If you are living at home with them, you may do them a thousand little services, which will cost you nothing but pleasure, and which will greatly add to theirs. If they wish to go out of an evening—to a religious meeting, or a concert, or a visit, or for any other object—always be happy, if possible, to wait upon them. Consider their situation, and think how you would wish them to treat you if the case were reversed.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(*Pearl the Sixth.*)

THE PLEDGE.—AN APPEAL.

COME sign the pledge, come sign the pledge, young men and maidens all,
 And keep the young years of your life so that, when Time shall call
 White hairs on heads now raven-crowned, and weakness where is power,
 Your hearts may be as pure and true as in this happy hour.
 O ye who on youth's confines stand, flushed with the rays of hope,
 Along the vista of whose years the beams of promise slope,
 Ye launch your shallop on a stream beside whose banks there grow
 The tulip tree of happiness, the tangle weeds of wo!
 The evil blending with the good, the false mixed with the true,
 The shadow and the sunlight, each, old, yet forever new;
 And as ye choose, ye must abide; for hate or for love's sake
 On the white pages of your lives your record ye must make;
 The pen of glad experience is ready at command,
 The unseen angel of good deeds is by to guide your hand,
 And you can write a record there of such good deeds as go
 To make up human happiness in this our world of wo.
 About your pathway ye may shed the sunshine of a love
 Equalled by angels only in the beautiful above;

And you can scatter blessings where the need is sorest felt,

In such sweet guise of clarity that flinty hearts will melt.
 And many call you blessed, for the sweet sense of relief
 Rising out of desolation, rising up from beds of grief,
 Oh ye may each one be Howards in this good cause, if you will!

For the prisons of Intemperance the drunkards daily fill;
 Scarcely a cell is ever empty; no tenant sunk so low
 But some word uttered there in love may waken into flow

The better nature of the man, the hope that seldom dies
 Within man's bosom till the seal of Death is on his eyes;
 And he who wakens *one* to life, to temperance, to truth,
 Who breaks the shackles of a vice fatal to age or youth,
 A victor is, more worthy crown of laurel or of bay
 Than he who bases all his claim upon his skill to slay.
 The battle-fields of life are not alone where foemen meet,
 We find them in our daily walks and on the public street;
 The young and innocent are there, and learning all too fast

To taste the cup whose hidden lees shall poison them at last.

They do not see the serpent hid within the sparkling cup,
 They do not taste the bitterness that swiftly follows up
 The draining of the beverage of sorrow and of sin,
 They only catch the sparkles as they pour the poison in.

Come sign the pledge, come sign the pledge, ye cannot sign too soon,

The time is coming when you'll ask in vain for such a boon!

We ask you by the hopes you hold, the Loves you cherish most,

Sail with us in the Temperance ship to that enchanted coast

Where happiness and peace abide, and where time's rapid tide

Forever flows between the banks where joy and peace abide.

Sail with us in the Temperance ship; Neptune shall guard the sails

And speed us on our journey with fair and gentle gales;
 And over and above us all, our pleasure to enhance,
 Will shine in the clear sky of time the Sun of Temperance.

Sail with us in the Temperance ship! Of those who sail alone

By far the greater number are upon the breakers thrown;
 Their fragile boat cannot resist the fearful tide that sweeps
 Toward the fatal whirlpool where the storm-lashed water leaps;

And though the Temperance lighthouse throws its warning beams around,

They only see the breakers dash where safety is not found.
 Oh down along the shore of time, how many wrecks are strown!

They scorned the Temperance pilot—they sailed their ship alone—

And never one returned to port. How many a darkened hearth

These ships that went, but came not back, have made upon the earth!

FAME.—As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of the shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

UNTO THE END.

BY MARGARET HUNTER GRANT.

THE slant sunbeams made golden ladders for the departing day to pass to other lands, and a calm, cool evening was succeeding to a sultry day, as we stood together in the garden, Jocelyn, and Ethel, and I. The day had been close and oppressive, threatening rain; but towards evening the clouds had scattered, leaving their promise unfulfilled; the sun shone out in royal splendor, and now "the day was dying like a king."

Looking westward over the broad, level meadows, the air seemed flooded with a haze of golden dust, while here and there a solitary tree stood up, distinct and dark against the fiery sky; the three tall old poplars in the garden, that had wrestled with the fierce sea-breezes till they had grown gnarled and rugged in the struggle, cast long, slanting shadows down the sandy road; the wind was coming up, fresh and strong from the sea, and rustled their crisp leaves, while above our heads large flocks of crows, by twos and threes, and then in larger detachments, were flying lazily homeward to their nests among the cedars, from the sea-shore where they had passed the day feeding upon the waifs cast up by the waves.

Lynn lay on the edge of a wide tract of level land stretching backward from the sea. Beyond it lay the wide, desolate marshes, wasted and ravaged by the ocean, the melancholy wash of its advancing tides as they crept among its reedy islands, and the cry of the sea-fowl, the only sounds that broke the death-like stillness that hung like a white mist over its empty solitudes. Behind the village, a long range of low hills, covered with a dense growth of stunted cedars and hardy underbrush, shut in the view to the north, while eastward and southward, sea and sky, ever mutable yet ever the same, beautiful alike in storm and calm, old yet ever new, rounded and completed the scene I looked on, as I stood there in the garden, gazing idly at the familiar sweep of marsh and meadow, hill and wood, and village street.

There are some days and scenes that stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory, though unmarked by any startling event, not memo-

orable above a thousand other days, yet standing out from the misty past in strong relief, and remembered with unaccountable tenacity, when far more important scenes and incidents have faded from the mind! and when some subtle link of memory is struck—it may be a wind, a flower, an odor—that day comes back to us. So I never feel the fresh wind from off the sea but it brings back to me that summer afternoon when we all stood together under the poplars.

While we stood there, Earl Hathaway, Jocelyn's friend and ours, came up and joined us. I had known Earl for years. He was the son of a neighboring wealthy squire, and we had been friends and playmates from childhood.

When the rich midsummer trailed its affluence of splendor through the lengthened days, filling the land with the flush of blossoms and the song of birds, we wandered through the silent, odorous woods, and up the slanting hill-sides, where the wild roses trailed over the thickets, and held up their delicate pink goblets for the sunlight to pour in its golden wine—through shady, brier-hedged lanes and sun-gilt meadows, where the yellow lilies swung their burnished bells. And later, when autumn had hung out his red banner in the woods, and the white mist came up damp and chilling from the marshes in the gray morning, like some pale presence slowly folding up its ghostly garments and stealing back to the land of shadows; and later still, when winter's icy spears had stripped autumn's scarlet ensign from the forest-boughs, and wrapped up in its burial robes the bloom and lush magnificence of summer, to await its spring-tide resurrection. We had sat together by the ruddy fire, watching the pictures come and go in the dropping coals, as the blue smoke-wreaths curled up the ample chimney; and though of late years he had been absent from Lynn pursuing his studies in a distant city, we had taken up the old mode of life on his return, and scarcely a day passed but saw him at the parsonage, where his bright, pleasant face, and sunny temper always made a welcome addition to our quiet little circle.

I watched him as he sauntered up the road, with a swift thought of all this in my heart.

"Is it possible I find you all still in the land of the living, after this Egyptian desert of a day? Why, Agnes, you pale little thing, I made sure you would be melted away like a snow-wreath, crystallized into a dew-drop, or transmuted by some such desiccating process."

We all laughed at Earl's quaint expression, which, if incorrect as a figure of speech, certainly did convey some idea of the intense, breathless warmth of that day, and I answered his jesting salutation with a merry reply, as I opened the gate for him; but he declined to enter, saying, gayly:—

"I have been guarding 'the Oaks' all day in the absence of my father, who has been over to Ashleigh to transact some business. It's a whim of his that the place must never be left alone, lest it might slide off into the sea, I suppose, or be pocketed by dishonest servants, if left unguarded. So I have passed the day a prisoner upon my paternal acres, in melancholy efforts to kill time. I have studied the portraits of my ancestors in the great hall till I know every seam and crack in the canvas; I have read the last *Gazette* through three times, advertisements and all; and—"

"Poor fellow!" interrupted Jocelyn. "What a pitiable case—absolute destitution of any rational occupation! what can we do to reward your past suffering?"

Earl smiled at Jocelyn's good-humored railery, and answered:—

"The evening is too beautiful to lose; therefore I propose that you shall all help me to enjoy it by way of a 'reward,' as Jocelyn calls it. Come, let us go down to the shore; it is beautiful there now; the tide is coming in, and this fresh wind is sending the waves in, curling and sparkling as if crested with fire; or do you prefer a ramble on the hills, Ethel?"

She smiled, and answered carelessly:—

"Let us go down to the beach."

I was surprised, for Ethel did not like the sea, and seldom went to the shore when she could avoid it; but I had begun to notice that she consulted Earl's tastes rather than her own in many things, even when I knew she could not understand or sympathize. She had been leaning against one of the poplars, but as she spoke she came forward, and by a slight movement, placed herself by his side.

A shadow passed over Jocelyn's face as he noticed the motion, and then his own sweet smile came back, and we were soon talking gayly as we followed them through sandy lanes, hedged with tangled vines and briars, with the dust of that hot day lying white on their leaves, and over wide, barren fields of coarse, tufted grass, down to the beach.

It was beautiful there, as Earl had said—a broad stretch of sand, now damp with the incoming tide, and beyond it the sea, the blue, the grand old sea, that Earl and I loved so well. The tide was coming in, and the waves dashed and tumbled in heavy masses against the crags that lay half buried in the sand, and flung their wreaths of foam far up the beach. Earl looked out over the water with a kindling eye, the blood coming to his cheeks slowly, as it was wont to do in excitement.

"How beautiful it is!" he said, softly, almost reverently, as he lifted his cap and let the strong wind toss back his hair. "I love it, the free, restless ocean. See how the great waves climb and wrestle with each other as they come plunging in among the rocks; see the white gulls flying home through the sunset to their homes among the marshes." He spoke to Ethel, but he never looked away from the water where the splendor had begun to fade a little. "See what beautiful sprays of sea-weed the tide is bringing in, and look, Ethel, yonder comes a log—perhaps a plank from some foundered vessel, rolling and plunging in towards shore. I could fancy it the lifeless corpse of some shipwrecked mariner cast up at our feet by the waves."

Ethel shivered. The evenings were chilly, though it was August, but I knew it was not that. She had a strong, and to me an incomprehensible dread of the sea, a terror as unconquerable as it was irrational. The everlasting thunder of its waves awed and oppressed her with a sense of overwhelming power; its eternal silence, its empty vastness of uninhabitable brine, chilled and repelled her; all that was weak and untrue in her nature quailed before its stern, solemn grandeur. To her it always suggested weird, gloomy images of storm and darkness, broken spars drifting helplessly on the desolate mid-seas, and clinging to them, half-naked forms of drowning sailors, pinched with famine, mad with despair, great splintered bergs, gleaming white and ghastly in the pale polar moonlight, crunching and grinding as they drift onward

through the death-like silence of those regions of eternal night and frost; white, dead faces, with blank eyes and floating hair, slowly lifted up into the light through the clear green water.

So I knew why she shuddered at this fanciful conceit of Earl's, as she tried to look steadily at the dark object that tossed and swayed on the shifting currents, gradually coming nearer and nearer to the shore, half fearing a realization of her superstitious dread. Even when the tide washed it upon the beach some rods from where we stood, and at last she knew it to be only a broken spar, sad memorial of some brave ship that had gone down, perhaps leagues and leagues away from land, she could not wholly conquer her indefinite dread.

"Why, Ethel, this chilly wind has driven all the color from your face; you are as pale as a ghost," said Earl, glancing at her as she stood silent, looking uneasily out toward the sea. "The sea air doesn't agree with your cousin, Agnes; but you are as bright and blooming as 'the guardian Naiad of the strand.' I could imagine myself some ancient ocean deity in search of a throne and a kingdom, a little reduced in circumstances it is true, but what does it signify? I have the gods of old for an illustrious precedent. Come, who will follow me to Black Rock? That is a most fitting throne for an aquatic monarch. Agnes, my little subject, I command your obedience."

"Most humbly I comply, my lord," I answered, laughing, as I yielded to his assumption of mock royalty.

"Then follow me; Ethel and Jocelyn, will you share the splendors of my state?"

She drew back with a jesting reply, and Earl and I passed on together to Black Rock, leaving her alone upon the sands with Jocelyn, tender, patient, loving Jocelyn, to whom she was the fate, the destiny that ruled his life, the moon beneath whose varying influence his tides of feeling sank or swelled.

Black Rock was a huge granite crag terminating a long, low ledge of rocks that ran out into the sea some distance, and separated from them by a narrow channel, over which Earl swung me lightly.

"There," said he, as he leaped to my side. "Now we are alone at last, sole inhabitants of my island kingdom. You are not afraid of the sea, Agnes; I know you love it as I do, for you understand me when I talk of it, and

listen patiently to my boyish enthusiasm. I have been wanting to talk to you all the afternoon; why have you avoided me, Agnes?"

"I have not avoided you, Earl," I answered. "But you were walking with my cousin, and I thought she could amuse you better than I."

He had dropped his bantering tone, and as I spoke he took both my hands in his, and said, softly:—

"O, my little Sea Queen! do you know I think you have stolen the beauty of the sunset-to-night? All its flush is on your cheek, all the splendor of its fire is in your eyes, and its warm glory has turned your brown hair into shining bronze." He raised his hand and just touched my hair, and then checked himself. We were too far from shore for her to hear our words, but I felt sure that Ethel had noticed the quick, caressing gesture. Perhaps he thought so too, for he turned a little, so our faces were hidden from the beach.

As he stood there before me, looking down on me with his frank, joyous eyes, I thought, in all the years I had known Earl Hathaway, I had never seen him look so handsome, that he had never been so near my heart as then. As the passing years had wrought the promise of his bright-eyed, active boyhood in the tall, powerfully-knit frame of manhood, with a man's clear intellect and ardent impulses, the warm friendship of my childhood had deepened into the firmest, truest, best love of my woman's nature, and I loved him with a silent strength, sure of his answering love, although no spoken words had ever flung a shining span across the sweet uncertainty, making a golden bridge whereon our thoughts could pass from heart to heart. I felt the tender meaning of his words; but one of those strange, secret impulses, which seem without or beyond ourselves, and which sometimes keeps us silent at the very moment when to have spoken would have changed the current of a life, when afterwards we would give worlds if we had spoken, kept me silent, looking out towards the twilight sky where now the dun and purple shadows were gathering swiftly.

"Agnes," he said, as I did not speak, "you are not displeased with me? That is not what has kept you so absorbed in Jocelyn's grave philosophizing ever since I met you at the gate?"

"O no, Earl; but I thought that Ethel

was amusing you better than I could do," I answered as before. "She is so gay and lively, always flashing into song and laughter, while I am always grave and still, not at all like you."

"According to the law of contraries, I ought to like you all the better for that," he answered, gayly. "Your calm face and quiet voice are a sort of counterpoise to my more restless temperament; your gravity against my levity; your deliberate judgment against my thoughtless impulses, that would keep the balance even. And to prove that you are not displeased—"

"Hark!" I interrupted. "There is Ethel calling us." She had a voice of strange power and sweetness, and as it ran along the twilight sands, it thrilled me like a strain of unearthly music—

"The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

"Let me go, Earl," I said, trying to disengage my hands from his. "It is time we were going back, and she will be impatient."

"O, Agnes! my little Agnes!" he stopped, and released me suddenly; then he led me over the rocks back to the beach where Ethel and Jocelyn were waiting for us. After that, we wandered slowly home through the dusky lanes and over the shadowy fields, Earl walking close by my side, talking gayly on indifferent themes, Jocelyn with a grave, calm, rested face, less silent than was his wont; Ethel as brilliant and gay as ever.

Ethel and I were cousins, but very unlike in mind and person. I was small, pale, brown-eyed, my only beauty the gleamy gold of my shining chestnut braids; quiet and undemonstrative in temperament, with an intense love of the beautiful, the grand, and true, a quick, fiery scorn of all things mean and base, and a strong, silent intensity of feeling few thought me capable of possessing.

Ethel was the only child of my mother's brother, who had married, while travelling on the Continent, a beautiful, but low-born Spanish or Italian lady, I have forgotten which, for my uncle's story was never alluded to in my hearing by my mother, whose hatred of the "foreign woman," as she called her, was intense and lasting. Bitterly reproached by his family and friends at home for his rash and unfortunate alliance, he had never brought his young wife to England, but had remained abroad with her, where he had died soon after his marriage. Ethel herself was born at

Gordo, a little sea-port town of Spain, from whence she had been sent to receive her education at the conventual school at Brionne in France. After the death of her mother, about two years before, she had come to live with us, the only living relatives she had who could offer her a home; and she was made welcome for the sake of her dead father, though I am not sure my mother ever forgot she was the child of a stranger.

She inherited from her ill-fated father only her Saxon name, while from the dusky-eyed Spanish mother, who slept by the banks of the Tarro, she inherited the clear olive of her complexion, with the red blood flushing through the delicate skin, the lustrous splendor of her large, soft eyes, black as death, as beautiful, as unfathomable as the starry, purple midnights of her own tropic skies, the shining waves of night-black hair that swept back from her face in heavy, rippling masses, and the lithe grace of her tall, finely-proportioned figure, faultless from the white, proudly curved throat to the slender foot. But for her temperament she must have gone back to a more distant source: cool, selfish, brilliant, fascinating all who came within the circle of her influence by her graceful assumption of the very virtue she did not possess, subtle and self-centred, strong in her very subtlety, and veiling all defects of character with a rare grace and tenderness of manner, that but few suspected was not the sterling gold-of-truth, stamped in God's mint and bearing his image. Perhaps her superficial foreign education had assisted in developing whatsoever was least pure and lofty in her character. Perhaps, had she shared the advantages I had possessed, she might have been a better woman.

My father had been the curate of Lynn, and upon his death, his successor, Jocelyn Thorne, had taken up his residence with us at the parsonage, thus sparing us the pain of a removal from our old home, and we had come to love and honor him, treating him with the pleasant freedom of a brother.

The parsonage stood just on the edge of the village, on a slight slope. It was not beautiful, not even picturesque, but I loved it with its three gray old poplars and its wide reach of sea and sky. It was a tall, narrow, old-fashioned house, with numerous dormer windows projecting from the steep roof, and clustering chimneys irregularly grouped at convenient angles. In front, a small garden

surrounded by a high white paling, opened on the sandy village road, and beyond it, wide, sedgy meadows, skirted with stunted, storm-blown willows, stretched downward to the sea.

We had lingered and loitered on our way, until the soft gray of twilight had deepened into the dun of early evening, and as a bend in the road brought us in sight of home, a bright light was gleaming from the window of the little parlor, while a fine horse standing fastened at the gate announced the presence of a stranger.

Earl left us at the door, and we passed in. A tall, handsome young man was sitting in the parlor with my mother and my sister Maud, and as we entered, he rose quickly to meet us with an expression of pleasure. To my surprise, Ethel advanced to meet him with outstretched hands, and greeted him warmly, introducing him to us as "my cousin, Mr. Bell."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said Ethel, in her clear, rich voice that lent a subtle charm to even the commonest phrase. "Who would have thought of seeing you down here in this unfashionable corner of the globe?"

"Yes, I have taken you quite by surprise, I own," he answered, laughing. "Unexpected, but not wholly unwelcome, I hope. The fact is, I have been a little ill, and have been ordered down to the sea-shore for a month or so; so I thought I could not do better than to come down to Lynn, where I was sure of finding other attractions beyond the air and scenery."

He glanced impressively at Ethel as he spoke. She colored a little, and replied she hoped he had not been kept waiting long.

"O, no, not more than half an hour. So you have turned sea-nymph since I saw you last summer; Mrs. Fanshawe told me you were down at the beach. I did not know the roads round here, or I should have gone in search of you, Miss Brand."

"A profitless quest," she answered, laughing. "Have you been in the neighborhood long? I presume not, however, or you would have learned the way to the beach; that is our greatest attraction to strangers."

"Only since morning. I reached Barforth Station about noon, and rode over here directly after dinner."

After a courteous acknowledgment of his

introduction, he had not spoken to me, and as I sat silent and unobserved, I studied his handsome face closely from the shadowy security of my distant corner. He was tall, with a slight, well-knit figure, a clear, pale complexion, fine eyes, and delicate, regular features framed in dark-brown hair; with that indefinable something in the easy self-possession of his manner that stamps the man of the world. He was distantly related to Ethel through her mother, though he had no title to the cousinship he claimed. She had formed a slight acquaintance with him during a visit to London the year before, and since her return I had often heard her speak of Jack Bell; and from her occasional remarks I had gathered, as one will without any definite knowledge of facts, a clear impression of his character, which time proved to be correct. Wealthy, good-tempered, and not bad at heart, but possessing no firm, settled principles, lacking even the sardonic energy of soul to say, in the very strength of despair, "Evil, be thou my good," not even vicious through the love of vice, but drifting carelessly along the current of events wherever a strong, restless will impelled him, simply because to do wrong was easier than to do right—to yield was easier than to resist; yet passing among his fashionable associates for a man of honesty and honor.

He exerted himself to make the evening pass pleasantly, engaging us all in conversation with graceful tact; but devoting himself especially to Ethel, whose sparkling spirits and ripe loveliness of face and form possessed a powerful charm for him. It was late when he left us, with a promise to call the next evening, if it would not be intruding on Mrs. Fanshawe's courtesy.

This was the beginning of a long series of evening visits, morning rides, and twilight walks, in which Maud and I were always included, and Jocelyn and Earl frequently accompanied us.

Jack Bell took lodgings in the village, and was a constant visitor at the parsonage. His admiration of Ethel's dark, glorious beauty was undisguised and ardent; but, in spite of his watchful attentions, she often managed, by some dextrous and apparently unconscious movement, to place herself by Earl's side during these long rides and rambles, leaving Jack Bell to laugh, and talk, and jest with Maud, fun-loving, merry Maud, with an un-

meaning gallantry that was habitual to him; and I was necessarily left to the companionship of Jocelyn, whom I loved and trusted as a brother—grave, gentle, pure-souled Jocelyn, who, with a rare tenderness of nature, honoring all women next to his God, bravely put aside all selfish feelings, and devoted himself to make these rambles pleasant to me.

It was on one of those bland, delicious days that come in early September, that we passed out of the little parsonage gate for one of these long, aimless strolls. The noisy crows were flying with discordant clamor to their morning banquet on the beach, and now and then a startled sea-fowl whirled inland in wide, sweeping circles, and then swept back to the silent marshes that lay hidden by a thin line of white vapor; and as we climbed the rough peaks of the Storm Crags, the calm sea lay at our feet, rising and sinking in shining swells—now flashing into a clear amber in the sunlight—now glooming into purple and amethyst in the shadow. Just at this point the land rose abruptly into a line of rugged and precipitate cliffs, just visible from the east window of the parsonage, and known through the country as the Storm Crags—huge, shapeless masses of rock confusedly piled together, and at their base worn into innumerable hollows and winding passages by the action of the waves, that washed through them with a wild, ghostly music, at certain periods of the tide.

The weariness of toiling up its rugged steps was forgotten in the barren grandeur of the scene beyond—the boundless stretch of sea and sky, with their winds, and waves, and ebbing tides, their stars, and clouds, and changing shadows. The sun was looking down from the mid heaven with a golden smile, and the gray crags stood crowned in the morning splendor like grim old sea-kings on their rocky thrones.

"This is grand! this is glorious!" cried Earl, as he led Ethel, a little flushed and wearied with her long walk, to a comfortable seat among the smooth rocks on the summit of the cliff. "This is glorious!" he repeated, looking out at sky and water with the glow of strong emotion on his face. "It is the very sublimity of beauty; it stirs all that is best and deepest in my heart, and I feel half a poet up here so near the sky. I could fancy this the very 'crag Caucasian,' where the Heaven-forsaken Titan met and battled with

avenging fate, sending down through the misty centuries that cry of pain which has reached our own in ringing echoes."

"I love that grand old fable, with the dim foreshadowings of its sublime mystery; but these crags and cliffs have a deeper meaning to me," said Jocelyn, softly. "See how their shadows stretch away over the rough, stony slopes below, suggesting images of that rest and peace which are like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Nice place for a picnic, if there was a little more of that shade," said Jack Bell, lazily stretching himself on a convenient stone.

His shallow nature could not understand the boyish enthusiasm of Earl, or the reverent tenderness of Jocelyn. To him the sky was simply a reservoir for snow and vapor, the sea a highway for commerce or an agreeable source of amusement in the way of boating or bathing.

"I say, Hathaway," he went on, "what sort of fishing do you have round here? I brought my rods and tackle down with me, but I haven't had them out of their cases yet."

Earl looked like one suddenly brought back from a different world, but he checked the half contemptuous smile that curled his lip, and answered:—

"If you'd like to try them, we will ride over to Stanwick any morning; the fishing is better there than here."

"Agreed, provided the ladies will spare us all day."

"To be sure; we can get along without you very well, but you must bring home plenty of fish as a peace offering," said Maud, gayly. "I don't see how you can bear to catch the poor little things; I know it must be cruel."

"Why, Maud," said Ethel, laughing, "don't you remember how you went over to Stanwick only last summer and caught fifteen?"

"Oh, that was a year ago, and I'm a great deal wiser now," retorted Maud, in playful contradiction.

"How far is Stanwick from here, Thorne?" inquired Jack Bell.

"About five miles."

"Oh, let us go, too!" cried Maud, eagerly. "I should like that above all things."

"I thought you were the young lady who did not approve of fishing," remarked Jocelyn, gravely. "Now, as you are really conscien-

tiously opposed to such barbarous amusements, we will not urge you to accompany us, Maud. I think I can induce the rest to go."

"O Jocelyn, you dear old torment!" said she, with the child-like freedom with which she always treated him, in consideration of the fact that he was nearly ten years her senior. "I know you only say that to tease me. I shall go; sha'n't I, Earl?"

"Certainly you shall," said Jocelyn. "And I herewith constitute myself your special guardian and protector on that eventful day. But you must consent to let me do all the fishing; of course you will not want to fish yourself; it's wicked, you know," he added, mischievously.

Between him and Maud there existed a close, tender friendship, which was not lessened by the playful raillery that often passed between them. Jocelyn Thorne was one of those rare men who walk the earth like the gods of old, claiming kinship with the immortals. His was one of those large, earnest, unselfish natures to which we instinctively pay the homage of trust and reverence; his pure soul had no touch of the base or ignoble in it; generous, true, and tender, with that rare blending of strength and sweetness which is the highest type of manhood; grave and silent, but never gloomy, always gentle, patient, and hopeful, never losing his deep faith in God and his brother man—serene and strong in that calm happiness beyond the restless current of life's shallow joys.

