



THE YOUNG DRAUGHT PLAYERS.



*Chr. Kimm*

GODEY'S FASHIONS



at & Co. N. Y.

FOR OCTOBER 1864.





LEAP YEAR.

# SILVER SPRING MAZOURKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY W. H. WILKINSON.



The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The word "FINE." is written at the end of the second staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with various rhythmic values, while the lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. It concludes the piece with a final cadence in both hands.

SILVER SPRING MAZOURKA.

Tempo.

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The music begins with a series of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The tempo marking "Tempo." is placed above the first few notes of the right hand.

The second system continues the piece with similar chordal accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melodic line in the right hand, featuring some sixteenth-note patterns.

*dolce*

The third system is marked with the tempo change "*dolce*". The music becomes more lyrical, with a smoother melodic line in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand.

The fourth system continues the *dolce* section, with the right hand playing a series of eighth-note chords and the left hand providing harmonic support with chords.

The fifth system shows the continuation of the *dolce* section, with the right hand playing a melodic line of eighth notes and the left hand playing chords.

D.C.

The sixth system concludes the piece with the marking "D.C." (Da Capo). The right hand plays a final melodic phrase, and the left hand plays a final chordal cadence.

THE MARIE ROSE.



Black alpaca dress, trimmed with black mohair lace and velvet buttons. The coat is made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to match.

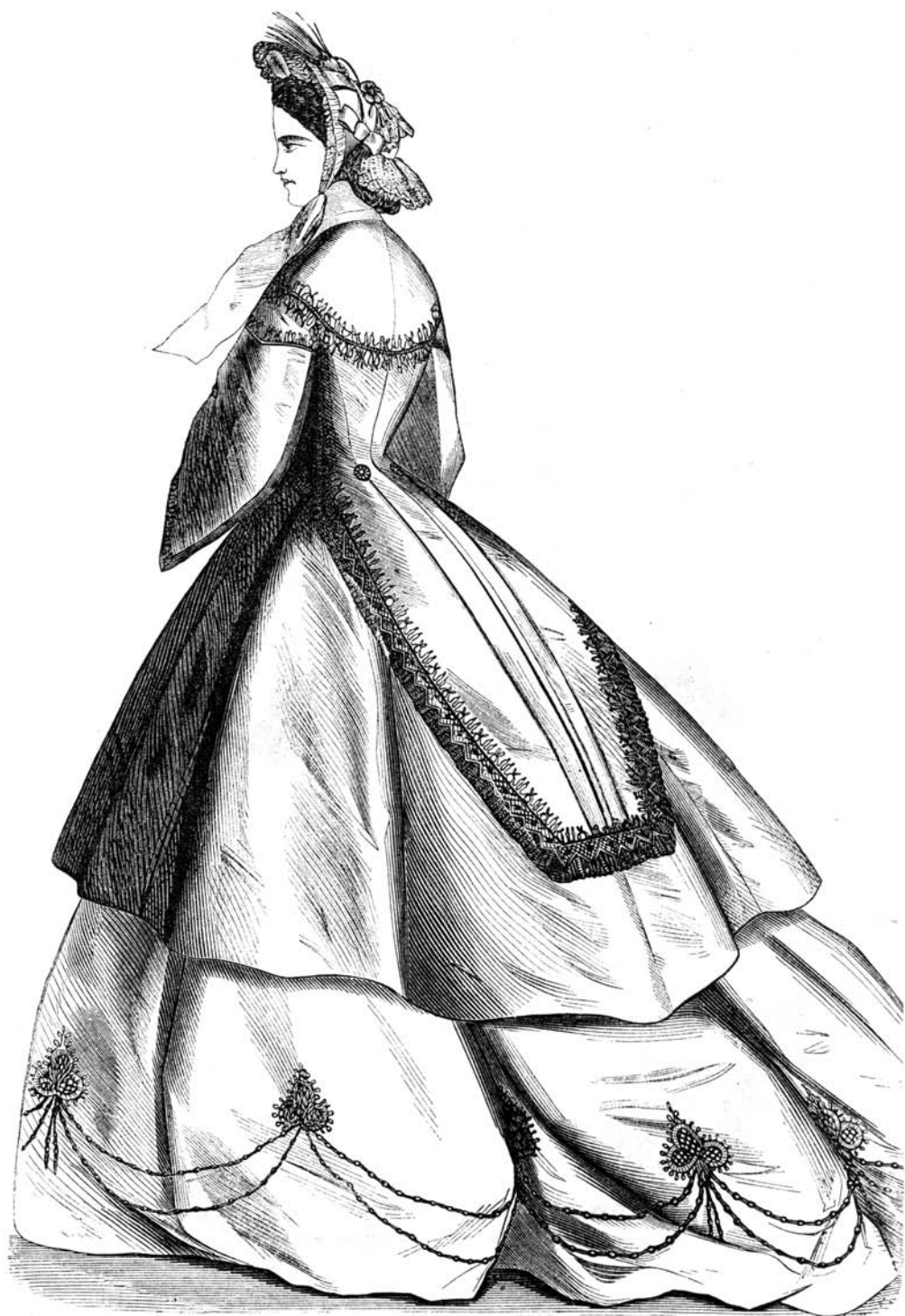


THE ARTILLEUR.



Paletot suitable for silk or cloth. In either case the trimmings should be of jet and crochet. If made of cloth, the revers of the basque should be lined with silk.

THE DINORAH.



Coat paletot, suitable for silk, cloth, or velvet. The trimmings can be guipure lace, or crochet gimp.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—(See Description, Fashion Department.)





CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—(See



*Description, Fashion Department.)*

## THE ANDALUSIAN.

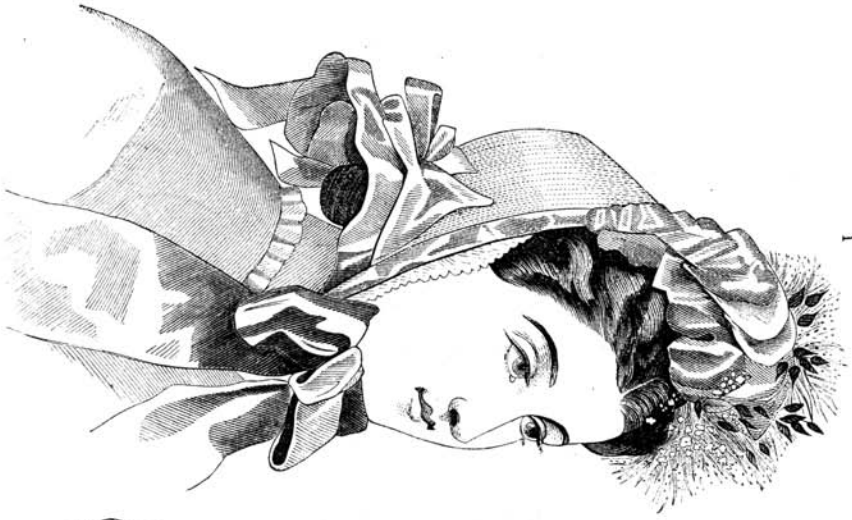
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



The elegance of this model renders it certain of adoption by those whose figures justify the choice. It will be perceived that it is a combination of circular and gilet. This is adjusted, of course, to the figure. The mantle, joining the vest, is a three-quarter circle; attached to the vest just below the level of the shoulder at the back, and slightly curving upwards over their tips till the seam terminates at the fulness of the breast. The ornaments are exquisitely designed crochets, and with crochet fringe complete this magnificent pardessus.

The engraving above represents a black velvet. We have also seen velvet circulars similarly trimmed, which, in the estimation of many rival the above.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.—(See *Description, Fashion Department.*)



FASHIONABLE BONNETS.—(See

1



2



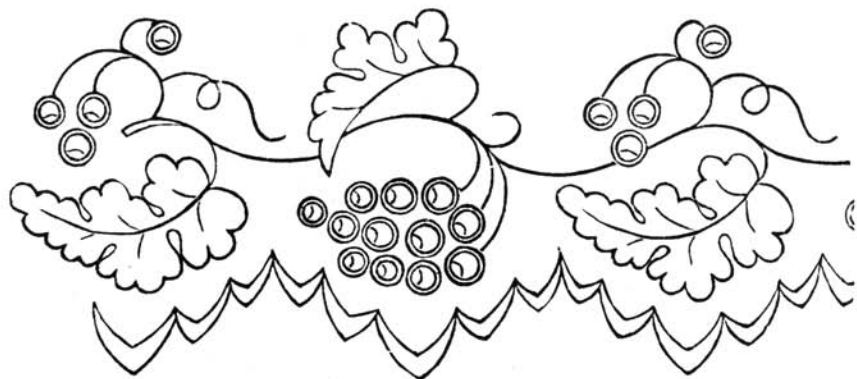


*Description, Fashion Department.)*

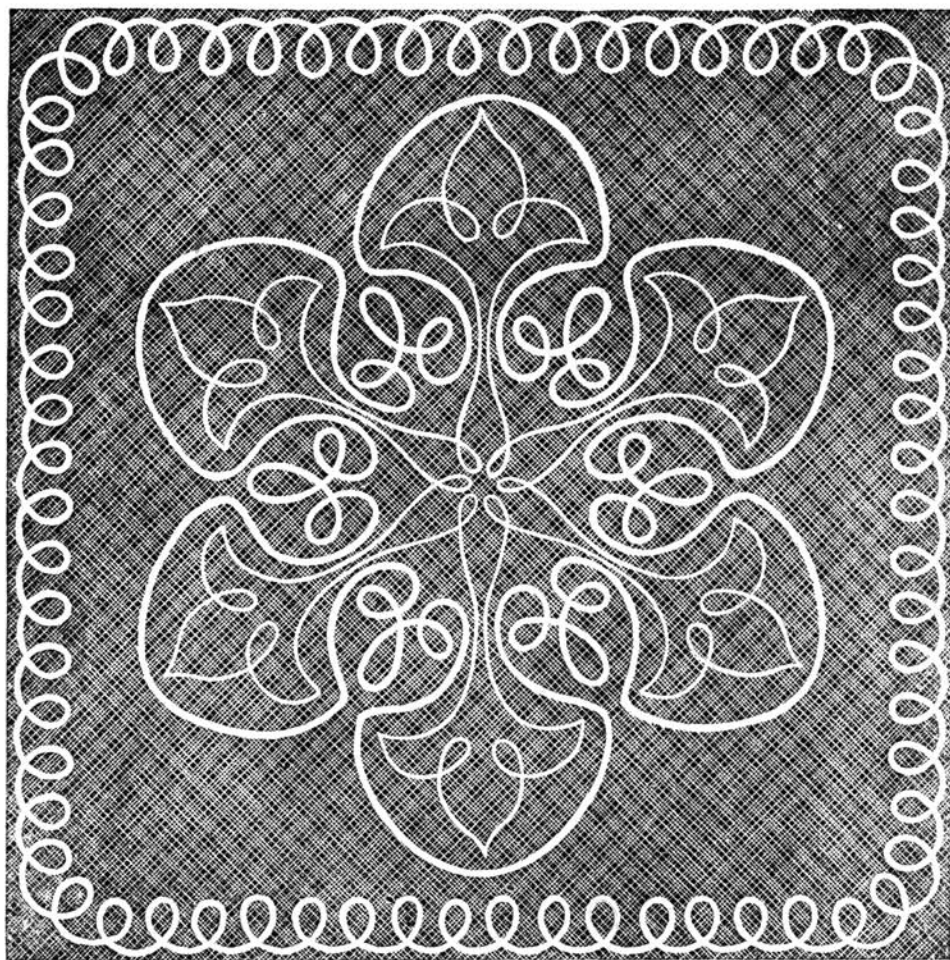
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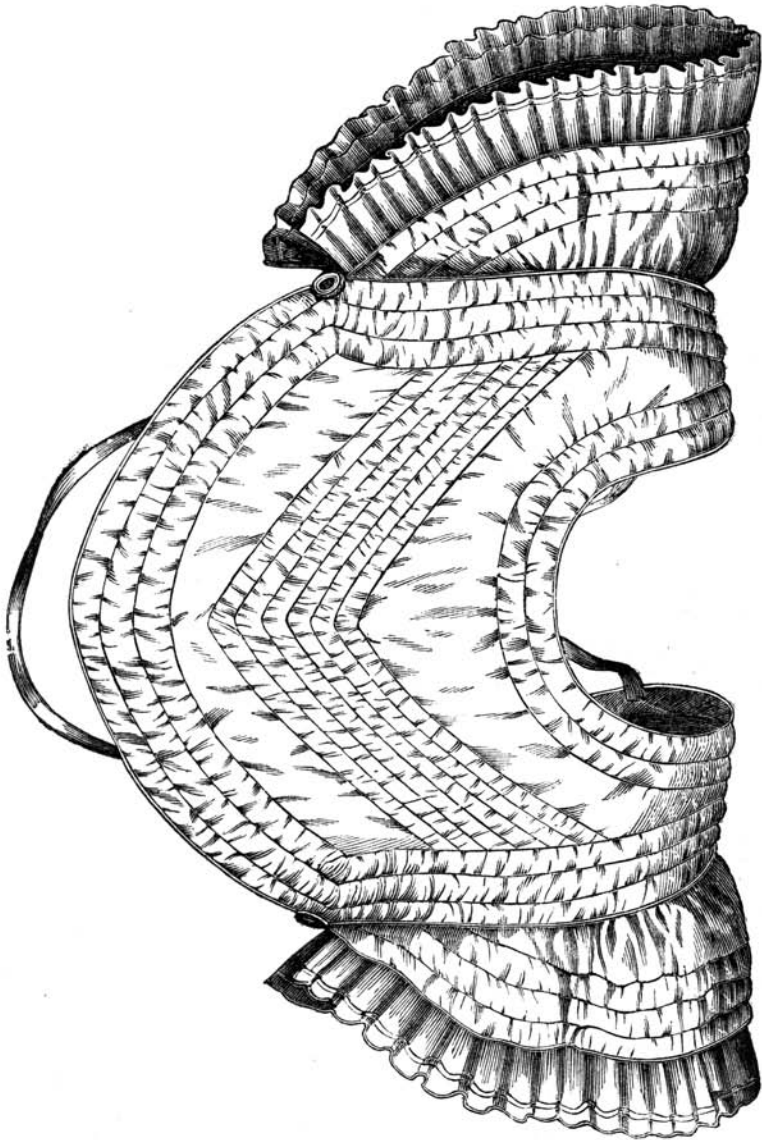
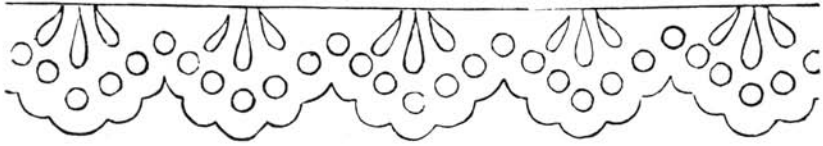
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



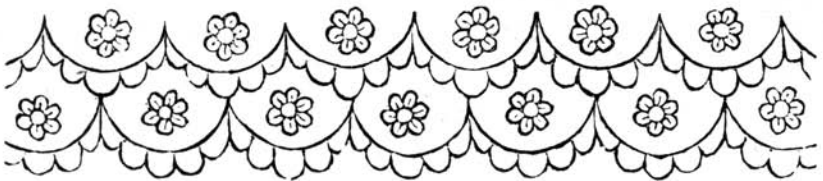
TOILET CUSHION.



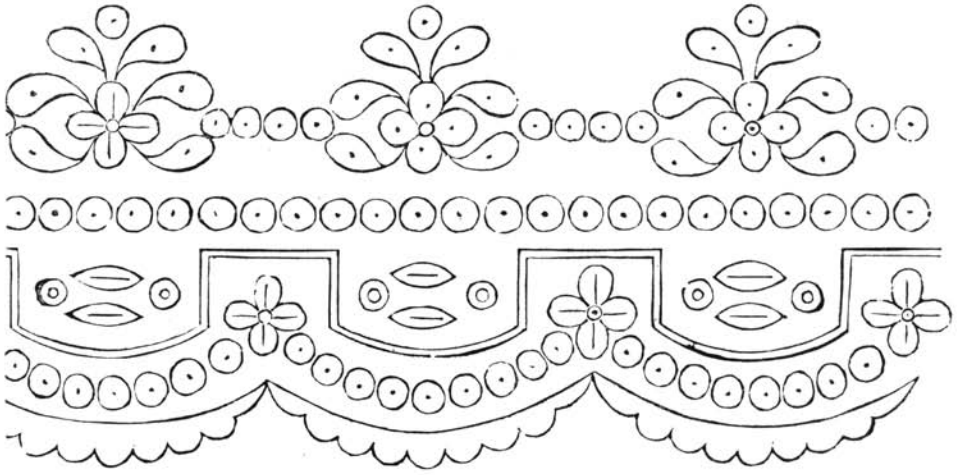
This cushion is very pretty made of white *piqu* and braided with Magenta mohair braid. The pattern is suitable for any material.



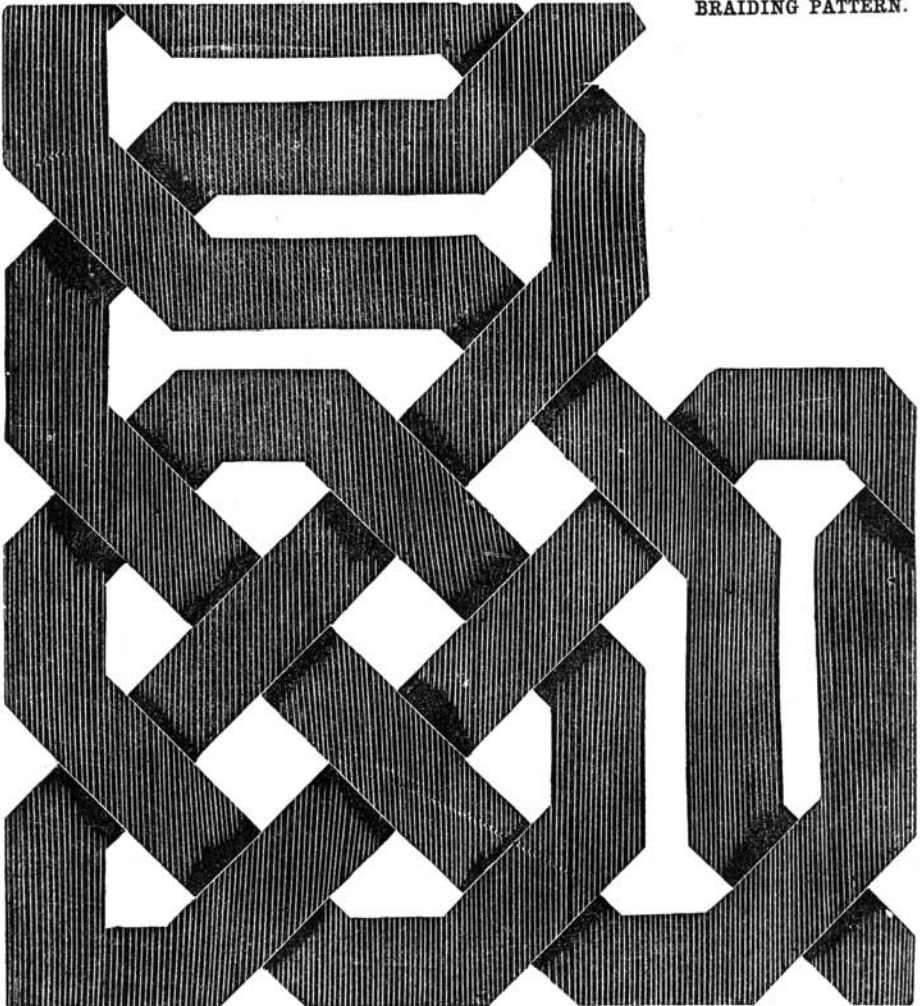
NEW STYLE OF INFANT'S BIB.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1864.

### "TAKING BOARDERS FOR COMPANY."

A STORY OF THE "HEATED TERM," AND CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN ROMANCE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, 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 213.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

At last the sky really grew clear, the mists rolled sullenly out of sight into their mountain hiding-places, and the Ketchum house gave up its prisoners. The children, wild with joy, were thickly shod and permitted to ramble in the garden, a tolerably extensive plot of vegetables, bounded by currant-bushes; the babies' carriages were brought out into the drier, because treeless area between the house and the barn; the gentlemen were busy with live bait and fishing-tackle; the ladies dispersed in various directions—some to gather flowers and berries, while others preferred accompanying their husbands and brothers in the excursion upon the river.

Mesdames Bell and Earle were adjudged by Mr. Norris to be, with their respective lords, full weight for the capacious family-boat they had engaged for the season. The young man had, for his own use, a tight-built, jaunty little skiff, that danced on the water like a cork. Would Miss Rose honor his humble craft by becoming his passenger?

With a blush and a smile that made her look prettier than before, Georgie thanked him for the compliment, and giving him her hand stepped lightly into the boat and took her seat in the stern.

"Why, Mr. Norris!" called out a sharp voice that was only too familiar to the ears of

all. "What a naughty story-teller you are! Didn't you declare to me, last week, when I almost went down upon my knees to you to entreat you to give me a sail in your beautiful 'Butterfly,' that it would not be safe for a lady to go in her? And here you are, inveigling Miss Rose into danger! Mrs. Bell! I wouldn't trust my sister alone with such a wicked, reckless man! Miss Rose! I warn you against his machinations!"

With a movement savoring more of impatience than any other that Georgie had as yet seen in him, Norris swept the bow of the skiff around by a stroke of his oar.

"I said that, in my opinion, it would be unsafe for *you* to go with me, Miss Jemima. I thought so, then—I know it now!"

Miss Jemima commenced an energetic reply—not one word of which they understood, as they moved down the stream, the three pairs of oars clicking unnecessarily loudly in the row-locks, but the sound of her unmelodious tones pursued them until they lost sight of her behind a bend in the river. She presented a remarkable figure as she stood on the bank watching them. On her head was a wide-brimmed straw hat, yellowish-brown, from the combined influence of rain and sunshine. To the edge of the flapping brim was sewed a curtain of green cambrie, thrown back in front; her dress was a faded print,

tucked up to avoid dragging, and on her arm she carried a basket, she being bound upon a berrying expedition. She was a homely woman at the best, but, seen thus, with a vixenish look in her gray eyes, and a mortified sneer she tried vainly to alter into a playful smirk, curling her lip and lifting her *retroussée* nose, she was, at once, a ludicrous and an unlovely spectacle. Our voyagers were human, and they united in a hearty laugh when she disappeared from their view.

"Grand tableau! Dido calling vainly upon Æneas!" said Mr. Earle. "Take care how you handle that egg-shell of yours, Norris! Who knows but she may have cast an evil spell upon it!"

"I defy her witchcraft!" returned Norris, glancing involuntarily at the fair, sweet face of his "passenger"—a look of unconscious meaning that seemed to claim her as his good genius, whose pure influence would render all malevolent designs powerless.

"But were you really so ungallant as to refuse her passage in your fairy barque?" inquired Mrs. Earle.

"I told her the truth, madam—that it would be a perilous experiment for her to accompany me; that I thought it more than likely that one or the other of us would be at the bottom of the river before we had gone a mile. She would have run a great risk, for my patience is not illimitable, and better men than I have been driven by a woman's tongue to murder or to suicide. I can assure you that you are perfectly safe, Miss Rose," he added, lowering his voice, as the boats drifted apart. "The boat is entirely staunch, and I am not an inexperienced oarsman."

"I know it. I have not thought of fear," was the simple rejoinder, uttered with an ingenuous trust that sent a thrill to Norris's heart.

"What are you musing about, Tom?" asked Mrs. Earle, touching her husband's arm.

Her own regards being fixed upon the handsome young couple, and her mind engrossed by a pleasant thought relating to them, that had just entered her brain, she was not quite prepared for his reply.

"I was dreaming of Miss Jemima's berry-basket. I hail its stained sides as the harbinger of better things for the future—something less odious than the pie-plant stewed in molasses, with which she has physicked us

for three evenings past. Berries of any description, however green and sour, would be an epicurean treat in comparison with that villainous dose."

"Why, she recommended it as the most wholesome sweetmeat in the world, 'quite medicinal!'" returned his brother-in-law.

The two ladies were instantly and gravely silent.

"So was Mrs. Squeers' matutinal potion of brimstone and treacle!" growled Tom, making a face. "I should not be surprised, some morning, to find Jemima waiting to catch us all at the foot of the staircase, with Burley standing by to hold the bowl, intent upon administering to each of her dearly beloved guests a spoonful of the delectable compound, just to cool the blood!"

"How fast that little boat goes!" Mrs. Bell adroitly changed the subject.

Norris was indeed pulling with a will, but was not so engrossed in his work as to be insensible to the charms of the pleasing picture opposite to him. Georgie wore a summer poplin, a silver gray fabric; about her shoulders was cast a light worsted shawl, chin-chilla and crimson; a piquante hat, black straw, with a drooping black plume, shaded her eyes. These were downcast in modesty or reverie, and one delicate hand hung over the gunwale into the water. She was watching the miniature waves, as they broke up to her wrist, and enjoying their cool, rapid rush between her fingers. So graceful and full of repose were her attitude and expression that she seemed to shed peace and blessing around her, like the delicious quiet of a fragrant summer's eve.

"Can she and the fright we left screeching on shore belong to the same sex?" meditated the gazer.

Great is the power of contrast, and this one was too striking not to have a telling effect upon imagination and heart. Miss Jemima never knew it, and there is reason to believe that she would not have gone into ecstasies of delight if she had, but this unavoidable comparison settled a momentous question: showed Mr. James Norris that Georgie Rose took rank above any other woman in his estimation and affections. Miss Jemima had actually helped one of her "friends" to an eligible wooer!

The two boats met again on the fishing-ground, or water. Oars were drawn in,

tackle disentangled, bait adjusted and persuasively lowered, and the solemnly exciting sport commenced. For half an hour all watched and waited before the ball was opened by Mr. Earle's capture of a prodigious catfish. Norris next secured a fine silver perch, and after that affairs assumed a more interesting aspect. Decidedly, the best feature of Roaring River was the fishing. Norris was a capital angler, and evinced such zeal and skill in the amusement that Georgie was ashamed to confess how devoid of attraction it seemed to her. She shuddered when the barb was thrust into the quivering, squirming minnows that did duty as bait; she grew tired of staring at the sun-bright water, that made head and eyes ache, until to her dazzled sight the motionless "float" changed from white and green to scarlet, then to black; then became utterly invisible for one blind, dizzy second. Whenever it really disappeared, she felt a nervous shock, although it was the very thing she was instructed to expect and hope for, and the chief end of a float's creation, and drew in her line so hastily as usually to detach the fish that had laid hold of the hook, and to send him flying back to his native element. She deprecated her awkwardness when this happened, and perhaps felt the mortification her looks and language expressed, but she inwardly rejoiced, at the same time, at the release of the writhing innocent. Her spoils were not numerous, as may be supposed. For an hour, all that she had safely landed in the boat were two small "shiners," so tiny that Norris laughingly seconded her motion to return them to the river, and a catfish of decent dimensions. By and by, Norris heard her call in a half-frightened tone, "I think that I must have hooked Leviathan himself!" and hastening to her assistance, found her tugging desperately at some heavy weight. Taking the line from her, he hauled the prize to the surface: a black nose, a horrid, gaping mouth, filled with jagged teeth, a long, shrivelled neck and shining shell.

"It looks like a walrus!" cried Georgie.

"It is a monstrous mud-turtle! We have no accommodations for his lordship," returned Norris.

Scarcely had the mirth at her alarm and the nature of her captive subsided when Georgie exclaimed—"This time it is the sea-serpent!" and, in a paroxysm of laughter and fear, threw into the bottom of the skiff

an immense eel, twisting and floundering, and effecting such a complete tangle of his own sinuous length and the lines as only an eel can do.

Georgie was really pale when Norris, with the help of his clasp-knife, had freed the creature from the coil of twine, and, rolling him up, unceremoniously thrust him into the covered basket provided for their booty. It was plain that she was too timid or too sensitive to cultivate the piscatory art with any hope of success. Blaming himself for not having sooner relieved her from an embarrassing position and distasteful employment, Norris reeled in his line, and proposed a row up the stream. There were rocky banks and shady coves a mile further up, where, the channel being more shallow, there was no danger of her taking such grotesque specimens. Georgie consented with a glad face that confirmed his resolve not to allow her to throw another hook that day. He said, moreover, to himself, that he admired her for this womanly shrinking from giving needless pain, and from seeing and handling these uncomely reptiles. They had a pleasant pull back, past their starting-point, towards the mountain gorge that afforded passage to the river. At length, Norris ran the bows on shore into a thicket of flowering shrubs, and sprang out to gather a bouquet for his companion. She watched him for a time as he mounted mossy rocks and trod gingerly on marshy ground to obtain the bright blossoms that grew in profusion all around; then quitted the boat and joined the hunt. It was a delightful ramble to both, and, tempted by one and another delicate favorite and brilliant stranger, they wandered nearly a quarter of a mile away from the landing.

In her purity of heart and thought, it never occurred to Georgie that there could be impropriety in strolling from bush to vine with her brother's friend, picking here a flower, there a cluster of berries, or standing, as they frequently did, for whole minutes together, inhaling the spicy smell of the evergreens, admiring the rich green moss that draped every fallen trunk and stone, enjoying the pipings and twitterings of the birds that flew above their heads in the sunshine, and speaking softly of these and other beautiful things. It seemed profanation to break by incautious tones the spell of holy silence nature had thrown about the place.

Returning in the direction of their boat, they were awakened from their midsummer dream by a sort of rhythmical screeching proceeding from the cove where their craft lay. Norris smothered an exclamation of petulant disgust as he stepped quickly ahead of his fair charge towards a natural hedge of evergreen crowning the little cliff. After a peep through it, he beckoned silently to Georgie, his eyes brimful of fun, and his lips apart in noiseless laughter. Right beneath them, in the stern of the skiff, sat Miss Jemima, her unique head-covering thrown back upon her shoulders, her hair dishevelled, her eyes upturned, and herself wrapped in the enjoyment of her own music.

"My skiff is by the shore;  
She's light, she's free-e-e!  
To ply the feathered oar  
Is joy for me-e-e!  
And, as we glide along,  
My song shall be-e-e,  
My dearest one—I love but thee!  
Tra la, la, la, la-a-a, la, la, la, la!  
Tra la, la, la-a-a-a-e-e-e!"

The cadenza was absolutely frightful, and, feeling unable to bear a repetition, Norris descended the shelving side of the rock into full view of the songstress, and turned to assist Georgie down.

"I am making myself at home, you perceive, Mr. Norris," commenced the talking-machine, not offering to vacate the seat that had been Georgie's. "Oh-h-h! I have had the sweetest time here, holding communion with nature. I do so adore nature! As the divine Cowper—or is it darling Tupper who says 'I am never less alone than when alone?' Solitude is my specialty; so is nature. I feel refreshed, elevated, purified by my season of converse with the holy mother. She has few more devout worshippers than myself. I was so weary! I have walked at least five miles; and, chancing to spy your lovely Peri's shell lying here, I formed the bold resolution of casting myself upon your charity, and begging for a passage homeward in her. See what splendid berries—and a basketful! Won't they pay for my ticket? And your 'Butterfly' put me so in mind of that delicious little song of Moore's, 'Come, O come with me,' that I couldn't help chanting it, and we have had quite a concert—I and the birds."

This was too much. Norris was vexed and Georgie disconcerted by the prospect of the

addition to their load, but both were obliged to laugh.

"There must be a colony of crows near by," said the former, *sotto voce*, pretending to pluck a flower close to Georgie's feet. "The insult to the feathered tribe can be excused upon no other hypothesis."

But how to get out of the present dilemma was a serious question. The idea of ending a forenoon that had been elysian in its delights by a row home with this bedlamite—thus he termed her in his irritated musings—facing him, and chattering like a score of magpies, in place of the dear and beauteous vision that had blessed his eyes, and the soft, musical accents that had wooed his hearing for hours past, was intolerable; yet there sat Miss Jemima, a stubborn fact, and one hard to rid himself of. For once her everlasting tongue furnished him with a welcome thought.

"I suppose you were very successful in your fishing, were you not, Miss Rose? I have no doubt that you are an adept in all descriptions of angling. Don't you think so, Mr. Norris?"—with a spiteful little laugh. "She angles well for hearts, as we have already discovered. Are you fond of water sports, Miss Rose?"

"I hardly know," Georgie answered, not very audibly.

It would not have signified if she had said nothing, for the machine was under a full head of steam, and stayed not for such trifles as replies.

"Now, I dote upon the water! Oh-h-h! I think aquatic amusements perfectly magnificent! Fishing, bathing, sailing, rowing! I can fish like dear old Izaak Walton, whose poems we all admire so much; swim like a duck; sail as long as a genuine Jack Tar, and row like—anything! I have often, after a hard day's work, pulled myself and sisters three miles down the river and back, just for recreation, on a moonlight night. Water is my specialty."

"In that case, I am acting a kindly hospitable part in resigning the 'Butterfly' entirely to you," said Norris, politely. "Deal gently with her, if you please! She is coquettish and delicate, like her insect namesake. Miss Rose and I are going to walk through the woods, in continuation of our botanical studies—that is, unless you are tired," he added, turning to Georgie.

She answered, rather *too* eagerly: "Not in



the least! I shall enjoy the walk, of all things.”

“I cannot consent,” remonstrated Miss Jemima, vehemently. “I am shocked at the thought of doing so rude a thing. There is plenty of room for us all. I am light as a feather—positively aerial, and—”

“The last feather broke the camel’s back, you remember,” interposed Norris. “The matter is settled, Miss Jemima. Shall I have the pleasure of pushing you off?”—as courteously as he would have requested a partner’s hand for a dance.

Not pausing for a response, he gave the boat a shove meant to be gentle but effectual, which sent the “Peri’s shell” rocking and pitching into the middle of the creek.

“Murder!” screamed Miss Jemima. But she scrambled over into the middle seat and seized the oars, handling them like an expert in the business before her.

“*Bon voyage!*” said Norris, lifting his hat. And the pedestrians disappeared among the trees.

A vinegar visage and a bitter heart went down the muddy stream in the Butterfly. The botanists carried smiling faces and buoyant spirits along the path through wood and meadow.

“Are you sure that I have not wearied you?” inquired Norris, as they reached the farm-house gate. “Your friends will scold me, and I shall not soon forgive myself if this walk has been too much for your strength.”

“The walk! you must not think me such a fragile fine lady that a ramble of half a mile can break me down,” smiled Georgie.

It was nearer a mile in length, as Norris knew, but did not say, however well pleased he may have been at the compliment to his society, so innocently implied.

In crossing the lawn they had to pass the door of the wash-house, a small building to the left of the family residence. The doors, front and rear, were open to secure a free circulation of air; and between these, to get the benefit of said draught, stood Mr. Burley, hat and coat off, diligently turning the crank of a washing-machine. Outside, Daffy, the small bound girl, was stretching wet clothes upon the line. Upon a chair in the front doorway sat Miss Saccharissa, her hair in full curl, and, as usual, dressed with Mr. Burley’s floral offerings, her hands crossed idly, and her smiling face turned bewitchingly towards her stalwart

adorer. It was a received principle among the Ketchums that smiles were more easily given than shillings, and in this currency the fair Saccharissa was recompensing her washerman.

“Hercules and the distaff,” said Georgie, softly.

“Mantolini and the mangle, rather,” was the response.

The speaker took no pains to conceal the contempt mingled in his amusement, and Mr. Burley, who was not dull-witted, detected it.

“You may consider this an unmanly occupation, Mr. Norris,” he observed, brushing the soap-scented vapor from his black moustache; “but I rise superior to the contemptible prejudice and false pride that make a man ashamed to render himself useful in *any* way.”

“Mr. Burley is the soul of gallantry, the very embodiment of high-souled chivalry—a rare combination in these degenerate days,” simpered Miss Saccharissa, sugaredly. “Daffy, lend a hand at that clothes-ringer!”

“Spirits are not finely touched  
But to fine issues,”

quoted Norris, involuntarily, as the Hercules shook out the wrung tablecloth and tossed it, with a triumphant air, upon the heap of wet clothes in the basket.

Burley failed to take in the exact words, but he interpreted their meaning, and resented it, after the manner of his class, by a cut at the real offender over the shoulders of another. It was safer to be impertinent to a lady than insulting to a full-grown, able-bodied man. Georgie’s poplin skirt was looped above a Balmoral gray and crimson, revealing her high, neatly-laced walking-boots. Glancing from her feet to her face, where there was a merry play of roses and dimples, the gentleman (?) asked, in a rudely familiar tone: “Miss Rose, will you inform me what is the utility or beauty of wearing a skirt so long that you have to fasten it up whenever you put your foot to the ground?”

Norris flushed up angrily, and would have retorted, but Georgie was too quick for him.

“Not being so thorough a utilitarian as yourself, Mr. Burley, I do not know that I can give you a satisfactory reply. I presume, however, that this very sensible fashion is another illustration of the beauty and propriety of adaptation to circumstances”—

“Don’t see it!” muttered Burley, interrupting her.

"Because you did not hear me through. I was about to give an analogous example. There are persons with whom we feel it to be needless to practise formal reserve, as my dress fears nothing from a well-swept carpet; while from others we shrink as surely and with as much reason as I loop up my skirt lest it should suffer by contact with the muddy earth." And, having said this, with the most innocent air conceivable, she dropped him a little bow, such as a princess might deign to bestow upon a presuming boot-black, and walked on with her attendant. She meant to huff one man—she never suspected that she elated another, but they both knew the double effect produced by her repartee, and so did Miss Saccharissa. It was hourly becoming more evident that our Georgie was an incorrigible rebel to the beautiful system of social equality which lay at the base of the Ketchum domestic organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle had already returned from the fishing-banks, and she upon one bed, he on the other, were resting after the exertions of the morning and preparatory to dressing for dinner. He was quite asleep; she was half way to the land of dreams, when a hubbub in the direction of the wash-house awoke her. Raising herself upon one elbow, she peeped through the window and beheld Miss Jemima, basket in hand, her hat pushed back from a very red face, discoursing excitedly to her sisters and Mr. Burley.

"I never was so insulted in all my born days!" was the first intelligible sentence that reached Mrs. Earle. "Never! never! never!" beginning to sob—"and I'll have my revenge upon him, so I will! and I am ashamed of you, Mr. Burley, that you will stand by tamely and hear of it—and I am disgusted with you, Hortensia, for submitting to have your beau stolen right under your nose by a doll-faced minx like that, and—Saccharissa! if you don't stop laughing, I'll make you sorry for it! Daffy! what are you doing, standing there, listening? Off to the kitchen with you!" A cuff upon the ear enforced this order, and the termagant marched off, driving the whimpering handmaiden before her.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE supper, that evening, was marked by two interesting features: First, the substi-

tution of dewberries for the brownish-green mixture whose virtues as a febrifuge were lauded by the manufacturer thereof, but which commended itself, neither by taste, odor, nor appearance, to the fancy of those for whose benefit it was prepared; secondly, clean napkins were dealt to all at the board.

I should fail in presenting to my readers a true picture of this model establishment—which, I take this opportunity of saying, is painted from life—if I were to omit mention of the table-napkin system. A fresh supply of these useful squares of napery was furnished every Wednesday to the guests. A slip of paper, containing the name of the owner, was carefully pinned to each, and the advice of the proprietors was that all should take their napkins up to their bed-rooms, at the conclusion of every meal, lest this distinguishing mark should become detached and unpleasant exchanges result from the loss. There was not one who did not appreciate the wisdom of this counsel, when it was found that there would be no more clean table-linen until these had fulfilled their week. For two or three days, as the case might be, the absurd and increasingly soiled little rolls were carried up and down stairs, one of the children being generally appointed bearer for each family; then, in very shame and disgust, they were tossed into the receptacle for dirty linen, and such as had brought napkins of their own along, in anticipation of picnics in greenwood and on river, used theirs, while others had recourse to pocket-handkerchiefs.

But, to-night, there were clean napkins, thanks to Mantilini and the mangle; and the Misses Ketchum felicitated their visitors upon the luxury. Miss Jemima, who had been snappish at dinner-time to such a degree that she felt herself called upon to remind each one of her sisters that she was forgetting her position, had cooled down by sunset, or had concluded to bottle her wrath.

"Oh! oh! oh-h-h!" she said, over her shoulder, while pouring out the tea, at the side-table. "Isn't a washing-machine the invention of the age? Just think! we washed out all the towels and table-linen for the whole establishment in one hour and a half!"

"Mamma!" chirped Annie Bell, "see!" poking five small, pink fingers through the like number of rents in her napkin.

Everybody laughed, more heartily than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Yes, dear," returned Miss Jemima, nowise abashed; "I meant to get some new ones this season, but they were too awfully dear. We ought to be thankful to have any. I know some professed boarding-houses where such a thing as a napkin is never seen on the table. Now, we don't pretend to keep a boarding-house, but we *do* give our friends the comforts of a home, let it cost what it may. Everything is shockingly expensive, now; don't you think so, Mrs. Earle? I paid fifteen cents a pound for that very sugar you are now putting into your cup."

"Indeed!" answered the amiable lady addressed, with equal sincerity and politeness, "I should not have supposed that it cost so much."

Another, but a partially suppressed movement of applause. The guests were fast learning to make common cause against their oppressors; a feeling manifested only by such slight and guarded exhibitions of sympathy. All were well-bred, accustomed to elegance, some to luxuriousness of fare and household appointments. How they bore their present mode of life was a puzzle even to themselves. But there were various things that rendered a change of place a matter difficult of accomplishment. It was now the height of the fashionable season, and watering-places and country boarding-houses had never been more crowded. It was almost hopeless to think of securing lodgings for families at any of these, and the extreme heat of the weather forbade a premature return to city life. This location all believed to be healthy, besides being so remote from all public thoroughfares as to make the removal of baggage and babies a serious undertaking. Then, again, the society assembled here—leaving out the Ketchums and their lover-assistant—was irreproachable. Social and kindly, in feeling and conduct, the boarders did much towards the relief of one another from the many disagreeable features of their situation. For example—one gentleman, the head of a family, whose arrival had preceded that of the Bells and Earles by ten days, having discovered that the scarcity of eggs was, like the debility of the kitchen-fire, a constitutional infirmity of the *ménage*, visited the neighboring farms and obtained the promise of a liberal supply of these desirable and popular edibles. Henceforward, a dish of them always graced the upper end of the board, where sat the

purchaser, and three as invariably found their way to the plates of Harry and Annie Bell and Bessie Earle, although their parents gratefully declined the polite offer of the delicacy for their own use.

For eggs were delicacies here—rare dainties upon a breakfast-table where, day after day, and week after week, the eyes of wistful "guests" were never greeted by a warm biscuit or griddle-cake of any description; where the article "bread" meant always the four piles of sour wheat and heavy rye; where the beef was tough beyond comparison, and, to use an expressive, if a vulgar term, "cowey" to the smell, giving, as Mr. Earle said, "indubitable evidence of having borne the yoke in a youth that belonged to the far past;" where the ham, that sometimes diversified the bill of fare, was not unfrequently tainted; where the potatoes were always grayish and unpleasantly glutinous; above all, where the hash, as was discovered by the horrified Mary, and testified to by the sickened Norah, was compounded of the miscellaneous fragments of yesterday's feast—in plain language, such portions of the scrapings from the plates as were deemed suitable for this savory dish!

"Still," says some disgusted reader, "I cannot comprehend how they endured it! If I had been in the place of Mr. or Mrs. Bell, I would never have slept a second night under the Ketchum roof."

I dislike to divulge the fact, since I fear that it will lower my martyr friends in the estimation of the lovers of moral courage; stamp them as arrant cowards in the minds of those who have never been so unlucky as to taste of similar experiences; but, as a veracious chronicler, I cannot withhold the statement that one of the most powerful dissuaves to the immediate and indignant departure of the dupes was the fear of Miss Jemima's tongue! I am prepared to admit the pusillanimity of this course, my dear sir; my dearest madam, I grant you that it was a miserable baseness of spirit, unworthy of grown-up men and women; but, respected sir and madam, you never heard Miss Jemima talk! Especially (and I write it with groanings of spirit in the retrospect) you never heard her talk with a sister at each side, on the alert to dash in to her help at the least signal of faltering; to cover any chance opening in her harness caused by a momentary and providential exhaustion of the wind in the bellows! It was

never your misfortune to witness the flash of the eye, the twist of the mouth, the viragoish upturning of the nose that accompanied and intensified the fulmination of some "stunner," like that hurled, on the evening of which we have just been speaking, at Mrs. Bonner, a gentle, lovely lady, wife to him whom Bessie Earle gratefully styled "the egg gentleman." The provocation for Miss Jemima's petard would have appeared very slight to a disinterested looker-on. The bitter-sweet spinster, who was an inveterate gossip, pulling other people's characters into shreds as publicly as she proclaimed the "sacred sensibilities" of her own refined nature, was discussing the manners, appearance, etc. of a lady who had passed a part of the preceding summer in the enjoyment of the Ketchum hospitalities. As it happened, Mrs. Bonner was an acquaintance of the party assailed, and was stirred up by the uncharitable and sarcastic remarks of the hostess to defend the absentee.

"She paid her bill, I presume," said the usually quiet matron, in a clear, even tone, but with a flushed cheek and kindling eye.

So full of meaning was her face and intonation that all felt she had made a fair hit at Miss Jemima—the first on record, except Norris's telling replies, which, it was whispered, the eldest sister bore with such singular meekness in the ambitious hope of securing him as a lifelong partner for Hortensia. Jemima was neither thick-skinned nor thick of skull. Taken by surprise she certainly was, but she let no one perceive this. She set the teapot down with a thump, and wheeled upon the assailant.

"Paid her bill! yes, and found lots of fault while she did it! That is a thing we don't allow in this establishment! a privilege not set down in the bill of rights! We don't invite people to come here! Thank fortune, we are not obliged to stoop to that! We consent to receive a few friends who solicit us to do so, and when they are under our roof-tree they must be contented, or else leave! If there is one vice upon earth that I can't, sha'n't, and won't tolerate, it is grumbling! My rule is to put it down, instant!"

Everybody made a mighty show of being busy with his or her supper. Mrs. Bonner was intimidated. Being a lady by nature and breeding, she was unfit to contend with a loud-tongued shrew. The rest of the company felt, and despised themselves for mean-spirited

cravens while they did so, that she, Mrs. Bonner, was effectually "put down," and that he must, in truth, be a valiant man of war who should attempt, after this volley, to grumble in Miss Jemima's hearing.

The latter part of that July and the first week in August were known throughout the country as "the heated term." The newspapers teemed with stories of the extreme heat in the cities; how the thermometer stood at 100 in the shade, and eggs were baked by the sunbeams, and men fell by the score in the scorching streets, dying or dead from sunstroke. The Ketchum sisters were profuse and clamorous in their congratulations to their captives upon their immunity from these and the host of kindred disasters incident to a sojourn in the "horrid, unhealthy town," and enumerated almost *ad infinitum*, quite *ad nauseam*, the manifold blessings they had purchased by a judicious flight to this delectable refuge. And the unhappy twenty panted through the breezeless nights, in close proximity to the hot roof, vainly fanning the damp or fevered faces resting on the coarse cotton pillow-slips, hardly able to endure the weight even of the scanty sheets; leaving their doors wide open until driven to desperation by the hum and sting of ravenous mosquitoes, then shutting themselves in and a few hundred of their tormentors out, until, again urged to extremity by suffocation, they admitted all who chose to come.

*Mem.* Mosquitoes never molested Miss Jemima. Tom Earle said—"It was no wonder. He was not so harsh in his judgment, even of these pests, as to suspect them of the depravity of taste that would lead them to bite her!"

Heavy-eyed and spiritless, the boarders met at breakfast, and ate, as well as they could force themselves to do, of the stereotyped abominations offered and commended to their attention, airily and pitilessly, by the trio of Graces—or Fates; this work accomplished, they dispersed to seek a fresher atmosphere and quiet, if not refreshment, in orchard, meadow, or wood. Community of suffering is a sure bond of hearts, and in a marvellously short time the victims became warmly attached to each other, and formed a mutual aid society.

"But for our luncheons, we must have starved," said Mrs. Bell, feelingly, in later months, when the thin veil of moderate contentment with the "establishment" was rent away.

“Ah, those luncheons!” responded her sister. “Do you remember how Tom, Ronald, and Mr. Bonner took turns in going down to the city for supplies, and the jubilee that ensued upon their return—the vote of thanks, and all that? Those charming *fêtes champêtre*! Shall we ever forget them?”

Mrs. Bell had a covered hand-basket; Mrs. Bonner ditto; ditto Mrs. Earle. The place of rendezvous was a large, flat stone on a hill-side, distance from the house nearly a mile. It was shaded by chestnuts and hemlocks, and beneath the boughs one had a tolerable prospect of river and low grounds. Here, at the appointed hour, were collected the three Ladies Bountiful. Napkins—private property, you may be sure, since they were damask, and clear white—covered the rough face of the rock; crackers, cakes, cheese, nuts, apples, figs were set out in tempting array; a spring, hard by, was the wine-cooler, for it was “against the rules” for visitors to invade the ice-house.

“The water from our well is so deliciously cool that ice really spoils it,” Miss Jemima was wont to remark.

Hither also came punctually the hungry-eyed children, who, to the delight of their parents, seemed for a time, in spite of bad fare, close bedrooms, heat, and mosquitoes, to thrive in the country, and enjoy the freedom of out-door life. No royal banquet could ever bring to the partakers thereof one tithe of the happiness or inspire one-hundredth part of the admiration that these simple repasts excited in the breasts of the little creatures. Hither came, on most days, the husbands of the entertainers, hot and thirsty after the chase or angling; sometimes with spoils, oftenest, when their quest had been conducted on dry land, empty-handed; for a fortnight’s diligent beating of every available cover within a radius of six miles resolved the interesting story of the abundant game of the region into—as Mr. Earle conveyed the verdict of the hunting committee—“bosh.” Last, not least, here met Norris and Georgie, if, indeed, they did not make their appearance in company, with glowing reports of a sail up to the head of navigation or a stroll in the woods.

Lounging on the grass, eating biscuits, gingerbread, and cheese, with an avidity they had never felt at any more sumptuous board, sipping wine, porter, and ale from drinking vessels of divers patterns and dimensions, from the babies’ silver mugs to a huge yellow

earthenware bowl, borrowed secretly by Mary from the nominal cook, the real scullion of the house, a raw Hibernian, whose one recommendation was her exceeding good nature, the revellers told stories, cracked jokes at and with one another, and enjoyed the sylvan *fête* until the sun, striking through the leafy canopy at the westerly side, warned them of the approaching dinner-hour; likewise that punctuality was one of Miss Jemima’s innumerable “specialties.”

It need not be said, after describing the scene at luncheon time, that the participants in the private collation brought slender appetites to the principal meal of the day in-doors. It was well that they were not voraciously inclined, for the bill of fare corresponded well with that of the breakfast-table. More or less could hardly be said of either. Tough beef, or underdone mutton, dubbed, *par complaisance*, “lamb,” formed the chief dish, and was carved by Mr. Burley at the side table, with a just regard to the number of mouths to be provided for. By the time it came to the children’s turn, a triangular lump of tallow or a half denuded bone was all that was left for each. Soaked potatoes, that stuck viciously in one’s teeth, and oppressed the stomach like hot lead; string beans that deserved their appellation, greasy and imperfectly drained; now and tifen a mess of onions, discolored by being cooked in an iron pot, and guiltless of butter or cream; these were the vegetables. As to fish, of which there were several excellent varieties in the river, it was an inscrutable mystery what became of the quantities brought in daily by the amateur anglers, until Master Harry solved the riddle by reporting that so long as there was a fish on the premises the farm hands never tasted meat at their meals, except, perhaps, a bit of the salt pork used for frying the funny tribe.

Harry was likely to become what the French call *l’enfant terrible* to the hostesses. He it was who soonest possessed himself of the details they would have kept secret pertaining to the interior machinery of their vaunted housewifery; dragged to light, with boyish wonder and mischievous exultation, many a mean pretence and stingy cheat. For example, it was reserved for him to walk boldly into the kitchen, one evening, soon after “milking time,” and detect Miss Saccharissa in the very act of watering the foamy, white contents of the pails, just set down by Daffy.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, directly. "Don't it spoil the milk?"

From Miss Jemima he might have caught a scolding, if not a push or tweak of the ear. Miss Saccharissa reddened visibly, but responded sweetly: "It cools it a little, my darling, before it goes on the table. The ladies don't like milk warm from the cow. It is very ungentle. But little boys cannot understand these matters."

"Why don't you put ice in it, instead?"

"Why, my dear, that would both waste the ice and dilute the milk. Don't you see?"

The poultry promised by Miss Jemima in her written bill of fare was very slow in coming. For three mortal weeks a crew of chattering hens, lordly roosters, and saucily piping chickens strutted and strolled unmolested in the barnyard, before the covetous eyes of the visitors, while upon the side-table ox relieved sheep, and the porcine species contributed an occasional rasher or an unctuous chunk from the barrel of pickle in the cellar. But at length, impatient waiting had its reward; the day arrived when olfactories joyfully inhaled the savor of roast fowl, and visual organs feasted upon the remembered outlines of a goodly-sized bird, lying, with trussed legs and folded wings, in the centre of the side-table dish. The children tiptoed, pointed, and whispered gigglingly in their delight; those of a larger growth could not restrain an exchange of amused yet congratulatory glances. Harry alone remained phlegmatic, and his mother noted this with the more surprise because his fondness for poultry was proverbial in the home-circle. Her amazement increased when, in reply to Miss Jemima's business-like query, "Pork or fowl, Master Harry?" he said, very decidedly, "Pork, if you please."

Miss Jemima eyed him sharply as she passed him a plate containing an oleaginous morsel; but he held his peace, and attacked the fatty slice with such energy as to consume nearly a half of the same.

There was only one fowl, but Mr. Burley was at the helm—to wit, the carving-knife—and it "went around." Wee Annie only got a merrythought with a dry piece of white meat adhering to it; but her mother changed her look of disappointment into a smile of grateful pleasure by transferring the second joint—her share of the spoils—to the little girl's plate, really enjoying her own dinner of

dressing and gravy, while her child eagerly devoured the tidbit.

"We have a royal dinner to-day, positively a sumptuous banquet!" said Miss Jemima, when the plates were removed to make way for the dessert. This was also dispensed from the convenient side-table, the dishes of vegetables being left upon the main board for the family dinner, a labor-saving plan that was not very appetizing to the guests. "Fowl and huckleberry pie! Just think of it!" continued Miss Jemima, rapturously.

Lest they should not think enough of it, she actually cut a triangle out of the pie and ate it, as she stood in the sight of all present, before she offered to help a single other person.

"Jemima," said Hortensia, distressedly, "I am ashamed of you!"

"I don't care if you are, miss," rejoined the spunky elder. "Huckleberry pie is my specialty, and, for fear of accidents, I mean to make sure of one piece."

The huckleberries were sweetened with molasses, as had been the long series of dried apple and rhubarb tarts that had preceded this tempting dessert. Nevertheless, the change of fare was rather agreeable than otherwise, and the eaters would have overlooked the treacle flavor, if the pies had not "given out" before all were supplied. Five or six were compelled to partake of a tasteless rice pudding, or go without any nominally sweet conclusion to the "sumptuous banquet." Miss Jemima, as was now apparent, had foreseen this shortcoming, and, with habitual shrewdness, looked out for Number 1.

"The chicken was not very tender," remarked Mrs. Bell, on the piazza, after dinner. "Still, it was pleasant to see and taste poultry once again. I hope this is a beginning of better days."

"That means a little more of the same sort, doesn't it?" queried her son, with comical gravity.

"Yes, my dear. We would not object to the like every day."

Hearing this, Harry roared out laughing.

"Mamma! mamma! you will be the death of me! If you just knew all I do! Ho! ho! ho!" placing both hands on the pit of his stomach, with an indescribable contortion of countenance.

"Tell us what you do know, you vicious young monkey!" said Mr. Earle, laying hold of him.

"Yes, my man; if there is a laugh in it, let us have it!" added his father.

"Maybe *you* won't feel like laughing when you hear it, papa. But I don't mind telling, now that none of them"—nodding towards the dining-room, which was kept jealously closed while "the family" ate—"are by to hear. You must know that that fat old white hen laid down and died yesterday, with the pip, or colic, or dropsy, or something. Joe Bonner and I came upon her just as she was giving her last kick out there behind the pigsty, and we ran to call Miss Jemima. She and Mr. Burley came out and looked at her, and wondered what had ailed her, and said what a loss she was, and we—Joe and I—poked at her with sticks, just to make sure that she was a sure-enough 'goner,' until Mr. Burley picked her up and threw her high up upon the top of the ice-house, and told us to let her alone. I saw her lying up there, as stiff as a poker, early this morning, and then I forgot all about her until I saw that we had fowl for dinner. While the rest of you were taking your seats, I slipped out of the dining-room and ran to look for her. There was not a sign of her on the top of the ice-house; but on my way back, I saw a heap of white and speckled feathers in a basket just outside the kitchen-door, and as sure as I am a live boy, there lay Old Whitey's head right in the midst of them! I knew it by the top-knot. So I rather thought I wouldn't eat fowl to-day—there, mamma! I knew you would feel sick!" Mrs. Bell had arisen hastily, looking very white—"but papa and Uncle Earle would have the whole story!"

(Conclusion next month.)

#### AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:—

"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that

you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature."

#### THE DEPARTED WIFE.

(Mrs. SUSAN W. CROSBY died in Brunswick, Missouri, February 13, 1864.)

BY E. CROSBY.

O FAIR and lovely! They, whose eyes  
Had rested on thy face,  
Not soon forget that radiant smile  
Of gentleness and grace.

O fair and lovely! They, who heard  
Thy words of truth refined,  
Forget the beauty of the brow  
In beauty of the mind.

O fair and lovely! Many a heart  
With grateful warmth retains  
The record of thy liberal deeds  
That soothed their wants and pain.

But all the charms that cheered our home  
To me were only known—  
And all the inner life of love  
Reserved for me alone.

So is my grief unfathomed still  
By those who but behold  
The polished surface of the gem  
That heaven's own spirit held.

And yet, remembering how thy breast  
Was on the Saviour staid,  
And how His arm embraced thy soul  
In the dark valley's shade—

Remembering that the pure in heart  
God's glorious face shall see—  
I kneel amid my tears, and pour  
A hymn of praise for thee!

## THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

To be the minister's wife is the very *ne plus ultra* of distinction in the eyes of a village maiden, particularly in the Eastern States. No one can deny that; and, knowing this to be the case, no one can wonder that a single man is generally exceedingly successful in a rural district, while a married clergyman finds it far more difficult to make a favorable impression under the argus eyes perpetually fixed upon himself and his spouse, who never, in any case, comports herself in a manner which quite tallies with the preconceived ideas of the spinsters in her husband's congregation as to what the clergyman's wife ought to be.