He had been with us six years, and Maud had grown up from a careless, frolicsome child in his companionship, to the joyous grace of maidenhood. Maud was my only sister, and two years my junior. She was like me so far as we both had brown hair and eyes and regular features; but her brown hair had a tinge of brighter gold; her eyes were darker, and her cheeks had a rich color mine never wore. All that was merely passable in my face was perfected into absolute beauty in hers, and I loved her as a sort of gloried self, in whom the undeveloped possibilities of my nature were wrought into the ripe fulfilment of the actual. In temperament she was frank, gay, and ardent, very different from Jocelyn's quiet nature; but the very difference between him and our pretty, sunny-tempered Maud, half child, half woman, seemed to draw them together in a closer bond. Her innocent gayety seemed to win him from his habitual reserve;

and now, as Maud insisted, with pretty wilfulness, on trimming his hat with leaves she had gathered as she came through the lanes and fields, "by way of rewarding his maganimous offer of guardianship," as she declared, he submitted laughingly, protesting he felt like a victim decked for the sacrifice.

"If the ladies would really like to go, I think we can make arrangements for their accommodation. Ethel, of course, you will go?"

Then followed a lively discussion of the details of the expedition, Maud declaring herself in favor of our all walking over there, with John Grimm, our old gray-headed man of all work to carry the rods and tackle, while Ethel advocated the light wagon and old Roan, with John to drive.

While this debate was going on, I slipped away unnoticed, and began cautiously descending the rocks until I reached a sheltered spot where I was hidden from their sight. Below me lay a shelving ledge of rocks, slanting down in shingly layers, mottled with irregular patches of green and gray lichens, to a steep cliff that descended to the sea in an unbroken sweep. I sat down in a recess of the rocks that rose behind me like a wall, and covered my face with my hands, hating the bright, flaunting sunshine, the laughter, and the merry voices that faintly reached me from the cliff above.

There are times in the experience of every one when a vague, crushing sense of misery, that defies analysis and resists the efforts of reason to dispel, overwhelms us with an irresistible pressure—when the soul sits desolate among its household gods, and can find no help or comfort in their familiar faces. The waters of this unknown bitterness were passing over my soul as I sat and listened to the dreamy murmur of the waves, lazily lapping among the sunken rocks far below me, with an indefinite feeling, that scarcely amounted to a wish, to shut my eyes forever on that wide ring of sky and water, and float off into the great unknown to the rhythmical pulsing of the tide.

Soothed by the stillness, the soft fluttering rush of the wind, and the monotonous wash of the waves, I must have wandered for a moment among the misty shadows of the border land of sleep, for I came slowly back to an identity of self with a dim sense that I was falling. Every nerve and fibre thrilled with

a sickening intensity of consciousness, as I struggled helplessly to stop myself, and shrieked in agony, "O Jocelyn, Jocelyn, save me! I am falling—help! help! O my God! will no one help me?" I grappled desperately for some support; I clutched madly at the short, slippery grass that grew in the seams and crevices, but the treacherous, shelving ledges afforded no foothold; I felt the smooth warm stones slowly slipping from my grasp, as I sank slowly, slowly, but with a horrible certainty to my death. My brain whirled with crowding thoughts, and in the midst of my mad agony came a mocking memory of the long, sunny days when I had wandered over the summer meadows with Earl Hathaway in my far childhood time—of the happy days before Ethel came among us like an evil presence. I thought how he was laughing and jesting with her even then, while I was dying, dying alone. I seemed to see myself lying a bruised, ghastly corpse upon the sharp, pitiless rocks below, slowly lifted by the tide and carried out to sea, floating, swaying with the rocking currents, with white, upturned face and tangled hair, perhaps tossed up at last upon the sandy crescent of the beach—perhaps finding a rest among the reedy inlets and black, tide-filled pools of the vast, silent, desolate marshes, without a burial—gnawed by the waves, torn and hacked by the beaks of ravenous sea-fowl.

Already I felt a fresher air come up damp with spray from the edge of the precipice, the dash of the waves grew more distinct, and, mad with despair, I shrieked again, "O Jocelyn, I am dying! help me! save me! Earl, Earl, come to me, quick, and save me! Oh the sharp, cruel rocks! O God! O Jocelyn, help me!" I heard a cry of horror, swift footsteps on the rocks above; I felt a strong arm around me, and then thought and feeling circled into the black blank of unconsciousness.

When I slowly grew back into recollection again, I was lying on the bank above, leaning against Jocelyn's knee, my head upon his arm. Maud was weeping convulsively, and there was a thrill of tears in Jocelyn's voice as he said, solemnly:—

"Father in heaven, I thank Thee! O Agnes, if you had died"—he stopped suddenly.

"You have had a narrow escape, Miss Fanshawe. Great Heaven! if you had fainted one moment before you did—I shudder to

think of it. Allow me to compliment you on the heroism you displayed," said the smooth, flattering voice of Jack Bell, with a touch of real feeling in it.

"O Agnes, Agnes, my dearest, dearest sister," sobbed Maud, throwing herself on the ground beside me; "I never can forgive myself; it is all my fault. Earl heard your cry, but I laughed at him and said it was only the gulls. I did not dream that any harm could happen to you, you know the Craggs so well; but oh, Agnes, if you had died, I should have been your murderer."

"How did it happen, Agnes? did you fall?" asked Ethel.

I could not speak, but yielding to my wish, Jocelyn lifted me gently to my feet.

"Agnes, my sister, are you sure you are strong enough to stand? Lean on me; don't try to walk."

"Jocelyn, was it you?" He did not answer, but wrung my offered hand in silence.

"We were all talking about the fishing-party, Miss Fanshawe," said Bell; "and Earl thought he heard a cry; we listened for it, thinking it only the screaming of the gulls, and presently it came again plainer than before, and Jocelyn, who was nearest to the cliff, sprang down the rocks like a deer, and before we could reach the place we met him coming up with you lying in his arms, dead, as we thought, you looked so lifeless.

"She does not look much better now, poor child! so pale and weak," said Jocelyn.

And then I noticed Earl had not spoken like the rest. He was standing apart, pale and silent, with gleaming eyes and quivering lips, and a look on his face I had never seen before. He did not speak to me or take my hand to welcome me back from the gates of death, but stood with tightly-folded arms and eyes that saw nothing, as if the splintered peaks of the Storm Craggs held no human being but himself. It stung me to the quick, and I broke into a stormy rain of tears, repeating to myself, "I wish that I had died, I wish that I had died."

When, calmed and rested, we spoke of my accident that evening in the parsonage parlor, his old manner had returned; and during the rides, and walks, and summer pleasures that filled the succeeding days, he was always the same—always kind, tender, and watchful of my comfort.

So the days and weeks, pale wanderers from

the gardens of the Infinite, crossed the golden bridges of the present, and passed out of sight among the shadows of the past.

(Conclusion next month.)

CONCERNING RINGS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

CHAINS and necklaces have been worn as feminine ornaments since the remotest period; thus Homer describes to us the amber and gold necklace, set with precious stones, presented to Penelope by one of her suitors. Wealthy Roman ladies wore them of gold and silver, those of the lower classes of copper. It was the custom to wind them round the waist as well as the neck, and to hang from them pearls and trinkets of various sizes. In France, necklaces were first worn by ladies in the reign of Charles VII., who presented one of precious stones to Agnes Sorel. The gems were probably uncut, for the lady complained of them hurting her neck; but as the king admired it, she continued to wear it, saying that women might surely bear a little pain to please those they loved. The fashion, of course, was at once adopted by the ladies of the court, and soon became general. During the reign of Henri II. pearls were greatly in vogue for necklaces, as we find from the portraits of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Queen of Scots. The Queen Dowager of Prussia possesses a very beautiful pearl necklace, formed in a remarkable way. On the day of her marriage the king gave her a splendid pearl, and added one on each anniversary. An interesting anecdote about necklaces is connected with the Empress Eugénie. When the ruler of France marries, it is the custom for the city of Paris to present the bride with some costly gift. In 1853 the city of Paris voted the sum of 600,000 francs to purchase a diamond necklace for the empress. But the young empress expressed a wish that the money should be worthily expended in founding a school for poor young girls in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This school, called Maison Eugénie Napoleon, was opened in 1857, and now shelters 400 girls, who are instructed by those excellent teachers the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The fashion of wearing gold crosses can be traced to the beginning of the sixteenth century. A portrait of Anne of Cleves shows her adorned with three necklaces, to one of

which a jewelled cross is attached. The priests vehemently assailed this custom from the pulpit, but the ladies held fast, and now and then added a heart of precious stones. Eventually an anchor was placed with the other two, and hence we have the now ordinary symbols of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Clasps were first worn by the military to fasten their cloaks, but the fashion gradually became general with both sexes during the third and fourth centuries. These clasps became with time excessively large, and represented the more modern fashion of brooches.

Girdles are of very great antiquity, and were used in lieu of a purse or pocket. The belt of the Roman ladies during the empire, was formed in front like a stomacher, and set with precious stones. Hence we probably have the first idea of a corset. In the Middle Ages bankrupts used to surrender their girdles in open court. The reason was that, as they carried all articles of daily use in them, it was typical of a surrender of their estate. Taking off the belt was also a sign of doing homage. Although not fashionable now-a-days, jewelled girdles have their uses, as was proved when an attempt was made to assassinate the present Queen of Spain by the curate Merino. The point of the dagger, striking on the diamond belt, slipped aside, and only inflicted a harmless flesh wound.

We have not space to describe *in extenso* all the ornaments of male and female use to which gems have been applied. For a time valuable snuff-boxes were considered indispensable by men, while ladies imitated the fashion by carrying a *bonbonnière*. Shoe-buckles, too, have had their day, although in the reign of Louis XVI. they were so large as to cover the instep. Gold-headed canes, once the distinguishing signs of physicians, who had a species of smelling-box in the top to protect the carrier from infection, are now rarely seen, except at sea-side French watering-places, where the Empress of France has brought them into fashion again, and in the hands of state footmen.

Rings have in all ages been regarded as the most important of all ornaments. As a symbol of spiritual alliance and insignia of eternal dignity, they date back to the fourth century, when we find a ring used in the consecration of bishops. In conformity with the ancient usage recorded in Scripture, the primitive Christian Church early adopted the ceremony

of the ring of betrothal as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household and over the earthly goods with which he endowed her.

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by natural joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings."

In the ancient marriage ritual, the husband placed the ring on the first joint of the bride's thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger with the words, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally the ring was left on the fourth finger with the word "Amen!" About a century ago it was the custom to wear the marriage ring on the thumb, although at the nuptial ceremony it was placed on the fourth finger.

The coronation ring of the kings of England is plain gold, with a large violet table ruby, whereon a plain cross of St. George is curiously engraved. The queen's ring is also of gold, with a large table ruby and sixteen small diamonds round the ring. Nor must we omit the curious Venetian fashion of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. Annually for six hundred years, the magnificently-appointed Bucentaur bore the doge to the shores of the Lido, near the mouth of the harbor. Here, letting a ring fall into the bosom of his bride, the bridegroom uttered the words, "We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." Napoleon I. dissolved the marriage, and the couple never came together again.

Among ring curiosities we may mention the gimmel, often alluded to in old writers. It is composed of twin or double hoops, fitting so exactly into each other that, when united, they form but one circlet. Each hoop is generally surmounted by a hand, the two being clasped when the rings are brought together. One hoop was sometimes of gold, and the other of silver. The custom of wearing mourning-rings is ancient: thus we find Shakspeare bequeathing to John Henninge, H. Burbage, and Henry Condell "twenty-six shillings eightpence apiece to buy them rings." Rings were also given away to attendants on the day of their master's marriage. The fashion of wearing thumb-rings is very ancient in England. When the tomb of the Venerable Bede was opened in 1831, a large thumb-ring of

iron, covered with a thick coating of gold, was found in the place which the right hand had occupied before it fell into auster.

TO MY WIFE,

On the Nineteenth Anniversary of our Wedding.

BY J. R. R.

FELL twenty years their course have run,
Of shade and sunny weather,
Since first we took each other's hand
To tread life's path together.

That path hath not been ever smooth,
Our happiness unclouded:
For sorrow with her sable fold
Some earlier hopes hath shrouded.

Ah, who could ask a cloudless sky;
One bright, continual noon;
Eternal spring—or endless day
Of roses and of June?

The day will all the brighter seem
If clouds obscured the morn;
The sweetest flower of Flora's train
Still bears the sharpest thorn.

Dark clouds may sometimes hover o'er
A bright and beauteous heaven;
They pass—and give our raptured view
The rainbow tints of even.

So pass we on; let grief or joy
In varying turn betide us;
We'll pluck the flower, avoid the thorn,
And love's true light shall guide us,

THE VESPER.

BY C. MITCHELL.

BEAUTIFUL star,

A gleaming coronet adorns thy brow,
Thy shining pathway is beset with gems,
A myriad host add lustre to thy train,
And the cerulean of the arching skies,
Now pales at thy approach.

The belted Orion,
The Constellations, and the Pleiades,
Thy sister planets, and their satellites,
With bright Arcturus, thy pavilion grace;
While numerous stars of lesser magnitude
Glitter and sparkle in the milkmaid's path.

Now Luna comes,
In queenlike beauty; with majestic step
She treads the azure palaces on high,
Glances around immeasurable space,
And spreads her mantle of soft silver beams
O'er this green earth below.

Bright vesper star,
Though this great orb illumines the crown of night,
Thy brilliance does not fade, through her thin veil
Thy rays resplendent shine, and heaven's expanse
Portrays her wonders to the universe,
And proves the work Omnipotent, Divine.

“THE OTHER ONE.”

BY S. ANNIE PROST.

It was a distinctive title, which was almost as much her name as the Antoinette inscribed upon the baptismal register. People talked of the beautiful Miss Hammond, the talented Miss Hammond, and the other one; or of the eldest Miss Hammond, the youngest Miss Hammond, and the other one; or varied this by the brunette, the blonde, and the other one; and I am sure all the large circle of acquaintance who thus distinguished them will ridicule the idea of making a heroine out of “the other one.”

Looking at her, upon the dreary December night which opens my story, you will see there is but little outwardly to mark her as fitted for the post. The slender little figure, so neatly draped in pretty blue merino; the glossy braids of brown hair, with no flower or jewel to decorate their profusion; the delicate complexion, soft brown eyes, and sweet flexible mouth, are each graceful and winning; but glancing from her to the sisters who stand near her, you admit their advantages. Leonie, the tall, superb brunette, in her black lace dress, gleaming here and there with rich crimson knots of ribbon, her hair drooping low and crowned with crimson flowers, is Juno like and bewildering in her regal beauty; while Lucy, the blonde, tall too, but exquisitely ethereal in her floating robes of white, with starry jasmine twisted in her short curls, is only second to Leonie in loveliness. Mamma, tall and dark, with worldliness written upon every feature of her handsome face, is in gala dress too, for to-night one of the crowning festivities of the season is waiting the arrival of the Misses Hammond, and Mrs. Hammond always accompanies her daughters. Nettie, of course, was invited, but Nettie don't care much for parties, and has chosen to wait at home for papa; for papa, being a physician in full practice, has a fashion of popping in at all sorts of eccentric hours, and Nettie has noticed that he seems to relish his coffee or dinner more, when she hovers about him to pay personal attention to the sugar or salt question; to ask questions of the day's duties; to pepper his dinner with rattling anecdotes of home; or sympathize with him over some

newly discovered case of distress. Leonie and Lucy have declared it a horrid shame that she won't go; her mother has added that Nettie has queer notions, and she has had her own way in the matter.

As soon as the carriage rolls away with the party-goers, Nettie tidies the pretty sitting-room, and takes out her knitting, a pair of wonderful crimson and brown comforts for papa's wrists. She has not long to knit; for by nine o'clock she hears the gig drive up, and tosses aside needles and wool, to fly down stairs and greet her father.

“Come in the sitting-room, papa,” she cries, drawing him forward; “it is so nice and warm there, and I have told Martha to bring up your supper, so you won't have to go down again.”

“Rest all out?” asks the doctor.

“Yes; gone to Mrs. Moseley's, the large party, you know, that we had cards for last week.”

“Why didn't you go?”

“Oh, I didn't care for it. Three of us are enough, and where Leo and Lou are, they won't miss me. Oh, father, Leo was superb to-night; she had her hair dressed in the new fashion, with crimson flowers all woven in among the braids, and drooping on the neck. She wore grandma's diamonds, too, and her dress was very becoming.”

“You should have gone; Martha can wait upon me.”

Yet while he said it, the doctor knew that Martha's fingers could never arrange a tray so temptingly, never wait upon him so thoughtfully and noiselessly, Martha's voice make such music in his heart, or give him such a sense of rest after the day's fatigue and anxiety.

“And now, papa, while you eat your supper, I want to read you a story Lou wrote to-day. One of her gems, with the prettiest song verses introduced. You are not too tired?”

The proud father was never too tired to admire Lucy's graceful sketches; so the story was read and admired to Nettie's full satisfaction.

“Ain't it lovely?” she said, as she folded

the papers. "I am so proud of Lucy. It is so nice when I hear strangers wondering who L. H. is, to think that 's my sister, and to have such a delicious little mystery to unfold."

"And now tell me what you have been doing all day?"

"All sorts of things. I helped Lou a little by copying her article for her, and I made the knots of Leo's dress, and trimmed mamma's gloves, and concocted that chicken-pie you are eating, and did a lot of odds and ends, nothing much."

"Are you too tired to read me this article in the *Lancet*? My eyes are snow dazzled, and I should like to hear what this fellow has to say—'Diseases of the Eye.'"

"I am sure he recommends green spectacles for doctors who drive about on sunlit snow. By the way, papa, do you suppose any doctor ever practises what he preaches?"

"I don't know, dear, I'm sure; I should probably preach very loudly at any of my patients who drank such strong coffee as this in the evening, or who ate his eggs as I do mine, boiled to perfect bullets."

"I am so glad you are not going out again," said Nettie, as her father donned dressing-gown and slippers, and struck an attitude, peculiar to tired doctors, upon the sofa—"though," she added, thoughtfully, "it must pay for being tired, to comfort so many poor sick folks as you do."

"And to have such a nice little girl to make one lazy," said her father. "You are right, Nettie; the power to soothe a sufferer, to comfort a mourner, to aid nature to restore or smooth the path to the grave, is a gift God sent, for which I give him humble and hearty thanks. I was sent for to-day to the C—— Hotel, to prescribe for a gentleman, a stranger here, who fell upon the ice, and has got an ugly compound fracture to keep him a prisoner for a long time. He is all alone, his family being in California, and I really think was more grateful for an hour's chat than for all my bandages and splints."

"I should say the chat was decidedly the most agreeable. Poor fellow! Who is he?"

"You'll find his card in my coat pocket. Not that—nor that—that 's it!"

"Leonard Williams! Why, papa, that 's *Leonard Williams*."

"Well, dear?"

"But, papa, you remember Hattie Simpson?"

"Yes, dear," said the bewildered doctor, looking at Nettie's flushed cheeks.

"Who went to California three years ago, with her father, and married John Coles. Well, her father married the widow of the great banker, Willis Williams, and she wrote that Leonard, the only son, was coming here on his tour through the States. You must have heard Leo talk of it."

"Well, you know, dear, I don't hear Leo talk much. As she never comes down to breakfast, and is out every evening, and as I am away all day, there is not much chance of her telling me the news. But I remember Hattie very well. So this is a connection of hers?"

"Why, papa, all the girls are crazy to see him. His father left him an immense fortune, and he is one of the most successful lawyers in San Francisco. Hattie describes him as about as near perfection as one of Lou's heroes."

"He's rather a fine looking fellow, with large, frank eyes, that look straight at one, and he has a good, clear voice, too, as if he was ashamed of nothing he had to say. He a hero! Well, he won't captivate a heroine just yet, Nettie, for his arm is in a bad way. Now, the *Lancet*!"

The long, able article was read and criticized, and quite a perceptible impression made upon the knitting before the doctor and Nettie concluded to seek their respective apartments, and if there had been one lingering regret on Nettie's mind for the brilliant party she had lost, her father's warm kiss and "God bless you, darling," quite drove it away.

The next morning, Leonard Williams was fully discussed at the breakfast-table. Leonie and Lucy were still dreaming of the conquests of the previous evening, but Mrs. Hammond decided that the invalid must be their guest. The doctor was only too glad to offer his hospitality to the stranger, and Mrs. Hammond fully appreciated the "chance" thrown in her way. Leonie and Lucy were much too fascinating for a resident in the house to leave the heart whole, and visions of the stranger's immense wealth danced in fascinating profusion through mamma's brain as she dressed for the ride to the C—— Hotel to offer her motherly care to Leonard Williams.

He was up and dressed when the doctor entered the room, but there was a contraction of lip and brow, a deadly pallor and weary

expression that told of acute pain, borne quietly. To say that he accepted the doctor's invitation gratefully, gives but a feeble idea of the glow in his cheek, the light in his eyes that expressed his pleasure. A home!

“We can all feel independent enough when we are well, doctor,” he said, smiling; “but there is nothing like a twinge of pain to recall mother love, or a good fit of sickness to bring out home memories. But I am afraid to tax your kindness so far. A stranger—”

“Not at all, the women folks have discovered an old friend. You may have heard Hattie Coles speak of the Hammonds.”

“Speak of them! Haven't I bowed in spirit before Miss Leonie's picture, and admired even to Hattie's content the exquisite stories of Miss Lucy. And you are really Dr. Hammond.”

“Really, and Mrs. Hammond is waiting in the parlor to add her invitation to mine, and to see that you have the proper number of pillows in the carriage.”

The reception and first impressions of our hero, are best put in his own words. In a pile of letters tied with ribbon, and tucked away in Mrs. Cole's work-table drawer, there is one which reads thus:—

P——, Dec. 18—.

DEAR HATTIE: You were very anxious to have me write as soon as I had seen your dear friend Leonie Hammond, and tell you how she impressed me, so here goes for a long letter. First and foremost, you must go to mother for the details of a lucky fall I had, and the subsequent invitation to make Dr. Hammond's house my home; then, fancy me fairly domesticated, in a charming room, with that dear old gentleman to pay me daily visits, his stately wife to see that I have every comfort, and the young ladies flying in or out as the whim takes them. I have never been too sick to come down stairs, but appear daily in a charming crimson wrapper that suits my Spanish complexion to a nicety, and slippers that would make anybody lazy.

But all this time you are waiting to hear of your friend. Hattie, she is bewildering, even your descriptions fall short of the reality, and your vignette portrait is a miserable libel. Such eyes—now full of fire, now beaming with mirth, now melting with pathos—such a queenly figure, such beautiful, rich tresses, such a sunny complexion—well, words do her

no justice. She is the most wonderfully beautiful woman I ever saw.

Of Lucy, I see but little; she is abstracted and self-contained, spends whole days shut up in the doctor's library, and seems to pass her whole time in dreaming out her new stories or poems, which are certainly worth the trouble.

But, Hattie, why did you never tell me of the other one; Nettie, the household fairy, the wee, witching, graceful Cinderella to these lovely sisters. No, not Cinderella, for that heroine was neglected and abused, and Nettie just wraps round her warm heart the love of the whole family. While Leonie is riding, driving, dancing, skating, or sleeping, and Lucy is shut up in the library bewailing the sorrows of Aramenta or creating a situation for Clementina, Nettie is the home fairy. She appears in the sitting-room daily with delicious compounds which she informs me she has manufactured for my especial delight, though I notice there is always a duplicate dish for the doctor's dinner or supper. She comes in demurely to sit down to great piles of white stuff which she gravely states to be the “week's mending,” and shoots a tiny glittering needle in and out, reducing long ends of thread to miserable inches in less time than it takes to tell it, her tongue all the while keeping up a merry rattle, or tracing out deeper thought as the whim takes her. The others are very gay, and dazzle me night after night by coming in to twist round before the pier glass as they are starting for a party, sometimes dragging Nettie off too, spite of her reluctance, to bring her home full of pleasure at the admiration lavished upon her sisters. But the most charming time of all is the evening. Dr. Hammond is generally at home, or when he is out, one of the sisters remains. On the latter occasions, we have music and small talk; but when the doctor presides, then Nettie lets all her hidden inner self out, and a charming self it is, so womanly, so true, pure, and good. No deep thought to startle, but the quiet, reliable intelligence of a child, frank and questioning, yet full of beauty. She reads beautifully, and we have all Lucy's stories, as she writes them, varied by the articles in the *Lancet*, the news of the day, poetry, fiction, history, anything that one of the trio will suggest. She seldom plays when her sisters are present; but for the doctor and I she will accompany herself to simple

ballads, which she sings with taste, in a clear, sweet, but not very powerful voice, often giving me the use of her fingers to carry out the tenor you are so fond of. It is very beautiful to see how they all love her, and rely upon her. She can always produce the doctor's lost spectacles or instrument case, knows exactly where her mother laid her fan last evening, is always ready to trim Leonie's dresses, lend her finery, or braid her magnificent hair, has time to copy Lucy's articles, hunt up her quotations, pet her headaches, or find out the complimentary notices in the papers, and feels amply rewarded by being kissed, petted, and imposed upon by every member of the loving family.

Ah, Leonie is superb, Lucy has wonderful talent, but, Hattie, for a home bird, for a companion, friend, and wife, give me the "other one."

It created something of an excitement in the family when the millionaire, the gentlemanly invalid who had won the affection of all, made his sentiments public, but when he announced his intention of taking an adjoining house and setting up his office in the city, the doctor gave a glad consent to take him for a son-in-law, while Leo and Lou declared he would make the most delightful brother-in-law imaginable.

"To think," said Leo, laughing, as she stood contemplating a pile of silk and lace, heaped up in the sitting-room, "that the first wedding in the family should carry off—"

"Not the beauty," said Lucy.

"Nor the authoress," said her mother.

"But," in chorus, "the other one."

THE MANAGEMENT OF FLOWERS IN DWELLINGS.

At this season of the year, when flowers are plentiful, a note of warning respecting their sanitary effect in dwellings may be useful; for, notwithstanding all their beauty, flowers, if not properly managed, are a source of sickness and danger. In closed and darkened apartments, and in the night, flowers which are so delightful to the eye throw off quantities of carbonic acid gas, which mixes with and poisons the atmosphere; and, to add to the evil, in the night, while the leaves are distributing the unwholesome carbonic acid, they absorb largely the oxygen of the atmo-

sphere; and, in this way, in a close apartment, flowers have precisely the same effect as human beings sleeping. Fatal results are said to have arisen from this cause. In the daylight, the effect of flowers upon health is different; for, if the sun's rays are admitted freely into an apartment, the effect of plants is beneficial, as is shown by the result of an experiment made by Dr. Gilly. It is clearly advisable that plants and flowers should at night be kept as carefully as possible from bedrooms; and, while the sun is set, even from other apartments in which persons live. Such, however, is the charm of flowers, it is not probable that, from any sanitary considerations, they will ever be driven from dining-rooms, ball-rooms, and elsewhere; but the peculiar effects to which we have referred show how necessary it is in such places to have thorough ventilation. During the daytime, if the light be freely admitted, plants, if healthy, and flowers, if they be fresh, are beneficial to the atmosphere of a bedroom; but if the bedroom be kept darkened during the day, the flowers will vitiate the air; for then the carbonic acid will fail to be decomposed, and the oxygen to be distributed; the plants, therefore, will act in the most injurious manner as in the night time. The danger of retaining stale bouquets is evident; for while withering they throw off volumes of carbonic acid.