The gentlemen who had successively, but, alas! not successfully, filled the pastorate of Appleblow, had good reason to learn this lesson by heart. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, principally paid in what was known in the neighborhood as "green truck" and "garden sass," and had never given satisfaction. After the first few months, the trustees groaned over the salary. The elders began to wonder whether Brother A. was quite right on "them there doctrinal p'int's." The congregation complained of not being visited enough, of not being sufficiently edified. A few influential personages gave up their pews, and travelled miles every Sunday to a church in another village where they were better pleased, even at the expense of breaking the fourth commandment with regard to the "cattle" and the "man-servant." And finally matters came to a crisis, and there was a vacancy in the Appleblow pulpit, and a succession of young ministers and old, who preached "by request," and generally made a favorable impression. And finally another call was made, another pastor came, was welcomed, fêted, treated to donation parties, ascended to the summit of popular favor on the wings of the wind, and descended as rapidly, until his light died out in darkness.

Appleblow was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was, in fact, famed for its dismissal of pastors without peculiar provocation. Clergymen, so to speak, "fought shy" of the pretty village with the white spire in

the middle of it, and declined calls thereunto; and many a grave middle-aged man gave good advice to Walter Redlaw, the newly-fledged clergyman who at last proclaimed himself willing to be installed as pastor of Appleblow. Men of more experience, men old enough to be Redlaw's grandfather, had failed there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Redlaw was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to certain disappointment at the outset of his career? Nobody approved of the act; but Redlaw, ardent, hopeful, and not twenty-five, was all the more resolved to accept the call. To succeed where no one else had ever succeeded before him, to do good, to become beloved, to see his congregation grow about him, and to end his days at last where he had begun his life of pastor, wept for by old and young, and humbly looking forward for reward in heaven for the good he (as an instrument in his Maker's hands) had done amongst his flock—a pure and beautiful ambition, albeit worldly men might smile at it as being very humble.

So Walter Redlaw came to Appleblow, and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation one evening, and received the charge from the presbytery with an humble determination (God helping him) to obey it; and the next Sabbath stood *in* the pulpit, and preached unto the people.

There are some very few young men who have all a woman's beauty without being effeminate. Walter Redlaw was one of these. He had soft golden-brown hair, which could not be dubbed "red" by his greatest enemy. A broad, high forehead, white as flesh and blood could be, regular features, pearly teeth, and a color that came and went—now the faintest tinge of rose-leaf, now deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an arrow, and had a voice clear and musical, and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort, and give old Deacon Pugsby for the first time no chance to deliver himself of his well worn jest—"Dominie hadn't nuthin' to say t' us today, so he thort he'd mumble on 't, so 'st we shouldn't know it."



Village girls, with bright round eyes and cheeks into which the peony-red seemed burnt as are the hues of porcelain, wondered at the delicate and aristocratic beauty of his face. Even the maiden lady who had played the organ in the gallery for fifteen years turned around on her stool, and looked down upon him with a sort of sad regret in her poor old heart that she had not married in her girlhood, and had not now a son like this, as she might, if—ah, if! But there had been a quarrel, and a return of rings, and all that sort of thing, and it was no use thinking of it now, only that boy's mother must be proud of him. And the old maid turned toward the organ and Old Hundred again.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister; and many a girl, if the truth were but known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon; and he, preaching with all his soul in the words he uttered, thought not at all of any one of them.

Perhaps they did not quite understand this, for that night, when family prayers were over, and shutters closed and barred, and old folks snoring in their beds, more than one girl in the snug little village of Appleblow stood before her glass and wondered how she would look in white muslin, and orange-flowers, and all the paraphernalia of a bride; or in black silk dress, and *broché* shawl, and straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon (Appleblow fashions were yet primitive), sailing slowly up the aisle of the little church some Sunday, while envious maidens gazed, and whispered "There goes the minister's wife."

And, at the same moment, Walter Redlaw, sitting at his desk, traced, at the beginning of a long and loving letter, the words—"My dearest Rosa."

No, we are not going to be so treacherous as to give that letter to our readers. Suffice it to say that it would have nipped the budding hopes of maiden Appleblow with an untimely frost.

Sewing-societies, fairs, tea-drinkings, merry-makings of all kinds followed each other in quick succession. Appleblow, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Pinchemall, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice, and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, too, purchased in "the

city," came by express to Appleblow, and the nine Misses Fish excited envy unparalleled by appearing in the first bodices ever seen in the village, all of black velvet trimmed with scarlet.

Successful! there had never been such a success before; nobody dared to find fault with Walter Redlaw, upheld by all the womankind of Appleblow—maid and matron, young and old, grandmothers, granddaughters, mammas, spinsters, aunts, and school-girls yet in pantalettes with frills.

By and by whispered rumors were set afloat. The young minister had paid particular attention to Miss Smith, he was seen out walking with Miss Brown, he had taken tea thrice with Mrs. Jones, who had two unmarried daughters; in fact, he was engaged in turn to every single lady in the village, if report said truly; though, on the statement being made over the teacups, some one was always found to aver, with downcast looks and conscious blushes, that she had "particular reasons for knowing the rumor could not possibly have the slightest foundation."

Then "dearest friends" became rivals, and feminine Damons and Pythias "didn't speak," and young farmers, tradesmen, the schoolmaster, and the doctor were jilted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired, blue-eyed young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Appleblow than he had of attempting to become the President of the United States, but who, gentle and amiable in thought and manner, liked all women, and was kind enough to them to encourage all those foolish ideas which came into their heads of their own accord, and would not be driven out again.

And so the days passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came, and every grapevine in Appleblow hung heavy with their purple fruitage; and amidst its balmy days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and russets were more glorious, and the moon seemingly rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Walter Redlaw took the train to New York one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sabbath.

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Yarrow's to discuss the cause of this; and stories, hatched no one knew how or by whom, were circulated.

Mr. Redlaw's mother was ill. No, that could not be, for Miss Brown knew, "for certain sure," that he lost his mother in infancy.

"His sister was about to be married, and he was to perform the ceremony." Mrs. Morris had this from good authority, but better contradicted her. Mr. Redlaw was an only child, and consequently had no sister to be given in marriage.

Somebody had told Deacon Yarrow that a maiden aunt had died, leaving the minister a large fortune in real estate. This was very favorably received, and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established, but for a suggestion of old Aunt Brown, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, and who threw cold water on the air-castles of maids and matrons by saying, with a solemn shake of her head, "Mebbe minister's gone tu git married himself."

Aunt Brown was sent to Coventry at once; but, nevertheless, her suggestion made an impression even on those who averred most loudly that it "couldn't possibly be so."

It was not the reputation of the Rev. Silas Ormsby that drew so large an attendance at the little church on the next Sabbath. Curiosity led most of those who wore bonnets and crinoline thither, and it was gratified to the utmost, for in his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered a devout and earnest supplication for the pastor of the congregation, who at that very moment, perhaps, took upon himself the solemn obligations of married life. Might Heaven give him strength, and bless him and his young and pious wife, etc. It was a prayer worth listening to, but the ladies of Appleblow heard nothing after the word wife. They were lost in astonishment; and hurried out of church, after the benediction, with indecent haste, to discuss the affair by their own firesides. And on Monday, when it was known by all that black Betty, the charwoman of the place, was engaged to scrub and scour the parsonage; that an ingrain carpet had been sent down from New York for the parlor floor, and that a tea-set had arrived in a box, marked "this side up, with care," the certainty of the astonishing fact became established, and Appleblow joined in denouncing Mr. Redlaw as a despicable flirt. "And," said the plump mamma of the nine scraggy Misses Fish, "of all men, a minister should blush to earn such a reputation. Nobody would believe the attention he has paid my girls. I couldn't tell

which one of 'em he wanted, he was so particular to all of 'em."

Other mammas said much the same, and during the afternoon a procession of "help" might have been seen on the road leading to the cottage, carrying white paper parcels containing principally small volumes—"Practical Piety," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," tracts, and hymn-books, presents from Walter Redlaw to the sisters of his flock, now returned with indignation. The excitement lasted all the week, and was still strong on the next Sabbath when the minister walked up the church aisle with a beautiful girl upon his arm, and the Appleblow girls looked upon a face so exquisite that none of them could resort to the usual course of declaring her "not the least good-looking."

They were decorous and prudent in Appleblow, and all the forms of courtesy were gone through with. The new minister's wife was invited out to tea, was called upon by all the ladies of her flock, and was favored with a donation party; nevertheless, there was little cordial feeling in Appleblow. The ladies did not take kindly to their pastor's wife, and soon the clouds began to gather. At first, in secret whispers, Mrs. Redlaw's bonnet was too gay, she was frivolous, not a good house-keeper, not zealous in good works. By and by louder, more serious fault-finding, not only with the minister's wife, but with the minister himself.

The women began it; the men were talked over by their wives; finally the first step was taken. 'Squire Gorse and his family gave up their pew, and found themselves more edified by the Baptist clergyman in the next village; others followed their example. The fault-finding and slander reached the parsonage itself, and little Rosa Redlaw, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, sobbed: "What shall I do, Walter? I meant to help you, and to make them all like me, and you see how it is."

And the young clergyman soothed his weeping wife, and bade her have good cheer, for matters would mend, and all would be right again. He was mistaken; matters did not mend; they grew worse and worse; and, a year from the date of his marriage, came to a climax. A bevy of trustees waited upon him in his study, and bemoaned their wrongs. They paid a large salary; they expected the pastor to do his part, and he lost them money—absolutely had emptied the church, instead of filling it. Besides, his wife should have

been instructed in her duty. She had made herself generally disliked; if the minister's wife were not popular, it was a very unpleasant thing. Could he explain?

Of course the visit ended as they expected; there was but one consummation possible; Appleblow knew, in a day or so, that their pastor was about to leave the place forever.

The winter had set in—an unhealthy winter, warm and moist, instead of cold and bracing. Rumors of prevailing ill health spread over Appleblow, and the minister, packing his books in his study, came to hear of them. They grew louder. Whole families of children sickened and lay low; and a dread cry arose—"It is the smallpox!"

One day Walter Redlaw left his home to perform the burial service over the graves of three children of one family. The next their mother called him to the bedside of her husband, to see him also die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time, never to be forgotten by any who dwelt there then, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the loathsome pestilence. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they fled. Appleblow became a great lazaret, and Walter Redlaw said to his young wife: "Let us go quickly, dear one, before the scourge falls upon our household."

But she, as he spoke, left her seat, and knelt before him, resting her head upon his breast, as he still sat before their evening fire, in a child-like fashion, all her own, and, as he sheltered her upon his bosom, whispered: "My husband, do not bid me go, for I must stay here and do all I can—watch with them, nurse them, strive to comfort the bereaved. I should indeed be all they think me, if I, their pastor's wife, fled at such an hour."

The man listened at first unconvinced. "We owe them nothing," he said; "they have used us shamefully. Remember, I am actually their pastor no longer."

But his wife gently pleaded; pleaded to stay amidst the danger, to aid him in the duties which would fall to him amidst the sick and dying; and, touching his heart and soul by her sweet Christian spirit, brought him at last to say: "You shall have it as you choose, Rosa; we will stay amidst this hard heathen-hearted people in their hour of trial; but, God sparing us, we will leave them when it is over, and go elsewhere."

And Rosa Redlaw rejoiced and thanked him. But by and by a natural womanly dread came into her heart, and she looked at him with tears in her dark eyes. "Walter," she whispered, blushing as she spoke, "you have often called me beautiful. Should I lose that beauty, could you love me still? Should this pestilence, falling upon me, scar and mar my face, would I be as dear to you? Speak truly, darling."

But he had no need to speak, for she read the constancy and purity of his love in the one long look he gave her, and sobbed upon his shoulder—"Nay, then, I shall have no fear."

At dawn the two went forth upon their mission.

In their selfish horror, kinsfolk fled from each other. Sisters shrunk from those who had been nursed at the same breast, children deserted their parents, friends grew brutal to each other; but those two young creatures never swerved from their appointed task; like ministering angels, they went from house to house, aiding the overtaxed physician, supporting the mother's failing courage, coming to the lonely and deserted in their greatest need. Sometimes they were together, but more frequently apart, there was so much to do. When they could, they met at night in the old parsonage; but often dying couches or sick beds, where lives hung in the balance, kept them separated for several days. But their hearts and prayers followed each other always.

It was a trying time, but they were very brave and faithful. Some of those who had been most cruel to Rosa Redlaw were her patients now, and lay helpless as infants while she fanned the flickering flame of life within their bosoms.

When, save for her, no friend had watched beside the couch of loathsome disease; when in the death room, pestilence-haunted, she sat all night and watched; when her own hands robed the dead infant for its last sleep, and it was known to all what mission she had taken upon herself, wonder filled the village, and in a little while there arose to Heaven so many prayers for Rosa Redlaw and her husband that, had the Mohammedan belief been true, they need have had no dread of the "burning path," it must have been paved so thickly.

And in time, though that day was slow in

coming, the pestilence began to abate, and health came to Appleblow again, with the sharp frosts and keen cold air of the Christmas time. On Christmas day joy-bells were rung from the steeples in Appleblow, to tell the people that the rod was lifted.

But before night sad news ran through the village. She who had watched with them, who had been so tender and so faithful, who had passed through those fearful scenes when the pestilence was at its worst as though she bore a charmed life, was smitten, now that she was no longer needed.

The shutters of the parsonage were closed, the windows darkened, silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached this Sabbath in Appleblow, and all knew well why he was there. Walter Redlaw watched beside his darling's bed, and never left it day or night.

Penitential tears fell in Appleblow that Sabbath; prayers went up to Heaven for the pastor's fair young wife, and the angels heard them, and heard also those of the young husband, and bore them through the gates of Heaven, and sang them to celestial music at the foot of the Throne, telling how good she was, and how true, and so fit for heaven that it were a mercy to less perfect mortals to let her stay on earth.

And the Most High listened. The death angel's wings flung their shadow on the portal of the parsonage, but did not pass it; and, pale and feeble, but with life still strong in her young breast, for she clung to her husband with all a woman's earnestness, and loved earth for his sake, Rose Redlaw lay at last free from the burning fever, certain to live—so the old doctor said, with tears in his gray eyes.

But was she sure of her soft, childlike beauty, of her pearly skin, of her golden hair, of her bright blue eyes? God alone could tell. But Walter, bending over her, thought of the promise he had made her on the day when she entered on her task of peril and self-denial, and knew, knowing how dear she was to him, that no change in his darling's beauty could change his love.

And into the darkened room health came, bringing balm; and the sun shone in again, and the soft air breathed through the lattice, and the birds sang in their golden cages and the housemaid in her kitchen, where she

made dainty messes for the convalescent; and there came a Sabbath at last when Rose was well enough to go to church with her husband.

Appleblow knew it, and the church was full, and out upon the grass in the church-yard groups were gathered, girls and boys, young married couples, old folks who had seen their grandchildren grow to be men and women and die. And, waiting in the morning sunlight of a pleasant winter day, they saw their pastor coming along the frost-hardened road with his wife upon his arm. They came nearer, and they saw how frail her form had grown; but still her veil was down, and they could not see her face until, standing amongst them, she put it back, and then—yes, breaths were held, and all eyes riveted upon those features; and there was a hush, unbroken, until a child's voice, clear as dropping silver, arose upon the air: "Oh, mother, look; the lady is just as beautiful as ever." And then, though it was Sunday, and in New England, and beside a church, a cheer arose upon the air, and men tossed their caps on high, and women sobbed; she sobbed also, beautiful Rose Redlaw, thanking God for all this love, and thanking Him also, as a woman must, that He had not taken from her the charms in which her husband took such tender pride, and of which, for his sake more than for her own, she was also just a little proud, though she had laid that pride aside, knowing well her danger, when she went forth upon her mission.

They never spoke against the minister's wife after that in Appleblow. Amongst them she lived and moved as might some loving queen, and dwelt in the old parsonage, beautified as the temple of some saint might have been, until her youth changed to maturity and her maturity to age; and there you may see her yet, and her husband also, though his hair, like hers, is of frosted silver. And his grandson fills the pulpit, for Appleblow loves the race of Redlaw, and will not part with them.

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CONTENTMENT.—He is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, and with it impatience for more.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.—With your friend speech and silence are one, for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches from heart to heart.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY E. ANNIE FROST.

### Characters.

BANQUERUPT, a retired merchant,  
SELIM,  
CONRAD, } his three sons.  
CASPER,  
HELENA,  
MARIETTA, } his three daughters.  
BEAUTY,  
PRINCE VIRTUOUS, the Beast, afterwards a handsome prince.  
GOLDEN WINGS, a fairy.

### Costumes.

BANQUERUPT. *Scene 1st.* A farmer's dress. *Scene 2d.* Rich dress of velvet. *Scene 5th.* Dressing-gown and slippers. *Scene 6th* same as *Scene 2d.*

SELIM. *Scene 1st and 2d.* A farmer's dress. *Scene 3d and 6th.* A scholar's dress of black silk, with a square cap.

CONRAD AND CASPER. *Scene 1st and 2d.* A farmer's dress. *Scene 3d and 6th.* A captain's uniform.

HELENA AND MARIETTA. *Scene 1st and 2d.* Shabby dresses of worn-out finery, faded silk dresses, old satin shoes, and disordered hair. *Scenes 3d, 5th, and 6th.* Dresses of rich silk, with flowers, feathers, and jewels.

BEAUTY. *Scenes 1st, 2d, and 3d.* A neat cottager's dress of chintz. *Scenes 4th, 5th, and 6th.* A very rich dress of velvet and satin, with jewels on hair, neck, and arms.

PRINCE VIRTUOUS. *Scenes 3d, 4th, and 5th, part of 6th.* A beast's skin, a head. (This is easily procurable at a costumer's, and should be large enough to permit the other dress to be worn under it.) Last dress, a rich velvet suit, slashed with satin, jewelled cap, and shoe buckles.

GOLDEN WINGS. A gauze dress, headdress of fine feathers spangled, white lace wings, thickly spangled with gold.

SCENE I.—*The cottage of BANQUERUPT. Curtain rises, discovering BEAUTY putting the breakfast upon the table.*

*Beau.* There! breakfast is ready, and I am sure my father and brothers will be satisfied. I was up before sunrise to gather the water-cresses, and the eggs are fresh and tempting. The bread is my own baking, and my butter is acknowledged to be the best in the village. Oh, how I wish my sisters could see the pleasures as well as the hardships of our present life! True, we have no luxuries, but health follows labor, and content is the re-

ward of industry. I am sure if they would look for blessings instead of pain in our present lot, they would find them on every side. (*Goes to door and waves her hand, returns front.*) They see me!

*Enter BANQUERUPT, SELIM, CONRAD, and CASPER.*

*Ban.* Breakfast ready, my Beauty?

*Beau.* All ready, papa! (*They all sit round the table.*)

*Sel.* (*cutting bread.*) The country air gives one an appetite far keener than is felt in a student's life!

*Cas.* (*eating.*) We've got the corn all underground, Beauty.

*Beau.* Then you can rest to-day?

*Con.* No, indeed; the other lots are waiting for the plough, seed, and harrow. We'll feed on produce of our own cultivation this year.

*Ban.* With Beauty for a cook.

*Beau.* And hunger for a sauce.

*Ban.* Sisters not up yet, Beauty?

*Beau.* Not yet! They seldom rise so early.

*Ban.* Come, lads, we must not linger, however tempting Beauty makes her breakfast. One kiss, little one, to sweeten to-day's toil. (*Kisses her.*) And now, boys, to work!

[*Exit BANQUERUPT.*]

*Sel.* Don't work too hard to-day, Beauty. Anything will do for dinner, and you are too precious to be overworked! Good-morning, little sister! [*Exit SELIM.*]

*Cas.* I'm a new man, Beauty, after such a famous breakfast. [*Exit CASPER.*]

*Con.* What should we do without you to cheer us, Beauty? [*Exit CONRAD.*]

*Beau.* Oh, is not so much love reward for any toil? My dear, dear father, and my kind brothers so overrate the little I can do to soften their hard lot, that my whole heart is full of gratitude. In our old home, before my father lost his princely wealth, we scarcely knew the pleasures of affection. My father was engrossed in business, my brothers at their studies, my sisters always away seeking pleasure in balls or parties, while my masters took every hour in the day preparing me for entry into the great world of gayety. But now,

how different. This reverse of fortune which seemed so hard to bear has made the love between my father, brothers, and myself our sweetest pleasure. Would that my sisters joined our circle!

*Enter MARIETTA and HELENA.*

*Mar. (fretfully).* Anything fit to eat for breakfast, Beauty?

*Beau.* Indeed there is! Fresh bread, new laid eggs, watercresses, and pure milk.

*Hel.* Faugh! what trash! Is there no sweet cake, no jam, no potted meat?

*Beau.* You know, dear sister, these luxuries are now out of our reach.

*Mar.* It is very hard that we cannot even have enough to eat. Father is frightfully stingy.

*Beau.* Oh, Marietta! Our dear father! He toils early and late to give us comfort.

*Hel. (sneering).* Comfort, indeed!

*Mar.* O cruel fortune!

*Beau.* Will you not eat some breakfast?

*Mar.* I have no appetite for such rude fare.

*Beau.* Ah, you should rise at dawn, spin, sew, or cook, taste the fresh air by feeding the poultry, or seeing Mooly get her breakfast, hunt after eggs in the hay, and let the sun kiss your cheek when it rises! Then you would find the fare delicious.

*Hel.* And look as coarse and blowsy as a milkmaid. I have no taste for such vulgar pursuits!

*Mar.* Nor I!

*Beau.* But you take no exercise.

*Hel.* We have no carriage!

*Beau.* I walk.

*Mar.* Oh, you are a paragon! *(Sneering.)* We do not aspire to the virtues of a milkmaid or the perfections of a housekeeper.

*Enter BANQUERUPT, SELIM, CASPER, and CONRAD.*

*Ban.* News! news! good news!

*Hel.* O, what is it? Tell it quickly!

*Mar.* Have you regained your fortune?

*Ban.* Not all; but one of my most richly laden vessels, which was supposed lost, has safely arrived at port!

*Sel.* Our father's cloak and hat, dear Beauty; he must go instantly to town. *[Exit BEAUTY.]*

*Hel.* Dear father, you will not forget to buy us new gowns and bonnets. We are shabby as beggars.

*Mar.* And new jewels, dear father. The few we have left are quite out of date.

*Enter BEAUTY, with cloak, cane, and hat. She assists her father in putting them on.*

*Hel.* We can again keep a carriage!

*Mar.* And have dainty food.

*Con.* Ah, if my commission is now within my reach!

*Sel.* Perhaps some new books can now be purchased!

*Cas.* We can hire laborers for some of the farm work.

*Beau. (aside).* Oh, if this good fortune will only relieve my dear father of his heavy toil and care!

*Ban.* I must be off. I will return as soon as possible. Kiss me, dear children.

*Mar. (kissing him).* Bring me a blue silk dress and satin cloak, dear father.

*Hel. (kissing him).* And me a set of Orient pearls, in golden setting, dear papa.

*Con. (embracing him).* Buy my captain's commission, if you can.

*Sel. (embracing him).* Bring me the latest books for my share, father.

*Cas. (embracing him).* Purchase me a horse.

*Beau. (kissing him two or three times).* Dear father, return soon to us. Be careful not to take cold, and, if you can, ride home in the coach; it is a long walk from town.

*Ban.* But, Beauty, how is it that you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, dear child?

*Beau.* Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father, I would be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden.

*Ban.* You shall have one, if I walk a hundred miles to find it. Good-by, dear! Good-by, all!

*All.* Good-by! Farewell!

*[Exit BANQUERUPT.]*

*Mar. (sneering).* A rose, dear papa! Miss Modesty!

*Hel.* To shame us for our paltry requests. I hate affectation.

*Cas., Sel., and Con.* We must return to work. Good-by, Beauty.

*[Exit CASPER, SELIM, and CONRAD.]*

*Beau.* I fear that it will storm to-night. I hope our father will reach the city safely *(looks out, anxiously)*. Heaven guard him from all harm!  
*[Curtain falls.]*

SCENE II., same as SCENE I.—*Curtain rises, discovering BEAUTY spinning, HELENA sitting idly before the fire, MARIETTA asleep in a chair,*

CONRAD mending a spade handle, CASPER making a net, and SELIM sorting seeds.

*Beau.* It is surely time our father had arrived. I hope no harm befell him in the storm.

*Hel.* Oh, never fear; he'll come home safely. I suppose he is busily occupied in investing the price of his cargo.

*Beau. (rising).* I feel very anxious *(goes to door).* Oh, Selim, Casper, Conrad, come here!

*Mar. (waking up).* What is the matter?

*(All go to the door.)*

*Beau.* A great chest, directed to "Banquerupt's children," is here on the step.

*(CONRAD, SELIM, and CASPER bring in the chest.)*

*Con. (raising the lid).* 'Tis full of gold!

*All. Gold! (They crowd round the box.)*

*Hel.* Our father has indeed been fortunate. He has sent this chest to herald his success.

*Enter BANQUERUPT, with roses.*

*All.* Ah, he is here! Dear father, welcome home!

*Ban. (sadly).* Poor children!

*Mar.* Poor! With this great chest of gold, and you so finely dressed?

*Ban. (seeing chest).* Ah, he has kept his word. *(Giving Beauty the roses.)* Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think how dearly they have cost your poor father!

*Beau.* Oh, father, how could a few roses cost much? I am so sorry I asked for them.

*Ban.* Yet you may cherish them as my last gift. Get me a chair, Conrad; I will tell you my adventures. *(Conrad gets chair, and all sit or stand near while he speaks.)* Upon my arrival at the city, dear children, I found that my claim upon the vessel was involved in a lawsuit, which was decided against me, and of the whole cargo I received only enough to hire myself a horse.

*Mar.* But this chest of gold?

*Ban.* Patience; I will tell you all. When within a few miles of home, thinking of the joy I should have in again joining you, my dear children, my road lay through a thick forest, and I lost my way. It rained and snowed, and the wind was so high that I could not keep my seat upon my horse. Night came on, and I expected nothing but to die of hunger, or be torn to pieces by wild animals.

*Con.* Poor father!

*Ban.* All at once, when I was nearly despairing, I cast my eyes upon a long row of trees, and saw a light at the end of them, but

it seemed a great way off. Leading my horse by the bridle, I made the best of my way toward it, and found it came from a fine palace, lighted all over. I soon reached the gates, which stood open, and was very much surprised to see no one in any of the yards. My horse, seeing a stable door open, entered it at once, and helped himself to a fine supply of hay and oats in one of the racks. I, meanwhile, knocked and called, but no one answered my summons.

*Mar.* What a strange adventure!

*Ban.* Tired at last of waiting, I entered the house. In a superbly furnished dining-room I found a good fire and a meal of delicate dishes spread for one. Hoping the master of the house would pardon me, I made a delicious supper, dried my clothes, and sat waiting for some one to appear. At midnight, being faint and weary with my long ride, I ventured to open another door; and, seeing a luxurious bed, took courage and crept into it. A profound slumber held me until ten o'clock this morning, when I awoke, to find my old clothes gone, and this fine suit replacing them.

*Beau.* Surely this palace belonged to some good fairy who pitied your misfortunes.

*Ban.* I thought so, and dressed myself with new courage. In the room where I had supped I found a delicious breakfast spread for me; and, thanking the fairy aloud for his kind care of me, I prepared to depart. Passing through the garden, I found the snow all gone, and bowers of beautiful roses blooming on every side. Remembering your request, dear Beauty, I gathered a few to bring home. Hardly had I done so, when a noise like thunder filled the air, and a monstrous beast, armed with an enormous iron club, sprang before me. "Ungrateful man!" he cried, in a terrible voice, "I have saved your life by letting you into my palace, and in return you steal my roses, which I value more than anything else that belongs to me!" I fell upon my knees while he continued: "But you shall make amends for your fault, for you shall die in a quarter of an hour."

*Beau. (kneeling before her father).* Oh, can you ever forgive me for having caused this terror?

*Con.* But you are here, safe and well.

*Ban.* I implored his pardon, calling him a lord, but he was angry at the compliment, and finally let me come home on condition that one of my daughters returned to die in

my stead. Dear children, no thought of allowing the sacrifice occurred to me; but I knew, if I seemed to accept the beast's terms, I could at least embrace you all once more.

*Hel.* But this gold. You have told us nothing of this.

*Ban.* The beast made me promise to return myself in three months, if my daughters refused, and then said: "But you shall not go home empty-handed. Go to the room you slept in, and you will find a chest there. Fill it with what you like best, and I will get it taken to your house for you." I obeyed him, filling it with gold, which lay in heaps around it, feeling that if I must die, I shall at least have the comfort of leaving my children rich.

*Hel.* And Beauty is the cause of your death (*weeping*). If it had not been for those nasty roses, this generous beast might have been your friend for life.

*Mar.* (*weeping*). See what happens from the pride of the little wretch; why did she not ask for fine things as we did?

*Hel.* But, to be sure, Miss will not be like other people.

*Mar.* Though she is the cause of her father's death, she does not shed one tear.

*Beau.* It would be of no use to weep for the death of my father, for he shall not die now. As the beast will accept one of his daughters, I will give myself up to him, and think myself happy in being able at once to save his life, and prove my love for the best of fathers.

*Con.* No, sister, you shall not die; we will go in search of this monster, my brothers?

*Cas. and Sel.* At once; either he or we will perish.

*Ban.* Do not hope to kill him; his power is far too great for that hope. I am charmed with the kindness of Beauty, but I will not suffer her life to be lost. I myself am old, and cannot expect to live much longer, so I shall give up but a few years of life, and only grieve for the sake of my children.

*Beau.* Never, father, shall you go to the palace without me; for you cannot hinder my going after you; though young, I am not over fond of life, and I would much rather be eaten up by this monster than die of the grief your loss would give me.

*Con.* Let me go, dear father.

*Ban.* No, he especially said a *daughter*; but Beauty shall never go. I had rather die a thousand times.

*Beau.* Dear father, you cannot alter my re-

solve. If you will not accompany me, I will alone seek this palace and find the monster.

*Hel.* O let her go, dear father! Her life is not to be compared to yours.

*Mar.* Listen to us all, father! Let Beauty go.

*Con.* Unnatural sisters!

*Ban.* Oh, my children, you tear my very heart.

*Beau.* We have three months yet before us, and for the present let us talk of other matters. Know, dear father, that in your absence Helena and Marietta have been sought by their old wooers, Albert and Arthur; your consent, and the dowry this chest will supply will make them happy wives. Pray let me see the weddings before I go. Then Conrad and Casper already see their commissions in this chest. Is not this so, my brothers? And for Selim, we must find some professor's chair, for that alone will suit my grave and studious brother.

*Ban.* My precious child! Every thought of your heart is given to others.

*Beau.* And now to supper, for I am sure you must need refreshment after your journey. Conrad, Casper, will you take the chest into our father's room?

[*Exit* CONRAD, CASPER, and SELIM with the chest.]

*Ban.* Marietta and Helena, come to my room and tell me more of these wooers.

[*Exit* BANQUERUPT, HELENA, and MARIETTA.]

*Beau.* (*sadly*). How happy they will all be! (*Weeps*). Tears? Shame on me, when I can have the joy of saving my father's life. My brothers and sisters in comfort, my dear father with wealth for his declining years, and only my poor little self the sacrifice. I will not weep! (*Draws table forward, and lays the cloth.*) [Curtain falls.]

SCENE III.—*A room in the palace of PRINCE VIRTUOUS. A curtain hangs across background, cutting off part of the stage. In the foreground, a table is spread with fruit, wine, cake, and biscuit, a plate, knife, tumbler, and napkin for two people.*

*Enter* BANQUERUPT and BEAUTY.

*Beau.* What a superb palace! Dear father, all you have told us of its beauties was nothing compared with what I see.

*Ban.* (*sadly*). It is all very gorgeous.



*Beau.* And see, our supper waits for us. Come, my dear father, eat something.

*Ban.* Food would choke me.

*Beau.* (*coaxing him to sit down*). No, no, you will not let me eat alone (*helping him*); this cake is tempting, and I know a glass of wine will revive you. Come, eat! (*Sits down at table.*) You see I do! (*Eating.*)

*Ban.* (*trying to eat*). I cannot! Beauty, my dear, dear child, I cannot consent to leave you here.

*Beau.* (*embracing him*). Hush, we settled all that long ago. (*A loud noise behind the scenes.*)

*Ban.* It is the monster!

*Enter PRINCE VIRTUOUS.*

*Prince V.* You are punctual! So, your daughter is willing to die in your stead?

*Ban.* She insists upon it, my lord.

*Prince V.* (*to BEAUTY*). You came quite of your own accord?

*Beau.* (*trembling*). Y-e-e-s.

*Prince V.* You are a good girl! (*To BANQUERUPT.*) My good man, bid your daughter farewell. (*To BEAUTY.*) I will return when he is gone. [*Exit PRINCE VIRTUOUS.*]

*Ban.* (*sobbing*). Oh, Beauty, how can I say farewell! I am half dead already at the thoughts of leaving you with this dreadful beast. You had better go back, and let me stay in your place.

*Beau.* No! I will never agree to that. You must go home—and, father, you will not forget your little Beauty.

*Ban.* Never! never! (*Embracing her.*)

*Beau.* Farewell! Remember, my sisters look for you!

*Ban.* Farewell!

[*Exit BANQUERUPT, weeping.*]

*Beau.* He is gone! (*Calling.*) Father! father! No, no, why call him back to renew the pain of parting! (*Weeping.*) I shall never see him again. (*Sits down upon a sofa, laying her head upon the arm. During the singing, BEAUTY falls asleep.*)

*Voices* (*singing behind the scenes.*)

Beauteous lady, dry your tears,  
Here's no cause for sighs or fears;  
Command as freely as you may,  
Enjoyment still shall mark your sway.

*Enter GOLDEN WINGS.*

*Beau.* (*sleeping*). My dear father!

*Golden Wings* (*waving her wand*). I am very much pleased, dear Beauty, with the good-

ness you have shown in being willing to give your life to save that of your father; and you shall not go unrewarded. Wake, Beauty, to a life of happiness! (*Going slowly backward to door, waving her wand.*) Wake, Beauty, wake!

[*Exit GOLDEN WINGS.*]

*Beau.* (*waking*). What a comforting dream! (*Looks off right.*) A door, and upon it written Beauty's room. (*Exit for a moment, returning.*) And what a lovely room. Music, books, flowers, nothing is wanting. If I were to die to-night, would such pains have been taken to make this place so charming! But I dare not hope. (*Weeps.*)

*Voices* (*singing behind scenes.*)

Beauteous lady, dry your tears,  
Here's no cause for sighs or fears;  
Command as freely as you may,  
Enjoyment still shall mark your sway.

*Beau.* The voices I heard in my dream! Command! Alas! there is nothing I so much desire as to see my poor father, and to know what he is doing at this moment.

(*The curtain across the stage is drawn apart, showing a tableau of the cottage of BANQUERUPT. BANQUERUPT is seated at a table, in an attitude of deep grief, CONRAD, CASPER, SELIM, MARIETTA, and HELENA grouped around him, all showing deep dejection. After a moment, the curtain closes.*)

*Beau.* My poor father! Could he but know the hope that fills my heart! (*A loud noise.*)

*Enter PRINCE VIRTUOUS.*

*Beau.* The beast! I shudder with fear.

*Prince V.* Lovely lady, do you find my palace agreeable? Pray command, if anything displeases you, and it shall be removed.

*Beau.* (*trembling*). Everything is only too beautiful.

*Prince V.* Will you give me leave to see you sup?

*Beau.* That is as you please.

*Prince V.* (*offering chair*). Not in the least. You alone command in this place. If you should not like my company, you need only say so, and I will leave you in a moment.

*Beau.* (*gently*). Nay, after all your courtesies, I would regret to issue such a command. Pray join me at supper.

*Prince V.* (*seating himself opposite to her*). Allow me to serve you (*helps her to fruit, wine, and cake*). But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?

*Beau.* (*smiling*). Why, yes, for I cannot

tell a story; but then I think you are very good.

*Prince V.* You are right. I am very ugly, and I am very stupid. I know very well that I am but a beast.

*Beau.* I think you cannot be very stupid, if you yourself know this.

*Prince V.* Pray, let me see you eating, and be sure you do not want for anything; all you see is yours, and I shall be grieved if you are not happy.

*Beau.* You are very kind! So kind that I shall soon forget that you are not handsome.

*Prince V.* Yes, yes, I am good-tempered; still I am a monster.

*Beau.* There are many men who are worse monsters than you are, and I am much better pleased with you in that form, though it is so ugly, than with those who carry wicked hearts under handsome faces.

*Prince V.* If I had any sense, I would thank you properly for what you have said; but I am too stupid to say anything that would give you pleasure. (*They eat in silence for a moment.*)

*Prince V. (suddenly).* Beauty, will you be my wife?

*Beau. (trembling).* N-no, Beast.

[*Exit PRINCE VIRTUOUS.*]

*Beau.* I have offended him, when he was so kind to me. How terrible that such a good heart must be carried in so frightful a shape!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV., *same as III.*—*Curtain rises, discovering Beauty seated at table.*

*Beau. (looking at her watch).* Almost nine o'clock; my dear friend will soon be here to sup with me. Three months to-night since I came to live in this place, and they have passed like a dream of delight. My days are only too short for the pleasures crowded into them, and the evenings spent with my dear beast are delightful. Only one grief clouds my pleasure—that I cannot listen to his constant petition; and be his wife. Every evening, before we sup, he asks the question, and I, seeing his frightful form, cannot say yes. (*A loud noise.*)

*Enter PRINCE VIRTUOUS.*

*Prince V.* Good-evening, lovely lady.

*Beau. (joyfully).* You have come at last.

*Prince V.* Dare I hope that you wish for me?

*Beau.* Every hour!

*Prince V.* Ah, Beauty, if you would only be my wife!

*Beau.* You vex me greatly by forcing me to refuse you so often. I heartily wish I could love you well enough to consent to marry you, but I must tell you plainly that I do not think I ever shall. I shall always be your friend; so try to let that make you easy.

*Prince V.* I must needs do so (*sighing*), for I know well enough how frightful I am. But I love you better than myself. Yet I think I am very lucky in your being pleased to stay with me. Now promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me.

*Beau.* Alas!

*Prince V.* Why do you sigh, and turn from me?

*Beau.* Alas! it was only to-day that I saw, behind yonder curtain, my dear father, sick, grieving for me. My brothers are away, my sisters married, and he is alone. Only to-night I meant to petition you to allow me to visit him, and comfort his grief. I willingly promise to return to you; but if you refuse my request, I shall die of grief.

*Prince V.* I would rather die myself, Beauty, than make you fret. I will send you to your father. You will stay happily with him, while I die with sorrow for your loss.

*Beau.* No, no! I love you too well to cause your death. I promise to return in one week. Let me stay but one week.

*Prince V.* You will find yourself there to-morrow morning. When you wish to return, you have but to place your ring upon the table beside your bed, and you will return here during the night. And now, my Beauty, let us sup. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V., *same as SCENE I.*—*Curtain rises, discovering HELENA and MARIETTA seated.*

*Hel.* It is very stupid, having to leave all our town gayety to come to this stupid place, and nurse a sick father.

*Mar.* Yes; Beauty, the little wretch, would have taken that off our hands.

*Hel.* It is only fretting for that child that makes him sick. Between ourselves, Marietta, I almost wish I had never married. Albert is so handsome that he will not bestow a thought on anything but the looking-glass, neglecting me entirely.

*Mar.* While Arthur is so absorbed in books that he lets his whole estate go to ruin, and refuses me the most trifling requests.

*Enter BEAUTY.*

*Beau.* As the beast promised, I awoke in my old home. My dear sisters (*kissing them*), Helena! Marietta! It is an unexpected joy to find you here!

*Hel.* Beauty! Alive!

*Mar.* You here!

*Beau.* Alive, indeed! Yes, and the happiest woman in the world. You will be rejoiced to hear that this monster is to me the kindest friend. Every desire of my heart is granted. I live luxuriously, fare sumptuously, have a wardrobe like a queen's, and every pleasure my heart can desire. Yesterday, to crown all, he gave me permission to spend a whole week with my dear father. I must find him. I will return after I embrace him. [*Exit BEAUTY.*]

*Hel.* I shall die of envy. Did you ever see such a superb dress?

*Mar.* The little hypocrite! No wonder she was so ready to go. Oh, my heart is ready to burst with spite!

*Hel.* Such lovely jewels!

*Mar.* What can we do to humble her?

*Hel.* Why should the little wretch be better off than we are?

*Mar.* We are much handsomer than she is.

*Hel.* Sister, a thought has just come into my head—let us try to keep her here longer than she has permission to stay. Then he will be angry, and perhaps eat her up in a minute!

*Mar.* That is well thought of. But to do this we must seem very kind to her.

*Enter BANQUERPT, supported by BEAUTY.*

*Beau.* There, dear father!

*Mar.* (*handing a chair*). Sit here, father. No wonder you are better, with dear Beauty at home again.

*Hel.* Our little sister cannot guess how we have mourned for her. What a lovely necklace, Beauty!

*Beau.* (*offering it*). You will wear it for my sake, sister, and Marietta (*offering bracelet*) will not refuse this trifle.

*Mar.* Oh, thank you! Your gift, it will always be precious to me. (*Aside.*) It is worth a king's ransom.

*Ban.* Little Beauty! my dear, dear child! She is happy, too, she tells me. Ah, I shall not grieve, knowing she is safe and happy. I am well already.

*Beau.* Dear father! No words can tell how your love and that of my sisters moves my heart!

*Ban.* And you say the beast is kind to you!

*Beau.* Always. Nothing can surpass his generous care. My days are passed with books, birds, flowers, low murmuring fountains, and delicious music, while in the evening his gentle conversation makes the time fly.

*Hel.* But, dear Beauty, you have not breakfasted.

*Mar.* You must let us wait upon you, as you were wont of old to wait on us. (*They draw the table forward.*) [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI., *same as SCENE III.—Curtain as before concealing background.*

*Enter BEAUTY, hastily.*

*Beau.* I cannot find him! I have searched the garden, and in every room (*weeping*). Oh, if my dream was true, and I have killed him! How wicked I was to stay so long! But my sisters urged it so strongly, and my brothers' visit made home so charming, that I forgot my dear, dear beast! Oh, what shall I do! How ungrateful thus to repay all his kindness! Why will I not marry him? I am sure I should be more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. Oh, if I can only find him, he shall not be wretched on my account any longer. Last night, I dreamed I saw him dying, and with his last breath reproaching me for staying from him! Have I indeed killed him?

*Prince V.* (*behind the curtain*). Beauty! (*in a faint voice*) Beauty!

*Beau.* Who calls? Where are you, my love? (*Curtain is drawn aside, showing PRINCE VIRTUOUS extended upon a sofa.*)

*Prince V.* Beauty! you have come to say farewell!

*Beau.* (*kneeling beside him*). No, no; I will never leave you!

*Prince V.* You forgot your promise, Beauty. My grief for your loss made me resolve to starve myself to death. But I die content, having once more seen you.

*Beau.* No, dear Beast, you shall not die! You shall live to be my husband. From this moment I am yours, for I offer to marry you. I thought my heart felt only friendship for you, but now my sorrow shows me that I love you, and cannot live without you.

(*Music behind the scenes, and PRINCE VIRTUOUS*)

ous leaving the beast's skin on the sofa, kneels in his court dress at BEAUTY'S feet.)

*Prince V.* My preserver! my benefactress! My life shall be one long grateful love for you.

*Beau.* Prince! my lord! Where is the beast?

*Prince V.* Here, at your feet. Long years ago, dear Beauty, when I was a babe, my mother offended a wicked fairy. In anger she gave me the frightful form you saw, and condemned me to keep it till a beautiful young lady should agree to marry me. She ordered me, on pain of death, not to show that I had any sense. (*Rises and leads BEAUTY forward. The curtain closes behind them.*) You alone, dear Beauty, have kindly judged of me by the goodness of my heart, and in return I offer you my hand and crown; though I know the reward is much less than I owe you.

*Beau.* You have always been most kind!

*Enter GOLDEN WINGS.*

*Golden Wings.* Beauty, receive the reward of the choice you have made! You have chosen goodness of heart rather than sense and beauty, therefore you deserve to find them all three joined in the same person. You shall have your family to witness your triumph. (*Waves her wand, the curtain is drawn back, and BANQUERUPT, SELIM, CONRAD, CASPER, MARIETTA, and HELENA advance from behind it.*) Beauty will be a great queen, and I hope a crown will not destroy her modest virtues. For you, Helena and Marietta, I have long known the malice of your hearts and the wrongs you have done. You shall become two statues, but under that form shall keep your reason, and be fixed at the gates of your sister's palace, and I will not pass any worse sentence upon you than to see her happy. You will never appear in your own persons again till you are wholly cured of your faults, and I am very much afraid will remain statues forever.

*Music.*

*Curtain falls.*

## HEROISM.

BY UNA.

THE age of heroes is not dead,  
Nor numbered with the past;  
Each day calls forth some daring deed,  
More brilliant than the last;  
Each day some noble sacrifice,  
Made in a glorious cause,  
Bids earth to her foundations shake  
With thunders of applause.

The hero stands, a demi-god,  
'Mid the admiring crowd  
That sounds the trumpet of his fame  
In plaudits long and loud;  
Their praise is music to his ears,  
Yet had he toiled the same,  
And failure, not success been his,  
How would he bear their blame?

And though unmoved where passion rolls  
A fiercely flaming flood  
Of strife across a nation's breast,  
That must be quenched in blood;  
Though he the warring elements  
May dare in deadliest strife,  
The hero of an hour may be  
The coward of a life.

But more heroic is the soul  
That acts its humble part,  
And makes its lowly dwelling-place  
In a true woman's heart;  
That praise, or blame, or coward fear  
Of what the world will say,  
Can never for a moment lure  
From its appointed way.

Her heartstrings may be snapped in twain,  
Her heart itself may feel  
The stab of countless bitter woes  
That cut more keen than steel;  
Her dearest treasures may be on  
Some flaming altar cast,  
Or folded in death's icy arms  
Ere youth's bright spring is past;

Or worse—in her heart's sanctuary  
The idols shrined away,  
Unveiled at last may prove but clouds  
Of soulless, heartless clay;  
Yet patient still, without reward,  
She toils as seasons roll,  
Wearing perhaps a careless smile  
To hide a martyr soul.

As sweetly in some quiet dell  
The violet newly blown,  
Breathes fragrance on the passer-by,  
Itself unseen, unknown;  
Distilling balm for others' woes,  
She spends her quiet days,  
Content to see her noblest works  
Win blame instead of praise.

The world may have no need of praise,  
No laurel wreath to give  
To those who daily walk with death  
That others yet may live—  
Who stanch the blood that laurelled brows  
Have caused in streams to flow—  
But angels twine unfading crowns  
For those uncrowned below.

The hero true, forgetting self,  
Will ready ever stand  
To live, to suffer, or to die  
For God or native land;  
But while ye give him honor due,  
Pass not unheeded by,  
Her whose brave heart endures and lives  
Where he could only die.

## WHAT LEONARD WATSON FOUND IN THE POST-OFFICE.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

SHE was sitting in the prettiest of bedrooms, writing busily; sometimes the blue eyes filled with mirth, as the rapid pen jotted down some odd conceit or queer expression; again she would toss back her bright curls, and a saucy smile would cross her little mouth, as mischief flowed from the small golden point of her weapon. One after another, the little sheets of note paper were filled with dainty characters, folded, and slipped into the snowy envelopes. Suddenly the pretty writer paused. Resting her little dimpled chin on her hand, she sank into reverie; the blue eyes lost their smiling light, the rosy mouth folded into a sweet, earnest gravity, as she sat buried in thought.

"If I only dared," she whispered—"if I only dared." Then, with a quick impulse, she selected a sheet of paper somewhat larger than those she had been using, and began to write again, not, as before, merry and careless, but with deep earnestness, the rapid pen evidently tracing words of grave import and weight. Once she paused, and, folding her little hands, raised her eyes in prayer. As she sealed the long letter, she did what she had neglected before—directed it, in a clear, pretty hand, and then placed it carefully in her writing-desk. Again she continued her task, sometimes a scrap of verse, a saucy quotation, or even an address, filled the sheet, but oftener a little graceful note was written and folded. She was still busy, when laughing voices in the hall made her pause.

"Come right up, girls. I am in my room," she called.

And in answer to the summons four gay belles of Claireville came dancing into the room, with "How many have you written, Amy?"

"Oh, ever so many! I don't know. Let me see yours."

And a shower of snowy billets fell from eight white hands into her lap, while the four girls eagerly opened and read the missives upon the table.

"We've sold every ticket," cried Leonore Darcy, the brunette, whose charms had set half Claireville in a ferment.

"All!" said Amy. "The hall will be packed!"

"Yes," said pretty Mabel Lee, "and everybody says the post-office will be the most attractive feature of our fair. I am so glad you suggested it, Amy. And if it was late, we've got a good pile of letters written."

"There," said Amy, signing a note with "Gabriella," in the most minute characters, "there's my last sheet of paper and my last ounce of brains. I'm utterly exhausted!"

"But, Amy, you won't feel exhausted tomorrow," said demure Susy Jones, "when we hand dear Mr. Rivers a nice sum of money to help him rebuild the parsonage."

"That dreadful fire!" said Amy, shuddering. "Mother says she don't approve of fairs generally; but when one's minister is burned out, and the money won't come in fast any other way, why, she'll bake cakes and make pincushions with the best of us."

"And then, you know," said Mabel, earnestly, "there will be no raffling or cheating, and the articles are all pretty, and good of their kind."

"Girls, is it not time to dress?" said Susy, consulting a wee-watch at her belt. "We open at seven."

"The tables are all ready."

"True, but it is after five now, and everybody wants time for at least *one* extra touch to their finery, when they must face all Claireville."

"Scatter, then," said Amy, laughing. "Run home, all of you! Leave the letters here; I will take care of them. I am to be postmistress, you know."

"Not a bit of it," said Leonora. "You are only to sit in the background and direct the envelopes, which I will deliver to anxious inquirers."

"Whew! how important we are!" was the merry answer. And the laughing group dispersed.

The large hall of Claireville was brilliantly illuminated when, two hours later, the young girls announced all in readiness for opening the doors. The pretty tables, tasteful decorations, and groups of lovely girls made no

mean picture, and Claireville walked about, admired, and, above all, purchased to the full content of the fair originators of the entertainment. Hidden away from sight by the full folds of a curtain, Amy sat shrined in the post office, answering Leonora's call for letters. Busy excitement had flushed her fair cheeks, and, as her pen traced familiar names, one after another, smiles chased each other over lips and eyes. Suddenly a call from Nora made her turn pale: her fingers trembled as she drew from her bosom the letter she had written with a prayer. It was fully directed, yet she hesitated, holding it as if reluctant to let it go.

"Come, Amy. Is there nothing for Mr. Leonard Watson?" cried Leonora.

The letter was slipped through the appointed place in the curtain, and Amy drew a quick breath of apprehension as she heard the manly voice that said, "Thank you, Miss Darcy."

"If he is angry!" she whispered. "If he should be angry!"

But Leonard Watson had slipped the letter carelessly into the breast pocket of his coat, and was sauntering in his usual lazy manner down the hall. He was a tall, handsome man, with a broad forehead and large eyes, which spoke well for his heart and intellect; but with the *blazé* air and *debonnaire* manner of one for whom the world had offered its pleasures to satiety, and who had not learned to look for life's purpose in duty. The little world of Claireville spoke well of Leonard Watson. The girls admired his courtly gallantry, his polished manner, and honeyed words; the young men applauded his generosity, his wines, his horses, and his good temper; the older heads were ready to worship his wealth, his birth, and position; only here and there a word was whispered of late revels at Fairbank, of an occasional lapse into inebriety, or dropped a hint that "young Watson was living too fast."

There were many bright belles who cherished a secret belief of Leonard's marked preference, yet the gay heart was untouched, the travelled taste unsatisfied, and he was a free man, in word or thought, as he sauntered up the fair at Claireville with Amy's letter lying upon his breast.

It was night, and he was alone in the library of his spacious house before he recollected the missive; then, with an indolent curiosity,

he drew it forth. "Some flat school-girl verses," he muttered, "or, worse, a dose of flattery veiled by an incognita."

At first he read with a lazy expression of mocking upon his lips; but, as the lines were traced with earnest care, so, as he read, the man's soul was roused to thought and interest. Hot, angry flushes chased each other over his brow, yet he did not flinch; every word of the appeal, though it stung him with its scorching truth and searching questions, was perused faithfully, till, at the end, the dainty signature, "Your sincere friend," found him serious and sad.

"It is all true," he said, in a low tone, rising, and pacing the floor with quick yet even steps. "I *am* wasting all God's blessings—squandering my wealth foolishly; undermining my health wickedly; flinging my best years away in folly, if not vice. How earnestly she writes! and her 'dear brother' seems from her very heart. Who wrote it? Ha! the same hand on the envelope as inside, and it was *directed* by Amy Greyson. Amy Greyson! I always thought her a merry, light-hearted *child*; but this—this is the letter of a noble, earnest Christian *woman*. How beautifully she writes! Yet—yet how she despises me! How she lashes my follies and vices! With what bitter sarcasm she questions my course! yet how earnestly she implores me to pause while there is yet time, and think of where the path I tread will lead me! Think! Ah, she has raised a train of thought now that will not die—that I can never quiet again! Conscience is alive now, and there is no more careless folly for me."

Up and down, pacing sometimes with the slow tread of earnest thought, again rapidly crossing and recrossing the room, his foot falling with passionate emphasis, he spent the hours till long after midnight; and when, at last, he sought his own room, Leonard Watson, for the first time in long years, knelt and implored God's blessing on his resolutions for the future.

Claireville wondered what had "come over" the young millionaire. Old tenants, who had been wont to look upon their young landlord as an easy-going scamp, began to open their eyes over sanitary improvements in their lowly homes; charity appeals began to find a ready response at the large house; musty books, that had long given his office a name, now began to fulfil their mission, as the young

lawyer loaded his brains for service; old friends wondered how Leonard could preserve his genial brightness, his generosity, wit, and grace, yet hold the reins on his follies with such a strong, firm hand; new acquaintances spoke warmly of the conscientious, able young advocate, who was steadily working his way to future eminence.

But in one house there were tears of thanksgiving, prayers of humble praise, as Amy Greyson heard from every tongue of the reform in that noble young life; and when, after a year's probation, words of love and petition greeted her as the young lawyer implored her to be his wife—to aid him by her love and presence in maintaining the new life he owed to her suggestions, she humbly thanked Heaven for the impulse that had prompted her to write the letter Leonard Watson found in the post-office at the Claireville fair.

#### EARLY RISING AND EXERCISE.

CLEAR, healthful, and invigorating plays the breeze upon the cheek these fair, autumnal mornings. Clearer, healthier, more invigorating by far than that breathed and breathed again in chambers closed the long night through. Come, rouse yourself from your lethargic slumbers. Open your eyes upon the new-born day. Get up, I say. The first plunge out is half the battle. Come out through the open fields, and look the blessed world face to face while the day is young. But no. You will not make the effort; resolutely you turn away your drowsy head, and close your eyes against the clear, brilliant light streaming in through the window-blinds. Not yet has the late sitting-up of the night previous been atoned for by the sleep into broad day. 'Tis far too early yet; the morning is so cold; the parlor not yet worked up to steaming heat. What though the morn be slightly clouded or not, yet do the sunbeams pierce through the lower branches? Come out with me and tread upon the crisp leaves falling in a many-colored shower around. Look up at the glorious hues of autumn—birch feathering away its graceful boughs with tints of brilliant red. Scarlet is the cherry's leaf; brown the chestnut's; yellow is the apple, pear and ash-tree—from the latter hang down clustering catkins, and mellow fruit still hang from the former. Along the grass

roll lightly waves of hoar mist, and from spray to spray flits the confiding robin, cheering us with his glorious song of thanksgiving as he trills out the morning's welcome. The spider's web—so mathematically placed—stands out boldly on the brier decked with pearly drops of dew, now flashing into jewels of glittering colors through the golden light of a stray beam sent from earth's great burnisher. Do not imagine that the wild flowers are all gone yet—not they; they do not fly off all at once, like friends when misfortunes come. See how golden, on the hillside, blossom out the furze and the daisies—spring's first offering of hope spread out their fan-like collars on the sward. The crimson berries of the thorn and ivy, and the bright green leaves of laurel too, make up a rare and brilliant bouquet. Wrapped in a warm shawl, how much healthier and happier will you feel out in the glad fresh world, filling the lungs with the clear buoyant air, gazing upon the magnificent picture of orange and yellow foliage, and golden cornfields and green pasture-land, which Nature has spread out before us, in such rich and varied loveliness! Come and gaze upon the broad blue heavens, the waving fields, the green and yellow woodlands, over which the Great Architect of the world has left us such a profusion of His genius and fine conception. O come and prove for yourself how much healthier, and happier, and more contented you will be, out among the glorious creations of a wonder-working God, than lolling away the hours before breakfast in listless, apathetic indolence, lounging down to the breakfast parlor late in the forenoon, dull and unrefreshed, to sit before the strong fire in an easy chair, nursing a sick headache, doors and windows closed, blinds carefully drawn, lest the glad beams of the sunny light offend your weary eyes. See how your face glows at the mention of a ball. With what alacrity you go to your dressmaker; how fresh and strong you are for shopping; but these things over, and the stupid loll, the fretful sigh, and the eternal round of complaining commence again.

Do you know how much self-enjoyment you are losing? Hear Betty singing and laughing pleasantly in the kitchen. Coarse, ungraceful, and ignorant as she is, God looks upon her with more favor than upon you. She is filling up the measure of her life usefully. You are wasting yours. She is living for

something—doing good to somebody. You are ruining yourself, and living to the injury of those around you. Yes, you render them uncomfortable by your ungracious words, your gloomy repinings, your moody silence; you damp the spirits of those around you; you live not only to do no good, but to do positive injury. What are the glad blue skies, the green trees, the wild, dancing winds, the clear, sparkling waters, the fragrant flowers to such as you? Your mind is vacant—your society wearisome. Take exercise. Exercise not only your limbs, but the affections and principles God has given you. Set yourself to work for the household good; do some office that will call for energy and a little thought; don't scruple to use those fair hands of yours, nor fear that, by exertion, you will lose the *distingué* air and look of colorless aristocracy. Don't come down to your death-bed to feel that you are going before all heaven to be called an unfaithful servant. Happiness, like every other precious good, must be sought for. Some people, to be sure, are born like sunshine—they are naturally pleasant and light-hearted; but these are few and far between, and always monopolized. Emulate them. Why may not you be as cheerful as they? They have their trials and private annoyances as well as you, and with some effort you can eul as many flowers and catch as many sunbeams as they.

We firmly believe that many a case of chronic ugliness might be cured through the means of healthy exercise. Get up, then, and shake off your sloth; send that dead black blood through the channels of your body—let it come up to your sallow cheeks in red waves; come to the resolution that you give your blood a quicker circulation; your hearts will be the sooner purified, and made meet for the joys, and strong for the trials of life.