A VISION BY MOONLIGHT.

BY THOMAS G. GENTRY.

WHEN the moon with beams resplendent,
Faint illumines every hill;
And each animated being
Is profoundly hushed and still;
Then, oh then, I love to wander,
Led by vision's fairy wand,
From this world of transient beauty
To fair Canaan's happy land;
Then with angels, pure, celestial,
Range those hallowed plains of light;
Drink in never-ending pleasures,
Bathe my soul in pure delight.
Over blooming hills and valleys
Deck'd with flowers of every hue,
Breathing incense, pure, unsullied,
Glistening with ambrosial dew;
By the side of purling streamlets,
In some shady, cool recess,
Where the ever-blooming life-tree
Rears its tall and lofty crest:
There my thoughts delight to wander
When they fly this earthly dome,
There 'mid scenes like these to revel,
There to find a welcome home.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XVI.

BY THE LATE LUCY N. GODFREY.

It was a charming rural landscape, upon which Aunt Sophie looked, as her husband, stopping his horses on the brow of the hill they had just ascended, said:—

“There is brother Gilbert’s home.”

“A happy one it surely ought to be, mid such delightful surroundings,” replied Aunt Sophie, as her eye feasted upon the bright summer scene.

Luxuriantly wooded hills came comparatively near the home fields at the north, while, towards the south, a broad, bright river wound, like a silver ribbon, through rich green meadows and waving fields of grain. At the west, church spires and roofs of buildings suggested pleasant thoughts of the neighboring village. In the foreground of the sweet picture, they saw the quaint, roomy farmhouse, with gay flower beds in front, and luxuriant vines wreathing the pillars of the porch, while ample barns and well-kept fences told of thrift and abundance.

Uncle Charles looked for a few moments upon the many pleasant indications of his brother’s prosperity with evident satisfaction, then, driving slowly on, he said:—

“I hope Gilbert’s life is as much happier, than when I was here during his widowhood, as his home is brighter. I well remember how desolate and dreary everything about here seemed, beneath the cold light of the moon, on that morning in late November, as I rode away from the lonely house, with its morbidly melancholy owner, to take the early train for home. Not even the flushing of the violet skies, which betokened approaching dawn, could dispel the depressing influence of the gloomy scene, and I was obliged to reproach myself that I gave no cheerful, hopeful word to my sad-hearted brother at parting; while his sombre face continually intruded upon my fancy, till he wrote that cheery letter announcing his approaching marriage to one whom he termed emphatically the most cheerful woman he had ever known. Do you remember how confident he was, that she, who had met poverty and hardships with a song on her lips and a strong will for labor in her heart, would brighten his home with her

cheerful spirit, even more than he might gladden her by his affection and his wealth?”

“I recollect that his sanguine hopes of renewed happiness furnished a pleasant lesson for me, in that my thoughts were thrown upon the elasticity of our natures. He had seemed to be crushed to earth by the loss of all his precious children, and the long illness and death of his wife, yet his written words proved the buoyancy with which he had risen to be again the strong man, rejoicing in noble capacities for happiness. His hopes seemed well-founded, in that he rested them even more upon his will and ability to make a worthy woman, whom fortune had hitherto abused, happy, than upon any advantage he might gain. But there he is, erect and smiling—see! he recognizes us!”

An instant later, and they were cordially welcomed by Mr. Gilbert Laselle, who hastened to introduce his wife, a short, fleshy woman, with twinkling black eyes, and a generally youthful appearance for one who had, as they knew, seen near fifty years. She greeted them in a lively, hearty way, which showed her disposition to sociability, and then bustled about to insure their comfort. The preparation of the bountiful repast was not left to the housemaid; for mistress went with more than equal steps through dining-room, pantry, and kitchen, while occasional remarks at the parlor door showed that she was interested in the conversation going on there.

In a very short time they were seated at the loaded table, and the hostess had opportunity for the eager questions she had been longing to ask of her native village, where our friends had visited on their way thither. Even the keen observation of Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie had failed to make them competent to answer her queries; but she was exceedingly gratified by what they could tell her of mutual acquaintances and public improvements.

“You see her heart is in the old place yet, though I certainly try to make her new home pleasant for her,” said her husband, half sadly.

“Indeed you do too much for me, more than I deserve,” she answered, quickly. “This

home is only too good, and I am happy here, you know, Mr. Laselle, though I am so foolish, sometimes, as to long for the old discomforts, if thus I might win the society of my children. It is silly and ungrateful, I know, since they do not need me now; but I am not yet used to being petted and taken care of, and so I make awkward work of appreciating your indulgence. I hope I shall do better by and by." The tear which glistened in her eye as she closed, partly indicated the depth of her feeling.

Aunt Sophie soon saw through the puzzle, which had wholly baffled her brother-in-law. He could not understand why the woman who had sung so gayly and laughed so merrily in a little poverty-marked home, should lose the spontaneity of her cheerfulness when lifted above the necessity for care or toil, as mistress of his home. Neither did the wife herself know why she found it so almost constantly necessary to combat an inclination to homesickness. She chided herself as unreasonable and ungrateful, but self-reproaches did not help her in her efforts to be cheerful. The old songs died on her lips, and the old stories had lost their wit, so she sometimes felt a painful consciousness that she was fast growing old, and at other times assured herself that, if she were only back among the old duties and associations, she should again be happy. Aunt Sophie saw that she needed the duties quite as much as the associations. Gilbert, in his well-meant but mistaken efforts to secure her happiness, insisted on her leaving everything to hired help, and, in the ordinary daily routine, she had done so mostly, but now that there was company in the house, her love for open-handed, old-fashioned hospitality gave her an unwonted interest in the housekeeping, and the result was soon obvious in her increased cheerfulness. Since her second marriage, depression of spirits had led her to avoid making new acquaintances as much as possible; she had, however, anticipated the visit of our friends, on her own account as well as upon that of her husband, for of them she hoped to learn of her native town, and perhaps of her children, and she had enjoyed the visit even beyond her expectations.

One morning, as they sat at work together, Aunt Sophie referring to her departure on the morrow, her sister-in-law said:—

"I am so sorry to have you go so soon; I

am just beginning to cheer up a bit, and feel really at home here, and I am afraid if you leave now I shall fall back into the old foolish feelings. I know that I ought to be happy as a bird, for Mr. Laselle is very kind, and no want that money can meet is left ungratified, but I have been most unreasonably homesick ever since I came here. I used to think I ought to be thankful for my cheerful, contented disposition; but it has deserted me now, and I don't know as it can be hired or flattered to return."

"We rarely obtain our most coveted treasures for mere hire or persuasion," replied Aunt Sophie, smiling.

"Then how *can* I regain my wonted cheerfulness?" exclaimed the lady, in a half despairing tone.

"Do you know how you lost it?" asked our friend.

Her companion thought for a moment, and then replied:—

"I don't know as I do; let me tell you of my past life, and perhaps you will see more clearly than I."

Aunt Sophie expressed her lively interest, and her sister, in a cold, impassive tone, told of the labors and privations of her girlhood. Left an orphan at an early age, there had been little to brighten her early life, save sturdy health, a naturally lively temper, and unflinching animal spirits—these had enabled her to laugh and sing over tasks which would have been sad and weary ones to most young girls, and even then the burden of her favorite song was—

"Oh for a home beside the hills!"

for vague hopes of a future home lay in the heart of her who had never shared home's choicest blessings, and were often warmed into charming beauty by her youthful fancy.

The face of the narrator kindled, and her voice grew tender as she spoke of the love which rose upon her life like the spring sun upon the winter-bound earth. How wonderfully her whole being expanded beneath the genial influence! She had labored from habit and the necessity of earning her livelihood, now she tried to do everything in the best manner possible, that she might the better fit herself to preside in the home of Richard Martin. Idealizing him as all that was good and noble, as a true love always does, she strove to make herself worthy of his sympathy and companionship. The hopes, which had

been vague and indefinite, assumed forms which, though humble, delighted her. There were but two places in the world for her, the one brightened by her lover's presence, the other dark from his absence. The lowly tenement, which made their first home together, was more blest than many a palace, for Love and Content chose it as a dwelling-place, while Hope threw a rosy light upon the future of the young couple.

They were very happy in each other, yet the dream of a permanent home had equal charms for both. Each loving nature, they determined upon a little farm; for this they would labor, for this they would economize. They built many a fair air-castle together, and it was well for them so to do. When we shall "lose our sleep and find our dreams," shall we not learn that many a valued blessing has flowed into human life, from just such sources as this sweet intercourse between those God had united? It may be that the hopes are often blasted, the purposes thwarted, and the dreams vain, yet do not they live in their expanding influence upon that life which is real, though unseen?

Often, of an evening, the voices of husband and wife mingled in charming melody, and still the most frequent refrain was—

"Oh for a home beside the hills!"

Other hopes came to enlarge their lives as, one after another, little claimants of love and care blessed their home. The yearly saving for the future grew less and less, as little mouths increased, but Richard and Mary felt that their surplus funds were far better invested in making their children comfortable and happy than in houses or lands, for thus there came to them large increase of love, happiness, and hope. How easy it was for fancy to frame glowing pictures of the coming years, when younger hands should take hold, with youthful strength and vigor, to help in building the home of which they had dreamed so long.

Those were blessed years. Doubtless there had been many little trials to be met, many cares to be borne, but Mary had no memory for these, for the trials had only been temporary and the cares had not been heavy or wearing ones, while the love, the content, and the joy had been perennial. Her little ones were remarkably healthy and merry. It was far pleasanter taking care of them, and preserving order in the home of her precious

husband, than it had been drudging in the kitchens of others. Having a very fine voice, her happiness naturally found utterance in song, and each day she went about her household duties with lively melodies upon her lips, which Richard was accustomed to say kept the children always in tune. Not only were daily duties pleasures to his loving heart, but almost every day brought its hour of relaxation and sweet converse with him on whom she leaned in placid, wisely trust. How she loved to remember the unalloyed happiness of those summer twilights, when she had sat in the porch at Richard's side, while the children frolicked in the yard! those quiet winter evenings too, when, with their treasures all safely sleeping near, her husband read to her or talked of their little plans! and those sunny Sabbath mornings, when, the baby being left with some kind neighbor, with whom she would soon reciprocate the favor, she walked with the rest of her family to the house of God! Memory's pictures of these years were all bright, but a time of anxiety and suffering came, though the dark foreboding was concealed as long as possible, and the pain was ever meekly and patiently borne, that neither might unnecessarily sadden the other.

They had five boys and two girls, all rosy cheeked, laughter-loving children, of whom much aid might be expected by and by; but they must be claimants of care at present, for Richie, the eldest, was only ten, and the youngest was a tiny infant, whose brief life was numbered in weeks, when their father's cough became alarming. No medicine availed anything, though the little fund they had saved several years before was almost wholly sacrificed in fruitless efforts to stay the progress of the destroyer. A few holy months followed, when disinterested, devoted love made that humble home bright beneath the eyes of the angels, though Content, her long-time, songful companion, sat with veiled face and mute, patient lips beside the hearthstone. When Richard's strength for outdoor labor failed, he amused the baby, and Mary sought profitable employment. In her girlhood she had learned something of the art of coloring; this knowledge had often helped her to accommodate a neighbor, now she turned to it as a means of subsistence, and was quite as successful as she could reasonably have hoped. Richard not only aided her by his sympathy,

but his acquaintance with chemistry helped him to teach her new skill in the work she had chosen. Consumption flattered them to the very last; and often, for days together, their intercourse was intensely gladdened by the hopes which more favorable symptoms brought to them.

Her husband's death was very sudden to Mary. With simple pathos she told Aunt Sophie that "she felt as though the light was blown out, and she left alone in the dark, cold world." Never before had she realized how fully she had depended on him. Not otherwise than by the supports being withdrawn, could she have learned how his sympathy and encouragement, and her fear of grieving him had helped her to retain her cheerful manner during his sickness. But there was no time to indulge her grief. There were no more invalid comforts to be purchased, but those seven little awe-struck, wondering faces would soon turn to her for food. Resolutely and hopefully she set herself to the task of providing for them. First, came the trial of parting from her home. It was an humble one, but she could gather her little brood in smaller space. The little garden, from which Richard had gathered an abundant supply of vegetables, would be profitless now, and her little corner, where the sweet peas, mignonne, pinks, pansies, and asters had flourished so luxuriantly, must be given up; even the grassy yard was a luxury she prized, as she returned from her expedition tenement hunting, having decided upon two large rooms, with a small woodshed, and a privilege in a sandy yard, at one-fourth her present rent. Resolutely she set about the work of removal, never stopping for a moment to indulge the sad feelings which welled in her heart. Every spot in the old home spoke to her of him, of whom she loved to be reminded, but she could never forget him in any other place.

Mary felt the children's grief at their change of abode, and in striving to make them contented, she was led to many an effort which had a healthful influence on herself. For them she filled the window seats with boxes containing her pet flowers; for their sakes she helped them train the vine which must serve as a window-blind; to please them she placed the pictures Richard had bought for her before marriage on walls she felt were unworthy to be thus graced, and thus not only was a love of beauty implanted in their

young hearts, but the new rooms became *home* to her.

To Richie she looked for sympathy; boy though he was, his intercourse with his father during his illness had given him thoughtfulness beyond his years. His mother talked with him of her plans, and he not only felt the warmest interest in her preserving their independence, but was anxious to do something to assist her. She insisted upon it that he should continue at the public school for the present, at least, and help her nights and mornings. He proved a most faithful errand boy, going for, and returning the articles which his mother colored, with ready promptness, and pleasing her patrons by his modest, respectful manners.

It was not long before the walls of Mary Martin's home echoed to lively songs and cheerful talk. She cherished her husband's memory, and often, of a Sunday, dressing all the children in their best, she put the baby in his little carriage and walked with them past the old home. She necessarily gave up going to church till the baby should be old enough to leave with his little sister; but these Sabbath walks refreshed her for the severe toil of each coming week. She had great cause for gratitude in that her own health was spared, and that of her little ones. Never were children healthier, and they lost nothing of their hearty appetites and plump, rosy cheeks, when their fare was potato and salt, or mush and milk. Simple diet they had, from necessity, and plenty of fresh air, for the younger ones were left very much to the older for amusement, out of school hours, and to themselves, when their brothers and sister were at school. They were dirty sometimes, and even ragged, at home; for, though Mary Martin's needle flew swiftly during the long evenings, it was often all she could do to keep tidy suits for the street. Any mother will readily imagine that so many little knees needed a multitude of panties, and the call for new aprons was very frequent. Mary was, however, able to preserve her independence, and from her daily talk and example, her children learned many a better lesson than they were taught at school. She also retained her old friends. Though she was rarely able to return their calls, they often came of an evening to listen to her lively stories, and join in her merry laughs. All said she was the best of company, though they wondered at

her buoyant spirits, for none doubted her quick sensibilities; and they proved that they were sincere by coming often to the lowly room to sew with her. Thus she lost none of her interest in the world about her, and her life was kept healthful in its social relations.

Years passed, and Richie was fifteen. He had impatiently waited his mother's permission to leave school, that he might help her more. His heart was full of Quixotic dreams of what he would do for her. He intended that she should very soon devote all her time to her own family, and by and by, when they should be nicely settled in a better tenement, she should have a hired girl, as other people did. Mary had often listened with a fond, half sad smile to his extravagant plans for making her future life easy, glad in the filial love of her child, though she knew she could not shield him from disappointment. Most keenly she sympathized with him in his search for work. How proudly and buoyantly he went out, on the very first morning of vacation, feeling that his good mother was now to be taken care of, by his own right arm. His fancy had already seen the harvest of the labor he was so anxious to sow.

His mother saw his want of success in his face, upon his return, and greeted him with—

"Well, bub, you have not made our fortune yet, I see; but, you know, 'a bad beginning makes a good ending.' I had a most shabby color at first this morning, and had to make my dye three times before it was right. Now I have a splendid shade upon that silk. Look! It will just suit Mrs. Joy, I am sure."

"Yes, mother, it is nice; but I should be a great deal more glad if I could suit Mr. Joy. I wish I could work for him, he has always been so kind about the chores and errands I have done for him."

"I wish you could, my son; but whoever you work for you must remember that a good servant often makes a kind master."

Richie went again and again upon his search for work. His mother encouraged him all she could; but it grieved her to see the brightness fading from his face, and a weary, careworn look settling in his eyes. One evening, coming in late, and finding her alone, he threw his cap passionately upon the table, exclaiming:—

"I wish I were dead!"

His mother looked up in grieved surprise, but before she could speak he went on, impetuously:—

"I do, mother; what is the use of living, if one is not good for anything? I am not! I am near-sighted, and I don't know anything that I ought to! I have walked the streets hunting and begging for work, till I am ashamed to be seen out! I can't go again, mother; it is no use. I do wish I could die!" The boy's voice broke, and he sat nervously sobbing.

Poor fellow! life's illusions were vanishing early. He was not the strong man he had fancied himself, and people had carelessly failed to recognize him for even what he was. His mother was shocked by his unwonted expressions. She rebuked him very gently, then soothed and cheered him, reassuring his wounded self-confidence by reminding him of how much she depended on him, playfully proposing to take him into partnership, and put out a sign to call the attention of the public to the skill of "Mrs. Martin & Son" in the dyeing line. Mary's son could have no false pride, and it was not long before he dried his tears, ready to face the old life, resolving to lose no opportunity for helping his mother. Looking in the glass, he tried to rub away the tear-stains as he said:—

"Well, it is lucky I can lift dye-pots and do errands; shall I go to Mrs. Joy's with that silk to-night?"

"No, my son, it will do me good to go out. I will go, if you will rip this dress in pieces. The lady who sent it promised to pay a quarter of a dollar to either of my children whom I could trust to rip it; that is a good job for the first one, is it not? If you get tired, you may go out when Amy and Charlie come home."

The careful mother, after looking to her sleeping little ones, went to Mr. Joy's with a double errand. Mrs. Joy very readily promised to use her influence in persuading her husband to give Richie some kind of permanent employment. The lady's feelings were enlisted, and her plea was an earnest one for the boy, who was already a favorite with herself and husband, whose only objection to taking him as an apprentice had arisen from his unfortunate nearsightedness. The next morning Mr. Joy called at the Widow Martin's to tell Richie that he would find work for him if he would be ready to do anything within his capacity, either at the shop or at the homes of himself and partner. The boy eagerly accepted the offer, leaving his work at

home to his younger brothers. Mr. Joy was a just, Christian man, and each Saturday night he paid Richie what he had earned during the week. The boy being always prompt and ready to do any kind of work at the shop or chore at the houses, soon became a general favorite, and more than that, spite of his near-sightedness, he was gradually acquiring the trade, which should prove capital for him in after years, for his will to do all that he possibly could more than atoned for his physical disadvantage. He carried all his wages to his mother each Saturday night. This addition to her funds was most opportune, since the children, though needing less watchful care than when younger, required more clothes.

Time moved steadily on, one after another the children, reaching the age of fifteen, left school and went to some employment where they might wholly or partially take care of themselves. Richie was still the same faithful son, but at about the time his youngest brother left school, he, with his mother's cordial approval, married, and thenceforth devoted his best energies to a home of his own, where he assured her his mother would always be welcome. The widow's daughters, too, married well, and resided in the same village.

Later, when all the children except her youngest son had settled themselves to their liking, she and Jamie moved into a little tenement near Emily's home. Here, though they had but three little rooms, they had a little yard where flowers soon bloomed gayly. Intending these, and doing everything possible for Jamie's comfort and happiness, Mary found satisfying happiness. Her voice was somewhat cracked, but it was still hearty, and she sang the old songs with spirit.

It was at this time that Mr. Gilbert Laselle came to visit near her. A mutual acquaintance thought there might be a capital match made between the gloomy-faced wealthy man and the poor, but merry widow. She spoke of it to others, who approved, and the subject was soon broached to Mr. Laselle, who consented to an introduction. They met, the widow was allowed to suppose by accident, though there had been considerable plotting among third parties before the meeting was brought about, and the gentleman was exceedingly pleased with Mrs. Martin's appearance. Through the zeal of friends, they soon met again, and

ere long he sought her in her own home, where he immediately commenced his wooing. She was surprised, she had no love which could hallow marriage to bestow. Her whole heart had been given to the father of her children, and his claim was not annulled by his being called to a higher home. Mr. Laselle thought that they were too old for any merely romantic objections, he had no wish to deprive her of any precious memory; but he wanted her to make his desolate house a home once more, and he was sure that he could make her happy there. Her friends gladly advised the marriage, looking upon wealth and position as a well-deserved reward for her cheerful toil. Her children, too, though they regretted very much that she should move to a distance, rejoiced in that she might have an easier and more luxurious life.

Mr. Laselle found a very desirable situation for Jamie in a neighboring city, and, in a little time, arrangements were made for a quiet wedding. Of her life since, she said to Aunt Sophie, as she closed her account of herself:—

"I have been here two unprofitable years. I have a beautiful home and one of the best of husbands, yet I lead a useless, unhappy life. I was never educated for a fine lady, and I cannot become such in my old age contentedly. My children have visited me, and were delighted at finding me so pleasantly situated, and to none but Jamie did I tell how much happier I was in our three little rooms. Ah, if I were only back there, I would never again sigh for 'a home beside the hills.' I used to think I should be happy if I could have a patch of ground for my flowers; now acres are at my disposal, and I value them less than I did the old boxes in the windows."

"But do you give the same careful tending to your flowers that you used?" asked Aunt Sophie.

"Oh, no, that is the gardener's business. Mr. Laselle would object to my working out of doors."

"But," replied Aunt Sophie, "you could readily set aside his objections if he saw that you were really happier for the exercise, as you certainly would be. From what I have seen, and what you have told me, I see ample cause for your homesickness. You have not yet appropriated to yourself the home of which your husband made you mistress. You have been living here almost as a boarder. He has been greatly mistaken in urging you

to contrast your present life with your past ; but he is not alone in supposing that ease and luxury cannot fail to make happiness. I don't know when we shall all learn to prize our characters above money, and all that money can buy. Cares are means of improvement, and thus blessings to all, but they are necessities for one with your experience. Would you not be happier, would not this house seem more really your home, if its care were more in your hands? Would not the flowers have the old interest, should you watch their unfolding as you weed and water them? More than these, if you were doing more for your husband, planning pleasant little surprises, studying his tastes at table and gratifying them, in short, paying him a thousand little attentions, valuable because you thought to bestow them, would not your love for him increase faster than it has done, while all the care and thought have been on his side? And as for your being a fine lady, you do not need to be an idle one to grace any home. You will be far more worthy of respect, and will command more, if you apply your energies to worthy objects. Be yourself, as naturally and unaffectedly as when you sang over your dyes, and though you may occasionally blunder in the nicer points of etiquette, you need never blush for such mistakes. Affectation is always silly and pitiable; a kind heart teaches a far better politeness. Talk the matter over with Gilbert, show him that to be lively as of old you need something of the old activity. Take an interest in all that concerns your home. Propose little alterations which shall be suggestive to you of old associations, taking care always to change nothing which is sacred in your husband's memory. Do not avoid society—Gilbert loves a social gathering, and also to welcome guests to his home, and you will soon find new friends to remind you of the old. Your husband is charitable, too; your experience should teach you how to discern the deserving, and give without wounding, to those who are striving to maintain their independence with the odds against them; seek out such and interest Gilbert in their behalf, for common interests have a uniting power, which it is well for us wives to remember. You may think that I am giving you a long list of duties, but only the heart work and the head work need be wholly yours; you may have all the assistance you require in the mere manual labor."

"There is truth in what you have said, and I will not forget it," replied the listener, and Aunt Sophie responded:—

"I earnestly hope you will not, for, in a few more years, old age will make itself felt, and then you will have no inclination for such activity as will help you to feel that this is your home. For Gilbert's sake you *must* be content."

The reply was a low, but earnest "I will."

A few years later, our friends visited their brother again. Everything was cheery, both within and without the pleasant home. As Uncle Charles laughingly told his lively sister-in-law that she seemed to be rejuvenating, she remarked, expressively, to Aunt Sophie:—

"I have mingled all the brightness of the old life with the realization of my dreams of a 'home beside the hills!' We wish for no change till, in God's good time, we may enter our glorious home *beyond* the hills."

THE DREAMER.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

SHE was a genius, so they said,
 Unfitted for the common themes
 That wake to thought the vulgar mind—
 A child of visions, fancies, dreams.

She studied little, reading much;
 Her tresses tangled and unbound;
 And, negligent in air and dress,
 She gained the name of "The Profound."

And thus she grew to womanhood,
 Reading romances so high-wrought,
 That she disdain'd life's peaceful ways,
 And all stern discipline of thought.

She looked in vain for gallant hearts,
 Like those possessed by knights in armor,
 Or that devotion which inspired
 The breast of ancient, wandering palmer.

And when by carelessness she found
 Herself exposed to sudden danger,
 Where was the ill-averting hand
 Of some "unlooked-for, manly stranger?"

Where was the watchful human eye
 To study every fond caprice
 Of hers? and where the tireless love
 To give her from all care release?

Alas, she sought for these in vain!
 Watching for bliss to culminate,
 She lost the simple, quiet joys
 That are the humble heart's estate.

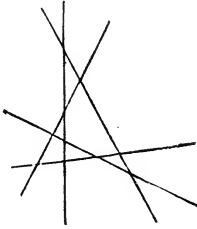
And days, and months, and years went by,
 And happiness was unattained;
 Less thought for *self*, more thought for *all*
 Would, mayhap, that fond boon have gained!

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

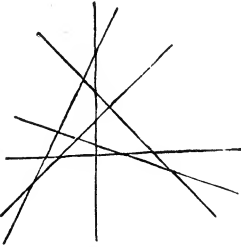
IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

ANGLES.

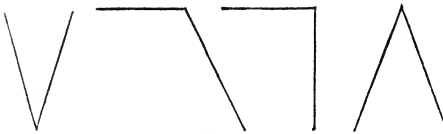
W. See, papa, I have formed forty angles with five lines.



Ion. And here are six lines, forming sixty angles.



P. These are formed correctly. To-day we will talk about different sorts of angles. Look at these angles, and tell me if they are all alike.



W. No, they are of different sizes. What a large angle this end one is!

P. Why is the end one larger than the other?

W. Because it has longer "legs," I suppose.

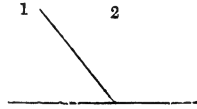
Ion. I don't think that is the reason, because I noticed that all their legs were of nearly the same length.

W. No, I see it now; it is the direction of the lines which makes the angles larger; for, if you make the two lines stretch out in a direction very far from each other, the opening becomes larger, and then, of course, the angle is larger.

Ion. Or, if you make the two legs point in nearly the same direction, like those in the

first angle, then the opening becomes smaller, and the point (no, the vertex) becomes sharper—so the sizes of angles depend on the direction of the lines.

P. Lend me your pencil, Willie. Now, I will draw on this piece of paper two angles, with two lines. I have marked them 1 and 2. Tell me, are they alike?