#### A PICTURE IN THE ROOM.

A DISTINGUISHED writer has said somewhere of the portrait of a beautiful female, with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. Most men of any refinement of soul must have felt the truth and force of this sentiment. We have often thought that the picture of a beloved mother or devoted wife, hung up in the room where we spend our

leisure hours, must certainly excite a mighty influence over the feelings and thoughts. Cowper's picture of his mother was a living presence, whose speaking countenance and beaming eye appealed, as no living mortal could, to his inmost soul, and stirred its profoundest depths. But what is it that gives this power to the inanimate resemblance of departed ones? Their virtues, their moral graces and excellencies, as remembered by the affectionate survivor. It may seem an odd thought, but we cannot help suggesting it to every female reader—to every sister, wife, and mother—that it is a worthy ambition for each of them to labor to be, both *now* and when dead, *that picture in the house* before which vice shall stand abashed, confounded, and in whose presence every virtuous and manly heart shall glow with every honorable and lofty sentiment, and be irresistibly urged to the love of goodness and truth.

#### THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(*Pearl the Tenth.*)

##### "TOUCH NOT THE CUP."

Touch not the cup, or it for thee shall make  
A doom whose endless dirge shall o'er thee break,  
And surge across the future's darkened years,  
And ripple o'er a sea of sighs and tears  
Until it dashes on th' eternal shore,  
And you are lost, forever, evermore.  
Touch not the cup, or hovel or in hall  
Shall shadow fall on hearthstone, floor, and wall;  
And misery, and want, and wo, and crime  
On passion's tide shall sweep the stream of time!  
Touch not the cup! You suffer not alone!  
If for your sin you could yourself atone,  
'Twere well! but where the light of love should shine,  
There, there the shadow drapes the hallowed shrine.  
And there in sackcloth and in ashes lie  
The young and innocent, who droop and die  
Beneath the curse that centres in the cup  
And gathers all the loved and loving up!

Touch not the cup! else memory shall make  
Your life more bitter by the hearts you break,  
The hopes you crush, the tears you cause to flow,  
The agonies the good and gentle know,  
Who, bound by ties of kindred to your fate,  
Grow in the love or wither in the hate  
Your life inspires; and by this test alone  
The measure of your future shall be known.  
Then let us take this lesson to our hearts  
And profit by the wisdom it imparts,  
Or else the day will surely dawn, when we  
Shall see life's shallop launched upon the sea  
Of bitter grief, and on a tide whose flow  
Can know no ebb, shall reach the shores of wo  
Where ever and forever, but in vain,  
We call for years that cannot come again.



## THE YEAR 1859: A STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "E. UNBER, ARTIST."

"We are spirits clad in veils;  
Man by man was never seen;  
All our deep communion fails  
To remove the shadowy screen."

THERE WAS "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" in the heaven of the bride's happiness. For three weeks it had been flawless—a serene, illimitable expanse; but the cloud had come—a small, motionless curl of vapor, which a breath could blow away; and, look which way she might, she was sure to revert to that; when her glance had circled the infinite sphere, it rested last upon that little fleck. Sitting one day by the window of her bridal chamber, lost in delicious retrospection, it suddenly occurred to her that there was *one gear of her husband's past life of which she knew absolutely nothing*. She smiled when she first made the discovery; there would be something new for them to talk over that evening; a girlish curiosity heightened the anticipated pleasure.

When Mr. Gilbraith came home to tea, she was so glad to see him that she forgot all about the promised novelty; but when, later in the evening, he drew her, by the arm which he clasped about her waist, into the vacant parlors, saying—"What sweet have you in store to-night, my blossom?" her thought came back to her, and she answered:—

"It is you who must furnish the sweet, John. I want you to tell me all about the twenty-sixth year of your life, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty-nine."

She had slipped from his arm as she spoke, and stood before him, directly under the chandelier, her fair, laughing face lifted to his, bright with the expectation of his surprise. And truly he was surprised. A flush shot over his face, succeeded by paleness. His eyes met hers, more, it seemed, because he could not move them than because he wished her to see the strange expression which had come into them. Was it an expression of guilt? The young wife was not an expert in reading faces; but she was troubled by that look; if she had seen it on any other man's countenance, she would have thought badly of him. Now she hastened to relieve herself

of the slight embarrassment she felt by continuing:—

"I never thought of it till this afternoon. Isn't it singular? We have known each other but two years, yet I fancied I could follow your life back, step by step, to your cradle, we have talked it over so much; and here I discover a whole year a blank. Sit here in this window, John, and fill it up for me." She drew him towards a casement in whose embrasure some cushions were placed, and which opened into a garden wide and deep with bloom and shadow.

"You are too commercial; you talk like a clerk," he answered, rapidly regaining his shaken composure. "I don't feel in the mood for filling blanks to-night, Lilia, but I *do* feel ravenous for some music. The new song you sang last evening has been ebbing and flowing all day through my being, like an ethereal sea. It spoiled me for business. Burton said if the honeymoon lasted much longer, he should have to get another partner."

"A partner for life, I suppose he means. He envies us, John—that's all. Tell him that our honeymoon will never, never, never cease to shine, so long as there's a heaven in which to revolve—neither in this world nor the next."

He kissed the earnest lips, drew her hand in his arm, and walked up and down the noble length of the two rooms twice or thrice, finally seating her at the piano, where she sang the new song and many others for him.

For once he had averted the question which he had perhaps hoped would never be asked. The subject was not referred to; it passed from the bride's mind until she found herself alone on the following day. In the midst of her dreams came back a vivid wonder at the emotion which her question had excited. The year 1859 had been the one preceding their own acquaintance. Mr. Gilbraith had talked to her freely, during the months of their engagement and the few swift weeks of their marriage, of his past life, seeming to wish to make her as familiar with it as was his own memory. He had been an orphan from an early age, and now that he had found her

whom he loved so absolutely, he had never tired of pouring forth the hoarded confidence and tenderness of a lifetime. It was as if all that a mother and sister would have shared in the past was given to her, in addition to his love as her husband. Many a time he had said to her—"Lilia, you are the only woman I ever loved;" and she believed him.

There had been nothing novel or romantic in the circumstances of their acquaintance, courtship, and marriage, except what their own hearts had made. Lilia, too, was an orphan, the ward of a bachelor uncle, who had approved of the marriage and given her the beautiful home in which they were passing the honeymoon. Deep as death, high as immortal life was the love they bore each other; it was intimately blent with the very springs of being. The absence of family ties drew them into each other's arms with a passion of devotion which made of their marriage an august ceremony which swung open for them the gates of a new world, clashing together behind them with a golden resonance, and leaving them isolated in these realms of joy.

When the manner of passing the first weeks of their union was under discussion, Mr. Gilbraith had said: "Let us stay in town, and begin housekeeping immediately; then the superb home with which you have been dowered will always be endeared to us by the associations of this time; and, what is better, it is positively the most secluded little Eden in the land. Our friends, at this season, are away; the city is deserted. As for watering-places, they are the last resource of the discontented; in the fulness of our content, we will stay away from them. Next winter, if my Lilia pines for the gay world, she shall have it; but now, for a few brief weeks, let me have her to myself. This era of our life will be a compression of all light into a diamond; a concentration of all sweets into one flower; or no—an expansion of a bit of finite into the infinite." And of course the bride had approved of the plan.

Their house was high up in the city, where the air from the river swept over the spacious garden which girdled it with bloom; it was furnished, previous to the wedding-day, in such a manner that, while the expenditure was lavish, it was a fine discrimination which was apparent, not money. A detachment of the uncle's tried and trusty corps of servants kept the machinery of this "bit of infinite

finite" running like clockwork, and here was the young couple with nothing to do but be happy; and, as we have said, for three weeks the bride's heaven had been absolutely cloudless. Three weeks out of a lifetime! Well, that is three weeks more than a vast majority of people ever knew of perfect content.

Doubtless, if Mrs. Gilbraith had had any more serious trouble to ponder, she would not have pondered this. Three or four times her husband had ridden down to the office, more from habit than from any necessity for attending to duties which his partner had remained in town to discharge. It was during one of these absences that she had, in dreaming over her engagement and marriage, made the discovery. Mr. Gilbraith's history, as she knew it, had nothing peculiar in it. He was born in London, where his parents, although Americans, were temporarily residing, for the benefit of his mother's health, who died while he was still an infant. His father was a merchant, of liberal means and education, whose vessels traded to many ports, and who finally died on the island of Madeira, where he went to recover from the shock of his wife's death. The devotion of his parents to each other, as it had been told to him, and as he had read it in their letters, was tenderly dwelt upon by the son, who had formed from it an exalted estimate of the relations of the sexes. The orphaned babe had been sent home, in the care of its nurse, to the grandparents, who resided in a New England city. Here he had been reared and educated. Lilia could see, in her mind's eye, the broad lawn of the old Gilbraith mansion, the grove of chestnuts in which the boy used to wander with his books, the stream in which he fished for silvery trout; she knew by heart the history of his boyish perils and miraculous escapes, and passing troubles; from what college he had graduated, how he had stood among others there, on the playground and in the classes (except that she was certain John never rated himself as high as the facts warranted); she had sailed with him, in fancy, on his voyage to Madeira, in the care of an old friend of his father's, and ranged with him the countries which he visited before returning home; she could tell his favorite poets and his favorite flowers, his favorite philosophies, and that, of the sciences, he had pursued chemistry far beyond the text-books. He had decided to study the law, not from any neces-

sity as a means of support, but because he had been told that he was too much of a dreamer, and was wasting his talents in vague indolence. When he was ready to settle down to the practice of it, he had come on to New York, to go into partnership with a friend of his, who had graduated with him from Harvard, and who had established himself a couple of years previous in a well-to-do office in the vicinity of the City Hall. Among others, he had letters of introduction to her uncle; he met her; and from that moment their lives had been blending into one, inevitably. She had his history, every page and line of it, by heart; she thought it a perfect record, noble, honorable, transfused with the music of genius. When she found these pages torn out, she felt, at first, girlish curiosity; the pleasure of something new and pleasant to happen. It was only by degrees that this curiosity deepened into apprehension; still later, into wearing anxiety, into doubt and terror.

While Mr. Gilbraith was making his call at the office the second day, his wife was making her toilet for the evening, and wondering why he had appeared so disconcerted at her simple question. John insisted upon her wearing white roses through the bridal month, and she had just fastened one in the lace and bow over her bosom, and another in the ringlets of her golden hair, that they might be fresh and sweet for his coming, when a card was sent up, which bore a name unknown to her. They had received so few calls in the present deserted state of the city that the trifling event had an air of singularity. The name—Victor Gazavondi—must be French or Italian; word accompanied it that the caller was in the city for a day only, and had therefore presented himself without the delay of sending first his address from his hotel. Presuming him to be some friend of her husband's, perhaps from Boston, Mrs. Gilbraith descended to the reception-room, where she met an elderly gentleman, a foreigner, of polished manners, who bowed over her hand with French impressiveness, and who continued to regard her, after she was seated, with admiration.

"I shall, indeed, have much to congratulate my friend upon his marriage," he said, with a slight accent. "Ze lilies of France are not so much fair. I have ze great hope zat Mr. Gilbraith will now be so happy as he deserves. He had great trouble, but it is all over now, I

see. He has told his bride about me, his friend, Monsieur Gazavondi?"

She blushed slightly, and hesitated before framing her answer; he seemed so confident that she knew all about him, and would give him a warm welcome, that she did not wish to wound him by confessing her entire ignorance.

"He has talked to me much about his friends," she said. "I seem to know them well, though I have met so few of them."

"It was in the year 1859 we was most acquaint. I was his friend in his trouble. It is bad to have great trouble, in a strange cuntry, as Monsieur Gilbraith, he had."

A strange sensation smote the bride; she would have asked, in her first surprise, if Mr. Gilbraith had been in Europe in 1859; but swiftly after the surprise came the reflection that if he really had been abroad at that time, and had never mentioned it to her, her ignorance of the fact might compromise her husband in some manner, and the instinct to protect his dignity was uppermost. She was glad to hear the hall door close, and his foot in the passage; the servant must have told him about the visitor, for he came directly into the room, and as he saw his wife conversing with the stranger, for a moment he was blind and dumb.

"Ah, you have much surprise," said the Frenchman, laughing at his discomfiture. With a piercing glance at his wife, as if he would read her soul, Mr. Gilbraith summoned back his self-possession to a certain degree; he embraced his guest after the French fashion of friends, bidding him welcome to his house.

"I can only stay one little hour, my friend. I must be to the steamer for New Orleans by eight o'clock."

Lilia was certain her husband looked relieved at this announcement; but then he had felt loth to entertain company when they were so happy alone.

"Will you tell your butler that tea must be served half an hour earlier than usual, Mrs. Gilbraith?"

Now there was a little bell at her hand, and she was not accustomed to be sent out of the room on errands like this, with a servant in the hall, but she comprehended that this was a request for her to leave the apartment; so she conveyed the message, and was seen no more by the gentlemen until they took their

places at the tea-table. By that time her husband was in gay spirits, entertaining his guest with brilliant success, who regretted that his visit was so brief, but who made no farther allusion to the past. Of this Lilia took note; for her attention, having been so fully aroused, was on the alert for the explanations which would be made, or at least for the casual remarks which would be interchanged.

But when Monsieur Gazavondi departed she knew no more of the place and circumstances of his friendship with Mr. Gilbraith than when he came; and they were not detailed to her. The bridegroom absorbed her soul—he was fascinating beyond precedent—but he said nothing of their recent visitor.

Twice that night she awoke suddenly; the full moon was shining into the chamber; a molten, motionless zone of light lay across the carpet and the bed, and upon the face of the bridegroom. Stirring softly on her pillow she looked into the dear countenance; it wore a troubled, restless expression which she had never seen in his waking hours; the lips compressed themselves, the brows settled into a frown. On the second occasion, while she gazed, he murmured fiercely, like a breath of fire—"Get me out of this! Oh, get me out!" while over her mind kept rolling, like a cold wave, the sentence of her visitor—"It is bad to have great trouble in a strange cuntry, as Monsieur Gilbraith, he had."

"It is strange that *whatever* it was, he does not confide it to me," she thought, and then arose the little "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which floated thereafter in her horizon, and which slowly gathered volume until it hung like a pall over the Gilbraith home—over the flowers and fountains, the music and books, the lofty rooms, the luxurious plenishings, and, darkest of all, over the heart of its mistress. It hung there, like a spirit, unseen by any eye save hers; to the world this mansion was the most graciously lighted of all in the wide bounds of the metropolis; it was steeped in the sunshine of prosperity; such youth, beauty, and love, with such wealth as befitted it, made it a pleasant thing to contemplate: the master, himself, reigned there, as in the kingdom of Felicity, for except an occasional cold breeze out of the unseen cloud, he was unconscious of its existence.

Had Mrs. Gilbraith been guiltless of the accusation which her heart brought against

her husband, this matter would never have culminated in a tragic storm; had she told him her feelings with regard to the year 1859, he, whatever sorrow, shame, or sin he had to confess, would have confessed it, rather than have any barrier to the completeness of their union; but she, with a delicacy which would have been noble in a better cause, carefully hid from him that she had ever thought a second time of the request she had once made. This same delicacy prevented her from seeking, from outside sources, information with regard to what he did not choose to tell. If any one, except he, had come to her, offering her the solution of the mystery, she would not have accepted it.

It was only by slow degrees that she brought herself to believe that her husband had any *guilt* to conceal. He may have had adversity, or been implicated in the trouble of some friend whose losses or crimes his generosity concealed—but that he should have done something which it was necessary to hide from her contempt, at first did not occur to her. This conviction came gradually, she fighting it back all the time. It was like a creeping wave, forever returning, breaking upon the shore of faith, and retreating discomfited, only to slide up again with endless persistence. She resisted it courageously. The fear which beset her made her all the more devoted; when he came into her presence she would fly to him, shelter herself in his arms, cling to his eyes with her own soft looks, to assure herself that this was the man she had trusted so entirely. Her love had been so proud of the nobility of its object; his truth and honor had been such assurance of real and lasting happiness, she felt that should any sudden shock of betrayal come, it would kill her. She should love him, always, under all circumstances, but she should sink under the very misery of such a love. Hers was one of those passionate and sensitive natures, so keenly alive to both pleasure and pain that it would be hard to tell whether the exquisite delight which all fair and harmonious things gave her was compensation for the equally sharp distress which their opposites inflicted.

We must give her excuse for not being able to repel the doubt which beset her. The frosts of autumn had brought the migratory birds of fashion back to their home bowers. Parties were given for the bridal pair, who returned these courtesies with a sumptuous

festival, distinguished, like their house, dress, and manners, by the stamp of their own minds. In some kind of a white robe, lustrous yet translucent, crowned with the golden regality of her splendid hair, Mrs. Gilbraith moved amidst her guests, without ornaments or jewels of any kind.

"What is she?" said one gentleman, speaking with another.

"Ah, *ceci*! I have no imagination! I shall have to fall back upon stereotypes and call her a lily."

"Well, there is nothing better of its kind than a lily. Heaven gives us a few perfect types. For flavor we have the peach, for perfume the rose, for purity the lily, and—for women we have Mrs. Gilbraith."

"I believe you intended her to overhear that flowery flourish," said the other, in a lower tone; "she is standing just behind you. I saw a faint bloom break out on her face as you concluded your assertion, though she has not looked this way."

"You don't think me guilty of such a common-place expedient? Has she gone?"

"She has moved on a step, and is busy with that stupid yellow dahlia."

"Mrs. Van Zandt? Then she will not hear us. Did you know anything about Gilbraith before he came to New York?"

"Not much. He is of the Gilbraiths of Massachusetts. I have heard them spoken of as rather proud and exclusive—or, rather, seclusive. I believe the match gave full satisfaction to the bride's uncle."

"I will wager that he never heard of a circumstance which took place in Paris, three years ago."

"What was it?"

"I wouldn't speak of it where it would reach his wife any sooner than I would thrust a knife into her heart. If I tell you, remember, it is between us two. I had a friend in Paris at the time, who told me, in his letters, all about an affair which was causing some excitement there. I am certain now that the John Gilbraith who was the actor in the affair is this same Gilbraith who is our host to-night."

"I hope there was nothing wrong."

"He was arrested for robbing a diamond merchant. I believe the charge was never proved; but the shock of the arrest and disgrace broke the heart of his first wife, who died in less than two months."

"His first wife! I never suspected that he had been married before."

"If this is the same person, he has been. I distinctly remember the allusion to his wife. It was said that they were on their bridal tour; that she was a delicate person, consumptive, and sank under the shame and terror of their situation."

"I do not believe it can be the same person. Mr. Gilbraith has impressed me as a man every way worthy of the love of the woman he has won. Is it likely that Lilia's uncle would permit her marriage, unless he knew the person thoroughly? For Heaven's sake, don't repeat the story, even if you were certain!"

"I shall not repeat it. He may have been falsely accused; such things occur. I like him as much as you do; and for his wife's sake I should say nothing."

The two friends glanced around to convince themselves that their low-toned conversation had not been overheard. Mrs. Gilbraith was still chatting with the dowager in yellow satin as the gentlemen passed her on their way to another apartment; they did not see the pallor of her face, but the elderly lady did, and rose, urging her hostess to take the seat.

"We old married ladies know how to pity you," she said; "the warmth of the room and standing so long to receive us have been too much for you, Mrs. Gilbraith. You are as white as your dress. My dear, are you going to faint?"

"No, no; do not alarm any one. Just screen me a moment, until I recover. I feel better already." The bride sank down in the arm-chair, while the broad matron stood before her, compassionating the supposed cause of her sudden illness.

"Here," she said, drawing a vinaigrette from the folds of her robe; "use this. You will get over it soon."

She inhaled the piercing vapor of the vinaigrette, gave it back with a word of thanks and a glittering smile, arose, and floated out into the sea of pleasure with no greater visible change than a fixed paleness in place of her usual delicately fluctuating color. Every word of the communication between the gentlemen had been overheard by her. When the compliment of one of them fell upon her ear she had moved away and tried to hear no more; but a draught of air from the conservatory near which

they were standing had brought the dialogue directly to her, and she was compelled to listen against her will. She continued to talk and smile with her lips, until the speakers were beyond her observation, not knowing how her face was changing, until the matron rose up alarmed.

"They like him, and they think there may be a mistake," was her thought the rest of that brilliant evening; "I love him, and I cannot hope there is any mistake"—for back over her memory flashed the words of their French visitor to which she had now the key.

The limits of a fashionable entertainment were passed after a time—she could never recall just how they dragged themselves away—and the guests were gone. Mr. Gilbraith hastened to her, where she drooped under the waning light of the argent chandelier.

"I have been uneasy about you for hours, Lilia. I saw that you were not well. The exertion of this party has been too much for you. I am glad that it is over. We will give no more—at present."

He clasped her hand so tenderly, he looked at her so anxiously, his love would have solaced any other trouble. But to suffer from this deadly secret; and the more she suffered the less to share it with him was a pain that in all her dread of future ills she had never contemplated. She tried to raise her eyes to his, to say something to divert his attention from herself, but her gaze remained fixed upon her wedding-ring, and she could find nothing to say.

"Some of our most intimate friends lingered to tell me what a success the evening had been. Burton said it surpassed everything—that he should go right away and get married and have a house the fac-simile of this, only he didn't know where on earth to look for the lady—there were not two Lilians in one world. Wasn't that flattering to us? Just Burton's mind, too, a fac-simile house and a fac-simile wife! talented and sound, but not original. Now, if I had a house with only three rooms, they shouldn't be the copy of somebody else's. I don't give my orders as Mrs. Van Zandt gives hers—'There's the parlors, Mr. Upholsterer; I don't care what it costs, only so you fix 'em like the other houses in this row.' I want what other people have not got, and that's the reason I was bound to have my wife so much better than other

men's. But you are so tired you will not even thank me for that. I saw just how ill you were, hours ago. I was watching you from afar. That pert Miss Valentine said I was a perfect sun-dial. And now, to pay for keeping you here two minutes longer, I'm going to carry you up-stairs. You are not fit to walk." He lifted her in his firm arms and only set her down when he reached her dressing-room, when he confided her to the care of the maid, while he gave the servants directions about securing the mansion for the night.

For the first time Lilia wished that his love was not so observant; she longed to escape from his tender surveillance; she was afraid that his penetrating eye would read her thoughts. As soon as possible she slipped into bed, pressed her face down into her pillow, and lay still, affecting sleep.

Her husband, when he came in, was cautious not to disturb her; he was glad to find her resting; and in a few moments was himself sunk in the slumber of health and peace. Her brain spun round like a wheel of fire. "His first wife"—"on their bridal tour"—these were the words which rung in her ears. He had told her so often, in their most rapt and solemn moments, that he had never loved any but her—taken pains, as it were, to iterate and reiterate the assertion, as if otherwise she might doubt it—she who had never doubted it nor him till now. The robbery of a handful of diamonds was not so base a crime as a systematic, life-long lie; he who could be guilty of the deception John Gilbraith had practised, could easily be guilty of theft. This, then, was the kind of man she had sworn to honor! The haughty blood surged to and fro through a frame too delicate for such vicissitudes of feeling.

"Yet I do honor him! O God, I do love and honor him! If I must cease to do that, let me die."

After this silent cry, she went more calmly through a review of the testimony. She looked sharply for a chance to falsify it. The gentleman had said that the charge of robbery was not proven. To her mind there was little comfort in that, for the charge itself was one of the lightest counts in her indictment. It was his embarrassment when she chanced to ask him the history of that year; the trepidation he had shown at the call of the French gentleman, whom he had evidently requested

to keep silence with regard to that time; the statement that he was on his wedding tour when the affair occurred, and that his bride had faded into the grave from its blighting effects. Was this studied concealment like the open confession of innocence? She felt that, in itself, this silence of his was the darkest proof against him. If, when he sought her hand in marriage, he had told her of this unfortunate event in his history; if he had spoken of his first love and the early death of the beloved; had confided to her things which it was so probable she might some time learn in some less fortunate way, then she should have trusted, have forgiven—had there been anything to forgive—and have accepted him.

The more she studied the obscure case, the worse it appeared for her husband. This year, in which he had been wedded and widowed, was the one previous to her own acquaintance with him. He had quickly cast off the claims of the past; he was too eager to begin again the carnival of joy. If he had indeed deceived her so much as to the fidelity and crystal truth of his nature, he might have successfully counterfeited other characteristics. Deep pity for the forgotten, the never-mentioned dead, smote through her. "It may have been some sudden discovery like mine which broke her heart. If she had thought him what I have believed him to be, and then found him wanting, she could not live under the change. It shows that she loved him. His every word, his every kiss for me is a wrong to her."

In many feminine natures there is a blind clinging to the object beloved; it accepts it, impurities and all; all it asks is something to idolize. But in the highest natures there is discrimination in love. Those women who are capable of that order of love for which it is worth a man's while to exalt himself are not guilty of a base fondness. They have a sense of justice which is too keen to pervert; a clear understanding of right and wrong, as the angels have; and their hearts refuse to subvert their reasons.

This was what made the wretchedness of Mrs. Gilbraith. She could not live without love, and she could not fail to condemn what was unworthy, so that a perpetual struggle exhausted her. Her health failed perceptibly after that evening. It was natural that her physician should attribute her state to another cause, and encourage her husband to think

that, when this temporary excitement was over, her system would regain its natural tone.

"Gilbraith makes a fool of himself," said his good-natured neighbors. "He's at home three-quarters of the time, petting that dainty wife of his, as if no woman ever before was sick."

On the anniversary of their wedding-day the wife of Mr. Gilbraith lay at the point of death. A steady, dismal rain, more fit for November than June, poured down upon the roses and shrubbery of the garden; within the mansion a gloom and silence, as of midnight, rested oppressively. In a room remote from the mother's a nurse walked to and fro with a boy of two weeks in her arms. For hours no relative had come to inquire after the little stranger; it was the mother who absorbed all feeling now.

In his library, his head bowed on his arms, over her writing-desk, the master of the house was sitting motionless, wrestling with inward terror and suspense, when the voice of the physician startled him to his feet.

"Don't look so utterly despairing, Gilbraith; there is hope yet—just a little. I came in here to talk with you about a matter which has been on my mind for some time. I *may* be mistaken, but it seems to me that it is mental trouble and not physical disease which is killing your wife."

"Mental trouble!" was the bewildered response.

"Yes. You appear surprised. It was because, from my knowledge of her family, her happy girlish life, and her still happier married relations, I had so little reason to think this supposition possible, that I have not mentioned it before. Now, however, my mind is made up. It is some disease of the mind which is consuming her, and I tell you plainly I can do nothing unless the root of the matter is come at. If you value her life, and know anything which might produce this mental condition, I charge you to consult with me immediately."

"I know nothing."

"You would not let pride—?" suggested the physician, doubtfully.

"Do you think there is anything, Dr. Valentine, that I would allow to stand between Lilia and life? Not my own, not this world, almost, I feel like saying, the promise of the future. We love each other. We have been

immeasurably happy—at least, I know that I have. The only shadow has been her delicate health, and that I hoped was but temporary. Lilia's soul is as translucent as pure water; I have looked through its inmost depths. What you suggest cannot be."

Yet, even as he made this assertion, a sudden doubt caused his voice to waver. Once he had looked into his wife's soul as into a calm lake; but had he recently been sure of her thoughts and feelings? Was not the lake now always flurried and rippled, so that he could only *guess* that its depths were as before? Her ill-health had so occupied him, he had so taken every phase of her actions and feelings as a consequence of this, that he had never looked at the last few months in the light which now flooded over him. He sank back in his chair again, remaining lost for a time in troubled thought.

"Since you have suggested so much, Dr. Valentine, it has made me recall our manner of living, and it may be—I say it *may* be, though God knows I have no clue, and cannot bring myself to believe it—that some secret trouble has weighed upon Lilia's thoughts, and aggravated her illness. It is impossible, as yet, to my belief. If I were of your opinion, I should be eager to search for the cause."

"She is of a nervous temperament, highly excitable, with a delicate organization, such as the heart (which means the brain) acts easily upon. I see all the symptoms of mental malady. Since you left her bedside, she has become delirious. She talks a good deal, and from the tenor of her ravings, which seem to have more consistency than usual in delirium, I perceive the action of some exciting cause upon her mind. Perhaps if you were to hear her, you would immediately detect the influence at work. By the by, Mr. Gilbraith—excuse me, but you know I have been Lilia's doctor and friend from infancy—is she your second wife?"

"What do you mean?" queried Mr. Gilbraith, in amazement.

"I did not know but it might be that you had been married before. You are several years older than she, and I am ignorant of your history previous to your residence in our city. It just occurred to me to ask you." This was what the doctor said, but what he thought was more after this fashion: "He does not answer me directly—he prevaricates. The

scoundrel! If I find that Lilia has made a mistake in her choice, I shall just let her die. Better so than to drag along a disappointed life. The child was not made for that."

"This seems to me very irrelevant, and Lilia dying," said Mr. Gilbraith, sternly. "Can I not go to her, doctor? It cannot harm her to see me. I must be with her."

"I wish you to go while the delirium is upon her. Perhaps you will make up your mind what is the matter, after you have heard her talk. She will not know you nor any one else now. I am going off on my round, and will be back here in a couple of hours."

The doctor went out, and the husband stole up to the sick chamber. As he stood by the bed Lilia looked up at him, with such blooming cheeks and such bright eyes that he could not realize the perils of her condition. Her glance was so quiet and natural that he spoke to her as if she might understand him: "Alas, my darling, what has brought this upon us?"

A little laugh broke over Lilia's parched lips. "The year 1859," she said.

It was a vague answer, and a queer one. He did not know whether it was a chance outburst of feverish fancy or a deliberate reply to his question. For some moments he remained lost in reflection, then, as it were by accident, the smiling request of his bride to tell her the history of that year, made so long ago, came back to him. So successfully had she concealed the "canker in the rose" from him, that until this instant he had never been reminded of that request, nor given reason to suspect that she remembered it with interest enough to repeat it. As something of the truth flashed over him, he groaned. The startled attendants flew softly to the bed; they thought the lady must be dead, so woful was that groan.