W. No. No. 1 is much smaller than No. 2. But, if you were to move the oblique line up a little, No. 1 would become larger, and No. 2 smaller.

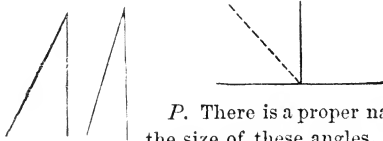
L. Yes. No. 1 would be made just as much larger as No. 2 would be smaller. The piece taken from No. 2 would be added to No. 1—that is fair!

P. But, if I were to make the line lean in the opposite direction, then No. 2 would be too small. That would not be fair, you know. When should I leave off moving the line, so that the angles might be of the same size?

L. When you have made the line quite upright—perpendicular, I mean.

P. Suppose I make an upright line; then we shall see.

L. Ah, papa, now they are equal!



P. There is a proper name for the size of these angles. I will make the rule for you: When one line standing on another makes the angles on each side of equal size, they are called—

W. Square angles! For, see! they are both square.

P. No, Willie, a square must have four angles. Such angles are called right angles. What does the dotted line which I have made show you?

W. It shows how much No. 1 was too large before.

Ion. And, of course, it shows too how much No. 2 was too small. And what are we to call the two angles which are not of the same size? What is the name of the large one, with a blunt vertex?

P. I have a Latin name ready for it. The

Latin word for blunt is *obtusus*, so we call it an *obtuse angle*.

L. And has the small angle a Latin name too?

P. Yes. As an angle smaller than a right angle has a sharp vertex, we call it—

W. I know the Latin for sharp—*acutus*.

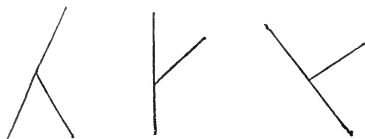
P. That is it. So we call it an *acute angle*.

Ion. Now I see a rule, which I can make: When you join a perpendicular line to the middle of a horizontal line—

W. It need not be exactly in the middle, *Ion*.

Ion. Well, never mind. When you join a perpendicular line to a horizontal line, the angles on each side of it are of equal size, and are called *right angles*; and, when you place an oblique line on a horizontal line, the angles on each side are of unequal size—the small one is called an *acute angle*, and the large one an *obtuse angle*.

P. But the two lines need not always be perpendicular and horizontal. You may make right, and acute, and obtuse angles in all manner of directions; so:—



Now we will easily make the lesson:—

LESSON No. 4.

Angles may differ in size. Their size depends on the direction of the lines.

When one line standing on another makes the angles on each side of it equal, they are called *right angles*.

An angle smaller than a right angle is called an *acute angle*.

An angle larger than a right angle is called an *obtuse angle*.

Ion. I shall always remember them in this way:—

Square angles are called right angles.

Sharp angles are called acute angles.

Blunt angles are called obtuse angles.

P. Did you ever take pains to notice any of these angles in nature?

W. I do not think we have noticed many in nature, but we have seen them in the streets. The other day *Ion* and I were talking about the lesson on angles, as we came home from

school. We counted up all the right angles we saw—we called them square angles then. As we came out of the school-door, we saw that the corners of the door-steps were right angles; so were the corners of the door, of the panels, of the railings, the window, the bricks. There were right angles in the corners of the paving stones, the corners of the houses, the balconies, the public-house sign, and the omnibuses. Everything seemed to have a right angle in it. The little railing sticking out from the lamp-post made a right angle; we met a man with a box that was full of angles! another came with a book; another with bills; another brought an organ. There was a carpenter with right angles in his cap, and a girl with right angles in her apron. The old woman's stall had right angles in it, and so had the hardbake she sold. The right angles seemed to be coming up to our faces—everywhere!

P. And you might have had one in your mouth, if you had had some hardbake!

L. Ah! I have never tasted a right angle.

Ion. Excepting, *Lucy*, the corner of your bread and butter, which you are biting off now.

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread into the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor *Paginini* must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! it tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree until every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base is a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most and sung it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses: mourning under eaves, singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

THIRD EVENING.

EVERY ONE belonging to the "Few Friends' Society" was delighted with the announcement that their third evening would be held at the residence of Captain Gliddon, No. —, Lexington Avenue. The captain, himself, possessed that one great metropolitan virtue, a fine house—to say nothing of the secondary qualifications of a good name and a warm heart—while Mary, his only child, was an acknowledged favorite. Mrs. Captain Gliddon, as people insisted upon calling her, was also extremely popular. She was the "Captain's Mate," in every sense of the word—a clear-headed, kind-hearted, energetic woman, who, in her matrimonial career, had, charade-like, rejoiced in the fact that her "first" had been very unlike her "second," and her "second" had proved infinitely better than her "first." Having, as will be inferred, been able to "husband" her resources a second time, she found herself at forty-five the happiest woman, as she verily believed, in all Gotham. What wonder, then, that, with contentment at the helm, their ship of life sailed smoothly on, or that when they touched for a holiday on the shores of social enjoyment, friends were more than glad to "go aboard," as on the present occasion.

Scarcely were the happy guests assembled, and almanac matters duly attended to, as usual, when the chairman of the society, Mr. Benjamin Stykes, opened the meeting in rather a remarkable way by half rising from his seat, turning deadly pale, then flushing crimson, and finally, in his effort to conceal his agitation, stammering out as he stood erect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I propose that we open the scoundrel—ahem! I mean the meeting, with—Good-evening, sir!"

This sudden change of subject was a response uttered most freezingly to Mary Gliddon's embarrassed—

"Charley, my friend Mr. Stykes. Mr. Stykes, Lieutenant Hunter."

[Poor girl! in her hurried entrance she had quite overlooked the fact that Ben was addressing the meeting, nor was she aware that

the speaker's agitation was caused by his having caught a glimpse through the half closed door, of a loving caress just performed in the hall by herself and the said lieutenant.]

Mary soon added insult to injury by whispering to the wretched Ben:—

"I am *so* glad to have you know Charley. He has a furlough for two weeks."

"Indeed!" faltered Ben, stupidly, with a ghastly expression of delight on his countenance, though he secretly wished that Charley had fallen in the last engagement.

"Yes," rejoined the unconscious girl; "and he's *so* capital in charades. We must have one to-night; you and he would act splendidly together!"

Notwithstanding the chairman's doubts regarding this latter statement, he soon found himself compelled to announce to the "Few Friends" that a vote would "now be taken concerning the amusement question."

"Those in favor of appropriating the evening to an impromptu charade will please signify the same by saying 'Aye!'"

An enthusiastic response.

"Contrary, 'Nay!'"

Deadly silence.

"Ayes have it!"

"Mother," said Mary, bending lovingly over the comely Mrs. Captain G., "do start something while we are out of the room—music, or anything to make the time seem short between the acts. You may open the doors when we ring the bell."

In another moment, Mary, Teresa Adams, Ben, and Lieutenant Hunter found themselves shut up in the third parlor, all staring rather blankly at each other.

"Well, what shall we have?" asked the Lieutenant, cheerily. "We need not be accurate as far as the spelling is concerned. In fact, I think it better to pun a little to make out the syllables."

Dozens of words were suggested at once.

Indolent—Carpet—Hamlet—Pillow—Rubicon—Shylock—Catnip—Tennyson—Classic—Milton—Wedlock—Courage—Society—Picnic—Petulent—Matrimony—Phantom—Belfry, etc. etc.

"Hold!" cried Ben. "We'll not have time to act the whole of Webster's Unabridged to-night. We must settle upon something; what say you all to *INDOLENT*?"

"That will do," they responded, and Mary added: "We can have an inn for the first syllable, and show up the horrors of the borrowing mania for the last; but how can we manage the 'do'?"

"Couldn't we have bakers kneading bread?" suggested Teresa, timidly. "It's easy to get up a baker by just pinning a piece of paper around the head and making a towel serve for a long bib-apron. You'll have to take off your coats and turn up your sleeves you know" (turning to the gentlemen), "and— and perhaps roll up your pantaloons a little and daub your arms and faces with flour."

"Oh, yes; and one of you can have a pipe in your mouth," laughed Mary, clapping her hands. "Teresa and I'll be two ladies visiting the establishment and horrified at the shocking way in which bread-making is carried on. A pillow in a tub, covered with a piece of flannel, makes capital dough, and you can both be kneading it in fine style."

"Dropping in our caps and pipes, occasionally," suggested Charley.

"Yes. Anything you please."

Ben did not quite relish the idea of being placed in such amiable juxtaposition with the lieutenant. He therefore deliberated with an air of intense wisdom—

"The 'Dough' would be admirable, but I fear the 'Inn' scene is rather hackneyed. Landlady in white cap and apron, you know—travellers with overcoats, umbrellas, and bundles—done to death. On second thoughts, it seems to me we might make something better out of *DEFINITE*. I know a good 'deaf' scene."

Charley, all complaisance, exclaimed: "So we might, far better, but we must be expeditious."

While the rest were planning the word, Mary hastened away to collect certain stage properties, first and foremost of which were pins, a burnt cork, and a pair of scissors. Then a few shawls, an outlandish old hat belonging to mother, a pair of green spectacles, father's dressing-gown and slippers, some sheets of white paper from which to cut mammoth collars for the gentlemen, and, finally, a ball of cord and a handful or two of matted horse-hair, stolen that day from an old chair-cushion in the garret.

These valuables, collected in but little more time than it has required to enumerate them, were duly borne to the dressing-room where the *dramatic corps* were now assembled. Meanwhile, a grand overture, performed by Miss Pundaway, reverberated through the mansion.

Ben hurriedly gave Mary the plots:—

"First scene is to be a doctor's study. (We have put the little stand, filled with big books, in the centre of the room, and the armchair beside it.) I am to personate an eccentric doctor. Miss Teresa is to be my ward. You are to be the Biddy, if you can fix for it, and Mr., ahem! Lieutenant, Hunter is to be Miss Teresa's lover, whose very existence has been kept a profound secret from the doctor. He visits her surreptitiously on the very morning upon which I, the doctor, expect a new *deaf* patient upon whom I am to put in practice my great system for curing deaf mutes, namely: by frightening them into speech."

During Ben's exposition, Mary commenced cutting out a huge turn-down collar for the doctor, and Teresa folded a stunning paper "choker" for her lover, to which she soon added a bright plaid silk apron by way of cravat. "You are to be a shy, cowardly sort of person, you know," she whispered, as she handed the enormous "tie" to the lieutenant, "and a little gawkiness in dress will help the character."

Ben continued, "While Teresa and her lover are having their stolen interview in the study during the doctor's absence, you, Biddy, must rush in and tell them that the doctor is coming up the street, and that he expects a deaf and dumb patient this blissed morning, a young gentleman from the country that he's never seen. 'Lor' bless you, Miss,' you must say, 'but won't the doctor rave if he finds you here conversing with a gentleman, and it against his particular orders for you to see company afore you're eighteen.'"

"Mercy!" interrupted Mary, in dismay, "I never can remember all that!"

Ben, with a confident "yes-you-can" look at the prospective Biddy, resumed:—

"You need not follow my language, of course, as long as you retain the important points. Then you, Miss Teresa, must clasp your hands in anguish, and beg Adolphus to personate the deaf man, and thus save you from the doctor's wrath. The doctor's voice will then be heard in the hall; you will just have time to implore Adolphus not to make a

sound if he loves you, and I will enter with my books and instruments under my arm. Let me see, have you a gun or pistol?"

"No, but we have a sword and a pair of Lewis' Gymnastic Clubs; will they do?"

"Yes. Let me have them in the hall, please, and a poker and big carving knife also—anything of the weapon kind you have. A big bell and a tea-kettle, if handy, would be invaluable. All you, Biddy, will have to do in the scene is to obey the doctor's orders, with any by-play you may see fit. For Scene 2d, we'll have a travelling party, with one of the number disgusted because the rest have no eye for the beautiful, but prefer eating luncheons and chatting, even amid the grandest scenery. For the last syllable, we'll call out little Carrie and have something in the tableau line, while you two ladies are dressing for the whole word—Definite—for which Miss Teresa has just planned a good scene—will that do?"

"Oh, yes, capitally," cried Mary; only—"

"Only what, Miss Mary?"

"Why, Charley and I ought to act the love scene together, because—because"—stammered the ingenuous girl, laughing and blushing, "we could be affectionate without horrifying anybody. But never mind. Remember, Teresa, great artists never stop at trifles, so I'll thank you not to slight Charley's feelings on the coming occasion." And Mary ran off to prepare for the Biddy effect, little dreaming of the pain she had inflicted upon poor, bewildered Ben.

"Mary doesn't make any secret of her sentiments towards you either in charades or out of them, does she, Charley?" laughed Teresa, as she pinned the strips of paper together which she had folded, fan fashion, for the ruffle to Biddy's cap.

"No, indeed," responded the lieutenant, heartily. "God bless her!"

It might have been caused by the green spectacles, or the captain's old brown coat; but certainly Ben, the brilliant orator of the first meeting of the "Few Friends," and Ben, the sole auditor of this interesting dialogue, were two very different seeming personages.

Just then Mary came hurriedly into the room, minus hoops, arrayed in a calico skirt, a red woollen short-gown, confined at the waist by the band of her pink cotton apron—a dusting brush in one hand, and a dust-pan in the other.

"Teresa, dear," she panted, "have you my

cap ready? Miss Pundaway is on the last page of her overture."

Ben seized an opportunity to whisper bitterly into Mary's ear as they all descended together to the third parlor, "Really, Miss Gliddon, I was not aware, until ten minutes ago, of the tender relation existing between yourself and Lieutenant Hunter."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mary, looking up at the green spectacles in blank surprise. "Why, I thought of course you knew it; but in fact very few of my recent friends do. He has been in the army for a year, and I haven't really *known* him myself very long."

SCRAPS.

TRUTH AND ITS DEVELOPMENTS.—A philosopher should aim solely at truth, and should refuse to estimate the practical tendency of his speculations. If they are true, let them stand; if they are false let them fall. But whether they are agreeable or disagreeable, consolatory or disheartening, safe or mischievous, is a question not for philosophers, but for practical men. Every new truth which has ever been propounded has for a time caused mischief; it has produced discomfort, and often unhappiness, sometimes by disturbing social or religious arrangements, and sometimes merely by the disruption of old and cherished associations of thought.

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.—To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick chamber. At its threshold the mere human passions quit their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others must be put aside. He must enter that room a calm intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen, quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinction in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill. Woe to the household in which the trusted healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art.

FLATTERY.—It is easy to tell when others are flattered, but not when we ourselves are, and every man and woman will lend firm belief to the soft nothings of the very man they believe to be an arrant flatterer, when others are in the case.

MY FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD LOVE.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

I HAD just left boarding school, with my certificates of proficiency and delinquency in my trunk, a large stock of romance in my head, and a store of undeveloped affection in my heart, when I fell in love. For nine long years that school had been my only home, its months of study varied by vacation trips with my father, who had broken up house-keeping on my mother's death, and lived with his sister in New York, coming in the summer months to D—— to take me, his only child, for his travelling companion in the most delicious jaunts over mountains and on rivers to view the foaming waters of Niagara, across the broad Northwestern Lakes, up the White Mountains, or, sometimes, to nestle down in some cosy farm-house far away from any gay resort, to ride, drive, fish, and ruralize to our hearts' content. And I was just released from school, with the consoling certainty that I was not to return, when I fell in love.

It seemed very silly to me then, and may seem so to others now, yet when I look back I can truly say that the first emotions of my girlish heart, stirred then, have answered to no other touch as warmly as to that one. We, my dear father and myself, were at Cape May, for one of my passions then was to sport in the ocean, and I had only to express a wish for a dash amongst the waves to have it gratified.

It had been an oppressive day, and I was lying in my own room trying to catch the air from the ocean as it came sighing in at my window, when from the room next my own, which had been unoccupied, I heard a voice whose music even then attracted me. It was a voice deep and yet clear, strong, yet sweetly modulated, a voice which, while its power seemed to promise protection, its tenderness spoke of a heart full of warm sympathies.

"You are very tired, sister," the voice said, lovingly; "are you sure that this exertion is the best medicine for you?"

A low voice answered, and sickness seemed to have worn it to a mere whisper, for I caught no word that came, only the murmuring sound fell drowsily upon my ear.

Then the voice, in its clear, sweet tones, came again.

"Sing for you? Ah! you are a baby still, little one," and in a few moments he sang, and I, like the little fool I was, listened till my heart filled almost to bursting, and I sobbed out the sweet pain the music roused. I am always sensitive to music, but there was a power in that voice that no other sound had ever exerted over my feelings. It was a simple Italian hymn that he sang, with no voice trials of wondrous execution, rousing no astonishment at the performance; but every word, as it came out clearly in those waves of melody, seemed praising and worshipping the Creator it addressed, and each modulation, made without any effort, was a new volume of sweetest melody. I could hear the low murmuring that thanked him, and then again the voice, sweet in its speaking tones as when modulated to song.

"If it did tire me, Meta, I would sing for you, but it does not. Lie here in my arms, and I will rock you and sing you to sleep, my darling," and oh, the infinite fund of love that made those last words sweeter than any song. Softly, at first, rising gradually to power, the voice that stirred my heart so strangely filled my room with his burst of song. Twilight faded, and the gathering shadows of night closed round me, yet I lay very quiet, listening with a strange fascination to every word and every note that left my neighbor's lips. It was the first of many evenings which he unconsciously lightened for me. I had been imprudent in bathing, a most unromantic illness seized me, and for four weeks I lay in that little room suffering the agonies of inflammatory rheumatism. How I listened for that voice. Every word of tender love which was given to the suffering sister he watched so faithfully, seemed sent to comfort me, the stranger whose pain was soothed and sick nerves calmed by the magic of the wondrous melody he poured forth so lavishly for his own heart's treasure. Other conversations showed me something of the life wasting in the room divided from mine only by a thin partition which did not reach up to the ceiling. Every morning there was a doctor's visit, and I knew that the spine disease which was to

yield to sea-bathing was aggravated into acute pain, and I heard the tender tones growing daily more pitying, sweeter, and lower; I heard the steady, firm tread that carried the frail, fading form up and down the room, seeking ease from pain in the motion. I heard the choking sob that sometimes stopped the song, and last of all, in the stillness of night, I heard the wailing cry—"My sister! My only one! O God, can she be dead!"

I would ask no questions, my neighbors had become sacred to me in their suffering and sorrow, but I heard the servant who spoke so pityingly of "the poor young lady only seventeen, who had been a sufferer for ten years, and was no bigger than a little child."

And my first day of restored health was the one which saw the little form carried to the boat to go to its last resting place. I did not see the faithful brother who had won the first love of my heart by his words 'and tenderness, for they left before daybreak, and I could only whisper a prayer for his comforting as I heard his slow step pass my door.

It was my first love, and its substance was shadowy enough—a voice. As soon as I was well enough, my father hurried me from the spot where I had had such pain, and, unknown to him, such comfort, and we went to my aunt's, our own future home.

And here I fell in love again; and a second time my susceptible, and I began to fear very foolish, heart was stirred by that strange, longing impulse which the mysterious voice had awakened.

My aunt's house stood in the heart of New York, and directly behind it was one of those narrow courts where suffering crowds in our large cities. From the window of the room I occupied, I looked out upon two rows of high, narrow houses, facing each other, with a brick path between. The stairs going up outside, with the platform at each story, marked the numbers of inhabitants to each house, for every story held a family. My father expressly forbade me even to go into the court, and promised himself to see that any charity I might wish to give there should reach its destination, and exacted the promise that I would obey his command. We had been at home but a few days when I found an interest in my window, which filled my romantic heart with a fund of reveries.

Every morning, at about eight o'clock, a

doctor's gig drove up the little street upon which the court opened, and I saw the occupant come into the narrow entrance to visit his patients. He was neither very young nor very handsome. For aught I knew, he had a wife and little children waiting for him in some pleasant little home, yet I loved that doctor, and every day found me at the window watching for him. He was a tall, powerfully built man, between thirty and forty years of age, with a face that, in repose, was almost ugly. The dark complexion was unrelieved by color, and his hat showed only a border of curling hair, just tinged with white. His features were large, and not very regular, and his eyes were never raised to me, so I could only judge by the heavy black lashes that they were large. But his smile transfigured this strong, plain face to perfect beauty. It was a smile of marvellous sweetness, and it came with every greeting he gave the poor who crossed his path at every step in that narrow court. I could see him from my window, as he bent over the poor little children who were brought from the little stifling rooms to breathe a somewhat purer air on the narrow platforms. Little thin arms were stretched out for him, whenever the child caught the radiance of that pitying smile, and no mother's hand could have been gentler than the strong one that raised these babes for the touch of healing. I knew whose servant it was who brought huge baskets of food to the houses where sickness or nursing paralyzed the hand of the bread-winner. I knew who was in the heart of the mother whose lips formed the God bless him, as she took back her babe from his kind caress. And I too whispered a blessing, as I watched the light, yet firm step, that carried that tall figure from my sight. Where the light burned for nights in some poor room, I knew whose knock came after dark, and whose tall shadow fell across the window curtain, sometimes kneeling beside the mother's knee to soothe the restless child, sometimes bending over the bed of pain to exert all his skill, with no hope of reward save in his own heart and that blessing God sends to those working in his cause. And, with a reverential heart, I laid my love at the feet of the unknown doctor.

Winter came on, and my father wished me to go with him on a business trip to the West. I packed up my clothes, gave a sort of pitying

sigh over my own foolish dreams, and we started for St. Louis. For five months we moved from one city to another, and then I was left for a visit to a friend in Cincinnati while my father returned home. It was fall again when I returned to New York, and my window view was gone. The court had been destroyed by fire, and in its place there was rising a large, handsome house. I thought myself grown wiser as I put my doctor down in the list with the lost voice as among the dreams of a silly, romantic heart.

"I have a new friend to introduce to you," was my father's remark as I took my place beside him the evening of my return. "I have been lately introduced to a gentleman whom I am sure will please you. He is one of the most charming persons with whom I have ever conversed, full of deep intellectual resources, with a ready fund of chit-chat, yet who will bear fathoming on the most serious subjects. I am sure you will like him."

We were sitting in the evening in his library with only the glow of the firelight to illuminate the room, and my father's words were followed by a tap on the door.

"There he is!" father said, gladly, and his "Come in," was followed by the door opening to admit his friend.

"Ah, doctor! I am glad to see you; this is my daughter, of whom I have spoken to you."

"I am very glad to meet her," said the doctor, giving my hand a cordial grasp, and stirring my heart with an old memory never forgotten, for his voice was that which had dwelt on my ear so sweetly, and by the fire's glow, which fell upon his face, I knew him for the kind physician who had won my reverence a year before.

The long evening passed quickly, and the doctor's visits became once more the romance of my life. What he found in the silly little girl who writes to love, I cannot tell; but the voice whose music made my heart glad, never sounded more sweetly than when it was softened to ask me to share a life that early orphanage and his sister's death had left very lonely, and the strong arms never gave a tenderer clasp than when they folded me to the heart which seemed too noble for me to hope to be worthy to fill it.

We were sitting alone, the firelight playing on his dear face, and as I lay contentedly in his arms, I whispered—"Sing for me!"

"Sing," he said, a spasm as of pain crossing his face. I have never sung since—but I will sing for you, my darling!"

And once more the clear, pure strains fell upon my ear and heart, breathing a new spirit of love, and, as of old, my tears fell softly before the power of that wondrous voice.

"How did you know I could sing?" he said, as he ceased.

And resting in the place my heart had found for life, I told him the story of my first, second, and third love.

MY IDEAL.

BY GAY H. NARAMORE.

Thus far my life's a desert life,
Wild as Zahara's wildest waste,
Unloved I struggle on, and strife
Is all the bitter fruit I taste;
And yet Hope cheers me first and last,
And ever paints the roses fair
Which shall o'ergrow the thorny past,
And bloom a perfect Eden there.

I hope that some time I shall greet
The love which tints the orient skies,
That some time, even I shall meet
The fairy form with laughing eyes
Which now so thrills my paradise
Of dreams, that I can scarce awake;
Oh the wild witchery that lies
In Love, though he no form may take.

This is a weary life at best,
Care, trouble, grief, where'er we go;
Even Goodness is not sure of rest,
No more is Truth—and yet I know
That some time in this world of woe
My soul shall find its fuller sphere,
And drink Love's golden overflow
From eyes an angel might hold dear!

A SIMILE.

BY J. C. BURNETT.

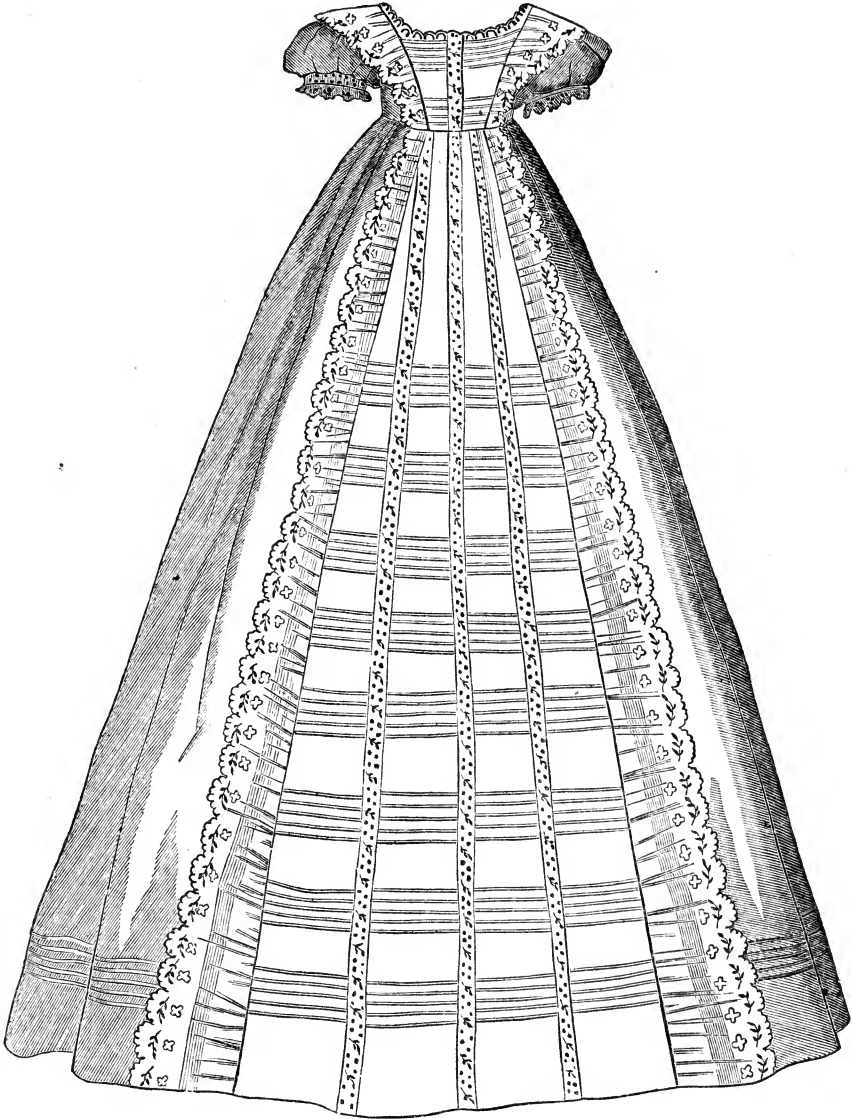
Go to the little moss-bound spring,
Whence living waters flow,
Where happy birds their carols sing,
And spring-time flowers blow;
Into its depths a pebble toss,
And see how sweetly glide
The little waves to kiss the moss
That grows along its side.

Go to the little prattling child
Whose heart is full of glee,
Whose tongue but lisps an accent mild
In sweet response to thee;
And drop a word, with love and grace,
And note its glad surprise—
The dimpling wavelets o'er its face,
Its love-lit, laughing eyes.

NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.



As stated in our last number, we devote a large portion of our space for illustrations of fashions for children's dresses and patterns.

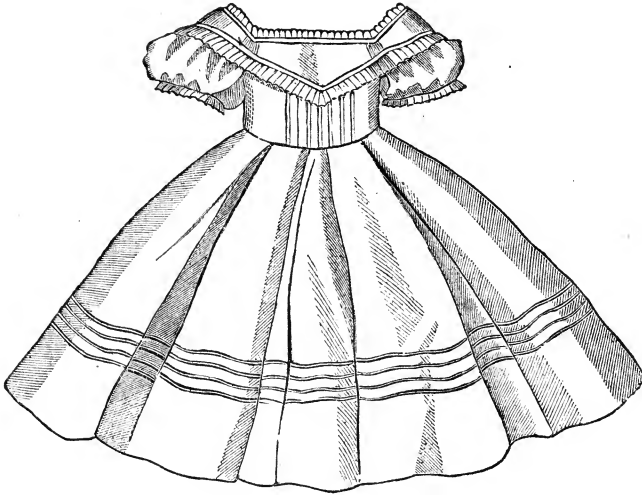
Fig. 1.—Infant's christening robe. This elegant robe is made in the tablier style, and ornamented with rows of insertion and tucks. The trimming edging the tablier, and extend-

ing up the waist in the bretelle style, is a very fine worked ruffle.

Fig. 2.—*Piqué* dress for a little girl; trimmed on the skirt with four rows of *piqué* braid. The body and sleeves are trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle.

Fig. 3.—*Piqué* suit for a little girl. The

Fig. 2.



Zouave jacket is cut in large scallops, and trimmed with six rows of plain braid. The seventh row is put on in a little design, and the edge of the scallops is finished with tat-

ting. The skirt is made in the tablier style, and trimmed to match. The Garibaldi shirt is formed of fine tucks, and one row of tatting down the front.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

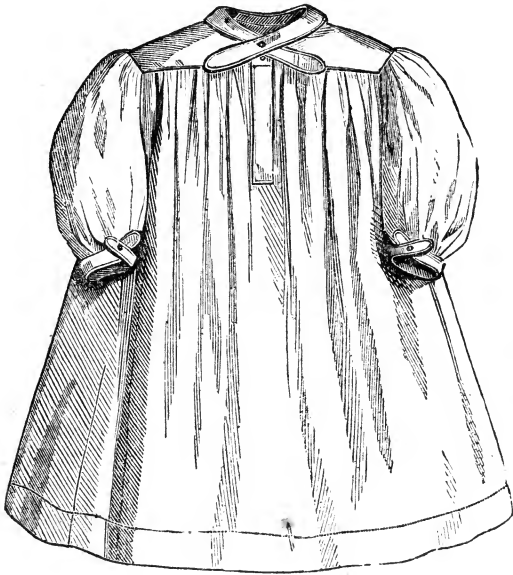


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 4.—Night-dress for a little girl. It is made of cambric muslin, and has a yoke both back and front. The collar and cuffs cross, and are fastened with a fancy button.

Fig. 5.—Fancy braided dress for a little boy or girl. The Fashion Editor can furnish full braided patterns of this dress.

Fig. 6.—Little girl's dress of white *piqué*,

made low in the neck, and short puff sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a pointed piece, set on the bottom, either of the same or some contrasting color; the bands on waist are of the same. Full muslin spencer, long sleeves. White straw hat, trimmed with ornaments of straw.

Fig. 7.—Walking-dress of cuir-colored mo-

hair, trimmed with narrow silk braid and a thick chenille cord. The front is cut plain, the plaits are all at the sides and back. A broad sash is fastened at the back with a bow and streamers. The hat is of cuir-colored straw, trimmed with black velvet and an aigrette of mother of pearl.

Fig. 8.—Suit for a little boy, of light cassi-

Fig. 8.

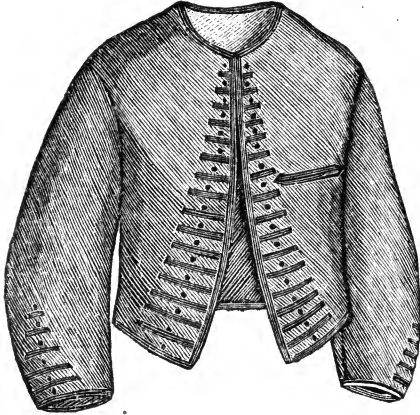


Fig. 8.

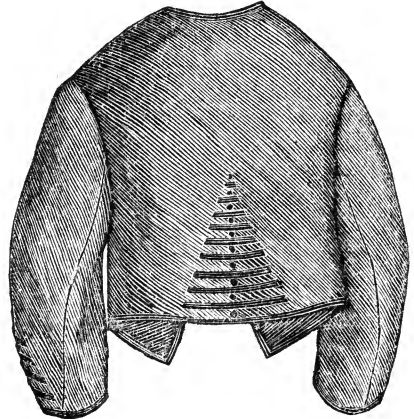


Fig. 8.

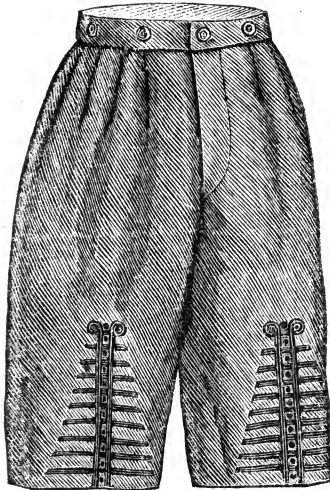


Fig. 9.



mere, trimmed with military braid of a darker color, and silk buttons to correspond.

Fig. 9.—The little dress which is represented in our illustration is made of white *piqué*. The trimming is of black braid. The scarf is of the same. A line of mother of pearl buttons is placed up the front.

Fig. 10.—Night drawers for a child from

three to five years old, suitable for muslin or flannel.

Fig. 11.—A sack chemise for a girl from six to twelve years old. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with an embroidered vine and a worked ruffle.

Fig. 12.—Dress for a child of two or three years old. It is made of fine muslin or *piqué*,

Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

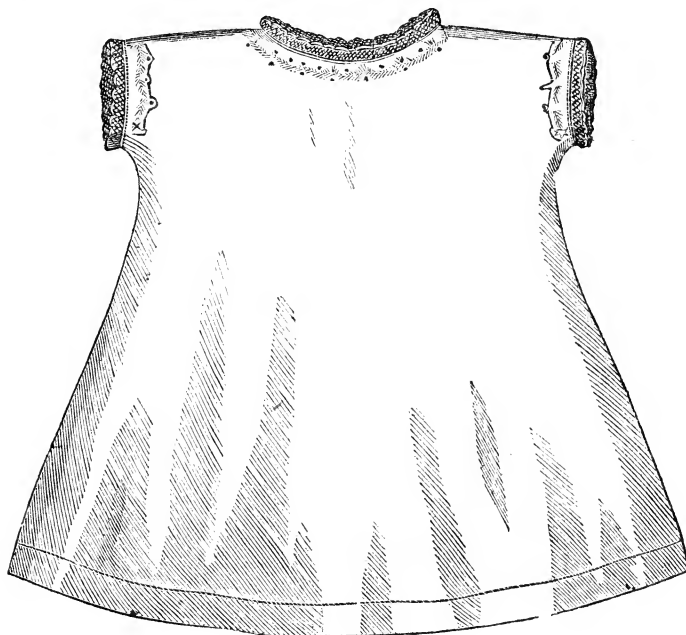


Fig. 12.

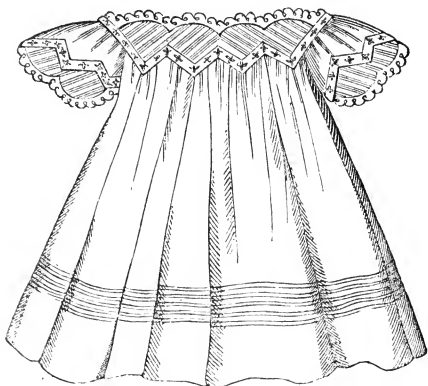
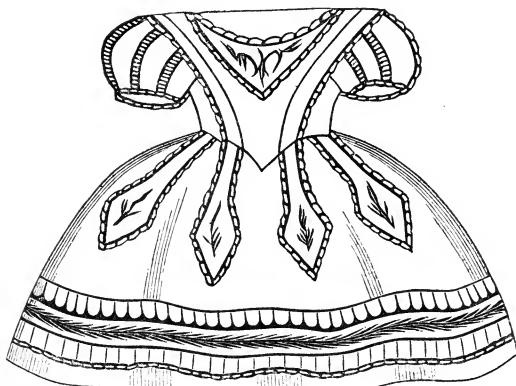


Fig. 13.



and the yoke formed of bands of insertion and edging. This is a very desirable style of dress for a child.

Fig. 13.—Child's braided dress, coral pat-

tern. The Fashion Editor can furnish full braiding patterns for this dress.

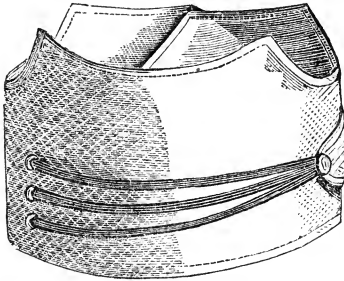
Fig. 14.—Apron for a little girl, ten years old, suitable for silk or muslin.

Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.—Band for a new-born infant. It is made of soft muslin, quilted, or else muslin

Fig. 15.



lined with flannel. The cords are of elastic ribbon. It will be found a decided improvement on the old-fashioned band.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Sacque Cloak.—A beautiful French sacque in pale leather-colored velvet cloth, braided in a very effective pattern, with three different colors, a rather darker shade of leather, with white on one side and black on the other.



The braid pattern extends down in an epaulet upon the shoulders, and up to the bend of the arm. Velvet cloth must not be confounded with velvet plush, or velvet beaver; it is a much finer fabric than either, and decidedly the most fashionable material for cloaks of the season.

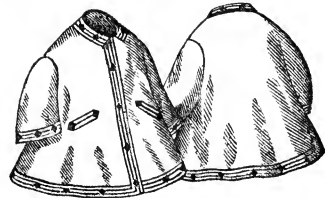
The Zouave Sack.—This is a pretty plaited coat for a boy of three or four years. The little jacket only extends to the shoulder and

side seams. The sleeve is shaped to the arm; the trimming on the front of the wrist imitating a cuff. The decoration consists of a neat



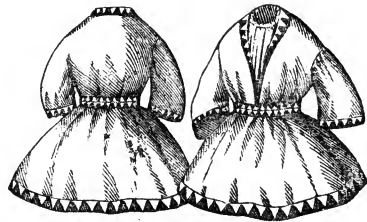
embroidery, executed in black braid. Three yards of double width, or four yards of single width material would be requisite and two full knots of braid.

Frankie Sack.—Little boy's sack of dark blue cloth, trimmed with rows of black velvet and steel buttons. This sack, with a pair of short pants of the same material, and a round



beaver hat, forms one of the prettiest dresses of the season for a boy from three to six years of age; requires about one and a half yard of three-quarter goods.

The Little Prince.—A beautiful little gored coat, made in rich gray or plaid poplin, or French merino, for a boy of three. The trimming consists of a pyramidal border, an inch and a quarter in depth, and made in black



velvet, or if the material is merino, silk will answer. The body is opened in front, and turned back, disclosing an elegant little tucked and embroidered shirt, which has sleeves with worked cuffs descending below the loose sleeves of the coat. Two yards and a half of poplin would be required for this coat, and about half a yard for trimming.

CROCHET TRIMMING AND FRINGE, FOR
MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

(See engraving, page 519.)

Materials.—Coarse netting silk: for every yard, three-quarters of an ounce of black, and half an ounce of white; Penelope needle No. 2. The crochet should be worked loosely.

This description of trimming is very fashionable, being used for the newest Parisian mantles and dresses; 3 cord sewing silk is generally used, or the second best quality of netting silk will answer for the purpose, and if purchased by the ounce, will make an inexpensive and at the same time most elegant trimming. Directions are given for two colors, but it can be made with one if preferred.

The following directions will make a trimming nine inches deep, the usual width for a mantle; but if required for a dress, the fringe should not be more than three or four inches deep, and will therefore use less silk. When finished, the crochet heading should be applied on to the silk or whatever material is used.

FIRST VANDYKE.

1st Trefoil.—Commence with the black silk, work 15 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single in the 4th stitch, turn back, leaving 11 chain; and in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and in the 9 chain, work 1 plain 3 treble; join to the 5th stitch of the 11 chain, then in the same 9 chain, work 8 treble and 1 plain; miss 1, *, and in the next 9 chain, work (1 plain, 11 treble, and 1 plain); miss 1, and in the next 9 chain, 1 plain 6 treble, and before finishing this trefoil, make the

2d Trefoil.—Work 10 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single, turn back, and in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and in the 1st 9 chain, work (1 plain, 5 treble, join to the 9th treble stitch of the 2d division of the 1st trefoil: then 6 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain), (miss 1, and in the next 9 chain, work 1 plain, 11 treble and 1 plain, twice), 1 single in the round loop, 6 plain down the stem, and to finish the 1st trefoil, 1 single on the last treble stitch of the 1st trefoil, 5 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain, 1 single in the round loop, 1 plain on the stem, then 5 chain, join to the 9th treble stitch of the last division of the 1st trefoil; and for the

3d Trefoil.—Work 15 chain, turn, miss 3,

1 single in the 4th stitch, leaving 11 chain, turn back, and in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, miss 1, and in the 9 chain, work (1 plain, 3 treble, join to the 6th stitch of the 11th chain, then 3 treble in the 9 chain, join to the 6th plain stitch of the stem of the 2d trefoil; then work 5 treble and 1 plain in the same 9 chain), miss 1 (1 plain, 3 treble in the next 9 chain, join to the 6th treble stitch of the last division of the 2d trefoil; then 8 treble and 1 plain in the same 9 chain), (miss 1, 1 plain, 11 treble and 1 plain in the next 9 chain), 1 single in the round loop, 1 plain on the stem, 5 chain, join to the 9th treble stitch of the division last worked; and for the

SECOND VANDYKE.

1st Trefoil.—15 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single in the 4th stitch, leaving 11 chain, turn back, and in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and in the 9 chain, work (1 plain, 3 treble, join to the 5th stitch of the 11 chain; then 3 treble in the 9 chain, join to the 5th treble stitch of the last division of the 3d trefoil of the 1st vandyke; then 5 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain); and repeat from * in the 1st vandyke until the length required is worked, ending with the 5 chain in italic; then work for

THE EDGE.

With the white silk, commence on the 7th treble stitch of the 1st vandyke, 2 chain, miss 1 and 1 plain. Repeat all round the edge of the vandykes.

FOUNDATION ROWS FOR THE FRINGE.

1st row.—Commence with the black silk, and work 6 treble in the last 5 chain of the last vandyke; then 6 treble in the next 5 chain, 5 treble in the 4 chain. Repeat to the end and fasten off.

2d.—With the white silk, work 1 plain on the 1st treble of the last row, * 4 chain, miss 2 and 1 plain. Repeat from * to the end. Fasten off.

THE FRINGE.

Cut some of the black silk into lengths of 14 inches, take 4 of the cut lengths, put the crochet needle into one of the loops of the 4 chain, double the 4 pieces of silk on the needle and bring them through the 4 chain, then bring all the ends through the loop now on the needle. Repeat in every 4 chain, which finishes the trimming. Should the silk

used for the fringe not hang well, it will only require dampening before cutting the ends even.

HOUSEWIFE.

Materials.—A piece of black cloth, eight and one-half inches long, five and one-half inches wide; a piece of *toile cirée* the same size; one and one-half yard of blue sarsnet ribbon; one skein of coarse black purse silk; a few needlefuls of various colored silks; buttons, etc.



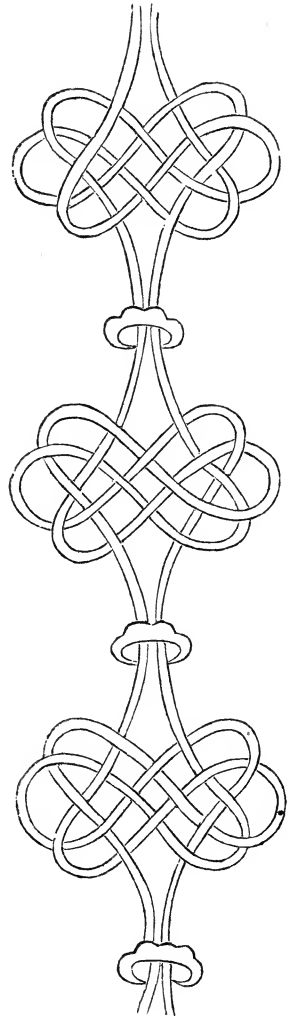
THE stars on our pattern should be worked rather larger than represented in our illustration, and the extreme simplicity of the design renders it easy to imitate. They are

worked in *broderie à la minute*. The stars are worked either of one color or in several bright and varied colors; but our pattern is made in the latter style. The stars of the same color form slanting lines; those in a light shade are white; then, two lines farther, yellow; the two intermediate lines are one red and the other blue; then, after the yellow stars, one line of green, the other of lilac. When the embroidery

is finished line the cloth with *toile cirée*, and bind both the outside and inside together with blue sarsnet ribbon, stitching it neatly on. Cover each end of the round pocket, or housewife, with a round of crochet worked in black silk. To do this, make a chain of four or five stitches, join the first to the last so as to form a circle; take some fine round cord, and over this cord work in crochet 8 rounds, increasing here and there, so that the round may be a little convex. When finished, it should measure about two inches round. Sew these rounds on to each side of the embroidered cloth, beginning at one of the ends. The rounds form the sides of the pocket, and the embroidery is sewn round them, leaving a space of about one inch for the opening. The handle consists of a piece of bright blue ribbon, 10 inches long, fastened on each side in the middle of each round, and finished with a small bow. Two buttons (see illustration) are then added, and at the edge of the work two button-holes made to shut the housewife. This little article will be found very convenient for the pocket, and will hold a small piece of embroidery, a pair of scissors, a thimble, and cotton necessary for working. The two round ends of the crochet form the straight piece of cloth into a kind of pocket to hold firmly and securely any work that may be laid in. To make the housewife still neater and more

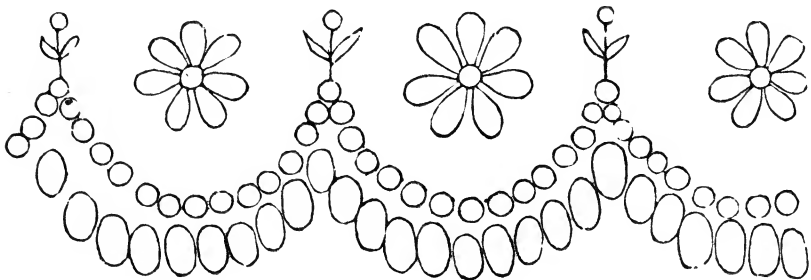
complete, a piece of ribbon may be stitched inside to hold scissors, bodkin, or knife, without putting these things into the pocket loosely.

INITIALS FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

DURING the months of June, July, and August for 1863, we published six pages of receipts for preserving all kinds of fruit. We had intended publishing them again, but we do not think it an act of justice to our old subscribers to take up the room. We will send the three numbers on receipt of seventy-five cents.

PRESERVES of all kinds should be kept entirely secluded from the air and in a dry place. In ranging them on the shelves of a store-closet, they should not be suffered to come in contact with the wall. Moisture in winter and spring exudes from some of the driest walls, and preserves invariably imbibe it, both in dampness and taste. It is necessary occasionally to look at them, and if they have been attacked by mould, boil them up gently again. To prevent all risks, it is always as well to lay a brandy paper over the fruit before tying down. This may be renewed in the spring.

Fruit jellies are made in the ratio of a quart of fruit to two pounds of sugar. They must not be boiled quick, nor very long. Practice and a general discretion will be found the best guides to regulate the exact time, which necessarily must be affected, more or less, by local causes.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long ripe currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved

and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

APPLE JELLY.—Boil your apples in water till they are quite to a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every pint of the juice put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. I may as well add that I can say, from experience, that this jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

GREENGAGES.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

TO PRESERVE PEACHES.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

BLACKBERRIES.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid, or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery. To make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf sugar; put it over a gentle fire and cook it until thick; then put to it a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy; stir it awhile over the fire, then put it in pots.

ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To young beginners in housekeeping, the following brief *hints on domestic economy*, in the management of a moderate income, may perhaps prove acceptable.

Whenever anything is bought a bill of parcels and a receipt should be required, even if the money be paid at the time of purchase; and, to avoid mistakes, the goods should be compared with these when brought home; if the money is to be paid at a future period, a bill should be sent with the articles and regularly filed.

An inventory of furniture, linen, and china should be kept, and the things examined by it twice a-year, or oftener if there be a change of servants; the articles used by servants should be intrusted to their care with a list, as is done with plate. The best means to preserve blankets from moths is to fold and lay them under the feather-beds that are in use, and shake them occasionally; when soiled, they should be washed, not scoured.

The most durable sort of linens for sheeting are the Russia, German, or Irish fabrics; a good stock of which, as well as of table-linen, should be laid in to avoid the necessity of frequent or irregular washing.

A proper quantity of household articles should always be allowed for daily use. Each should also be kept in its proper place, and applied to its proper use. Let all repairs be done as soon as wanted, remembering the old adage of "a stitch in time," etc.; and never, if possible, defer any necessary household concern beyond the time when it ought to be attended to.

In the purchase of glass and crockery-ware, either the most customary patterns should be chosen, in order to secure their being easily matched when broken, or, if a scarce design be adopted, an extra quantity should be bought, to guard against the annoyance of the set being spoiled by breakage, which in the course of time must be expected to happen. There should likewise be plenty of common dishes, that the table-set may not be used for putting away cold meat, etc.

The cook should be encouraged to be careful of coals and cinders. Small coal wetted makes the strongest fire for the back of the grate, but must remain untouched till it cakes. Cinders lightly wetted give a great degree of heat, and are better than coal for furnaces, ironing-stoves, and ovens.

A *store-room* is essential for the custody of articles in constant use, as well as for others which are only occasionally called for. These should be at hand when wanted, each in separate drawers, or on shelves and pegs, all under the lock and key of the mistress, and never given out to the servants but under her inspection.

Pickles and preserves, prepared and purchased sauces, and all sorts of groceries should be there stored; the spices pounded and corked up in small bottles, sugar broken, and everything in readiness for use. Lemon-peel, thyme, parsley, and all sorts of sweet herbs, should be dried and grated for use in seasons of plenty; the tops of tongues saved, and dried for grating into omelettes, etc.; and care taken that nothing be wasted that can be turned to good account.

Bread is so heavy an article of expense, that all waste should be guarded against, and having it cut in the room will tend much to prevent it; but, for company, small rolls, placed in the napkin of each guest, are the most convenient, as well as the most elegant. Bread should be kept in earthen pans with covers.

Sugar being also an article of considerable expense in all families, the purchase demands particular attention. The cheapest does not go so far as that more refined, and

there is a difference even in the degree of sweetness. The clo-e, heavy, and shining white loaf sugar should be chosen. The best sort of brown has a bright crystalline appearance, as if mixed with salt; and, if feeling coarse when rubbed between the fingers, is better than when more powdery. East India sugars are finer for the price, but not so strong, consequently unfit for wines and sweet-meats, but do well for common purposes. To pound white sugar, rolling it with a bottle and sifting wastes it less than a mortar.

Soap should be cut into pieces when first brought in, and kept out of the air two or three weeks; for, if it dries quickly, it will crack, and, when wet, break. Put it on a shelf, leaving a space between each piece, and let it grow hard gradually: thus it will save a full third in the consumption; but, for coarse washing, soft soap will go farther than the hard.

Soda, by softening the water, saves a great deal of soap. It should be melted in a large jug or pail of water, some of which pour into the tubs and boiler.

Many good laundresses advise soaping linen into warm water the night previous to washing, as facilitating the operation, and less friction being required.

The best starch will keep good in a dry, warm room for some years.

Everything should be kept in the place best suited to it, as much waste may thereby be avoided.

Great care should be taken of jelly-bags, tapes for collared meats, etc., which, if not perfectly scalded and kept dry, give an unpleasant flavor when next used.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

GOLD CAKE.—One cup butter, two of sugar, three of flour, eight eggs (the yolks), half cup milk, teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg; mix the flour and cream tartar together.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—One pound of loaf sugar, six eggs, but the whites of four only, the juice of three large lemons, but first, before cutting them, rub the sugar on the rinds to extract the flavor. Beat the eggs well; add them to the juice of the lemons; then strain them into a bright tin saucepan; add a quarter of a pound of *fresh* butter and all the other ingredients. Let it simmer slowly over a slow fire till the whole is the consistence of honey; stir the mixture till cool, when, after having lined the patty-pans with puff paste, bake them, then put on the lemon mixture, and return them to the oven a few minutes just to very slightly brown over.

HARRISON PUDDING.—Four cups flour, two-thirds cup melted butter, one cup molasses, one cup raisins, one cup milk, one teaspoonful soda. Boil in a bag or tin dish three hours.

TEA CAKES.—One pound and a quarter of flour, one-half pound of currants (well washed), two ounces of butter rubbed in the flour, about a pint of sweet milk warmed, two spoonfuls of yeast, the yolk of an egg well beaten, caraway seeds to your taste; mix well these ingredients together, and beat them up as for a seed cake; set them before the fire to rise for an hour, make them up in what shaped cakes you please, lay them on tin plates for a time before the fire, and feather them over with white of egg before baking them.

SALLY LUNNS.—A pint of the best new milk lukewarm, add to it one-quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt, a teacupful of yeast, one and a half pound of fine flour; mix them together, and let it stand three-quarters of an hour. Bake them on tins nearly an hour.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour, with a pint and a half of milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonsful of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture and bake muffins to a light brown.