It was not remorse for past deeds of his own; it was not grief for the imminent danger of her whom he loved better than life which wrung it from him; it was the effect of his discovery; the instantaneous, irrefutable conviction of the perishable, the mutable, the imperfect character of earthly things. An hour before he would have staked his soul on Lilia's faith in him. If she could have associated with him by day, have lain in his bosom at night for a year, and have given no sign of the doubt within her, of what worth was human love?

He could not bear the weight which de-



pressed him. Even his wife's death was to him a lesser matter, compared with this uncertainty of earthly relations. He turned, walked heavily out of the room, down into the garden, where the rain beat upon his unprotected head. Nature, in her cold and dismal mood, seemed to him then a truer friend than man or woman.

Three more weeks passed away, and again it was an anniversary—that of the luckless day upon which Mrs. Gilbraith had first thought of the sealed pages in her husband's history. In a deep bay window of her chamber, overlooking the garden, the very spot in which the unhappy discovery first floated before her, she reclined in her husband's arms. She had asked to be carried to this window, where she had spent so many delightful hours of the preceding summer. It was the first time since her illness that she had looked abroad on the outer world, and it appeared very lovely to her, as she rested quietly on his bosom, with the perfume of flowers rising from beneath, and the warm tints of sunset making every object blush. After almost feeling the coffin closing about her, it was like being resurrected to a new life, and she felt, with that added susceptibility which is the effect of sickness, as if she had arisen to a new being and purpose. The darkness which had obscured her heaven for so long had passed. She felt the divine meaning and worth of charity, which is love. Looking up into his face who held her, her eyes were clear and hopeful; he searched them through their depths, and found nothing hidden. If he had ever wronged others or herself, she had forgiven him all; love that accepted only the best, and despised a fault, was not Christ's love. Whatever was inscribed on that page which Mr. Gilbraith had turned down, let it remain as it was; it should no longer have power to ruin their happiness.

By the key which her delirium had given him, he deciphered her thoughts. "Shall I tell you a story to while away the hour, my dear wife?"

"As it pleases you, John; I am perfectly happy, silent or speaking."

"Perfectly happy, my Lilia? It is pleasant to hear you say that! One year ago this night, you uttered a little assertion which remained long a sweet chord vibrating through me. You said—'Tell him that our honeymoon will never, never, never cease to shine,

so long as there's a heaven in which to resolve—neither in this world nor the next!'"

Her eye fell beneath his steady look, which accused her of the emptiness of this wordy assertion. She blushed, but presently said, firmly: "Neither will it, John. It may be obscured by transient clouds, but it shines among the spheres yet, as brightly as at first."

"I remember, too, that you asked me for a story on that evening. I did not give it then. Had I thought twice, I should have done so; but the world was so beautiful to me just then I was loth to recall less happy hours. You asked me for some of the events of my life for the year 1859. In May of that year, my beloved friend and cousin, John Gilbraith, sailed for Europe on his bridal tour. His wife was a sweet, dainty creature, almost the equal of my Lilia. Everything promised for them a rare happiness, and they deserved it, for they were as good in heart as they were accomplished in mind. The first tidings which I received of them, after their arrival in Paris, were of a strange and terrible character. My cousin had been arrested for robbery, thrown into prison, and his poor, helpless wife it was who wrote, imploring me to come to their assistance. I went in the first steamer which sailed. Upon reaching Paris I found Mrs. Gilbraith in her rooms at their hotel, ill from mental distress, and with only hired attendance. Cousin John was confined in prison, almost insane with anxiety about his wife, and the disgrace and danger of his position. He had been, with his wife, in one of the principal jewelry establishments of the city, where he had purchased a bracelet for her—a simple gold and coral thing, costing but a few pounds. After leaving the store, and going to one or two other shops, upon returning to their hotel, he was arrested for theft. The diamond merchant had discovered the loss of some very valuable jewels, and had reason to suspect the American strangers. At first my cousin laughed; then grew indignant; but his feelings, whatever their character, were of no avail. He was torn from his weeping bride, and borne to prison, while a guard was placed over her apartments. They happened to have no friends abroad at the time. His representations produced no effect; he was condemned, at the very least, to await the investigation of the case. He understood from the lawyer whom he employed that matters looked dark; there was considerable

evidence implicating him, though it was not decisive. Thus affairs rested when I reached them. I will not pain your gentle heart, Lilia—you could not bear the excitement in your debilitated state—by dwelling upon all the details of the ensuing weeks and months. All I could do was to cheer the drooping wife, the despairing husband, and to accumulate negative testimony as to the honorable and irreproachable standing of the accused in his own country. The case was tried; my cousin, though innocent, was the victim of a relentless chain of circumstantial evidence; but, on account of his character, as represented by myself, and the absence of absolute proof, his sentence was light, so the court said—‘three years’ imprisonment.’ When the fatal decision was known, he rallied his courage to meet it, but his wife drooped like a flower torn up by the roots. She had inherited a consumptive tendency, and in less than two months her sufferings were ended; she lies buried in a foreign land. This it was, and not his own fate, which murdered my cousin. The thought of her cruel death wore upon him. All this time I was fighting for his release. The lawyer, whom you one day saw at this house, Monsieur Gazavondi, was one of our most steadfast friends. At last, after six months of untiring exertion, I procured the wished-for release; his prison doors were opened, but they were opened too late. Liberty or life were of no worth to him. He refused to be comforted, to make an effort to regain the tone of his health or spirits, and in a few weeks I buried him beside his bride. This is the history of the year 1859, Lilia. I loved that cousin like a brother. Is it strange that I shrank from this story as one shrinks from the touch of fire?”

She looked up into his face, which was white with pain; his lips were quivering. With a passion of remorse and regret, she clasped him, kissing away the two hot tears which dripped over his cheeks, and then lay her head upon his shoulder and sobbed until he was alarmed into making an effort to solace her.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—Sydney Smith, in arguing against the horror of some Christians at the thought of indulging even in innocent pleasures, speaks of them as always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull.

## THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

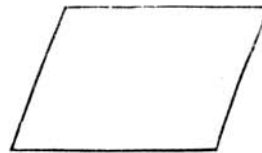
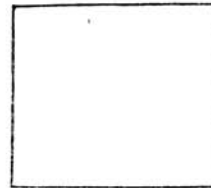
IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

### QUADRILATERAL FIGURES.

*P.* Will you let me hear the names of the triangles you have heard of, once more, Ion?

*Ion.* Yes, papa. We have learned about an *Equilateral Triangle*, *Isosceles Triangle*, *Scalene Triangle*, and a *Right-Angled Triangle*.

*P.* To-day, we will learn of figures with four angles. Here are two different ones. Who can describe them?



*W.* I can, papa. Let me see! The first is—a square.

*P.* True, Willie; but then you are not describing it. If a blind man were to bring you an animal to describe, and you were to say to him, “It is a dog”—

*W.* Then he wouldn’t be any wiser. He would say: “You are only telling me its name. Tell me all about it—what sort of a thing it is.”

*P.* Then, suppose I am blind! Now, I want you to tell me *what* the square is, not what it is called.

*W.* Well, then, the square is a thing—

*P.* It is not exactly a real *thing*: it is a shape, a figure.

*W.* Then the square is a figure with four sides, all of the same size—all equal, I should say. It has four equal sides, and four right angles.

*P.* Now, what is the next figure?

*W.* What is it called, papa?

*P.* Never mind its name. What *is* it?

*W.* It is a figure with four equal sides. I can tell that without measuring.

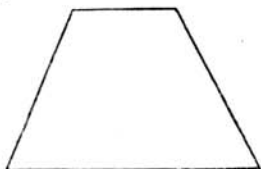
*P.* And so is a *square*.

W. But I have not finished yet, papa. It has two acute and two obtuse angles. That is it. It is a figure with four equal sides, and two acute and two obtuse angles.

P. Very good; but are you sure now that you have described it *exactly*? Have you given me such a description that I cannot mistake it for any other figure?

W. I think so, papa.

P. Perhaps I might think that you were describing this one:—



See! It has two acute and two obtuse angles.

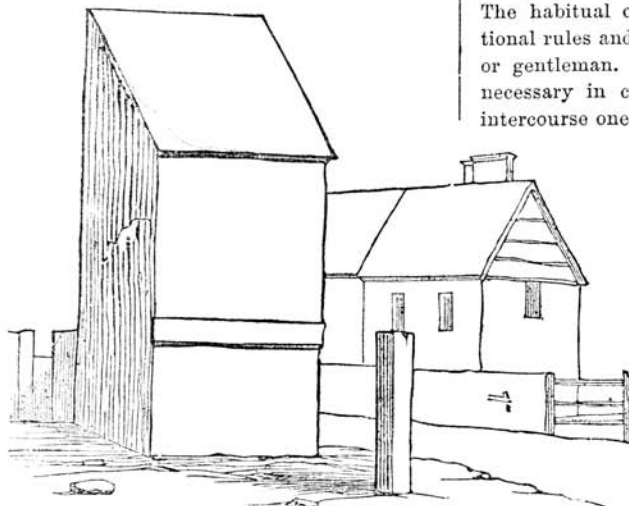
W. Ah, papa, but it has not *four equal sides*! I think that, if you make a figure with four equal sides, and two acute and two obtuse angles, it *must* be like this one. What is its name, please?

P. It is called a *rhomb*.

W. Now, I will give its description once more. *A figure with four equal sides, and two acute and two obtuse angles is called a RHOМB.*

Ion. Or, if you like, you may say with parallel horizontal sides and parallel oblique sides.

P. To-day, you may sit down and copy the square and the rhomb. When you have done this with exactness, you can point out the



squares and rhombs in this drawing; and then you may copy it.

Ion. Is not this drawing rather difficult, papa?

P. No. If you will first take pains to draw the square and rhomb properly, you will then find it very easy to join them together, and to make the drawing.

### GOOD MANNERS.

BY REV. P. S. CASSADY.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.—SHAKESPEARE.

CERTAIN well-defined traits of character mark the true lady or gentleman the world over; and among these good manners are never wanting in due prominence. One's bearing in society involves his or her happiness too much, not to speak of the happiness of others, ever to be a matter of indifference. The relations and dependencies of life are such as to demand those courtesies and amenities which give to the social circle its attraction and charm. In fact, society depends for its enjoyment, if not for its existence, largely on the genial affections of the heart. "There is no society to be kept up in the world," observes Addison, "without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding."

Good manners imply more than mere ceremony, mere attention to established forms. The habitual observance of certain conventional rules and usages does not make a lady or gentleman. Some degree of formality is necessary in conducting our relations and intercourse one with another, but there must be with it some heart, some genuine, felt love for our kind; otherwise we can neither be the instruments or recipients of enjoyment in the social circle. To impart or receive pleasure in society there must be at least "the flow of soul," if not "the feast of reason." We may admire this or that person for special accomplishments of manner, style, and conversation; but if these are seen

and felt to be merely artificial, not at all involving the affections, we can never love the

same. No gifts of mind, nor elegance of person, nor propriety of personal bearing, can compensate for the want of heart in company. It is only the heart that can touch and impress the heart. A warm, confiding soul is the element of all enjoyment and pleasure in the social world; and where this is there can be no stiffness, no studied formalism of manner or language. In his intense loathing of empty, heartless forms in society, the great bard has not untruthfully said—

“Ceremony

Was devised at first to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.”

Good manners originate in good sense and good nature. The one perceives the obligations we owe to society, while the other heartily accords and enforces them. Formed for society by the very conditions of our nature, our interests and happiness in life are necessarily in what we contribute to its aggregate good; hence it is our interest, as it should be our pleasure, to do all in our power to promote the social well-being of our fellows. No one is independent of society in the matter of his happiness and comfort. All rational enjoyment is contingent on the observance of the social law of our being; for

“Man in society is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone  
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
Shine out, there only reach their proper use.”

Those who shun society, or who fail to bear themselves in it with reference to its entertainment and pleasure, do so by default of either good sense or good nature, or both, because they thus cut themselves off from the chief source of human enjoyment, not to speak of the wrong they thereby do to others. The soul that feels the genial touch of nature, the stirring of noble sentiments and feelings within, acts in the social world for the joy and comfort of its fellow souls, as well as for its own; hence the true lady or gentleman is always courteous and pleasant, affable and kind. Good sense and good nature both unite to make them so. “Good manners,” says Swift, “is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in company.” “Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life!” exclaims Sterne, “for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love

at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.” Thompson, in speaking of social obligations and the bearing of their observance on our happiness, sums up nearly all the philosophy of life in the following beautiful, touching lines:—

“Hail, social life! into thy pleasing bounds  
Again I come, to pay the common stock  
My share of service, and, in glad return,  
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.”

Good manners constitute the most valuable of earthly possessions. All may have them by the cultivation of the affections, and none without it. Only for the few are learning and genius, wit and beauty, wealth and fame; but good manners, with their dowry of happiness, are for all who are willing to pay the price of self-culture. That lady lives, not, whatever her station in life, but who by amiable temper, pleasant words, and kind acts, may shed light and comfort on the hearts and homes of earth. That man is yet to be born who may not possess those elements of power, if true to the obligations of his being, which brighten and bless human society. There is a wealth of affection and kindness in every human heart, if properly developed; and the development and expenditure of the same in social life is a duty we, at once, owe to ourselves and the world.

“For the sake of those who love us,  
For the sake of God above us,  
Each and all should do their best  
To make music for the rest.”

### THE DEW-DROP.

BY CORA.

I come with the dawn of the morning,  
A gem from the bosom of night;  
And those who would see my adorning,  
Must rise with the morning's first light.

I come—would you sip of the honey?  
'Tis freely and cheerfully given;  
Like the pearl of great price, without money,  
Like that—a pure gift of kind Heaven.

I come—would you drink at the fountain  
Of innocence, pleasure, and health?  
I am found in the vale, on the mountain,  
The first step in the sure road to wealth.

I come—would you share with the roses  
The nectar spread freely for all?  
(Save the sluggard who idly reposes,  
Then come with the lark at his call.

Thus seek, early seek for this treasure—  
The dew-drops of freshness and truth;  
It will furnish through life double pleasure,  
And shield from the follies of youth.

## A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

### SIXTH EVENING.

"FRIEND Anna," as we have called her in these chapters, had stated quietly to the guests assembled at Mrs. Adams's on the "fifth evening," that she had no fine house in which to receive her friends, but if they would come to her little "snuggery," which was nothing but a front room on somebody-else's third floor, she would be delighted to welcome them. "You, gentlemen," she added, pleasantly, will have to hide your hats away under the sofa, for I can offer only one dressing-room—though if you will all promise to be very agreeable during the evening, we ladies will not be critical should you take a sly peep now and then in my little convex mirror."

"Wouldn't that make us feel rather *small*?" asked Mr. Stykes, wittily.

"It will make you *look* small, I promise you," laughed Anna; "as for your feelings, they will probably be like those alluded to in the last novel, 'more easily imagined than described.'"

The result of this little dialogue was apparent in the ease and good humor which pervaded the company assembled a fortnight afterward in friend Anna's "snuggery."

Ben had escorted Mary Gliddon to the scene of action, and was ecstatically happy in consequence. Not that any peculiarly interesting conversation between them had taken place. On the contrary, they had been contented with simply remarking upon the night, the last new book, and, finally (probably because Ben had so very much on his mind), they expatiated upon the neatness and uniformity of the houses as they passed along. Still, I repeat, Ben was ecstatic—for he looked forward to that long walk home, and there was no end to the possibilities of the occasion. Mr. Pipes was ecstatic, too, for reasons which will appear in time, and all the rest seemed determined to enjoy themselves heartily. To be sure, after the sofa was filled, and the three chairs, and the trunk-lounge covered with striped chintz, there were a few guests left standing; but Anna had hung so many fine engravings and photographs upon her

walls, and there was such a store of pretty knick-knacks scattered about that no one was at a loss. If not talking, the by-stander could at least fasten his eyes intelligently upon something, which is more than guests can do in many fashionably furnished apartments.

There was, in fact, so much gazing, and chatting, and laughing that we would have had no game to record had not the man, whose sole importance consisted in his being able to convert the astounding Mrs. Simmons into "a relict," ventured to make an assertion. This assertion was nothing more nor less than the startling and original remark that a story "never lost anything in the telling."

"That is true," cried Ben, rushing to the rescue just in time to save poor Simmons from an expressive connubial 'Ahem!'—"very true. I want no better proof of that than the modern game called SCANDAL. Did you ever play it?" raising his voice and looking around at the company.

As some answered "Yes," and the rest either looked blank or said "No," Ben proposed that he should put them all on an equal footing in the matter.

"You may play the game of Scandal in two ways," he remarked, oratorically. "In one way it is a mere childish farce, amounting to nothing but din and chatter; but when played in the right manner it becomes a deep moral study, calculated, I tell you, to make a man hold his breath."

"I move," exclaimed the lieutenant, "that the honored member be requested to 'hurry up' and explain the process."

Ben regarded him, for an instant, with expressive scorn, and resumed:—

"The first named method is this: A number of people sit in semicircle, and No. 1 whispers any vagary that enters his head to No. 2. This, No. 2 repeats carelessly, the more so the better, to No. 3, and No. 3 does the same, in turn to No. 4—so on until the last person is reached, when he or she is expected to announce aloud the sentence which has just been communicated. Of course, between carelessness and indistinctness, the

original sentence has passed through twenty transformations, and when compared with the final one is sure to raise a laugh. But with my method the result is more apt to raise sighs than laughter—for it proves what poor, unreliable creatures we all are."

"Well, sir?" suggested the lieutenant, expressively.

"Be patient," responded the speaker, waving his hand. "The Vere de Veres are never in a hurry. One of the company invents and writes down a short, striking narrative, say in about one dozen lines. This he reads to himself carefully and folds away out of sight. He then calls No. 2 to him, and repeats the story to him *as accurately as he can*. No. 2 then takes No. 3 aside, and with great caution communicates the news. No. 3 does the same with No. 4, and so on until all are possessed of the story—given as accurately as practicable, though no person has been permitted to repeat it twice to his listener. The last person then recites the story, and it is subsequently compared with the original record. Ladies and gentlemen, *it is never the same!* Played in any company, and with whatever degree of care, the story, as our dear friend Simmons would say, always either loses or gains in the telling, proving thereby!"

"Proving thereby," interrupted the engaged young man indignantly, "that all mankind twist and falsify. I will never admit it!"

"Nor I!"—"nor I," insisted several voices. "Let us give the thing a trial."

"Certainly," said Benjamin, gravely. "There are just twenty of us present. The lieutenant will please concoct some news; write it down, and you will find that it cannot be carried correctly throughout the circle. As I may fall slightly under suspicion," he added, magnanimously, "I will myself stand No. 20."

Thereupon the lieutenant solemnly took pencil and paper from his pocket, and after looking reflectively at the ceiling for a moment wrote a paragraph or so. He then read it over two or three times, and, folding the paper, called Teresa to learn its contents. As the game went on everybody felt and looked like a Spartan. They were not playing a childish game—no, indeed, the problem of human nature was being tested; therefore each man and woman grew erect with a sense of responsibility. Even Mr. Simmons looked inspired as he walked up to learn the story *exactly* from Mr. Pipes. At last Ben was

reached. He looked disappointed, as he heard the last word.

"I am afraid, or rather I hope (ahem!) that this time a tale has been carried correctly; it is certainly very strait, though not very sensible or probable."

Of course it is strait!" cried everybody. *I made no mistake!*"

"Well, Chairman Stykes," said the lieutenant, smiling hopefully, as he deliberately unfolded his paper, "will you please recite the news as you heard it?"

"I was told," replied Ben, "that

"All over Dublin Homes it is written eloquently—cross the Atlantic because a suffering soldier is about to take the life of Snobbs, who has given permission, and a fortune of fifty thousand dollars."

"Shameful!" cried the lieutenant. "Now hear the original document"—and he read aloud:—

"Oliver W. Holmes, who has written so eloquently in the *Atlantic* for the cause of the suffering soldier, is about to relate the life of Snobbs, who has a commission and a fortune of fifteen thousand dollars."

"I told you so!" was Ben's triumphant rejoinder. "And now who is the guilty party? Where did the narrative get its first twist?"

Of course any attempt to elucidate the mystery only served to make it worse, until Anna suggested that by reversing the process, and causing the entire party, from No. 20 back to No. 1, to repeat what they *did* say, the thing might be arrived at.

Alas for human nature! this scheme, too, failed, though it threw some little light upon the difficulty, especially when Mr. Simmons declared that he, for one, had not been told anything about Oliver W. Holmes, and Mr. Pipes insisted that, as for saying "Dublin," such a thing had never entered his head.

Two or three times new sentences were passed around the company, and each time the fatal "human nature twist," as Ben called it, was apparent. Even when the players were allowed to hear the same scandal twice, so as to avoid all chance of ear-mistakes, the result was but little better.

The "Few Friends" became so thoughtful and so profound, after these experiments, and a few of them entered into such solemn disquisitions on the occasion, that the chairman felt called upon to cheer them up a little.

"My friends," he cried, taking the floor,

"this will never do! 'The Child-again Society,' in its by-laws and regulations, especially forbids this sort of thing. Will no member come to the rescue?"

Mr. Hedges, a pale young man from Liverpool, here suggested that they should "take a turn" at "Catch-me-quick Proverbs. They made some fun for us on ship-board," he added, as he sat down again, with an apologetic air.

"Good!" cried Ben. "'Catch-me-quick Proverbs' let it be. Philosophers, sages, moralists, and disappointed philanthropists, please unbend awhile. Brother Hedges has the floor."

Brother Hedges briefly stated that one of the party would be compelled, by the requirement of the game, to leave the room; then the rest would please select any familiar proverb, and apportion it, word by word, in regular order, among themselves. Should the last word of the proverb fall on No. 6, for instance, they would commence the proverb again, giving first word to No. 7, and so on. This done, the banished member must be called in, and upon dropping his or her handkerchief as a signal, require each one to say his or her particular word instantly. From the medley of sounds thus called forth, the guesser must detect the proverb selected; and when successful, may designate the next person to go out.

Ben was exiled first. When he was summoned to the room, he looked knowingly about him, and dropped his handkerchief. Instantly a fearful din fell upon the ears of the devoted young man, followed by a silence as sudden.

"Have mercy!" he cried. "I can make nothing out of that but 'fire.' Somebody said 'fire;' that is all I know."

Each one declared that the words were all uttered with startling distinctness. But Ben was given two more chances. The last time he gave the signal he fancied that he could detect a faint "cat," and a "singed," and something like "dread" floating on the torrent of sound.

"Aha!" he cried, joyfully, "I have it. 'A singed cat dreads the fire.' Lieutenant Hunter, since your very distinct 'fire' let the 'cat' out of the bag, I sentence you to temporary banishment."

They gave him "None but the brave deserves the fair;" and, after four trials, he guessed it by Mr. Simmons fairly screaming

"brave" into his ear. Mr. Simmons' punishment was deferred because Teresa's "fair" had been nearly as distinct. *She* guessed "All is not gold that glitters," at the first round. But poor Simmons failed utterly to discover his proverb, though he appeared rather flattered when told it was "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

The "Child-again" had had its way; the members were not in the mood for any more games. Somebody had found Anna's portfolio, and this was sufficient to draw a crowd into one corner; another was busy admiring the Palmer photographs; another called two or three to examine Anna's "Fern Book," in which no less than forty exquisite varieties were neatly arranged; and the rest were looking at her skeleton flowers.

"Oh, how beautiful they are!" cried one of the ladies. "I wish I could do them as well; but it is such very disagreeable work that I cannot possibly persevere in it as you do."

"Perhaps you could, if you did it as I do," answered Anna, smiling. "I do not steep the leaves and seed-pods for weeks, as was formerly the only known plan, nor do I use powerful acids; I simply *boil* them gently for a few hours, and then can remove the tissue without any difficulty whatever. In this way I have gathered my specimens, desiccated, bleached, and mounted them all in a day; so of course there are no disagreeable effects to encounter."

"Is it possible! I shall certainly try it. And, Miss Anna, you *must* excuse my curiosity, but I really would like to know how this lovely work-basket is made."

"That is crochet work," replied Anna.

"But it is stiff, and such a lovely color!" exclaimed her guest, almost incredulously.

Anna explained: "That is because it is starched and varnished. First you crochet, with coarse tidy-cotton, a piece that can be drawn over a basket-shaped block (I used the under side of a vegetable dish); and then, after stretching it tightly over the form, you starch it well, and when thoroughly dried, varnish it with gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol. In a day or two it can be easily taken from the form, and will then be a stiff basket, as you see. This one looks well because it is lined with such a pretty contrasting color to the brown outside. The flat lace-like border around the top is an improvement, too. Mary Gliddon made it. She is quite a genius, I

assure you. She has contrived some beautiful watch-cases in the same way, and last summer she made some very pretty table mats."

"I should think mats made like this would be very suitable indeed for placing under dishes. They would certainly look better than oil-cloth or straw," remarked Mrs. Simons. "Have you made any, Miss Anna?"

"Not exactly *made* them," was the reply; "But I had a pair of discolored white crochet mats, and I starched them very stiffly and varnished them with shellac. You have no idea how exceedingly pretty they look—so durable, too."

At this point, Mary approached to bid Anna "good-evening;" and soon all the Few Friends were quietly wending their way homeward. Mary and Mr. Stykes were talking stiffly together upon photographs, and fern leaves, and such matters, in the moonlight that lit the Second Avenue; but Mr. Pipes, figuratively in Paradise and literally in Fourteenth Street, was whispering "a lovely thing" in "be natural" to his affianced bride, Miss Pundaway.

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#### THE WAY TO WEALTH.

THE way to wealth, observes an old author, is open to all who are industrious and frugal, both with respect to their money and time; for time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining more. Lay down a regular estimate of your time, and what you must do in every particular hour and every particular day, and you will in one month acquire habits of punctuality which will be astonishing even to yourself, and which will gain for you a character for accuracy that cannot fail to raise your credit, the prize that all aim at, though but few obtain. A punctual man is sure to be respected, and he is almost sure of thriving and becoming rich, for punctuality comprehends industry and foresight, two of the most powerful instruments of procuring wealth.

On the same subject, Dr. Franklin says: Remember this—"the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse;" he that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more

to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—*industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become *rich*, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine.

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#### MINNIE.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

'Twas when the early violets bloom'd,  
And when within the dell  
We found the tiny strawberry flow'r  
We always loved so well;

'Twas at the quiet evening hour  
I walked by Minnie's side;  
She said, when autumn came again,  
She should be Percy's bride.

And autumn came with crimson leaves  
And gorgeous, bright-hued flow'rs—  
Earth never dons a lovelier robe  
Than in the autumn hours.

I walked again within the dell;  
There was a new-made mound;  
And, searching on the marble stone,  
'Twas Percy's name I found.

And Minnie's face grew very white,  
Her eyes with tears were dim;  
She never said the world was dark;  
She never spoke of him;  
She only breathed more mournfully  
The songs she once had sung.  
We never heard her gushing laugh  
As once that laugh had rung.



## NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER.

BONNETS, COLLARS, CUFF, COIFFURE, WALKING SUIT, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.—A white silk bonnet, with soft crown of plaid velvet. On the front is a piece of plaid velvet and a tuft of white feathers.

Inside is a white tulle cap and scarlet velvet flowers.

Fig. 2.—The front is composed of black silk,

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



cased. The crown is soft, and made of plaid silk, so also is the cape. A bunch of variegated flowers is on the left side. The inside

trimming is a ruching of white tulle, bright flowers, and grasses.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet suitable for very light

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



mourning. It is of eased black silk, with a full piece of white silk, edged with lace, laid on the bonnet from the crown to the front. A black feather is fastened at the side of the

crown with a bow of white ribbon. The cape is of white silk, edged with black lace. The inside trimming is formed of violet and white velvet.

Fig. 4.—Cuir-colored silk bonnet, with a cape of white *crêpe* covered with a rich blonde. The trimming is placed on top of the bonnet, and is formed of bands of Solferino velvet and feathers. The inside trimming is tulle and Solferino flowers.

Fig. 7.

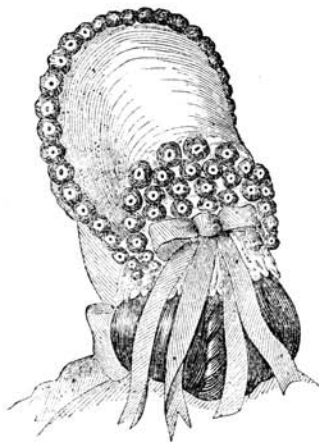
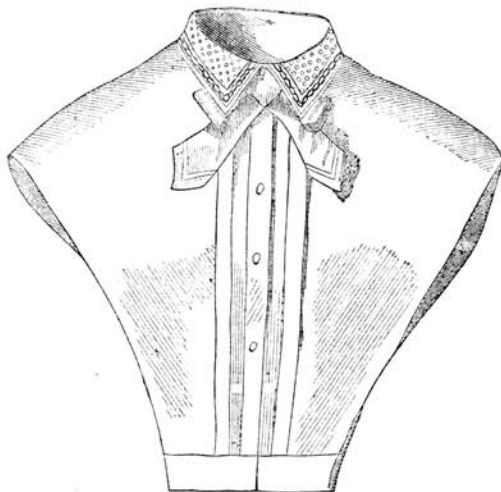


Fig. 6.—Bonnet of white silk, with puffed front and cap crown. The cape is very short, and raised on the right side to display a rose and bud. A bunch of roses with leaves is placed over the crown. Roses and black velvet with blonde are arranged as an inside trimming.

Fig. 9.