A PLAIN LEMON PUDDING.—The juice and peel of two lemons, the peel to be rubbed off with lumps of sugar; six ounces of loaf sugar pounded (excepting what has been used for the lemon peel), a good-sized teacupful of grated bread crumbs; whilst these are soaking together, beat up four eggs, leaving out two of the whites; melt one ounce of fresh butter, and mix all the above ingredients well together. Edge and trim a dish with puff paste; pour in the above mixture, and bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

CUP CAKE.—Five cups of flour, one cup of treacle, one cup of cream, one cup of sugar, three cups of currants, three cups of raisins, a quarter of a pound of candied-peel, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one cup of butter melted, and spices to taste. It will require four hours baking in a moderate oven.

TAYLOR PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, half cup of chopped raisins, one cup of suet, one cup of sour milk, omit cream tartar, two eggs, teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, spice and salt to taste, flour to make thick batter, steam three or four hours. Cream of tartar omitted when sour milk is used.

BATH CAKES.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of flour; take one tablespoonful of good barm, and warm sufficient cream to make the flour and butter into a light paste, then set it before the fire to rise. When you make the paste into cakes, work two ounces of carraway seeds into it, make it into round cakes, and strew a few carraway seeds at the top of each. Bake them upon sheet tins, and serve them hot for breakfast or tea.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter a dish well; then lay in a few slices of bread and butter. Boil one pint of milk, pour it over two eggs well beaten, and then on the bread and butter. Bake in a hot oven half an hour; currants or raisins may be added.

LIGHT CAKES.—To three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, add one-half pint of lukewarm milk, mix in three spoonfuls of light barm; cover it over, and set it by the fire for half an hour to rise. Work in the paste four ounces of sugar, and the same quantity of butter; make into tea cakes with as little flour as possible, and bake them in a quick oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO KEEP SILVER ALWAYS BRIGHT.—Silver, in constant use, should be washed every day in a pan of suds made of good white soap and warm water; drying it with old soft linen cloths. Twice a week (after this washing), give it a thorough brightening with finely powdered whiting, mixed to a thin paste with alcohol; rubbing longer and harder where there are stains. Then wipe this off, and polish with clean soft old linen. Silver is cleaned in this manner at the best hotels.

TO DESTROY WORMS IN GARDEN WALKS.—Pour into the worm-holes a strong lye, made of wood ashes, lime, and water. Or, if more convenient, use, for this purpose, strong salt and water.

CURE FOR PRICKLY HEAT.—Mix a large portion of wheat bran with either cold or lukewarm water, and use it as a bath twice or thrice a day. Children who are covered

with prickly heat in warm weather will be thus effectually relieved from that tormenting eruption. As soon as it begins to appear on the neck, face, or arms, commence using the bran water on these parts repeatedly through the day, and it may probably spread no farther. If it does, the bran water bath will certainly cure it, if persisted in.

WHEN velvet gets plushed from pressure hold the parts over a basin of hot water, with the lining of the dress next the water; the pile will soon rise and resume its original beauty.

TO MAKE GREASE BALLS.—Shave down half a pound of white soap, and mix it with three ounces of fuller's earth powdered. Then mix together three ounces of ox-gall, and two ounces of spirits of turpentine. With this, moisten the soap and fuller's earth, till you have a stiff paste. Mix it thoroughly, and beat it well. Make it into balls with your hands, and place the balls where they will dry slowly. To use it, scrape down a sufficiency, and spread it on the grease spot. Let it rest awhile; then brush it off, and scrape and apply some more. A few applications will generally remove the grease.

TREATMENT OF SUN-STROKE.—A person whose uncovered head is exposed to the rays of a vertical sun is not very unfrequently attacked with a sort of fit, which sometimes bears a resemblance to apoplexy; but at other times is more like an ordinary swoon. The proper remedy for an attack of this kind, during the primary fit, is to pour cold water over the head. This is the plan pursued by the natives of India, who are peculiarly exposed to the affection in question.

STRAW MATTING may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry; the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

TREATMENT OF OIL-CLOTH.—Oil-cloth ought never to be wetted—if it can be possibly avoided—but merely to be rubbed with a flannel, and polished with a brush of moderate hardness, exactly like a mahogany table, and by this simple means the fading of the colors, and the rotting of the canvas, which are inevitably attendant upon the oil-cloth being kept in a state of moisture or dampness, are entirely avoided.

GOLD AND SILVER LACE may be cleaned by sewing it in clean linen cloth, boiling it in a pint of soft water and two ounces of soap, washing it in cold water; if it be tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.

TO BLEACH A FADED DRESS, wash it well in hot suds, and boil it until the color seems to be gone, then wash and rinse, and dry it in the sun; if not sufficiently white, repeat the boiling.

SAPONACEOUS CREAM OF ALMONDS.—The preparation sold under this title is a potash soft soap of lard. It has a beautiful pearly appearance, and has met with extensive demand as a shaving soap. It is made thus: Clarified lard, seven pounds; potash of lye (containing twenty-six per cent. of caustic potash) three and three-quarter pounds; rectified spirit, three ounces; otto of almonds, two drachms. Manipulation: Melt the lard in a porcelain vessel by a salt water bath; then run in the lye, very slowly, agitating the whole time; when about half the lye is in, the mixture begins to curdle; it will, however, become so firm that it cannot be stirred. The cream is then finished, but is not pearly; it will, however, assume that appearance by long trituration in a mortar, gradually adding the alcohol in which has been dissolved the perfume.

Editors' Table.

VASSAR COLLEGE: WOMAN'S OWN.

AGAIN we make this educational wonder our theme, because public feeling demands more information concerning Vassar College, and the mode of its intended management. Happily we can now give the ideas of its noble Founder in his own honest words, showing that his design was, and is, to bestow his gifts for the benefit of woman, in the highest sense which the advantages of collegiate learning, and opportunities of culture and use can bestow on the feminine sex.

We will give selections from Mr. Vassar's eloquent Address* (would that we had room for the whole!) on the organization of the College Faculty; and also on the religious influences which he would commend.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INSTITUTION MUST BE PERFECT.

"This Institution, as an impersonality, is the object of our care. We launch it for a blessing to all time. We have the world from which to choose our instruments. We each and all of us, as individuals, sink out of sight, in view of the permanence and greatness of this design. Let us forget men, forget prejudice, forget favor, forget every other consideration, while we plant this seed, whose branches shall be for the healing of the nations, and whose growth shall be perpetual. Scrutinize, lift, weigh every proposition, every plan, every person, frankly, freely, honestly. Be sure that the means and instruments are fully abreast of the idea involved, of the endowment, of the highest public expectation, and be such that they may all grow and expand together."

THE DESIGN IS TO ELEVATE WOMAN.

"It is my hope, it was my only hope and desire, indeed it has been the main incentive to all I have already done or may hereafter do, or hope to do, to inaugurate a new era in the history and life of woman. The attempt you are to aid me in making, fails wholly of its point, if it be not an advance, and a decided advance. I wish to give one sex all the advantages too long monopolized by the other. Ours is, and is to be, an institution for women—not men. In all its labors, positions, rewards and hopes, the idea is the development and exposition, and the marshaling to the front, and the preferment of women—of their powers, on every side, demonstrative of their equality with men—demonstrative, indeed, of such capacities as in certain fixed directions surpass those of men. This, I conceive, may be fully accomplished within the rational limits of true womanliness, and without the slightest hazard to the attractiveness of her character.

"We are indeed already defeated before we commence, if development be in the least dangerous to the dearest attributes of her class. We are not the less defeated, if it be hazardous for her to avail herself of her highest educated powers, when that point is gained. We are defeated, if we start upon the assumption that she has no powers, save those she may derive or imitate from the other sex. We are defeated if we recognize the idea that she may not with every propriety contribute to the world the matured faculties which education evokes. We are especially defeated, if we fail to express our practical belief in her preeminent powers as an instructor of her own sex."

WOMEN TO SHARE THE PROFESSORSHIPS.

"Gentlemen, no superior power has given, or will give us, an exclusive patent for originating the abilities of genius of woman out of nothing. We must proceed upon the conviction that these are in the world before us. We shall fail to make all coming women what many already are. We can, and shall fill up many valleys, elevate many plains, and build higher many natural summits. But we can scarcely hope that every future height will wear our crest alone. Go as high as we may, or can hope to do,

* Delivered before the Trustees at their meeting, Feb. 23, 1864.

and Genius, which will not call our college 'mother,' will stand all the time abreast of us.

"In my judgment, it is clearly due to the idea which underlies our entire structure, that we do not hesitate here. Let us not add another to the examples of man's want of generosity, or of his half-hearted recognition of the powers of one-half the world. We should be ashamed to do it, at least under the mask of an institution which professes to be her peculiar champion, and which is to be dedicated to her benefit alone. We cannot hope to maintain our belief before the world when we voluntarily oppose it in our practice. We are bound to act upon our professions, and to illustrate our idea at the very start. Only aid me judiciously in the selection of the best instruments to be found among the highly educated and accomplished women of this country, and let her take the hazard if there be one. I, at least, have gone too far already to allow me to shrink one instant from sharing or being intimidated by that risk. Let woman then, at least, share the most prominent and responsible positions in your gift, and let them be proffered her as her unquestionable right, as far as she can fill them with equal ability to men."

INAUGURATE.

"Inaugurate woman's elevation and power, genius and taste, at the same moment that you open these doors to her sex. Give her a present confidence, and not push her back again upon some future hope. Let the foremost women of our land be among the most advanced and honored pilots and guardians of coming women, and I cheerfully leave my name to be associated with the result.

"Reduce, if it can be so, your nine male professorships by one-half, so that all the rest may be left to the natural province of woman as distinctly hers. I have not the slightest fear, those may be found fully equal to the remaining half of these positions. Music, painting, languages, literature, the natural sciences, and hygiene are her native elements, and she has not failed to reach the highest points in astronomy and mathematics."

CHRISTIAN UNION IN RELIGION.

"Against the time when the subject of appointments shall arrive, and even now, while the distribution of duties in the various departments will receive your attention, I shall venture to refresh your memories in regard to the care to be taken in regard to the exclusion of all sectarian influences, and to that end that the appointees in every grade shall fairly represent the principal Christian denominations among us. For myself I would rather be remembered as one who earnestly sought to fuse the Christian element of the world into one grand catholic body. At any rate, as one who has endeavored to remove all barriers, rather than recognize or cherish any exclusively.

"As the legitimate and practical result of this idea, I would invite to the College desk on the days of public worship, alternately, the representatives of every Christian church. I am assured that no difficulty need be apprehended in effecting a permanent arrangement of this kind in this city. Let our pupils thus see for themselves, and know that beyond every difference, there is after all but one God, one Christ, one Gospel, and that the spire of whatever church forever points towards one Heaven. And upon this point, without any conscious disparagement to any other religious source, permit me to add that the strongest incentives to goodness, and the most valuable religious tendencies will be found to flow most of all, like an emanation, from the presence of gifted, cultivated Christian women."

Such are the enlightened views of Mr. Vassar. If these are faithfully carried out, his College must become the glory of Christian civilization. From it will go forth an influence essentially subserving the cause of peace and good-will among the churches of our land and of all Christendom. This power of womanly influence has never yet had proper training, right direction, or ample encouragement. Let all women thank God and Mr. Vassar—"and take courage."

"THE BOATMAN."

THIS is the title of the last poem of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; the British critics pronounce it his best. The poem might, appropriately, have been styled, "My Marriage, Separation, and Reunion;" these three incidents giving the exquisite coloring to his pictures of the living world, and the expression to his own inner feelings of heart and conscience.

The education (or voyage) of life, which the poem depicts, seems often to improve the better sort of mankind, while weak and vicious natures rapidly deteriorate in breathing the mephitic gas of evil. That Sir Edward Bulwer is of the better type, his improvement in the morals of literature, from "Pelham" and "Paul Clifford," to "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," affords satisfactory proof. This little poem will deepen the impression in his favor among those who honor genius only when it seeks its highest glory, that of promoting the good.

That this great writer has thought deeply upon one of the holiest concerns of humanity, one of the most vital questions of civilized society, and has regretted the course which poisoned his own domestic happiness, is apparent. His separation from his wife is too well known to require our comments. The poem appears to be a lament over the early faults and passions which caused those family difficulties; a confession of the inadequacy of worldly success to make a full and happy life; a weariness and "unrest" in all pleasures which wealth gives, and in all honors that fame confers; and that the best wisdom for himself and wife is reunion (we have heard that they are reunited), before the last stroke of the "Boatman's oar," when "the river is lost in the ocean."

If this poetic reconciliation be not already the truth of history, devoutly do we hope that it may become true, before the greatest living novelist—who now feels himself so near the end of his life-voyage that

"One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,
Muffled, and dirge-like, and sternly steady,"

is all he anticipates—shall have reached the last bourne of humanity. We hope this, because the reunion would give both husband and wife the purest and best honors either has yet attained, the honor of doing morally right where both had been wrong. And then this reunion would remove forever from all young aspirants for literary fame one bad example in the career of successful genius.

In our free country there is, from the fatal facility of divorce, great danger of laxity in the marriage contract; this danger seems fast increasing, as the reports of divorces increase every year, and almost every year sees new facilities offered in some one or more of the States for obtaining these patents of miserable marriages.

The divine Law of Jesus Christ does not sanction this easy mode of escape from the solemn responsibilities of wedded life. Every woman who takes on herself, voluntarily, the duties of wife, should for herself consider her own act irrevocable. Never, till death parts the married pair, should either expect to be made free from their vow at the bridal altar, unless the law of Christ permit the separation.

It was thus that English law sternly held Sir Edward Bulwer, even while living apart many years from his wife, to his marriage responsibility. And now he must feel that the restraint was good, giving both husband and wife time for reflection and repentance, and opportunity to return to their duties, without leaving on their name and fame the indelible blot of divorce, as an inheritance to their only son.

We will give our readers a touching illustration of the duty which wedded life may impose on woman. This beautiful poem, written by a lady whose lot is richly blest in domestic happiness, thrills the tenderest chords of the heart that sorrows or sympathizes with the trials of an unfortunate marriage. And the moral sentiment is loftier than the highest heroism—it is Heavenly grace.

THE WIFE: A POEM.

BY MRS. T. J. CRAM.

PART I. THE APPEAL.

MOTHER, sweet mother, hide me beneath thy sheltering wing!

I'm perishing, I'm drowning! I must to some rock cling!
I left thee for a stranger, a cold and cruel one,
Whom I, and not God, mother, made thy unworthy son.

Oh, mother, how I loved him! I fled from thy warm nest,
And thought his home a safer, a sweeter place of rest.
I left thee in the spring-time, the May of my young life,
And never at the altar stood a more happy wife.

He took me to his dwelling, and loved me for a while,
But soon to some one fairer he gave a sweeter smile;
And every smile he gave her took more than one from me,
Till I became the sad one whose grief will sadden thee.

Now, mother, I have left him—I will return no more!
His terrible unkindness I long in silence bore:
But I can bear no longer, back to thy nest I fly;
Receive me, gentle mother, receive me or I die.

Open thy fold, sweet mother, invite me to return;
Give me the fond caresses for which I wildly yearn.
I ask not for the first place, give me the very least;
I'll feed on crumbs contented, while all the others feast.

Our Heavenly Father loveth His chastened children best;
The sad ones are more precious to Him than all the rest.
Love thy blest children, mother, more than thou lovest
me,
But let me in thy dear face one look of welcome see.

Sweet mother, there are flowers that open in the day,
And look up at the sunlight in a fond, trusting way;
But when the evening cometh, those lovely flowers close,
And each one looks more happy than when it was a rose.

Outside a bud the dust rests that enters in a rose;
Outside a mother's dwelling are all her children's foes;
Blest are the buds that linger long on the parent stem;
God help the ones that suffer man's hand to gather them!

Make me a bud, dear mother, a bud upon thy breast;
Not blooming in the garden, where gaily bloom the rest;
But with thy loving fingers my faded leaflets close,
And make a whole bud, mother, out of thy broken rose.

PART II. THE RESPONSE.

Daughter, I dare not hide thee; I've room beneath my wing,
But there is not the shelter to which a wife should cling.
My child, my stricken darling, to keep thee here I yearn;
But, dearest, to thy husband God bids thee to return.

Woman is born to suffer, Christ made her so like Him,
That life to her is often a shadow dark and grim.
Christ came not here for pleasure, He came to bless and
save;
Can women a more holy, a better mission crave?

Thank God, thou art selected to work with His dear Son;
To be thyself a blighted, a wrecked, maltreated one.
To be perhaps a saviour to an immortal soul;
To be thyself crushed, broken, that he may be made whole!

Go to the cross like Jesus; some there will only kneel;
Others its piercing anguish, its heavy burden feel:
God loves the humblest kneeler; but closer draws to those
Who ask not His Son's glory till they have shared his
woes.

Go seek a grave, a deep place, where dead things can be
held;
And bury self forever, where that deep grave is made:
Then, when that self is buried, thine eyes will not grow
dim,
When unkind things are spoken and done to thee by him.

Thy pride will all be conquered, thou 'lt bear and then forbear;
And when thou prayest for him, thy Christ will hear the prayer.

Thou wilt not always suffer, thou wilt not always weep:
Remember God has promised to give His loved ones sleep.

My daughter, grow not weary, be not a faint weak one;
Ask not for sleep or Heaven till thy great work is done.
Toil till the morning cometh, trust though the night be dark;

Go, life boat on the tossed sea, and save thy shipwrecked bark.

My darling, if I hide thee, our Saviour may not seek,
But cast thee from His service, a selfish one and weak.
O! be His brave disciple; aim for that blissful height
To which He lifts those Christians who in His work delight.

Go, take my blessing, dearest, and with deep, thankful love,

I'll see thee some day coming to the blest port above;
A weather-beaten vessel, shattered and tempest tost,
But bringing from life's ocean a treasure that was lost.

A precious treasure wasting, where thy boat dared to go,
A soul—thy *husband's*—sinking to everlasting woe;
If thou hadst been unwilling to peril on life's sea,
The peace that Christ will rescue and keep in Heaven for thee!

SINGLE LADIES.

In England the "old maids," as they are vulgarly styled, hold a deservedly high place in public estimation. A recent writer gives this pleasant picturing of their characteristics:—

"The single lady of a certain age is a personage scarcely at all seen, at any rate in her proper position, except in England. In Roman Catholic countries she takes refuge in a convent; she is hardly considered respectable, whereas here she is respectability itself. The old maid of novels and plays, indeed—prim, censorious, and spiteful—is disappearing. In her place we have a most cheerful, contented, benevolent, and popular lady, seldom behind the fashion or behind the news and literature of the day—beloved by nephews and nieces, married brothers, sisters, and cousins, a tower of strength in times of sickness and family troubles; a favorite visitor, and not always visiting, nor staying too long; sometimes, on the contrary, having a snug little home of her own, where pet nephews and nieces spend a few days most delightfully; a guardian angel to the poor, a valuable auxiliary to the clergyman and clergyman's wife; in high esteem and respect among the tradespeople; a famous letter-writer and the fabricator of most beautiful fancy-work! Of this genus we are privileged to know several specimens, some of whom, we are bold to hope, will bridle when they read this little account, and say, with a pleased, half doubtful look, 'Well, I'm sure; this can't be *me!*' Yes, it *is* you, Aunt Kate, and Aunt Maria, and ever so many aunts with pretty names who have been pretty women in your time, and who now have something than beauty dearer. You are the salt of the country; as long as you are the objects and subjects of such warm and kindly feelings, you greatly contribute to the support of the social affections."

DECEASE OF LITERARY LADIES.

Adelaide Ann Proctor, daughter of "Barry Cornwall," died lately in England. Her father, in his poems, calls her his "golden-haired Adelaide." Her poems are distinguished by tenderness of feeling and serious thoughtfulness; her taste was refined, and her productions were generally admired.

Mrs. Caroline M. S. Kirkland, well known as an excellent instructress of young ladies and a successful writer, died suddenly in New York, April 6th. Her first literary work, "A New Home Found; Who'll Follow?" descriptive of "Life in the Far West," was very excellent. She has since written much for periodicals and annuals. Among her books, which have been popular, may be mentioned, "Personal Memoirs of George Washington," "The School Girl's Garland," " Fireside Talk in Manners

and Morals," "Holidays Abroad," "Western Clearings," "Forest Life," and other highly meritorious works.

THE POSTMISTRESS.—We are much gratified to find that the United States government is appointing women to fill the places of Postmasters. We hope, however, that their true title—*Postmistress*—will be given on their papers of appointment and in their address. The adoption of masculine titles for or by the feminine sex is worse than a folly, it is a falsehood, and all such shams are morally injurious. Woman has her own appellations which she should be careful to uphold and make honorable; and we trust the ladies, whose names we append, will do honor to their sex by faithfulness in the responsible office with which they are intrusted.

Postmistresses.

Akensville, Fulton, Pa., Miss Amanda Akens.
Cross Plains, Ripley, Ind., Mrs. Jaqueline Roberts.
Deer Creek, Livingston, Mich., Mrs. Lovicy How.
Forestville, Del., Iowa, Mrs. Henrietta Vankuren.
Glasgow, New Castle, Del., Miss Margaret Adair.
Jackson, Jackson, W. Va., Mrs. Henrietta Rogers.
Neshonoe, La Cross, Wis., Mrs. Belinda Birchard.
Penobscot, Hancock, Me., Miss Sylvia W. Perkins.
Sand Lake, Lake, Ill., Mrs. Eunice Taylor.
Stony Fork, Tioga, Pa., Miss Elizabeth Hoadley.

A CHILD'S IMAGINATION.—Miss Edgeworth somewhere remarks that keeping a journal of the sayings of children would be a great help in studying the philosophy of mind. Of course, the children were not to know of the chronicles thus kept. The following original and *authentic* anecdotes may interest young mothers, if not of much value to philosophers:—

"Walking on the crisp snow, with our little three year old, she began to step very carefully, saying, 'I hurt the grass; don't you hear it cry when I step on it?'"

"The same little one was swinging, when she had to be taken out of the swing, from giddiness; describing her sensations to her father afterwards, she said, 'Father, I was swinging, and began to *laugh*, right in here,' putting her hands on her breast; 'then the *laugh* went into my hands, and I could not hold on, and when I got out, the *laugh* went into my feet, and I could not stand up.' Can any one describe swinging any better?"

"This same little one, in playful anger, caught hold of an older sister, saying, 'Now I'll shake the *sawdust* out of you,' thinking the human species was got up on the same plan as her dolls.

"She was one day very anxious to go visiting, and urged her great desire 'to see Mrs. L.'s little dog.'

"Why," said her sister, 'they hav'n't any dog.'

"'Hav'n't! Who does the *barking*?' was her astonished reply."

MORTON'S GOLD PENS.—Among the absolute necessities of life we must reckon the pen. There is no interest in our business, no article of service or of ornament in our hands that we might not dispense with more easily than with the pen. In this little helper we hold the power of consolation to the afflicted, and of conversation with the absent; it is the regulator of daily routine, the interpreter of domestic affections, and the soother of individual cares and heart-sorrows. It is the supporter of law, the counsellor of duty, the expounder of the world's doings in its record of daily news; essential to the heart of the lover and the hand of the warrior, to the officer of justice and the teacher of Divine Truth. The pen is an institution. Therefore a *good pen* is of inestimable importance to all who write.

The Editors of the *Lady's Book* can conscientiously commend the *gold pens* of "A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, N. Y.," to their friends as worthy universal patronage.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING-MACHINE.—To our friends who wish for directions where to find the *best sewing-machine*, we give this notice. The Wheeler & Wilson machine makes a perfect stitch, and alike on both sides. It also makes the lock-stitch; it has no shuttle, nor complicated machinery, with which ladies are so often perplexed. It is almost noiseless, simple in its construction, easily adjusted, and performs every variety of sewing. In short, we think it is what it claims to be, the queen of sewing-machines.

Offices, 505 Broadway, New York, and 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Sister and Wife"—"Only"—"Be Cheerful"—"The Mounted Rifleman"—"An Authoress and a Fanatic"—"The Ages"—"The Minister's Wife"—"La Mouche de Nuit"—"My Home"—and "Foot-prints in the Snow."

We must decline the following: "A Word to the Girls"—"On the Death of F. M. H."—"Dear Jennie"—"Sunshine in the Heart"—"Twilight" (we have too much poetry offered)—"The Image Boy"—"A Word for all"—"Song"—"Loiterer by the way" (the writer can do better)—"Answering Glances"—"The Deaf"—"Fairs, and other Humpugs" (better send the article to a newspaper)—"A Great Bargain"—"Marching and Countermarching"—"Lost Moments"—"A Dream" (we are overflowing with poetic favors)—"Ethel Moreland"—"The Accident"—"My Story" (the writer might do better by care and study; we want the *best*)—"Gallantry"—and "The Best Beloved."

We have other MSS. on hand.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SCHOOL ECONOMY. *A Treatise on the Preparation, Organization, Employments, Government, and Authorities of Schools.* By James Pyle Wickersham, A. M., Principal of the Pennsylvania State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. This is the first of a series of four books treating of the theory of teaching and of its practice. The author is eminently practical in all that he has to say, and enters into the minutiae of school life with the readiness of one whose knowledge is thorough and whose judgment sound. He treats of many things of importance not only to the teacher, but equally so to parents and school directors, such as the location, architecture, and arrangement of the school-house.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts 23 and 24. Price 20 cents each. This useful and fascinating work is rapidly approaching completion. This number brings us up to Wilhelm Grimm's Marriage.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE RED TRACK. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Gold Seekers," "The Tiger Slayer," etc. This work brings to a conclusion the somewhat extended series of novels from the pen of Aimard, recently issued from the house of the Messrs. Peterson. These books have been exceedingly popular, and no one who has read them thus far will miss the sequel to them all.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE. This is a brief history of the life of General Meade, and a description of the various positions

he has filled, and the services he has rendered the country, from the time he entered the U. S. army in 1835, up to the present day.

From the PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia:—

THOUGHTS ON SABBATH SCHOOLS. By John S. Hart, LL. D. This little book has been prepared to meet the especial needs of Sabbath-school teachers, by a gentleman who has had, added to a lively interest in the subject, an extended observation and opportunities for careful study. His "thoughts" are excellent, and many of his hints worthy of earnest consideration.

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

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS; A Series of Discussions. By Herbert Spencer, author of "The Principles of Psychology," etc. This book is so original in its character, so varied in its subjects, and so bold in thought and manner, that it is difficult to give even an adequate description of it. The preface to the present edition, says Mr. Spencer, "proposes nothing less than to unfold such a complete philosophy of nature, physical, organic, mental, and social, as science has now for the first time made possible, and which, if successfully executed, will constitute a momentous step in the progress of thought."

HINTS TO RIFLEMEN. By H. W. S. Cleveland. To sportsmen and military men these hints will prove of especial interest. They are offered by one who has pursued careful investigations, and who has spared no pains to procure materials and information concerning the subjects of which he treats. The book is illustrated by numerous engravings.

MY CAVE LIFE AT VICKSBURG, with *Letters of Trial and Travel.* By a Lady. This volume is written by an eye-witness of the siege and capture of Vicksburg. She writes vivaciously; and gives the reader an insight into the domestic life of the denizens of the besieged city during that fearful period. Her lively narrative of incidents and events, and all the little details that go to make up the whole, is exceedingly interesting, and stand out in strong contrast with the conciseness of official reports, and the bold and sometimes unreliable statements of "reliable gentlemen" and newspaper correspondents.

CHURCH ESSAYS. By George Cumming McWhorter, author of a "Popular Hand-Book of the New Testament." Most of these essays appeared originally in the "Church Monthly Magazine," an Episcopal publication. The book will prove especially acceptable to members of that church, while its subjects will be found not uninteresting to readers in general.

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

ANNIS WARLEIGH'S FORTUNES. A Novel. By Holme Lee, author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," etc. This novel excels for its excellent character painting. The story is interesting, though so deliberate in its progress that the hasty reader will think it occasionally dull.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

RED TAPE AND PIGEON-HOLE GENERALS. *As seen from the Ranks during a Campaign in the Army of the Potomac.* By a Citizen-Soldier. A lively book, somewhat severe upon Red Tape Generals, and expressing the

author's opinions pretty freely; yet taking the reader into the very midst of camp life, with all its incidents and adventures. As a book illustrative of soldier life, soldier spirit, and feeling, it is worth reading.

LYRICS OF A DAY; *or, Newspaper Poetry.* By a Volunteer in the U. S. service. These poems are full of fire and spirit; yet, as the author admits, having been written to suit the time and occasion, they cannot well be otherwise than ephemeral in their character. Being born to die, they are at least deserving of a present popularity.

From DERBY & MILLER, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. By Julian K. Lark. Illustrated with a portrait on steel. This is a carefully prepared and an apparently reliable biography of General Grant, by a man who has had excellent opportunities for becoming acquainted with the various circumstances of his life, and for forming a correct estimate of his character. The first two chapters are devoted to his early life, at home, and at West Point. The third brings the reader to the Mexican War; and in the fifth Grant becomes Colonel, and afterwards Brigadier-General of Illinois Volunteers in the present rebellion. Then on to the close of the book follows a minute account of all his movements, interspersed with characteristic anecdotes; until the sixty-first chapter leaves him newly appointed to the Lieutenant-Generalship in March of the present year. This will prove a most acceptable book to the public.

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

COUNSEL AND COMFORT, *Spoken from a City Pulpit.* By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Somewhat graver, these sermons are, as their title indicates, than the essays with which we all who love good reading, have now become so familiar. But the same hand which penned those essays penned these sermons, the same kindly spirit prompted them, and the same freshness and geniality animates them. Beautiful and musical, gems of literary production, they are all the more valuable for the deep religious tone which pervades them.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: *Iron-Workers and Tool-Makers.* By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," etc. Most of the chapters of this book are devoted, each to a brief biography of some distinguished mechanic or engineer. Smiles is so well known as a writer for the benefit of working men that we need enter into no full description of this volume. It is entertaining as well as instructive.

THE CAMPANER THAL, *and other Writings.* From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. The "Campaner Thal," or, Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, one of Richter's favorite productions, has been carefully translated for us by Juliette Bauer. Richter was engaged, we are told, at the time of his death, in enlarging and remodelling it. It is a characteristic work, heavy, most readers will call it, yet rich with thought and sentiment for such as care to dive beneath the mists of metaphorical expression. The production from which the book takes its name occupies only about one-fourth of its pages. The remainder is filled with miscellaneous matter from the same author, by different translators.

THE VEIL PARTLY LIFTED AND JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE. By W. H. Furness, author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels," "A History of Jesus," etc. This book has been written by one who has made the New Testa-

ment, and all that pertains to the history of Jesus, his especial study; by one who has studied every line, weighed every fact, and sifted out every falsity from record and tradition, according to his own best judgment. Such a man cannot fail to treat such a subject clearly, reverently, and edifyingly.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

REBEL RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES. Collected and edited by Frank Moore. This is a full and fair collection of the songs and ballads of the Southern people, illustrating the spirit which actuates them in their present rebellion. Most of them have appeared in Southern magazines and newspapers, though some are only copies of ballad sheets and songs circulated in their armies.

From B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.:—

UNION LEAGUE MELODIES. An excellent collection of patriotic hymns and tunes, by Rev. J. W. Dadman.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIN, 606 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE PROPHET OF FIRE: *or, The Life and Times of Elijah, with their Lessons.* By J. A. Macduff, D. D., author of "Memoirs of Gennesaret," "Morning and Night Watches," "Mind and Words of Jesus," etc. This work is a masterpiece of word painting; the awful scenes in the life of the great prophet stand out like living realities. We feel the truth of Divine Inspiration in the Bible narrative, thus illustrated, with deeper convictions of God's mercy to his chosen people, and with a firmer faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a wonderful book; we hope it will be widely read.

THE FORTY DAYS AFTER OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION. By the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D., author of "The Last Day of our Lord's Passion." The deep interest felt by all true Christians in tracing out all the works and words of our Blessed Saviour will find much satisfaction as well as help from this interesting work.

THE CHRIST OF HISTORY: *An Argument grounded in the facts of His Life on Earth.* By John Young, LL. D. There was never more need of the firm faith in Christ as our "Lord and our God," than at the present time, when unbelief in the Bible and pride in human reason are uttering their "great, swelling words" against His Divinity. This work of Mr. Young meets the question in a manner never before set forth with such clearness and cogency. It is a remarkable book, and should be read by every man and woman who values the Christian religion as the best inheritance of humanity.

THE POST OF HONOR. By the author of "Broad Shadows of Life's Pathway," "Doing and Suffering," etc. This will be a very interesting work for young people, particularly; its lessons of ambition are intended to uplift the heart and mind after "the honor that cometh from God." The Madagascar persecution affords the groundwork of the story and the truth of its moral.

LUCETTA AND THE ABBE: *or, Reading the Bible.* By Adolphe Monod, D. D. The distinguished scholar and shining Christian Divine who wrote this book has, by his genius and faith in the Bible, given an absorbing interest to the story. It was written for the French Protestants, who have often had great obstacles and many doubts to overcome before they could feel free to read the Bible as their inspired guide to the true faith in Jesus Christ. This work must have great influence in other countries.

Even to us it will give new interest to the "Book of books." We shall feel more deeply the invaluable privilege of the open Bible in our homes. This is the result the writer sought; to draw all who can read to the Bible, was his most important object.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

SATAN'S DEVICES AND THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY.
By Rev. William L. Parsons, A. M., Pastor of the Congregational Church, Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. The work aims to be a sort of "hand-book" for all who would "fight the good fight of faith;" so says the author in his sensible and earnest preface. Mr. Parsons holds the Bible teaching to be true, that mankind has a wicked, relentless, and terrible enemy—even Satan "the father of lies"—whose temptations and deceivings must be resisted and overcome, or destruction will follow. It is a *live* book, and those who are in earnest to understand the Bible doctrine concerning the "Old Serpent," whose subtle devices wrought such woe in Eden, will find much instruction in this book. To women, its teachings are of importance, as Satan is their proclaimed enemy. "*I will put enmity between thee and the woman,*" said the Lord God to the tempter in Eden. Is not this "enmity" of Satan against the woman seen in the miserable condition of the feminine sex in every part of the world, except where the "seed of the woman," Christ Jesus, has broken the bonds? Rev. Mr. Parsons has not noticed this important portion of Satan's devices; we trust he will do this in his next edition.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: *or, Year book of Facts in Science and Art for 1864.* Exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geography, Antiquities, etc. Together with notes on the progress of science during the year 1863: a list of recent Scientific publications; obituaries of eminent scientific men, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M., M. D., author of "Natural Philosophy," "Principles of Chemistry," "First Principles of Geology," etc. We have given the whole title as the best description of this multifarious work. It will be a mine of useful and curious information in all households. Pp. 351, price \$1 50.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JUNE, 1864.

THE last number of the *thirty-fourth* year of the Lady's Book. Can any magazine challenge that? Thirty-four years of uninterrupted success, every year increasing, until now it has grown unto the largest circulation of any magazine in the United States.

Our first plate, "A Helping Hand to the Aged," a timely and beautiful plate.

Look at the Fashion-plate in this number. Independent of its worth as a fashion, it is beautiful as a picture.

It will be seen that we devote a large portion of this number, as promised last month, to fashions for children's dresses. Next month we shall give our usual variety.

"NOBODY TO BLAME," by Marion Harland, increases in interest as it progresses. What a world of inquiry there is to know what the conclusion is to be!

FASHIONS FROM A. T. STEWART & Co.—We are again favored by this celebrated house with early fashions for the summer months. No other magazine possesses this advantage. Our subscribers by this contribution receive the fashions down to the latest dates. The house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, is known to be in possession of the latest dates of fashionable intelligence.

A JOVIAL HOST.—Everybody has heard of Trenton Falls, in the State of New York, and if they have not been there they should go at once. Now is the season, or more properly next month will be the proper time. "Moore's" is the great house of the place; but there is another hotel kept by our friend Joy, and an excellent name it is for a host, and well does our fat friend deserve the name. Although arriving there before the season, we were received with joy, and by Joy—and a pleasant time we had, equally pleased with the Falls, our hotel, our host, and his excellent family. We were sent on our way in the morning re-joy-cing behind a spauking pair of grays, and in all the beauty of an April snow storm.

THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME.—There is but little diminution in the amount of subscribers received. We never tell the secrets of our business, or we could astonish many of the trade with the daily number of subscribers received.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY is a most decided success. No opportunity has ever before been offered to the American public to receive so much good music at so moderate a price. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Musical Monthly will both be sent one year on receipt of five dollars.

HOW TRUE.—An old man said, "When I was young, I was poor; when old, I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

BRODIE continues to furnish us with his admirable fashions. Will our lady subscribers call on Brodie when they visit New York? He is in Canal Street, just round the corner from Broadway. Any one can tell them, for every one in New York knows where Brodie is to be found.

NEW MANUFACTURING FIRM.—Mr. Oakley Purdy, who has been for several years connected with the American Telegraph Company of this city, and well known to the business community, has resigned his position in that office for the purpose of associating with Mr. Sidney Deming, late correspondent of the Associated Press with the Army of the Potomac, in the extensive manufacture of a new article of vinegar from corn. The firm have erected extensive works for the purpose of carrying on their business, and we doubt not but that they will be enabled to extend their trade in this important article as fully as their utmost expectations go.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—There are some men who are born to keep a hotel, and can do it. But this is an easy matter to publishing an illustrated paper; but this Demorest can do, as is shown by his weekly issue of one of the most splendid and profusely illustrated papers in the United States.

CONGRESS HALL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Let us advise all our friends, who are fond of the comforts of a good hotel, to choose this one when visiting the good city of Rochester. It is kept by Mr. H. D. Scranton, a worthy host, with a most able assistant. The table is excellent, the bed-rooms large, neat, and very clean; the situation, in immediate contiguity to the depot. We were charmed with the house, its host, and its situation. From this hostelry you can see some of the business of Rochester. This reminds us of a story we once heard of a Rochesterian, who, in the early days of that now great city, went on a visit to New York. It was in the days of the canal, which gave the earliest impetus to Rochester. Well, he went and returned, and upon being questioned as to what the city of New York looked like, replied, "Well, boys, to tell you the truth, it put me more in mind of Rochester than any place I have ever seen."

THE following is a parody on Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem of "Abou Ben Adhem":—

Mrs. Ben Blikins (may she ne'er grow less)
Awoke one night with nightmare, in distress,
And saw within the quiet of her room—
While from his meerscham poured a rich perfume—
Her Blikins writing in a little book;
Excessive sharpness made her keenly look,
And to her Benja wonderingly she said—
"What are you writing?" Blikins raised his head,
And, with a smile, expressing more than words,
Replied, "The names of those who love their lords."
"And is mine one?" said she; "Nay, ne'er a show."
Then, with a voice significantly low,
She said, "Take up your pencil, now, my pet,
And write me one who loves to make 'em fret."
Blikins thus wrote and vanished in the night,
But came in soon with a big camphine light,
And lo! among the names, a fret contest,
Mrs. B. Blikins' name led all the rest.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *March 22d*, 1864.

DEAR MR. GODEY: After enjoying the exquisite delights of the April number, I feel impelled to contribute a mite to some future book. I have a little daughter of five years who is very fond of going abroad ("like the generality of her sex," I think I hear some spiteful old bachelor interpolate), and in consequence of which penchant, is quite observant of the state of the atmosphere. The other morning, after a series of days in which we had been blessed with veritable poetry in the shape of weather, she ran, as is her custom on rising, to the window, when lo! the face of nature was changed, the "rain came down in slanting lines," as Alex. Smith has it. After gazing awhile disconsolately, "Papa," said she, "is this a nice day?" "Oh yes," said papa. Again she turned her hazel eyes with rather a doubtful expression on the rainy, mist-blurred scene without. "Well! but, papa," said she, "isn't it a *fady* day?" I had some verses to send with this epistle; but understanding that you were blessed with a superabundance of such articles, I refrain. Aint you glad?

P. S. I have just almost finished one of your beautiful embroidery patterns, which is much admired, and shall commence one of those new ones contained in the last "Book," when I get through with it.

Yours, etc., J. D. L.

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

A GEM PICTURE FOR ALL.—We are in receipt of one of NELLIE WILLIAMS's new *Gem Pictures* of herself, set on photograph card to suit any album, and said to be a perfect likeness of Nellie, a little girl who publishes in the village of Penfield, Monroe County, N. Y., the *Penfield Extra*. She was eleven years of age when she commenced the publication, which has been prolific and self-sustaining from the commencement to the present time. Nellie is now in her fifteenth year, and stands only four feet eight inches in her boots; she has, since eleven years of age, supported and educated her motherless sisters, and assisted in supporting an invalid father from the avails of her little paper, which subscription price is only fifty cents a year.

We have been solicited to say, which we most cheerfully do, that Nellie will send one of her *Gem Pictures*, free of postage, to any person inclosing to her address *ten cents*, or she will send three pictures for twenty-five cents.

WE think there is a slight error in the following, which we cut from an English paper:—

"The terror of the great desert of Sahara is being removed by the application of science. In 1860, five wells had been opened, bringing *fish* to the surface from the depth of five hundred feet. Vegetation is springing up around the wells, and the desert will 'blossom like the rose.'"

We think it was water that was brought to the surface, as that is the article for which wells are opened. Fish would rather tend to make a person thirsty.

It is said of a certain acting Brigadier, in his march through Missouri, whenever they halted near a settlement, his first orders were to have his own tent set, and a guard placed around it. Then he harangued the soldiers thus: "Boys, I go to sleep for *tree* hours; I not know anything what you do," and ordering the guard to call him in "three hours," he disappeared in his tent. Then everything broke loose; the soldiers availed themselves to the utmost of their liberty, and by the time the General's nap was done, a great crowd had gathered round to make complaints, for all the inhabitants had, had to suffer. The General's answer invariably was, "Too bad, too bad, I will have a guard set right away."

WE ask attention to the Fashion Editor's advertisement on the cover of this number.

A WORD TO WRITERS.—The great length of many of the articles on hand prevents our giving them an early insertion. If writers would give us short articles, they would be published much sooner. Racy and to the point, not abounding in description about the beauty of the parties, which most persons skip, but go into the story at once, and, if possible, avoid making the heroine a school-teacher or a governess.

BEFORE our President probably dreamed of being President, he was travelling with a friend of ours in Kansas. They came to a little stream; he inquired the name. "Weeping Water!" said another passenger in the stage. "Weeping Water," he repeated; "Minnie *boo hoo*, then," which raised a shout, recalling "Minnie ha ha," or "Laughing Water," in Minnesota.

THE lady making the request for instruction in Grecian Painting, in our March number, can receive information on the subject by applying to Miss L. M. Aldrich, No. 709 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly, for June.—Among the contents of this month's number of the *Monthly* is another of Brinley Richards' charming piano-forte compositions, the fourth that we have published in this year's volume. It is a beautiful arrangement of the gems of Balfe's new Opera, *The Puritan's Daughter*, charming in the original melodies of the composer, and in the arrangement of them by the transcriber. Our subscribers everywhere are delighted with the compositions of Brinley Richards. One lady writes, "Give us a new one every month," and a celebrated professor says, speaking of *The Soldier's Chorus*, in the March number, "I consider it one of the grandest arrangements ever made." We also publish in the June number a beautiful new song, *Oh say that you ne'er will Forget Me*, composed for the *Monthly* by Jas. M. Stewart, author of the charming song, *We met and talked of Other Days*, which was so popular in the *Monthly* last year. Our friends will perceive that whether it is for the songs and ballads given from month to month, or for the transcriptions, or the opera music, or the polkas and waltzes, every one will find something to his taste, and enough of it to more than pay for the cost of subscription. Add to this the beauty of the publication, and the fact that it is the only musical periodical published printed from engraved plates as sheet music is printed, with title pages to correspond, and it will not be wondered at that the *Monthly* is the favorite of the Musical public, old and young, teacher and pupil. Notwithstanding the constantly increasing rise in price of all printing material, we shall still adhere to the old terms for the present, viz: 1 copy 1 year, \$3 00; 4 copies 1 year, \$10 00. Four months' numbers will be sent, free of postage, for \$1 00. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—S. Brainard & Co., the extensive publishers of Cleveland, Ohio, have just issued Kucken's beautiful *Cradle Song*, 25 cents. In the *Starlight*, splendid duet by Glover, 40. *The Darkies' Rally*, comic song by Partridge, 35. *Juanita*, new edition, 25. *Watching all Alone*, 25. *How are You*, Telegraph? comic, 25. *Evangeline*, with beautiful lithographic title, 35.

Also, the following pieces: *Tete a Tete Galop*, by Kinkel, with beautiful colored lithographic title, 50 cents. *Sanitary Fair Grand March*, by Schneider, a grand composition and just in season for the many Sanitary Fairs now being held, 50. *Karl Merz's* elegant transcription of *Do They Think of Me at Home*, 35. *Console Toi*, by Runnel, 25. *Baumbach's* transcription of *Evangeline*; this is a most beautiful and showy composition, 35. *Le Manceantiller*, *Serenade*, by the distinguished composer and pianist, *Gottschalk*, fingered, 50. Our Governor's *Schottische*, very pretty and easy piece by Rink, 25. *Rigoletto de Verdi*, *Grand Paraphrase de Concert*, by F. Liszt; this is a magnificent composition of fifteen closely printed pages, intended for far advanced players, 75. *Alpine Melody*, by the celebrated composer, W. V. Wallace, 35. Also the same arranged for four hands, 50; this is a splendid composition whether as a solo or duet. Altogether the above list is well worthy the attention of our friends.

We have just published new editions of *Forget Thee*, beautiful song by Balfe; *O Ye Tears*, by Franz Abt; *Home of my Youth*, by Glover; *Among the Roses*, *Beautiful Valley*, *At the Gate*, and *The Minstrel's Grave*. Each 25 cents.

Any music in the "Column" sent to any address on receipt of price. Address,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A VERY good story is told of the Marquis de Boissy, that original speaker and declaimer against England and the English, who acts in the French Senate somewhat the part of the jester of old in the courts of kings.

"It appears that being invited to the fancy ball at the Duc de Bassano, and being determined *not* to purchase a costume for the occasion, he ferreted out from an ancient wardrobe a suit which had formerly belonged to and been worn by his grandfather. Habituated in this somewhat faded attire, bewigged and powdered, he made his entrance, and was quickly recognized in the brilliant saloons of the Pavillon Mersau. A titter ran through the circles around him; some friends even suggested a hint or two on his roquaco and eccentric appearance, all of which he bore with imperturbable gravity. At last the Emperor, who had been told of the strange figure of the choleric old senator was cutting, came up to him, and after a few words of greeting, said: 'But, Monsieur le Marquis, what a strange-looking coat you have put on!' 'Well, Sire,' answered the marquis, looking fixedly at Prince Murat, who was standing close to the Emperor, and is a hugely fat man, 'if every one else here attempted to wear their grandfather's coats, I think they would cut a far more stange figure here than I do!'"

Who about New Jersey does not remember our 'fat friend' Murat. Many of the innkeepers about Bordentown knew him well, and it is said to their cost. If all the court is like this same Murat, what a nice set they must be? De Boissy, mentioned above, married the Countess Guccioli, and every one knows what she was.

TILTON'S NEW DRAWING CARDS. "COPIES FROM NATURE, FOR YOUNG ARTISTS."—A beautiful series of picturesque sketches for the pencil. They have been long needed, and teachers and pupils will gladly welcome their appearance. Price 50 cents. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, Publishers.

A CORRESPONDENT has asked us to correct an erroneous quotation often used, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." He says it is, "When Greek join'd Greek, then was the tug of war," signifying the formidable character of a contest when Greeks united for a common object. The vulgar reading is erroneous, and entirely reverses the meaning. It is from Lee's *Alexander the Great*.

ORIGIN OF "SALLY LUNN."—Mr. Gronow called some half century ago on the Countess of Buckingham at Pimlico: "Chocolate and teacakes were served to our party, when Lady Harrington related a curious anecdote about those cakes. She said her friend Madame de Narbonne, during the emigration, determining not to live upon the bounty of foreigners, found means to amass money enough to enable her to open a shop in Chelsea, not far from the then fashionable balls of Renelagh. It has been the custom in France, before the Revolution, for young ladies, in some noble families, to learn the art of making preserves and pastry; accordingly, Madame de Narbonne commenced her operations under the auspices of some of her acquaintances; and all those who went to Renelagh made it a point of stopping and buying some of her cakes. Their fame spread like lightning throughout the West-end, and orders were given to have them sent for breakfast and tea in many great houses in the neighborhood of St. James's. Madame de Narbonne employed a Scotch maid-servant to execute her orders. The name of this woman was 'Sally Lunn,' and ever since a particular kind of teacake has gone by that name."—*Captain Gronow's Memoirs*.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—We have ceased to send them. They so often miscarry that we are tired of the complaints.

TRAVELLING IMPRESSIONS OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.

EVERY one remembers the Japanese Ambassadors who last year visited France and England. We have not forgotten their inquisitive curiosity. Truly these impassioned personages should not have forgotten a single incident of the entirely new spectacle which presented itself to their eyes. It was everywhere remarked with what avidity they listened to and took notes of the explanations of their interpreter. On their return home they hastened to arrange these notes, which have just been printed at Jeddo. A Frenchman who has lived there for some time, on seeing this book, immediately translated and sent us the introduction, which we give word for word, persuaded that it will be interesting to our readers.

HISTORY OF THE TRAVELS OF THE JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS IN EUROPE. Published at Jeddo, March 25, 1863. By Fou-yah.

INTRODUCTION.

The races of the West all closely resemble each other. They all clothe themselves in the same manner, cut with the same ceremonies, etc. They differ little in the darkness of their complexion and color of their hair. Their arms are the same. The French appear to value them more than their neighbors, and we were told that they are the most skilled in their use. In truth, the movements of the French soldiers do appear more lively and active than those of the soldiers of the other nations. Their sabres are much inferior to ours, but they do not appear to attach much importance to them, and prefer fire-arms. We never saw sword or spear exercise; to make up for this they attach a sort of sabre to the end of their guns, and use it where we use the spear.

Their rites or ceremonies appear very light, although it would be wrong to say that there are none; but the most striking thing about them is, that these ceremonies are almost the same for personages of rank as for ordinary men. They lift their hat, and make a slight movement of the head; such is the salutation for every one. It would appear that there is little respect for, or distinction of class. Thus, in our audience with the Emperor of France and other Sovereigns, their Majesties were not separated from us by any veil. The consort of the Sovereign was even there, neither veiled nor concealed, seated on a seat as high as that of her husband. Notwithstanding this, the nobles were extremely polite in France: even too much so, sometimes, especially at dinner, where, in order to please them, it was necessary to eat and drink more than was agreeable. As to the other men they are less polite. The greater number stared at and touched us, and passed remarks on us in our hearing; nor did they conceal that they thought us very ugly.

Of the women, some are very handsome—for example, the Empress. They are, however, in general less so than in America. Their noses are sometimes higher than those of the men; they walk like men, taking long steps; look men in the face, and laugh a great deal, sometimes very loud. In order to make themselves look taller, they make their bonnets stick up above their heads. Even the modest women dance a great deal. They hook on to the arms of the men; and there are days when every man has a woman hanging on his arm. Are they their own wives? We think so. In general the women enjoy great liberty. What we say of the women of France applies to those of all Europe. The latter, with the exception of the Dutch, are inferior to the French. We will not speak of their costume; it is impossible to understand it. In the evenings it is not always decent.

The men are stiff and a little proud or rough. However, the respectable as well as the lower classes carry no arms. A respectable man seldom carries about him any marks of his rank. It would seem that all classes—even the upper ones—frequent cafes. Even the superior officers go to the theatre, for which they have a great passion. We have regretted more than once not having understood what was said there. Almost every one was armed with opera-glasses, which were often directed at us—doubtless through absence of mind.

The shopkeepers are haughty, and saluted us only in a very middling degree. They did not like us to derange the articles in their shops much, and doubtless reckoned on our buying a great deal from them. We were able to see that the mechanicians and useful tradesmen were more respected than the mere shopkeepers.

The articles of diet are almost the same as with us; however, they eat but little rice and fish, but, on the other hand, much meat and pastry. We were extremely disgusted at Paris and elsewhere to see beef and mutton still bloody exposed in the most public shops. To eat beef is often medicinally useful, but why present it to the eyes of all the world? Is it not sinful thus to despise so useful an animal? It was truly shocking to several of our party.

However, the cookery of the French is good, and their wine excellent. The wine is the best thing they have, and does not yield in anything to our "saki" (a drink made from fermented rice).

The dress of the men appears at first ridiculous and curtailed; however, it must be convenient and economical.

In Paris as in London, every one walks very fast, as with us when there is a fire. Their houses are so high that they must fall on the first earthquake; they appear, nevertheless, to be proof against fire. We will speak of the marvellous things we saw in the order in which we saw them.

The name of the Deity is spelled with four letters in a majority of languages. In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Aden; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idgy; Spanish, Dias; East Indian, Egsi or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Irish, Dieh; Arabian, Alla.

A WOMAN has been arrested at Woolwich, England, for marrying five husbands. When informed of the many proofs of her delinquencies, she replied, "that when she had done her bit of imprisonment, she had no fear of not getting another husband or two to comfort her."

MR. GODEY:—

My nearest neighbor, Mr. A., has a charming daughter, who frequently electrifies us with her original remarks. Speaking of a gentleman who became reduced in circumstances, and desiring to convey an idea of his former opulence, she said, in her brief, bright way, "Why, you may know how rich he was when I tell you that he boarded his dog at a hotel, the St. ———!"

Aiming at one of her sisters, who was present, whose hair stubbornly refuses to curl, M. said: "Now, there is L——, she would give the world for a curl, you know. Well, not long ago, she tortured her hair through half the night to get a curl made, and, at last, when she thought she had a dear little thing of a curl, what does she do but cut it off and wrap it up in a piece of paper to look at, when as a matter of course it was as straight as a stick the next morning!"

After reading her a homily on "company," and beaux, generally, one night, I ventured to hope that she would remain at home until her parents permitted her to select a life partner. Breaking out into a ringing laugh, "Dear, no! I'd rather drown myself. There are two rivers handy (meaning the A—— and the M——), and rather than live to be an old maid I'll drown myself in both of them." L.