The cape is of blue silk, trimmed with ornaments of gray straw. Strings of blue ribbon. Inside trimming of gray grass and blue flowers.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet for light mourning. The front is of black silk, with a fall of chenille fringe drooping over the front. The crown and cape are of white silk, trimmed with a chenille fanchon. The inside trimming is white roses, black grass, and white tulle.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 7.—Curtainless bonnet. Gray chip bonnet, trimmed with scarlet daisies. A fall of black lace is arranged for the crown, over which is a bow of scarlet velvet. Scarlet daisies and black lace form the inside trimming.

Fig. 8.—Fancy gray straw bonnet, having the crown covered with blue hanging flowers.

Fig. 10.

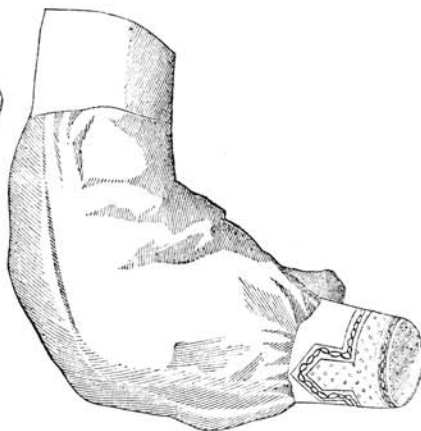


Fig. 9.—White linen collar, dotted with black, and a fancy border chain-stitched with black silk. White cambric neck-tie.

Fig. 10.—Muslin sleeve, with deep linen cuff to match the collar.

Fig. 11.—Coiffure for second mourning.

Fig. 11.



The coronet is formed of three large loops of black velvet and a lavender flower with leaves. From the coronet are sprays of lavender flow-

Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



ers, which extend to the back and just reach the large loops of lavender ribbon. The hair is waved in front, and arranged *en Grecque* at the back.

Fig. 12.—Polish jacket, made of black cloth braided with white silk braid, and trimmed with swan's-down.

Fig. 13.—Walking suit for a little girl. The

Fig. 14.



material is logwood-colored poplin, trimmed with black velvet and steel buttons. This is a good comfortable style of dress, intended to be worn over an ordinary home dress.

Fig. 14.—Half wreath, composed of black velvet, roses, and white flowers.

Fig. 15.

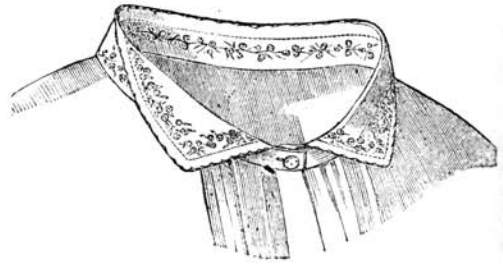


Fig. 16.

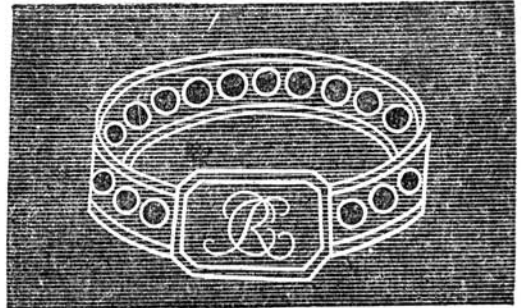
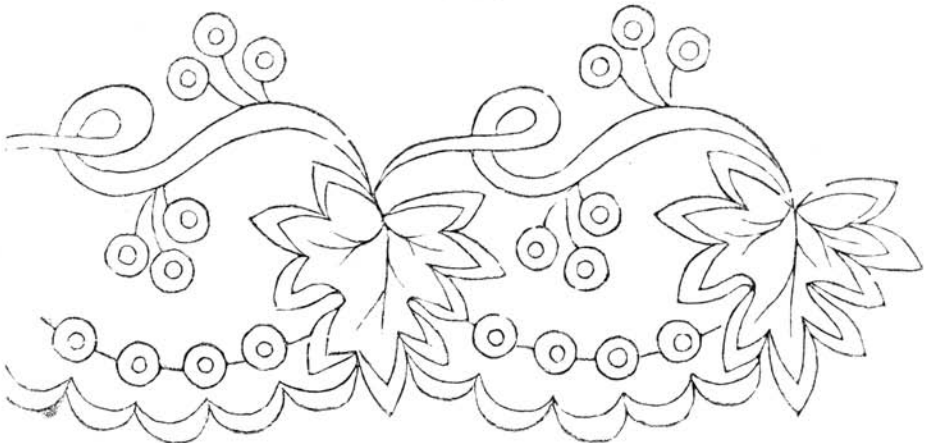


Fig. 15.—*Le Matelôt*. This is one of the prettiest and most fashionable styles for morning collars. It is of linen, richly embroidered either with white or colored cotton.

Fig. 16.—Corner for a handkerchief.

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EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED JACKET FOR WEARING UNDER  
MANTLES OR DRESSES.

*Materials.*—Twelve ounces of single white, pink, or scarlet wool; thick steel knitting needles.

This bodice or jacket can be worn either over the stays or as an out-door wrap, and is very warm and elastic. It is begun at the waist.

Cast on 108 stitches, and knit the first two rows plain, backwards and forwards. *3d row.* Slip the first stitch, \* throw the wool forward, knit 2 together; repeat from \* to the end of the row. Coming back, knit one row plain, then knit 9 rows, working alternately one stitch plain and one purled, so as to form

the 3d row of the waistband; in the next row knit 12 stitches, the 12th in the same 3d hole of the open row, and come back; in the next, knit 15 stitches, the 15th in the 4th hole of the open row, and come back. Increase once more in the 4th hole of the open row, then work one row all round the waistband, and form a similar pointed piece or gore on the opposite side, coming as far as the 4th hole in the open row of the waistband. Go on with the jacket in plain knitting, always increasing slantways. After having thus knitted 4 plain rows, begin the increasings for the back. For this count 23 stitches on each side, beginning from the centre, and in-



narrow ribs, work another plain row, then repeat the third row, and, coming back, knit one row plain. Over this waistband continue to knit in the following manner: Knit only the three first stitches of last row, increasing one stitch between the 2d and 3d, then in returning knit plain. Begin again and knit five stitches, increasing between the 4th and 5th, and return in plain knitting; in coming back knit 7 stitches, increasing between the 6th and 7th. Now begin the increasings for the chest by making 2 stitches in the 4th stitch; repeat this increasing in every fourth row, but one stitch further each time, so as to form a slanting line, the same as a dress-pleat. To prevent repetition we shall no longer mention this increasing. In the next row knit 10 stitches, working the 10th in the 3d hole of

crease on each side of these 46 stitches, in every 2d row, placing the increasings each time two stitches further on each side. In the 56th row you will reach the armhole. To form this armhole count 47 stitches on each side for the fronts, and 74 in the middle for the back; cast off the stitches between the back and fronts. First work the fronts, knitting 64 rows plain, then knit on the side of the shoulders the 2 stitches together before the last, in every 2d row, at the same time, on the side near the neck; knit 7 times, once in every row, and afterwards in every *second* row, the two stitches before the last together, until no stitches are left. At the shoulders form a point, by increasing 15 stitches from the selvage; begin at the armhole with the two stitches of the selvage, just under the

decreasings for the shoulders. Over these 15 stitches knit plain along the armhole, but knitting together the two stitches before the last at the other end of each row, until the pointed piece is finished. When the two fronts are completed, work 44 plain rows on the back, in the 32 next rows, decrease two stitches at the end of each row, then sew the pieces together at the shoulders. After this, beginning at the waist, and going up to the neck, along the front, work first one plain row, and then one row of open knitting (the same as that round the waist), then two more plain rows, and cast off the stitches. The sleeves are also knitted plain. They are begun at the top. Cast on 32 stitches, and increase in each row one stitch till you have 68 stitches. Knit 9 plain rows, in the 10th knit the two last together, and repeat this decreasing 9 times, knitting 9 plain rows between each decreasing. Then work 2 plain rows, then 9 rows, working alternately 2 plain stitches and 2 purled, so as to form ribs. Work one plain row, one row of open knitting, three more

plain rows, and cast off the stitches. Sew up the sleeve and sew it into the armhole; finish the jacket by sewing on buttons and making loops. The difference in figures will render several changes necessary in the number of stitches, but these can very easily be made.

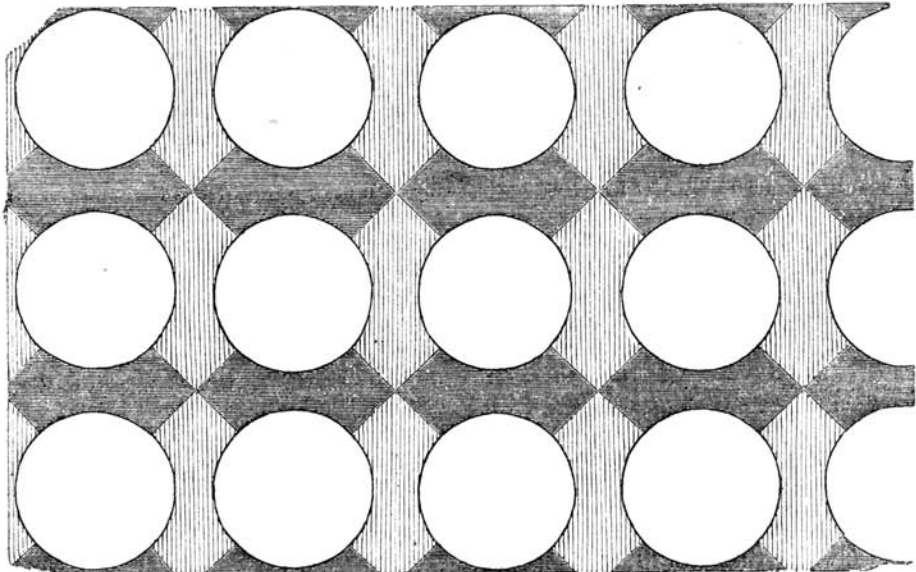
NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.



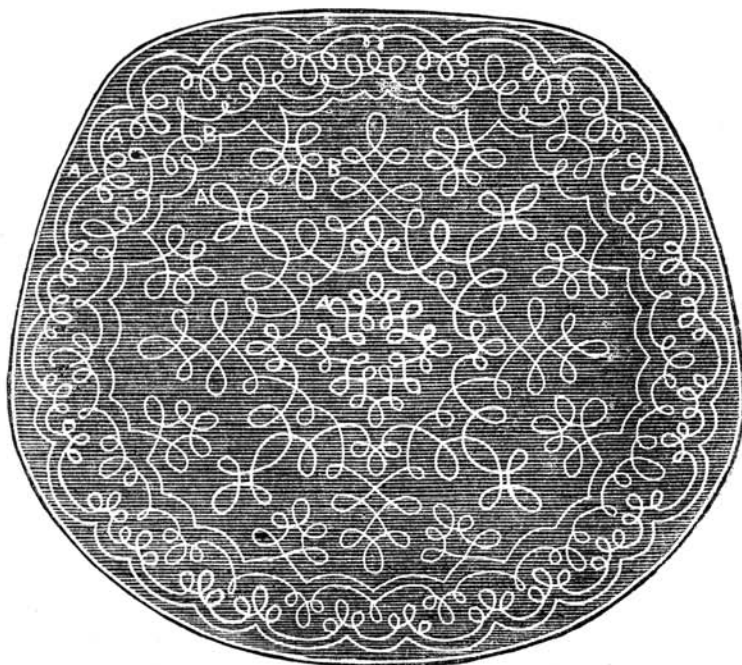
BED QUILT PATTERN.



BRAIDED PATTERN FOR SEAT OF CHAIR.

We give a pattern for the seat of a chair in braiding, which is both simple and effective.

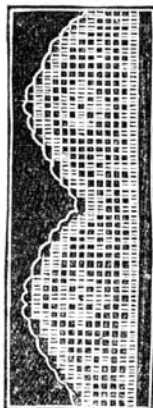
say, for instance, a rich deep brown. All the wider lines, marked A on the engraving, should be either scarlet or yellow: and for the finer lines, marked B, a rich green would



The colors, both of the cushion and the braiding, must correspond with the general colors of the furniture of the room, and must harmonize with each other. The cushion may be made of good kerseymere of any color—

look remarkably well. The braid must be laid very evenly and regular in its curves, and stitched down firmly, with all the ends fastened off at the under side of the cloth.

FANCY LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHOCHEEY TRIMMING.



FLOWERS IN WOOL.

THE CONVOLVULUS, MADE ON WIRE.

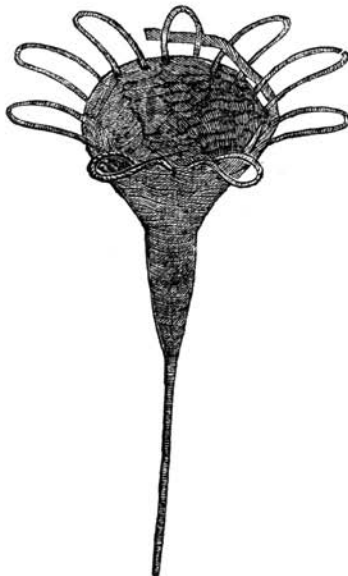
*Materials.*—White, yellow, and green Berlin wool; wire, covered with white cotton, etc.



Cut nine pieces of wire, each three inches long; bend them in the shape of hair-pins (see our second illustration); prepare a stem



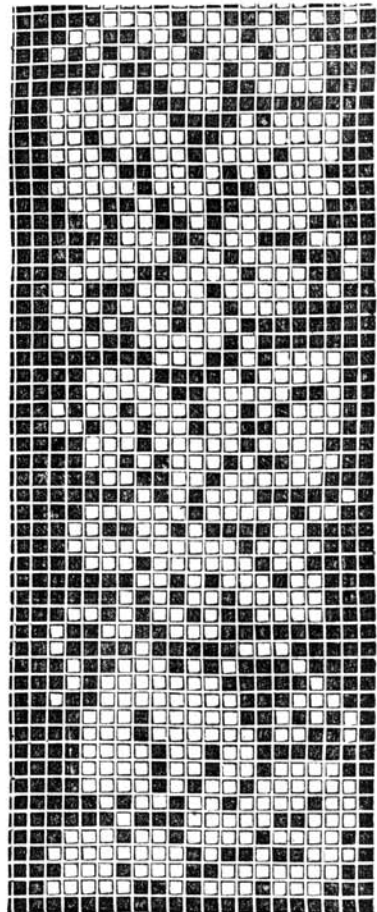
with yellow stamens; round these stamens arrange the folded pieces of wire in a circle,



bending them slightly backwards: this forms a sort of *mould*, which has to be covered over,

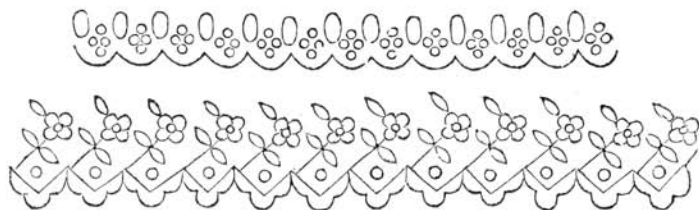
beginning at the bottom, and therefore the narrower part of the flower. Fasten the white wool to the stem of the flower, and pass the wool alternately in and out the wire shapes, and in the next row turn the wool in the contrary direction. The wire shapes are of an unequal number, and thus the work appears the same on both sides. The wool should never be *strained*, but the rows must be placed closely together, so that the *mould* of the flower is well covered. When about three-quarters of an inch of wire is covered, take the yellow wool and finish the convolvulus with it, that is to say, after the last row, pass the wool four or five times in each opening, wrapping up the rounded edge entirely. Roll green wool round the stem.

DARNING PATTERN FOR NETTING WORK, SUITABLE FOR TIDIES, BEDSPREADS, OR TABLE COVERS.

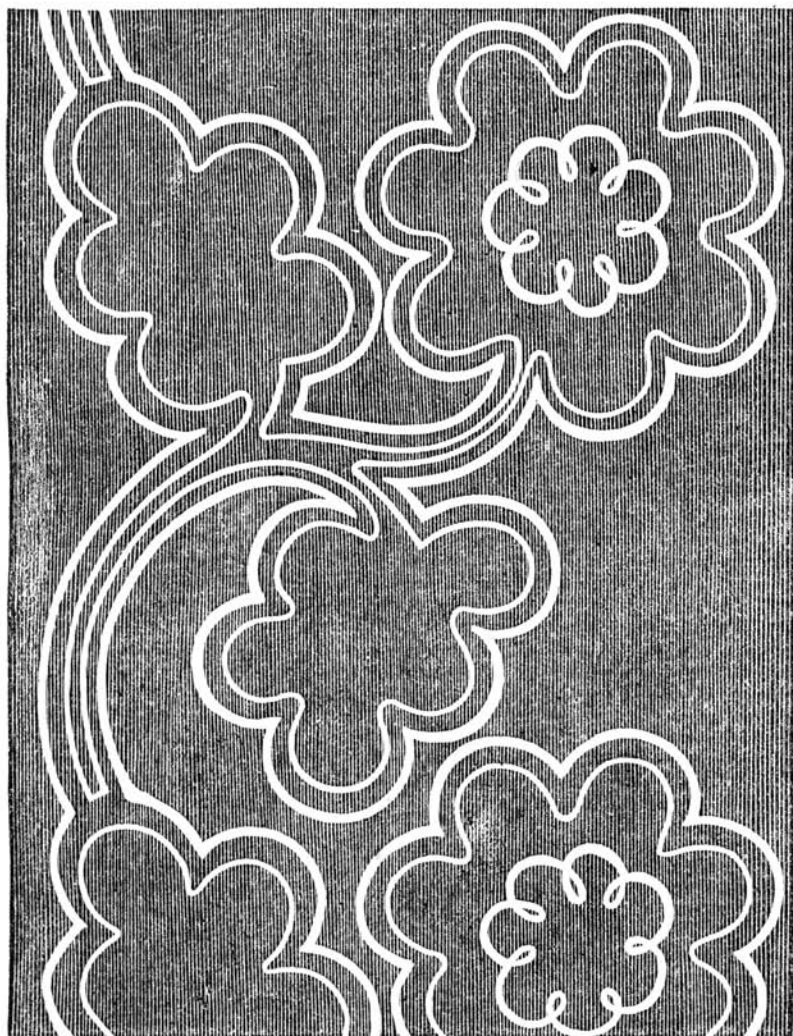




## EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



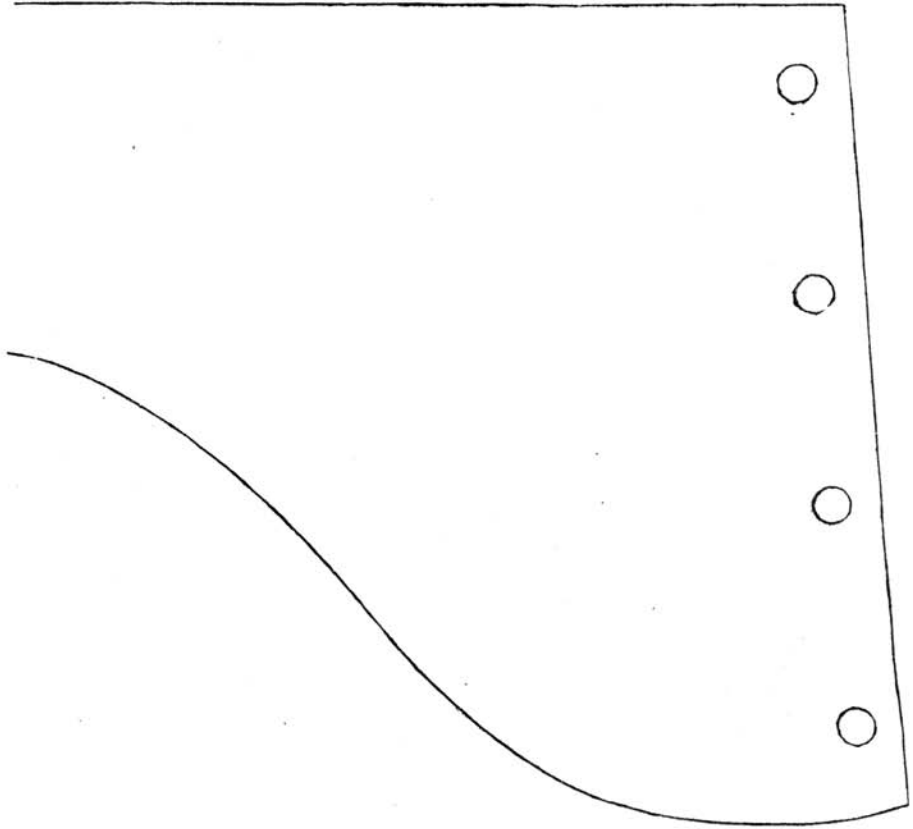
## BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CLOAKS AND MANTLES.



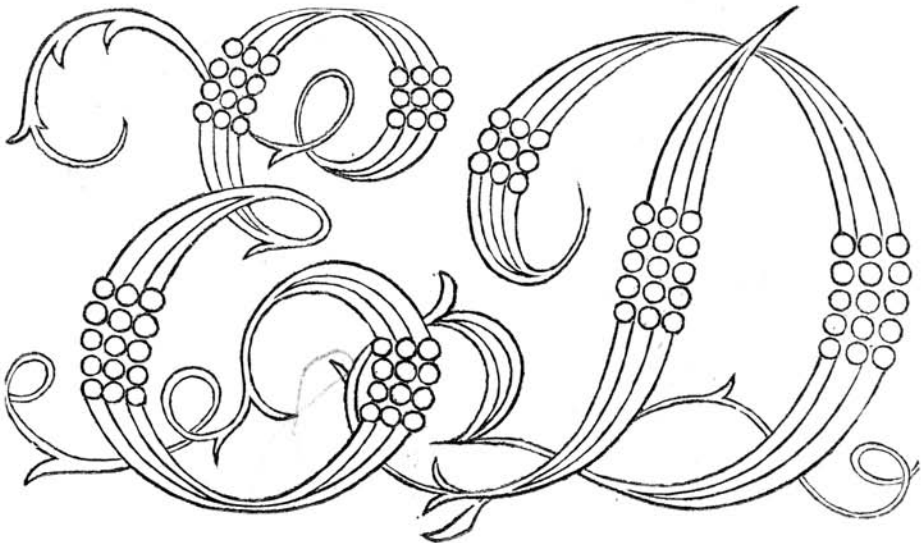
This pattern should be drawn on thin paper and tacked to the article requiring braiding, and then the braid laid upon the drawing and stitched through both the paper and the

work; afterwards the paper must be torn away very carefully, so as not to detach the braid in the least from the work. This pattern can be used for other purposes.

HALF OF A LINEN CUFF, OF THE MOST APPROVED STYLE.



FANCY LETTERS FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES.



## Receipts, &c.

### MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**COLD MEAT BROILED, WITH POACHED EGGS.**—The inside of a sirloin of beef is best for this dish, or a leg of mutton. Cut the slices of even and equal thickness, and broil and brown them carefully and slightly over a clear smart fire, or in a Dutch oven; give those slices most fire that are least done; lay them in a dish before the fire to keep hot, while you poach the eggs and mashed potatoes.

**TO MAKE AN EXCELLENT RAGOUT OF COLD VEAL.**—Either a neck, loin, or fillet of veal will furnish this excellent ragout with a very little expense or trouble. Cut the veal into handsome cutlets; put a piece of butter or clean dripping into a clean frying-pan; as soon as it is hot flour and fry the veal of a light brown; take it out, and if you have no gravy ready, make some; or put a pint of boiling water into the frying-pan, give it a boil up for a minute, and strain it into a basin, while you make some thickening in the following manner: Put about an ounce of butter into a stewpan; as soon as it melts, mix with it as much flour as will dry it up; stir it over the fire for a few minutes, and gradually add to it the gravy you made in the frying-pan; let them simmer together for ten minutes (till thoroughly incorporated); season it with pepper, salt, a little mace, and a wineglassful of mushroom catsup, or wine; strain it through a tamis to the meat, and stew very gently till the meat is thoroughly warmed. If you have any ready-boiled bacon, cut it in slices, and put it in to warm with the meat.

**RELISHING RASHERS OF BACON.**—If you have any cold bacon, you may make a very nice dish of it by cutting it into slices about a quarter of an inch thick; grate some crust of bread, and powder them well with it on both sides; lay the rashers in a cheese-toaster; they will be browned on one side in about three minutes; turn them, and do the other.

**ONS.**—These are a delicious accompaniment to poached or fried eggs. The bacon having been boiled first, is tender and mellow. They are an excellent garnish round veal cutlets, or sweet-breads, or calf's-head hash, or green peas, or beans, etc.

**TOAST AND CHEESE.**—Cut a slice of bread about half an inch thick; pare off the crust, and toast it very slightly on one side, so as just to brown it, without making it hard, or burning it. Cut a slice of cheese (good, fat, mellow Cheshire cheese, or double Gloucester, is better than poor, thin, single Gloucester) a quarter of an inch thick, not so big as the bread by half an inch on each side; pare off the rind, cut off all the specks and rotten parts, and lay it on the toasted bread in a cheese-toaster; carefully watch it that it does not burn, and stir it with a spoon to prevent a pellicle forming on the surface. Have ready good mustard, pepper, and salt. If you observe the directions here given, the cheese will eat mellow, and will be uniformly done, and the bread crisp and soft, and will well deserve its ancient appellation of a "rare bit."

**IRISH STEW.**—Take a piece of loin or back-ribs of mutton, and cut it into chops. Put it in a stewpan with pared raw potatoes, sliced onions to taste, pepper, salt, and a little water. Put this on to stew slowly for an hour, covered very close; and shake it occasionally, to prevent it from sticking to the bottom.

**RELISH FOR CHOPS, ETC.**—Pound fine an ounce of black pepper and half an ounce of allspice, with an ounce of

salt, and half an ounce of scraped horse-radish, and the same of eschallots, peeled and quartered. Put these ingredients into a pint of mushroom catsup, or walnut pickle, and let them steep for a fortnight, and then strain it. A teaspoonful or two of this is generally an acceptable addition, mixed with the gravy usually sent up for chops and steaks, or added to thick melted butter.

**ENGLISH STEW.**—English stew is the name given to the following excellent preparation of cold meat: Cut the meat in slices; pepper, salt, and flour them, and lay them in a dish. Take a few pickles of any kind, or a small quantity of pickled cabbage, and sprinkle them over the meat. Then take a teacup half full of water; add to it a small quantity of the vinegar belonging to the pickles, a small quantity of catsup, if approved of, and any gravy that may be set by for use. Stir all together, and pour it over the meat. Set the meat before the fire with a tin behind it, or put it in a Dutch oven, or in the oven of the kitchen range, as may be most convenient, for about half an hour before dinner-time. This is a cheap and simple way of dressing cold meat, which is well deserving of attention.

**DRESSING FOR CABBAGE.**—Cut your cabbage fine in a dish, and sprinkle salt and pepper over it, take one egg, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-half spoonful of flour, one-half teacup of sweet cream, the same of vinegar, a very small piece of butter. Beat all together, and let it boil; then pour over the cabbage while hot.

**A GOOD WAY OF COOKING EGGS.**—Boil say six eggs quite hard, peel, and cut in two lengthways; put two ounces of good butter in a saucepan (enamelled the best), boil till of a rich brown; have ready to hand a tablespoonful of vinegar mixed with a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and pour this mixture into the boiling butter, mix well and pour over the eggs (which must be kept hot) so that each portion of egg receives its share of sauce; the eggs should be placed on the dish with the yolk part upwards, and served up immediately, as hot as possible; the sauce must be well blended, and for this purpose use a small pastebrush; a teaspoonful of water will often facilitate the blending. The same sauce is excellent with boiled fish.

### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**BUTTERMILK CAKE.**—Where buttermilk can be easily procured, try the following receipt, which makes a very good light cake: Into two pounds of flour rub one pound of butter; add three-quarters of a pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, one pint of buttermilk, and half an ounce of carbonate of soda. Mix and beat them well together, and bake in a tin.

**AMBER PUDDING.**—Line a pudding-dish with good puff paste. Take half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and eight eggs. Take the yolks of the eggs, mix with the sugar and the butter on the fire till it becomes thick, but not boiling, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, and mix with the other when cold. Put any sort of jam on the bottom of the dish, according to taste, and then pour the mixture of eggs, etc. over it, and bake it half an hour.

**CORNUCOPIAS.**—I presume that most of your lady readers will have seen a pretty dish for the sweet course composed of small cornucopias, filled with whipped cream; but as all may not know how these are made, I hope the receipt for them may not be unwelcome. Mix in a basin one-quarter of a pound of fine white sifted sugar and two ounces of flour; break two perfectly fresh eggs into this,

and beat it well. Rub a little white wax on your baking sheet, take about a dessert-spoonful of the mixture and spread it in a round on your tin. Bake these three minutes, take each off with a knife, and, as you do so, carefully roll each, at the oven's mouth, into a jelly bag or cornucopia shape. Dry them a little before the fire after they are rolled, fill them with pink or white whipped cream, and send them to table on a nicely-folded napkin. They will keep for some little time, if placed in a tin box in a dry place, without the cream, which must be put in fresh when they are to be served up.

**FARMER'S Pudding.**—Put the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, with one-quarter of a pound of fine sifted sugar, into a basin; beat them a little together; add one-quarter of a pound of butter, melted; beat this all together till it is quite thick. Line a dish with light puff paste, spreading on it a thick covering of preserve; pour on the above mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven.

The following is a convenient and simple dish, and can be made at any time in the year when fruit is scarce. The French give it the poetical name of fairy bread: Put two ounces of loaf-sugar into half a pint of milk, with a little powdered cinnamon or nutmeg; a little cream added is a great improvement. Cut two French rolls into slices, and cover them with the milk; let them soak for one hour; beat up three eggs, and carefully pass the slices of soaked bread through the egg with a fish slice, so as not to break them. Fry these in butter to a delicate brown, and sprinkle powdered loaf-sugar over them before serving up.