THE GENIUS OF TAILORING.—A rich manufacturer of Sedan, somewhat remarkable for stinginess, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A hundred and fifty francs." He thought this rather dear. "I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. Just as you like, sir," replied the tailor. The coat having been sent, the manufacturer asked what he had to pay for making it. "A hundred and fifty francs," was again the answer. "But I furnished the cloth." "Sir," said the tailor, solemnly, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

A CLASSIC TOILET.—According to testimony which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shone upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Cæsars, when she opened her eyes in the morning, or rather, let us say, as she appeared in the morning, for before she opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass's milk, which had dried during the night, and consequently presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass's milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs, and so strong was the belief in the efficacy of the specific, that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a single day. As for Poppæa, the favorite wife of Nero, she never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of she-asses, that she might bathe whenever she pleased so to do. The plaster of Paris bust having wakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it into perfect beauty. To clear the field for further operations, the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm ass's milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face to be colored by more recondit artists. The slave whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks, delicately laid on the red and white, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The apparent nastiness of this operation was diminished by the consumption of a certain number of scented lozenges, which, if the slave neglected to take, she suffered corporeal punishment.

AN exchange says that very soon people of moderate means will be able to tell on which side their bread is buttered.

FANS IN FRANCE.—It was in the thirteenth century that fans were introduced into France; but instead of being articles of domestic ornament or use, they were, by the pilgrims who brought them, consecrated to divine service; and the Benedictines state that the priests made use of a fan called *stabelleum* to keep the flies from falling into the chalice. This custom was of long continuance. The Greek church has retained it, and it figures even in the Pope's mass as a remnant of the past. It was not till the sixteenth century that the Italian perfumers, who came into France with Catherine De Medicis, brought fans into domestic use. The women wore them at that time suspended to the neck by gold chains, and the Imperial library possesses one of elaborate workmanship which belonged to Diana of Poitiers. Henry Third and his favorites brought the fan into great vogue. Louis Fourteenth organized the fan makers into a guild. During the reign of this king, and that of Louis Fifteenth, the fan was an indispensable article of a lady's toilet; and the painters of the eighteenth century, Lancret, Boucher, Patel, Watteau, Fragonard, did not disdain to furnish for fans an immense number of their most graceful compositions.

THERE has been an agricultural exhibition at Alipore, in India, and the native ladies wanted to see it. As they must never be seen by any male outside of their own families, the grounds were cleared of the conflicting sex at sunset, and the ladies visited them by moonlight.

WADSWORTH says that "the tall mountains sleep night and day alike." Certainly the very tall ones always have their white nightcaps on.

THE "DRESSOIR."—We moderns have exiled to the kitchen a noble piece of furniture, which formed one of the most conspicuous objects in the *salons* of the French chateaux. This is the "*dressoir*," a sideboard rising to some height, with shelves one above another, on which were displayed the gold and silver vessels, costly vases, candlesticks, and other choice ornaments of their owners. The height of these dressoirs was fixed by etiquette. A noble of a certain rank was entitled to use a dressoir of three stages, whilst those of a lower rank were obliged to content themselves with two. Marie de Bourgoyne, as daughter of the Count de Charolias, had five *d'gres* to her *dressoir*; but the queens of France were alone entitled to a similar height. Ladies of rank, on the occasion of the births of their children, ceremoniously kept to their chambers for fifteen days; and these they decorated with all the articles "*de luxe*" at their command. Their dressoirs were covered with bordered linen, or embroidered velvet; and upon the various shelves, which receded in breadth till they terminated in a dorsal, they placed vases of crystal, ornamented with gold and precious stones, ewers of gold and silver, bowls, silver candelabra, and sweet-meat boxes (*drageoirs*) of gold, enriched with precious stones. Persons coming to see Madame partook of these sweets as well as of wine. When the dressoir was so constructed as to admit of its being drawn up to the dining-table, or placed in the centre of a chamber, it was called a *buffet*.

A NEW ZEALAND physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people upon their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of the blood," replied that she would certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.

WORST TIME FOR TAKING LUNCHEON.—Of luncheons, the worst are those taken a short time previous to the hour of rest in the evening. It is the sure way to produce restlessness and sleeplessness at night, and dullness and headache in the morning. It is, indeed, the very worst time in the twenty-four hours for taking food. It is the original cause of those late suppers, which are indulged in by many of the wealthy and luxurious, and which are pre-eminent in the list of indulgences that shorten life. "Carden observes that he had conversed with many persons who had lived to be a hundred years of age, and they all declared to him that they had made it a rule to eat little at night." It is like loading your horse with a heavy additional burden after he has been toiling all day, and is weakened by fatigue; or like filling up the mill hopper, when the water is nearly run out. People may tell us that they cannot sleep without this luncheon, or supper, just before bedtime; but they may rest assured that a persevering indulgence in it will, ere long, bring on that sleep which knows no waking.

AN English writer on American scenery:—

"The other side is a series of frowning bluffs, as we see in pictures of American prairies."

An American does not usually see "frowning bluffs on American prairies."

OUR NEEDLES.—New subscribers are informed that we furnish 100 of the best needles of all sizes for 30 cents, and a three cent stamp to pay return postage. We have sold millions of these needles, and they have given great satisfaction. They are the diamond drilled-eyed needles, and of the best English manufacture.

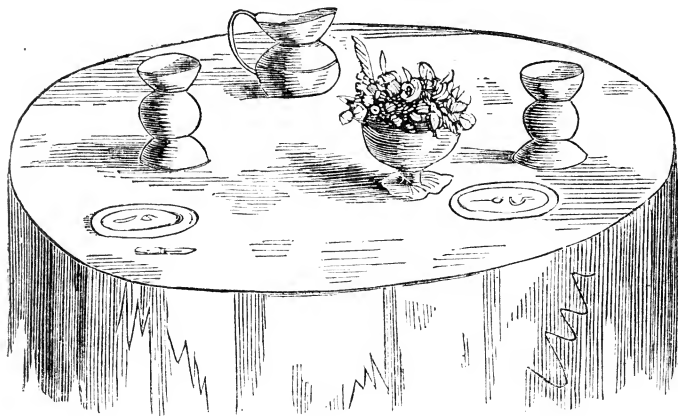
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

FRUIT FIGURES.

A WINE TANKARD.

Required—An Orange, and a small piece of Whalebone (or cane).

Directions.—Cut the rind of the orange carefully all round, as though you were going to cut the orange in half. Pass the blade of the fruit-knife very carefully be-



tween the rind and the fruit, so as to loosen it; but be sure not to pass it too far up, as it must not be separated from the orange. Turn the top half of the peel carefully up, so that it may form a kind of cup; bend it into as tasty a shape as you can. Make the ends of the whalebone (or cane) as thin as you can; bend it into the shape of a pretty handle, and insert the ends carefully between the peel and the fruit. Remember the handle is not for real use. You may hold it as the young lady in the picture holds it when you invite; but when the invitation is accepted, help your companions by taking hold of the orange so that you seem to use the handle. Serve orange-wine (or water) as gracefully as you can.

ORANGE WINE CUPS.

Required—Oranges and skill.

Directions.—Cut the peel carefully round, as though you intended to cut the oranges in halves. Insert the blade of the fruit-knife very carefully under the top half, so as to loosen the peel; but do not let the blade go too far, as you must not separate the peel entirely from the fruit. Do the same with the lower half. Turn the two halves, one up, and the other down, as you see in the picture. The lower half will form the foot of the cup, the upper half will hold the wine (or water).

Now look at the picture. Master Alphonso Gibbons says to Miss Selina Skirtly, "May I have the honor of taking wine with you, Miss?" Miss Skirtly smiles sweetly, bows pleasantly, tries not to blush, and says, "Thank you, sir." They then take their cups, bow to each other very politely, and drink—not too much.

SILHOUETTES.

EVEN in these enlightened days, when the art of photography has advanced so very near to perfection, there are still some old-fashioned people who cling with fondness to these silhouettes.

One great thing in their favor is, that the least clever among us may, with a little patience and a steady hand, find in them a pleasing recreation, and soon become adroit in their execution.

But there may be some of our young readers who scarcely know what a silhouette is, and such unenlightened persons we will endeavor briefly to instruct in the almost forgotten art.

A few sheets of drawing paper, a pencil, and a lamp, are all the essentials needed to commence operations.

The operator first fixes a sheet of paper to the wall, by

inserting a pin at each corner. Then the person whose likeness, or "silhouette," is to be taken, is seated in a chair, close to the wall, in such a position as to throw a distinct shadow of his profile (as near life-size as possible) on the centre of the paper. To secure steadiness a wine-glass, or some such support, is placed between his head and the wall—for the slightest movement often causes failure. Having arranged these matters satisfactorily, the operator proceeds to sketch, with a pencil, the head and profile of the "sitter;" and this requires a steady hand and some dispatch, as it is no easy matter to sit in one position for a great length of time perfectly motionless. When the sketch is concluded, little skill will be needed to bring the task to an end.

The operator has only, with a sharp pen-knife, to cut out the head in the line of the pencil-mark. The centre part is then thrown aside, and the other paper laid on a piece of black cloth, which throws out the features boldly, and, if sufficient care has been taken, a striking likeness will be the reward.

A large collection of these silhouettes is always a source of much fun, and many a hearty laugh has been caused by displaying them. When the features are unusually striking and original, the silhouettes generally turn out more of a caricature than a likeness. A snub-nose, for instance, has always a ludicrous appearance; so has a fierce Roman, especially if accompanied by an imposing moustache and a beard. Ladies' profiles, as a rule, have

not so great a variety as gentlemen's, chiefly on account of the capillary adornments of the latter; but then, of course, they have their counter-charms, and politeness prompts me to say they are by far the most interesting.

Much pleasing speculation may be made on the mental capacity of the heads before you, or rather of the owners of their originals. If you believe in the science of phrenology, you may compare your friend's intellectual, moral, and animal propensities; if you do *not*, you may still read their characters in their features; for we are all of us, to a greater or less degree, disciples of Lavater, and believe that the "human face divine" is the index to the heart. Thus, you see, quite an intellectual recreation may be made out of what some deem a trifling pastime.

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. W. W. D.—Sent pattern March 21st.

Miss E. W.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. N. B. C.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. R. G. R.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. S. McG.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. E. B. W.—Sent pattern 15th.

Mrs. E. P. T.—Sent gent's hair pin 24th.

Miss S. H.—Sent pattern 24th.

A. C.—Sent gent's hair pin 24th.

Miss V. L.—We do not furnish receipts for depilatories. We have said so over and over again. They are all dangerous, and do no good. A celebrated writer says:—

"I certainly did succeed in causing the hair to fall off my lip, but it grew again stronger than ever. The fact is, you cannot stop the growth of the hair without destroying the hair-follicles. I have grown wiser since the days in which I instituted experiments on my *corpus vilum*. Be persuaded by me, cease experimenting on your forehead, and be content to wear your hair where it has pleased Nature to bestow it."

Mrs. G. W.—Sent skirt elevator 24th.
 L. A.—Sent skirt elevator 24th.
 Mrs. B. S. M.—Sent articles by express 24th.
 Miss A. B. J.—Sent pattern 25th.
 Miss E. Z.—Sent pattern 25th.
 Miss J. E. S.—Sent pattern 25th.
 J. C. de H.—Sent articles 25th.
 Miss M. S.—Sent cloak by express 25th.
 Mrs. A. C. S.—Sent pattern 25th.
 Mrs. J. H.—Sent pattern 28th.
 Mrs. E. B. C.—Sent articles 28th.
 Mrs. E. M. A.—Sent pattern 28th.
 Miss A. C. W.—Sent hair nets 29th.
 R. C. B.—Sent pattern 29th.
 M. Q.—Sent pattern 29th.
 Mrs. K. G.—Sent dress shields 29th.
 Mrs. W. J. E.—Sent pattern 29th.
 Mrs. F. W. L.—Sent pattern 29th.
 Mrs. L. E. F.—Sent pattern 31st.
 Mr M. A. H.—Sent pattern 31st.
 Mrs. T. C. L.—Sent gold buckle 31st.
 Mrs. H. H.—Sent pattern April 1st.
 Mrs. M. A. H.—Sent pattern 1st.
 Mrs. H. G. P.—Sent lace 2d.
 S. W. L.—Sent pattern 2d.
 Miss A. M. R.—Sent hair ring 2d.
 Mrs. A. N. W.—Sent pattern 2d.
 Mrs. L. T. P.—Sent pattern 2d.
 Miss E. E.—Sent dress shields 2d.
 Miss J. A. H.—Sent dress shields and pattern 2d.
 Miss J. F.—Sent pattern 2d.
 Mrs. R. T. W.—Sent patterns 4th.
 Mrs. J. W. J.—Sent patterns 5th.
 R. R.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Mrs. F. H.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Mrs. A. F. J.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Mrs. H. F. B.—Sent patterns 5th.
 Miss A. W.—Sent patterns 5th.
 F. E. B.—Sent pattern 6th.
 Miss C. M.—Sent hair ring 8th.
 Mrs. J. H.—Sent cuffs, etc. 8th.
 A. B. J.—Sent hair chain 8th.
 Mrs. E. P.—Sent hair chain 8th.
 Mrs. M. M.—Sent dress shields 8th.
 Mrs. E. H. M.—Sent pattern 8th.
 G. H. B.—Sent pattern 8th.
 L. T.—Sent box of articles by express 9th.
 M. A. W.—Sent box of articles by express 13th.

A Subscriber of many years.—We thought we were doing every month the thing that you ask us now to do.

Miss E. R. W.—Even though it is leap-year, we should consider your conduct very improper.

A. V.—Three ways: Johnston, Johnson, and Jonson.

Mrs. G. G. S.—We consider gray hair very ornamental to a lady. Don't attempt to alter the color.

An Unfortunate.—We know of no remedy for your red nose. Perhaps it is tight lacing. That will cause it.

M.—We have nothing to say about lead combs. We don't use them. They profess to darken the hair permanently, and we presume they do.

M. E. H.—We have explained the term at least a dozen times.

Mrs. E. B. W.—Might possibly tell if we saw the engraving.

A Subscriber.—Pronounced *Bal-mo-ral*—accent on the first and last syllables.

S. Y. M.—No paper or journal published in this country devoted to chemistry. Many are published in England,

which you can import through Willmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau Street, New York.

C. W. T.—Very good; but can only be appreciated by those who know M. B.

M. A. A.—We have published every variety of what you ask. You should have commenced taking the Book earlier. We cannot oblige one only, when most of our subscribers have been already supplied.

One who expects to be a Bride.—The custom in England is for the bride to furnish her own trousseau; everything else required for housekeeping is considered as belonging to the bridegroom's department. In this country, everything depends upon the financial situation of the bride's family, and their generosity. There is no fixed rule. In Germany, Switzerland, and other parts of the continent, the household linen is supplied by the bride.

Miss S. R.—We published the whole art of making wax flowers many years ago with engravings. We think the whole was confined to twelve numbers of the Book. Tuition on the subject can be had in this city, or at least there formerly was a lady who taught on the subject.

Howard.—If you smell of musk as much as your letter does, we think that both ladies will be perfectly disgusted with you, and that will settle the question without difficulty.

E. J. S.—During the last year we published several receipts for making skeleton leaves. You must be a recent subscriber.

Mrs. J. C. G., Maine.—We welcome you back with pleasure, and thank you for your kind letter. The books have been sent.

"Constance" will appear in the July number.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor 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 Wriggins & 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 JUNE.

Fig. 1.—Costume for a wedding reception. Dress of a

very rich ruby silk, figured with black velvet. Corsage tight, and trimmed with black velvet. Mantle of white Yak lace, trimmed with camels'-hair tassels. Bonnet of white *crêpe*, trimmed with very light feathers and point lace. A fall of the latter droops over the brim in the Marie Stuart style. The inside trimming is of tulle and cerise flowers. White parasol, covered with rows of marabout fringe.

Fig. 2.—Dinner-dress. Black silk dress, trimmed with chenille tassels down the sides, and scalloped round the edge of the skirt. Bodice fitting tight, and sleeves trimmed with black velvet and chenille fringe. Stomacher of black velvet, bordered with white silk pipings. Tablier of black silk, scalloped and trimmed with chenille fringe. Under-skirt of a mauve silk, striped with black. Straw hat, with brim lined and turned up with mauve velvet. The trimming consists of a long white plume, scarlet flowers, and a short mauve plume.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white ground grenadine, figured with black, and trimmed in the pyramidal style on each breadth with ruffles of black and white silk, edged with a black and white silk ruching. The corsage is trimmed with silk ruchings to match the skirt. The girdle is a broad band of black silk, finished on each edge with ruchings, and fastened at the left side with a bow and ends. Leghorn hat, trimmed with a fan of blue velvet and a white plume.

Fig. 4.—Cuir-colored percale suit, stamped to resemble bands of guipure lace. The body is in the jacket style, and stamped with lace designs to match the skirt. Straw hat, with scalloped brim bound with black velvet, and trimmed with scarlet poppies and fancy grass.

Fig. 5.—Dress of imperial blue silk, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with a box-plaited ruffle, headed by a rose quilling of the silk. On each breadth of the dress is a fancy trimming of black lace insertion and velvet. The dress is made low in the neck, and with short sleeves. The jacket is in the Figaro style, made of figured black net, and trimmed with rows of thread lace. The coiffure is of black lace.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See engraving, page 509.)

Fig. 1.—Dress of buff *piqué*, stamped in a fancy design in black, and edged with a box-plaiting of black skirt braid. Fancy corsage, with bretelles made of black silk, trimmed with a quilling of black velvet. Plaid chenille net.

Fig. 2.—Fancy silk dress, trimmed with a very thick black chenille cord, sewed on in the Grecian pattern. The corsage is low, and worn over a white muslin guimpe with long sleeves. The hat is of gray straw, trimmed with green and blue velvet, and a tuft of peacock's feathers.

Fig. 3.—Boy's costume, consisting of loose pants of dark steel-colored alpaca. The jacket is of black cloth, embroidered in steel color. Shirt of white *piqué*, fastened up the front with coral buttons.

Fig. 4.—Boy's costume of gray cloth, trimmed with black braid.

Fig. 5.—Misses costume, consisting of a sea-green silk shirt, edged with a narrow fluted ribbon. A white Garibaldi, braided with black braid, and a chenille net composed of the most brilliant Tartan colors.

Fig. 6.—Boy's costume of cuir-colored *piqué*. The pants are loose, and trimmed with buttons at the side. Cuir-colored straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

In one of the volumes in the public library at Caen there are illustrations of more than two thousand different styles of arranging the hair, as adopted by ladies of antiquity. We think that the belles of the present day are endeavoring to out rival their ancient sisters; for the styles now in vogue are innumerable, and perfectly marvellous for their intricacy.

What is eccentric is no longer in bad taste; on the contrary, it is eagerly sought after. Novelty, whether becoming or not, is ever one of the principal charms of the toilet. The hair is padded, frizzed, rolled, waved, curled, plaited, and so much false hair is added, that the shape of the head is frequently entirely lost or undefined. Indeed, a classically shaped head is now rarely seen. The ball coiffures are frequently so elaborate that the beholder is lost in amazement.

For home, or *demie toilette*, the Grecian curls, or the waterfall with Alexandra curls, are the most appropriate and becoming styles. A new arrangement of the waterfall consists of three rolls laid one above the other, and generally caught up with an invisible net. Over this is tied a bright-colored ribbon or velvet with good effect. The front hair is worn in the Russian style. It is brushed over a cushion, and forms a circle over the forehead, or else rolls are arranged on each side, but so high that they have the appearance of a single rouleau.

As decorations for these elaborate ball coiffures, we notice clusters of beautifully frosted leaves, others covered with snow, glistening with prismatic colors at every movement of the head, also mother of pearl aigrettes, shells, and other devices. We fear, however, that mother of pearl and spun glass are destined to become common before the season is over, for on nearly every hat we see one or both of those novelties appear. The small Venetian shells arranged on velvet are much in favor, and these we think decidedly pretty.

Tulle scarfs are now worn in the hair, and this soft aerial material is generally found very becoming. Bands of velvet, studded with Venetian shells and arranged as fillets, are also much worn. Half torsosides of velvet trimmed with feathers, or insects made of *burgau*, also half wreaths, are among the newest headdresses. It would probably be well to add, that the half wreath is arranged on the side of the head, and falls in one long spray over the shoulders.

The Louis 15th wreath accords so well with the present coiffures, that it is exceedingly popular. The style is, for instance, a wreath of roses high in front, shallow at the sides, and directly at the back is one large rose with frosted leaves and frequently lumps of transparent ice. A long branch of buds and leaves trails on the shoulders.

Nets are still in vogue for *demie toilettes*, and those formed of straw, or plaid chenille and ribbons, are among the newest. They are generally trimmed in the coronet style and are quite dressy.

We think by fall, these exaggerated coiffures will have had their day, and in complete contradistinction to them the severe Grecian style will be adopted. The hair in this case is drawn very smoothly over the ears, and arranged at the back in a large massive knot very low on the neck. With this, the fillet should be worn. This style demands a pretty face, but that will be a minor consideration. If it is fashionable, that will be quite sufficient. It will be worn by all.

Round hats are now very generally adopted. Some of the prettiest we have seen were of cuir-colored straw,

trimmed with velvet and feathers to match. Others were of chip, straw, and imitation Leghorn, elaborately trimmed with spun glass, shells, plaid velvet, and feathers. Veils, or rather scarfs, of white or black lace, are frequently looped at the side of the hat, and fall as a streamer at the back. The hats we have seen were not as high and pointed as those of last season. The brim fits rather closely to the face, and the back of the brim droops, and is much longer than the front.

We noticed some very pretty hats trimmed with bands and loops of velvet in front, and a pointed cape of velvet edged with lace covering the brim at the back.

Little girls are wearing half gypsies of straw. These are rather pointed in front, flare much at the sides to display a full cap of lace and ribbons, and at the back turn up like a turban. Cased silk bonnets with inimitable muslin and lace crowns, trimmed with the lightest of feathers, are also among the Spring costumes for little girls. Muslin and lace caps of every description are worn, they are generally of the Marie Stuart shape, with quite deep capes at the back. They are highly trimmed with ribbons, and frequently a tiny bunch of bright flowers is nestled among the soft lace on one side.

Very little boys generally wear the Scotch toque, trimmed with bright plaids and a mother of pearl aigrette.

Mask veils are altogether worn. That is, the veil is drawn closely over the face, and fastened on top of the bonnet or hat with an insect pin. It is, however, difficult to arrange an ordinary veil in the mask style, on the small turban hats now so much worn by young ladies. We would therefore recommend the veil manufactured for the purpose, and just introduced by G. W. Vogel, of 1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. These veils are a little over a quarter of a yard wide, perfectly straight, and just sufficiently long to fit round the hat. For the Spanish hat there is another veil, which is decidedly novel. This has a hole in the centre, which passes over the crown of the hat; round this is a beading in which the elastic is run. The veil is pointed in front, and at the back, while the sides are shallow.

We were particularly struck with the Yak or mohair lace shawls, both in white and black. The designs were exquisite, and at a short distance they could hardly be distinguished from thread lace. They are very different in every respect from the articles brought out last year, being vastly superior. As the cost is moderate, they are very popular.

Real black thread shawls we think have attained perfection, for never have we seen anything so delicately fine as some we saw at the establishment of Mr. Vogel. They are beyond description.

We were also shown a number of Shetland shawls, both real and the ordinary kind. The latter are exceedingly pretty, and knit by machinery. Owing to competition they are quite cheap; what were sold last year for thirteen dollars can now be had for seven. The real Shetland is much more fleecy looking than the other kind. The shape also is different, having rounded ends, and being unusually large, draping round the figure like a mantle. The price of these shawls ranges from twenty-five to thirty dollars. This may at first seem high; but when enlightened as to their manufacture, the marvel is, how they can be sold so cheap. The wool for these shawls is not spun, it is washed and picked out into threads; these threads, which are not over a quarter of a yard in length, are tied together and knit by hand.

Points, or half shawls of the real Shetland are very elegant. Many other beautiful articles were shown us at this establishment, but we must pass on.

One of the latest styles both for silk and muslin neckties for gentlemen and ladies has the initial embroidered on the ends. Another style, but suited to ladies only, has a bug or butterfly of either black or white lace applied on the corners.

Very large buttons are now worn on dresses. On black dresses we see large white ivory buttons the size of an ordinary marble. With these should be worn an ivory breastpin and ear-rings, also an ivory comb. Mother of pearl combs have just appeared, and are highly ornamental, having somewhat the effect of opal by gas light.

Every day brings forth the freshest, and most charming tissues suited to the sultry weather which will soon be with us. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the organdies, the designs are both effective and graceful. On white grounds of the most cobweb like texture, we have seen the following designs: Branches of cherries of the natural size, rose-buds and stems just broken off, wheat-ears, sprays of sea-weed, coral branches, the graceful ostrich plume, pigeon feathers, shading most beautifully from mode to Magenta, and various other unexceptionable designs, which give quite a pictorial effect to the delicate, and tasteful fabrics. The robe organdies, which were always favorites, have now, owing to their increased expense, assumed a position of great importance. Their beauty, however, it is impossible, by description, to bring clearly before the eyes of our readers.

Among the eccentric designs on calicoes and cambries, are bugs, flies, and butterflies. The printed suits are very elegant. The much abused Grecian design still appears; but twisted so capriciously with flowers and figures, that it is difficult to recognize.

It is, however, essential to have some dresses that may be worn independently of the laundress; we would therefore mention among the beautiful thin goods—glacina, chambéry gauze, goat's hair taffetas, grenadine, and grenadine *barège*. These fabrics have appeared in the new and most delicate shades, and are of the most approved patterns.

There is also an extensive display of thicker goods, such as mohair, goatshair, alpaca, *crêpe*, poplin, foulard, and Saxony cloth.

In silks the designs are very rich, and sometimes peculiar. Imagine, for instance, on an Ophelia ground, which is a reddish violet, a tuft of grass, out of which springs brilliant colored flowers. Half hidden mid the grass, is a bird's-nest with two tiny white eggs, and over it hovers a bird. The whole design is about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, so that it requires close inspection to be appreciated.

The undisputed preference, however, is given to the chameleon, or changeable silks, to be found at the establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. They are of the most elegant combinations, and are now very fashionable in Paris.

The robe foulards, bordered with brilliant stripes and plaids, are among the novelties in dress goods.

As trimming for summer dresses, we would mention ribbons or ruches, sewed on in crossings, diamonds, hearts, lattice-work, zig-zags, pyramids, and a score of other forms. Flutings are still much worn, also designs cut out of silk and applied by the sewing machine, or finished by a narrow velvet and lace.

A very pretty thin dress is made with a double skirt, the upper skirt made very long, and looped up with ribbon bows at regular intervals to the required length.

Silk gloves have just appeared with Tartan gauntlets, and we suppose will be adopted.

Of Brodie's wraps we shall speak next month.

FASHION.