**APPLE FANCY.**—Pare some good apples, and take out the cores; stew them with sugar and lemon-peel; beat up four eggs into a froth, add to them a cupful of grated bread crumbs, with a little sugar and nutmeg. Lay the stewed apples in the bottom of a dish, and cover with the bread crumbs, laying a few pieces of butter over the top. Bake it in a brisk oven, and turn it, when done, upside down on a flat dish; before serving up, scatter powdered loaf-sugar over the apple, which will be uppermost.

**KEFT Pudding.**—One quart of milk, six ounces of ground rice, three eggs, currants, sugar, and spice to taste. The milk and rice should be boiled over night, and the other ingredients mixed in the next morning. Stir the mixture well before putting it into the oven.

**ICING FOR RICH CAKES, ETC.**—Put the whites of three or four eggs into a deep glazed pan, quite free from the least grease, and mix in gradually one pound of good loaf-sugar that has been powdered and sifted through a lawn sieve, till it is as thick as good rich cream; then beat it up with a wooden spoon until it becomes thick; add the juice of a lemon, strained, and beat it again till it hangs to the spoon; then, with the spoon, drop some on the top of the cake, and with a clean knife smooth it well over the top and sides, about an eighth of an inch thick; then put it in a dry place, and it will be dry in a few hours. ornament it while wet, if it is required to be ornamented, by sticking figures of sugar or plaster on it, or candied peel, or angelica.

**GERMAN CAKES.**—Beat up four eggs, beat into them half a pound of butter, melted until it becomes liquid, a pint and a half of warm milk, and a teacupful of yeast. Stir in as much flour as will make the mixture stiff; then tie it loosely in a cloth, put it into a pail of water, and leave it there until it rises to the top. Take the dough out of the cloth, mix with it three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the same of raisins (stoned), chopped lemon-peel, citron, and almonds, and divide it into cakes two inches across. Place these cakes on tins, and bake them.

**FRUIT BISCUIT.**—Any fruit will do. Scald the fruit, and rub it through a sieve; to every pound of fruit put a pound of loaf-sugar, sifted very fine, and the white of one egg; beat it a long time, until it is of a proper stiffness to drop on to a wafer-paper, and bake them in a slow oven. The oven must be so slow as to dry rather than bake them.

**PORTUGAL CAKES.**—The necessary ingredients are one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, three eggs, a little cream, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar, some currants, and the peel of three lemons. Mix the flour, half the butter, the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one. Add sufficient cream to make it into a soft paste, and then add the sugar and the currants, and grate in the lemon-peel, roll out the paste, putting in the remainder of the butter. Divide it into little cakes, and bake them upon tins.

#### DRINKS AND BEVERAGES FOR THE SICK.

A SOFT and fine draught for those who are weak and have a cough may be made thus: Beat a fresh-laid egg, and mix with it a quarter of a pint of new milk warmed, a large spoonful of capillaire, the same of rose-water, and a little nutmeg, seraped. Do not warm it after the egg is put in. Take it the first and last thing.

A very agreeable draught is made by putting into a tumbler of fresh cold water a tablespoonful of capillaire, and the same of good vinegar.

Tamarinds, currants, fresh or in jelly, or scalded currants or cranberries, make excellent drinks, with a little sugar or not, as may be agreeable.

**TOAST WATER.**—Toast slowly a thin piece of bread till extremely brown and hard, but not the least black; then plunge it into a jug of cold water, and cover it over an hour before used. This is of particular use in weak bowels. It should be of a fine brown color.

**BARLEY WATER.**—One ounce of pearl barley, half an ounce of white sugar, and the rind of a lemon, put into a jug. Pour upon it one quart of boiling water, and let it stand for eight or ten hours; then strain off the liquor, adding a slice of lemon, if desirable. This infusion makes a most delicious and nutritious beverage, and will be grateful to persons who cannot drink the horrid decoction usually given. It is an admirable basis for lemonade, negus, or weak punch, a glass of rum being the proportion for a quart.

**APPLE WATER** is very delicate. Cut two large apples in slices, and pour one quart of boiling water on them; or on roasted apples; strain in two or three hours, and sweeten lightly.

*Or:* Peel and quarter four large acid apples; put them in one quart of water, with the peel of half a lemon, and a handful of washed currants; let all boil for one hour, then strain and add sugar to taste. Let it remain till cold. A little wine may be added to it when about to be drunk.

**ORGEAT.**—Beat two ounces of almonds with a teaspoonful of orange-flower water, and a bitter almond or two; then pour one quart of milk and water to the paste. Sweeten with sugar or capillaire. This is a fine drink for those who have a tender chest; in the gout it is highly useful, and with the addition of half an ounce of gum Arabic has been found to allay the painfulness of the attendant heat. Half a glass of brandy may be added, if thought too cooling in the latter complaints, and the glass of orgeat may be put into a basin of warm water.

**ORANGEADE OR LEMONADE.**—Squeeze out the juice, pour boiling water on a little of the peel, and cover close.

Boil water and sugar to a thin syrup, and skim it. When all are cold, mix the juice, the infusion, and the syrup with as much more water as will make a rich sherbet; strain through a jelly-bag.

*Or:* Squeeze out the juice and strain it, and add water and capillaire. It is still better when made with the juice of unripe grapes.

The usual mode, however, of making *Lenonade* is to pour one quart of boiling water on the rinds of six lemons, and let it stand for three or four hours; add the juice of the lemons with three-quarters of a pound of sugar; simmer well and skim; then add another quart of boiling water. Either run it through a jelly-bag, or mix a glass of calf's-foot jelly, which will make it rich.

#### RECEIPTS FOR POMATUM.

A good pomade for general use: One pound of beef suet to two pounds of lard. Care must be taken to procure them as fresh as possible. And, after being separated from all skin and fibre, they must be pounded in a mortar, and then placed in a covered pan of earthenware or metal. This must stand in a vessel of hot water until the fat slowly becomes liquid. It will be found that all the refuse will then be separated, and will sink to the bottom of the pan. The fat in its liquid state is then passed through a filter (clean flannel is the best). The perfume must now be added, and may be either essence of lemon, bergamot, or any other scent preferred; about three drachms will suffice for the quantity of fat warmed. After this, with a wooden spoon, or knife, the mixture should be continually stirred or beaten until it be thoroughly cool.

ONE pint of olive oil, two ounces of white wax, one drachm of tincture of cantharides; oil of roses, two drops (or any other scent if preferred). Put the oil in a jug, on a hob, and dissolve the wax in it, and then mix in the other ingredients; to be poured into the pots while hot.

The following receipt will furnish an excellent pomade at a moderate cost: Two ounces of castor-oil, three ounces of best olive-oil, one ounce of spermaceti. Dissolve the spermaceti in an earthen jar or pipkin over a slow fire; then add the castor and olive oils. When nearly cold, stir in a small quantity of bergamot, with a few drops of oil of cloves, cinnamon, and almond mixed.

Six ounces of castor-oil, six ounces of olive-oil, four ounces of spermaceti, two drachms of oil of lavender, ten drops of oil of cinnamon, two drachms of essence of bergamot, two drachms of essence of lemon. Melt the oils and sperm together, gradually warming them on the stove and keep stirring; when nearly cold add the scent.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**USES OF THE POTATO.**—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are generally indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany, the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent thence into many foreign countries as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato, under the designation of *Eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses to which this esculent is turned abroad.

After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water which runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains she becomes perfectly cured by the operation.

**COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Wash the photographs over with a coating of parchment size made as follows: Shred some clean parchment fine, put about a teacupful down to boil in about a quart of water, boil to a pint, add a pinch of alum; strain. To be heated as often as required to be used. The photograph may be washed over with the solution, and left to dry till next day, when it will be ready to receive water-colors. A weak solution of gum tragacanth, melted in boiling water, would be found more agreeable to paint with than gum Arabic; the latter cracks and shines, which is objectionable.

**TO CLEAN BRONZE.**—Let the ornaments be gently washed with soap and water, applied with a sponge, then rinse them in beer. Do not wipe it off, or rub the ornaments at all, but place them in a warm room at a little distance from the fire, until they are quite dry. Use very little soap.

**BROKEN CHINA.**—Should the china be of a dark color, or any color but white, it can easily be repaired by placing a little shellac on the joint, and holding it to a lighted candle. The flame melts the shellac, and forms a strong cement. The detached portions of the china must be kept close together for a few minutes until the joint becomes hard.

**HOW TO MAKE CLEAR SUGAR.**—Break three pounds of fine white sugar—the hardest and closest grained is the best—put it into a sugar-pan, with three pints of clear water, set over a sharp fire, and when beginning to boil place it at the corner to simmer, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; skim well, and reduce to two-thirds. It is then ready to use for jellies.

**TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.**—Soft soap and fuller's earth, of each half a pound; beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake, and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterwards rinsed, or rubbed off clean.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR A COPYING-MACHINE.**—In the common ink used, dissolve lump sugar (one drachm to an ounce of ink). Moisten the copying-paper, and then put it in soft paper to absorb the superfluous moisture. Put the moistened paper on the writing, place both between some soft paper, and roll upon a ruler three or four times.

**TO REMOVE A SCREW RUSTED IN THE WOOD.**—Heat a poker in the fire red-hot, and put it on the top of the screw for a minute or two; then take the screw-driver, and you will easily get it out if you do it whilst it is warm.

**CRYSTALLIZED CHIMNEY ORNAMENTS.**—Select a crooked twig of white or black thorn; wrap some loose wool or cotton round the branches, and tie it on with worsted. Suspend this in a basin, or deep jar. Dissolve two pounds of alum in a quart of boiling rain water, and pour it over the twig. Allow it to stand twelve hours. Wire baskets may be covered in the same way.

**TO CLEAN SILVER ARTICLES.**—The best way to clean silver articles is to wash them first with warm water and soap, and afterwards polish them with pure whiting and a piece of leather.

## Editors' Table.

### OUR DWELLINGS.

THE plans and descriptions of dwelling-houses which have appeared in the *Lady's Book* have been, as we have reason to know, an acceptable feature of our magazine to a large number of its readers. There is a good reason why this should be so. Almost every young American expects, at some time or other, to have to undertake the devising of a house, or, as a well-known author has happily expressed it, "the shaping of a home." The difference between our country and those of the old world is peculiarly striking in this respect. In Europe people dwell for the most part in houses built by past generations. Especially is this the case in rural places. What increase of population occurs in those countries flows to the cities, where houses are usually built in masses, according to uniform plans, with which those who inhabit them have little to do. In the country, a youthful couple who do not inherit a dwelling from their parents expect to obtain one by purchase or lease, and rarely think of building for themselves.

In our land, as every one knows, the case is very different. It is true that in our cities houses are usually built in blocks, as in Europe, according to systems devised by architects, without regard to the special wishes and tastes of those who are afterwards to reside in them. But the great mass of our people fortunately dwell in the country, on scattered farms, or in rural towns or villages. In the newer States the farms have for the most part been laid out and the towns and villages built by the present inhabitants; and in older places the dwellings erected by the past generation are often so unsuited to the present times, or of such perishable materials, that young persons, beginning the world, soon find themselves, like the young birds, engaged in the pleasing trouble of fashioning a new habitation for themselves.

A great many useful books have been published, of late years, by experienced architects, to afford information as to the best designs and modes of building. Several of these have been noticed in our pages, and we hope that every one who proposes to erect a dwelling for himself will, before commencing, procure and study some approved work of the kind. He will be sure to find his account in doing so. Our present object, however, is to make a few suggestions which may be of more especial value to lady readers in regard to the fashioning and improving of their homes.

Before and above all, we would urge that no man should choose or plan a residence without first consulting his wife or his "intended" in regard to it, and every woman should study the plan of her future home with care before adopting it. The province of the man is in the outer world; the dwelling is the wife's peculiar realm, where alone she must reign, and where nearly all the days of her life must be spent. If the house is ill-arranged, uncomfortable, or unhealthy, she must be the chief sufferer, either in herself or in the little ones whom she loves better than herself. There is, therefore, every reason why she should carefully examine the plan of the proposed dwelling before it is too late to make any alterations. A stairway badly placed or too steep and narrow, a cellar ill

ventilated, a window opening in a chamber upon the spot where a bed must stand, may cause lifelong discomfort and ill-health.

The mere situation and aspect of the house are highly important. The rooms which are most used should be so placed as to receive as much of the sunlight as possible. Few persons, except physicians, are aware how much the health and vigor of all living things are derived from the direct rays of the sun. In our own experience, we have known several instances of sickly persons restored to health and strength merely by removing from a shaded room to one facing the south, or by making a new window to admit the sunbeams. The usual sitting-room and the nursery should always front in such a direction as to receive as much of the sun as possible.

As to ventilation, it might really seem that at this day it could not be necessary to urge the importance of attending to this requisite upon any person of ordinary intelligence; yet it is surprising how many, even among the well-educated classes, disregard a matter so essential to the health and comfort of all the inmates of a dwelling. Bedrooms with low ceilings, not provided with any aperture for the escape of foul air, are as common as they are pernicious. Even the ordinary precaution of having the windows so constructed that the upper sash can be lowered and kept open at least an inch or two (as it should always be in a sleeping apartment not provided with other means of ventilation) is too often neglected. We hope that every lady reader of our *Book* will see that at least this simple remedy for a serious evil is provided forthwith for every room occupied by herself and her family.

Ill-ventilated cellars are certain to become reservoirs of noxious gases, which ascend, and are diffused through the house; and much disease, of which the origin is not suspected, is due to this cause. Some writers on architecture have been so much impressed with a knowledge of this evil that they have advised us to dispense with the underground cellar altogether, and to erect, in lieu of it, a small building, with frost-proof walls, adjacent to the house. Where this is not done, care should at least be taken that the cellar is not under any sleeping room, that it is kept well ventilated and free from all decaying vegetables, and a close double floor should be laid between it and the apartments immediately above it.

Storerooms, closets, and cupboards are among the most useful requisites of a comfortable dwelling. Every housekeeper is aware of their convenience and economy; yet we have known many houses of some pretensions built without these useful adjuncts, and in most houses they are apt to be too few and too small. Every dining-room should have its large and well arranged china cupboard, every kitchen its roomy and convenient pantry, and every bedroom its neat clothes-closet. The additional expense which these may cause in building will soon be repaid in the saving which in many ways will result from them.

The external appearance of our houses should be attended to, not only for our own pleasure and advantage, but for the sake of our neighbors. An unsightly building is a public nuisance; an elegant one not only delights the eye, but improves the taste of all who see it, and is a

benefit to the locality in which it is placed. Beauty costs little, if anything, more than deformity. By some care in planning, with a view to symmetry and neatness, and by a few touches of external adornment—a porch, a trellis, a bracketed cornice, or an ornamental verger-board—the humblest cottage may be made a pleasing picture. The children reared in such a dwelling will grow up with ideas of taste and refinement, for which in after life they will have much reason to be grateful.

In conclusion, we would strongly impress upon every one who contemplates building a residence the advantage of having recourse to the aid of a good architect for preparing the "plan and specifications," wherever this is practicable. It is often the case, in country places, that the only person consulted is the carpenter, whose sole interest is in doing the work in as easy and profitable a manner for himself as possible. An experienced architect would undoubtedly be able to furnish many suggestions of great usefulness and value, as regards plan, materials, and manner of building. And his charges will probably be repaid many times over by the saving and improvements which his advice will effect. The classical maxim which bids us "trust every one in his own art" will be found to be of specially sound application in this case. Our country, indeed, owes not a little to the labor of many architects, eminent for skill and taste, to whose exertions and influence it is chiefly due that many of the towns, and villages, and country houses scattered through our land are of late years becoming more attractive and delightful abodes than any other part of the world can display.

#### VASSAR COLLEGE.

We have before us the Circular of the Trustees, issued at the Third Annual Meeting, January 26, 1864. It begins by stating that, owing to the present derangement in business affairs, and the magnitude of the object, it has been found best to postpone the opening of this College until the autumn of 1865. The Trustees remark:—

"The erection of a college edifice of such vast dimensions—five hundred feet in length and one hundred and seventy in depth, four stories high—embracing five independent dwelling-houses for resident officers, besides accommodations for the board, lodging, and study of three hundred young ladies, and their teachers, with full suites of class, lecture, music, and drawing-rooms, chapel and refectory, and suitable apartments for library, art-gallery, philosophical apparatus, chemical laboratory, cabinets of natural history, and all the other appurtenances of a College, the whole pervaded by a perfect system of arrangements for heating by steam, lighting by gas, and supplying with water on the most liberal scale and by the most recent and approved methods; this, of itself, and under the most favorable circumstances, was an immense task, requiring not energy and vigor alone, but extreme vigilance and caution, and a liberal allowance of time, to insure thoroughness in the work, and to avoid needless and wasteful expenditure."

We think all who seriously consider the subject will feel that the delay was indispensable, and, as the Report suggests, may be made of much advantage to those young ladies who are hoping to enjoy the privileges of this noble institution. We will give the closing pages of the Report, as we think the suggestions of the Trustees are wise, and their arrangements very liberal:—

"In prospect of a temporary delay which promises so largely to augment the permanent attractions of the College, and so essentially to subserve the interests of its future members, the Trustees can have but one regret. It is for the many young ladies who desire immediately to enjoy the promised advantages of the institution, and to some of whom, possibly, the postponement of their hope involves the necessity of its relinquishment. To such the Trustees can only offer the assurance of their sympathy.

"Of the great majority, however, it may alleviate the

disappointment to learn that they will probably need all the intervening time, or more, to prepare themselves for admission to the College when it shall be opened. Among the multitude who have forwarded applications for admission, or inquiries looking to that result, it is apparent that a large proportion may, for some time to come, continue to pursue their studies with advantage at the Schools and ladies' Seminaries already in successful operation in all parts of the land. It was not the Founder's design, in the establishment of this College, to come into competition with these excellent institutions, but to make an honest and earnest effort to carry the education of women one step higher—receiving those of their graduates whose thirst for improvement is still unsatisfied, and furnishing them with liberal facilities for the carrying out and completion of their culture. In this idea the Trustees heartily concur, and by it their policy will hereafter be sedulously shaped.

"It will, of course, be impossible to make a detailed statement of the 'pre-requisites for admission' until the scheme of instruction as a whole is matured. Suffice it in general to say that the institution will be what its name imports—of *Collegiate* rank; and that the young ladies who enter its lowest classes must, as to the studies they are going to pursue, have attained a grade of proficiency corresponding in the main to that required for admission to the existing Colleges for young men. This will suffice for the immediate guidance of those who come to the College for the purposes of a genuine education, expecting to pursue its regular course. The Circular which will be issued in the course of the winter will give particulars, and also state on what principles students will be received, for special objects, into particular departments of instruction.

"Finally, inquiries are frequently made as to the probable 'rates of tuition,' and an impression would seem to have obtained some currency that the funds of the College are to be made available for gratuitous instruction. There is no foundation for such an impression. Vassar College is in no respect a charity School; nor is it designed ever to become one. Its funds will be largely absorbed in the extensive material arrangements—the expensive fixtures and machinery of instruction, which such an establishment demands at the very outset, and for whose subsequent growth and improvement liberal calculations must be made.

"Precisely what the terms will be, it would be premature, as yet, to attempt to determine. In the present uncertain and fluctuating condition of all values no one can predict what changes might be rendered necessary by the events of the year, in any scale of prices that could be fixed. So much as this, however, may safely be asserted, that it is the desire of the Founder, and will be the policy of the Trustees, to bring the advantages of the College within the reach of the largest possible number, by making the tuition fees as low in every respect as will consist with the maintenance of a complete and efficient system of Collegiate instruction, and also that the resources at their command will enable them to reduce the rates to a reasonable sum, as compared with the average cost of advanced female education in this or any other country.

"With this exhibit of the sound condition and cheering prospects of the enterprise, its managers commend it anew to the confidence of its friends and the public, feeling sure of their willingness to await patiently the progress of a development which, in order to be healthy, must be deliberate, and to the inexperienced and unreflecting will appear slow.

By order of the Trustees,

|                 |                         |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| M. VASSAR,      | } <i>Ex. Committee.</i> |
| M. VASSAR, JR., |                         |
| C. SWIFT,       |                         |
| CYRUS SWAN,     |                         |
| COR. DUBOIS,    |                         |

"POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 29, 1864."

As soon as the Circular announcing "the full requisites for admission" appears, a summary of its contents will be given in the Lady's Book, for the benefit of our many readers, parents as well as young ladies, who are anxiously looking towards Vassar College as the star of hope for the daughters of America.

Meanwhile, the general nature of the requirements may be gathered with sufficient clearness from what is now published. It seems certain that the young ladies to be admitted into this College will require to be tolerably well grounded in the elements of English grammar and composition, of arithmetic and geography, and, in short, of

what are usually considered the branches of a good common school education. We should not think it necessary to suggest in particular that they will doubtless be required to write a good hand and to *spell* correctly, if we did not know that candidates for admission into our Colleges for young men are sometimes found to be sadly deficient even in these humble requisites.

We seriously advise every young lady who intends to become a candidate for Vassar College to prepare herself as thoroughly as possible. The Christian Founder has proved himself, in his munificent donations and just views, the true friend of woman. Every feminine heart should bless him, and every young lady who enjoys the opportunities of improvement Vassar College will bestow should endeavor to do him honor.

#### DROUGHT.

##### I.

THE fields have a faded face,  
Pinched, and withered, and wan,  
As though the life of the dying grass  
Had been sucked by the vampire sun!

##### II.

The flower may close its eye,  
And shut out the blood-red glare;  
The breathing leaves must shrivel and die  
In the blast of the scorching air.

##### III.

The corn is sere and old—  
A dwarf with half a life;  
The perishing fruitage falls, untold,  
Like the dead in battle strife.

##### IV.

Oh, Lord of the world and its light!  
Smile Thou on our thirsting earth,  
And bid Thy clouds of dew-laden night  
Tarry till morning's birth;

##### V.

And cover the blood-red sun,  
And shake out their laughing showers,  
Till the leaves flash out and brooklets run,  
And our land is alive with fruits and flowers!

July 29, 1864.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

#### EXCERPTA.

A BREAKFAST IN THE OLDEN TIMES.—In a record of the old Earl of Northumberland it is written: "My lord and lady have for breakfast, at 7 o'clock, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, and a dish of sprats."

EARLY MARRIAGES.—"The large majority of marriages are made too early. A young lady is thought to be getting *rather old at twenty-five*; yet before that age the character is not sufficiently formed, nor the experience of society wide enough to render the young lady capable of selecting her true partner. The first attraction of the young heart may be lasting, but the probabilities are against it, and in so momentous an action as the choice of a husband a girlish fancy should never be yielded to till the judgment of the womanly mind confirms the attraction."

"A KNOWLEDGE of art tends to self-knowledge, inasmuch as an analysis of the laws of beauty and taste promotes an understanding of the powers and purpose of the soul."

"BEAUTY, in its highest significance, and goodness are synonymous."

#### THE BRIDEGROOM'S SOLILOQUY.

"The richest of treasures, the brightest of gems  
Are found in the depths of her heart.

"Moreover, I perfectly agree in the proposition that, though marriage be a lottery in which there are wondrous many blanks, yet there is one inestimable lot in which the only heaven on earth is written."

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one grave.

#### A FEW WORDS WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

1st. To the lady who requests us to take a chance in a raffle. We have no doubt of your good intentions, nor would we judge your actions; but we do not approve the practice of raffling, and cannot take a chance even in your plan.

2d. A lady writes us concerning the "*health of her hair*," and to whom she shall apply for advice respecting some disease of her head. As we have had several letters of the same import, and have not time to reply, we will here insert a portion of the circular of the most accomplished hairdresser in this city, *Mrs. M. L. Baker*, to whom we refer our subscribers who desire such services. Applications to *Mrs. Baker*, stamp inclosed, would secure her advice and a complete circular.

"*Mrs. M. L. Baker*, thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended from the ladies of Philadelphia and the travelling community, would call their attention to the *effective* style of shampooing LADIES' HEADS; it *invigorates* the scalp, it causes the *hair to grow*, it cures *dandruff*. It is the only establishment in this city where shampooing is done in the English mode. It is unsurpassed as to cleanliness and comfort.

"Ladies who may wish to avail themselves of this luxury will be waited upon by experienced lady artists. Attached to this establishment are PRIVATE ROOMS for ladies' hair-dyeing. A beautiful black or brown dye applied without the least injury to the hair or skin. Ladies in attendance." 909 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

3d. The mother of an invalid child writes, requesting some receipts may be given in the *Lady's Book* for diet and drinks of the sick and convalescent. We have had such receipts under the heading of "Receipts, etc.," and also in our "Health Department." We will here give two, which have competent authority:—

*Rice and Gravy*.—Let the rich gravy from a leg of roasted mutton or sirloin of beef stand till the fat forms a cake on the surface; then remove it, and heat the gravy with as much well-boiled rice as will make it thick. A teaspoonful of this is very strengthening in the early convalescence of delicate children.—*Dr. A. T. Thompson*.

*Suet Drink*.—Sheep suet, two ounces; milk, one pint; starch, half an ounce. Boil slowly for half an hour. An excellent drink in dysentery.—*American Medical Formulary, by Dr. J. J. Reese*.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We must beg their patience till next month.

"Alma's Vow," respectfully declined. Please say how it shall be returned. Very good; but we have so much MS. on hand.

"The Two Brides," respectfully declined for the above reason.

Is "Our Dew Drop" sent as a contribution? No letter accompanied the article.



## Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE COWARD. *A Novel of Society and the Field* in 1863. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps," etc. Mr. Morford has a ready pen, and knows well how to please the public. The story of this book begins at the time of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania in June, 1863, and is full of graphic descriptions of persons and places. A well devised plot, and numerous and varied incidents make it very readable.

From M. A. Root, Philadelphia:—

THE CAMERA AND THE PENGIL; *or, the Heliographic Art: its Theory and Practice in all its various Branches*. By M. A. Root, Professional Heliographic Artist. During the score or more of years of the existence of heliography among us, it has never, among the common people, been regarded as an art; and among the thousands of operators throughout the country few have excelled in mechanical skill, while still fewer have been worthy to be called artists. However there is a growing appreciation of the beautiful among us, and the artistic excellence of a photographic picture is already beginning to be considered. The day is not far distant when a heliographic artist, to obtain eminence in his profession, will find it necessary to prepare himself for its exercise with the same care, and with a like course of study, as if he were to become a painter. As this art becomes more and more perfected, there will be required more and more a perfect knowledge of the principles of perspective, of *chiar oscuro*, of graceful grouping, and a pleasing and judicious arrangement of accessories. The most thorough and correct treatise of this art, in all its branches, historical, descriptive, and theoretical, has been written, and is being published by Professor Root, a practical heliographer of this city, and one of the oldest and most competent operators in the United States. It is designed alike as a text-book and a hand-book; and while it will give a more thorough and extended knowledge of their profession, and render them more competent operators, it will also prove interesting to and enlighten the people, and perhaps make them more desirable and tractable sitters. The first volume has already appeared, beautifully printed, elegantly bound, and finely illustrated. The second is in press. Each volume is complete in itself.

From FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

POEMS: *with Translations from the German of Geibel and others*. By Lucy Hamilton Hooper. A neat and tasteful little volume, of nearly one hundred pages, evincing, in its original contents, poetic talent of more than common excellence; and in its translations, a rare union of fidelity and freedom.

From the PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia:—

THE COINS OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS MONEY TERMS. By James Koss Snowden, A. M. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this little work. It will prove exceedingly valuable to one who wishes to read many portions of the Bible understandingly. The denarius, or "penny," the silver stater, the shekel, the widow's mite, the talent, and all money terms and coins referred to or used in the Bible, are described, and their probable value given. The book is embellished with illustrations

of coins, and of ancient and modern coining presses. Appended are tables of Jewish and Greek weights, and of Jewish, Greek, and Roman coins and money terms.

From P. F. CUNNINGHAM, Philadelphia:—

LA MERE DE DIEU. From the Italian of Father Alphonse Capacelatra, of the Oratory of Naples. This is a small work, published to "contribute towards keeping alive, and fostering devotion to the mother of God."

GRACE MORTON; *or, The Inheritance*. A Catholic Tale. By M. L. M. An attractive story for the young, designed to improve and strengthen sentiments of fidelity to religion.

COUNT LESLIE; *or, The Triumph of Filial Piety*. A Catholic Tale. Our Catholic readers will find this little book a valuable addition to their library. It is an interesting story, with an excellent moral.

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

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN, *in the School, the Family, and the Church*. By Catharine E. Beecher, author of "Common Sense applied to Religion," etc. Miss Beecher is one of the most vigorous thinkers of our day. She is one who does not fear to speak her honest convictions, even when they conflict with long held opinions. Her book is strongly and clearly written, entering deeply and earnestly into the subject of religious training; offering rules and suggestions, and correcting errors; instructing, encouraging, and reproving, according as there is need.

CAPTAIN BRAND, *of the "Centipede"*. A Pirate of eminence in the West Indies: his Loves and Exploits. Together with some Account of the singular Manner by which he departed this Life. By Harry Gringo (H. A. Wise, U. S. N.), author of "Los Gringos," etc. With illustrations. The title of this novel savors strongly of the yellow cover, and its illustrations are somewhat flashy in style. But the persevering reader will be agreeably disappointed in finding the story far better than it promises to be. It is a genuine sea story, by one who knows how to use sea terms without confounding them. We are no great admirer of pirate stories, but if one must read them, let them read good ones. And this is one of the best, whose leading character is not represented as an interesting, persecuted hero, but as the cruel, black-hearted villain he is.

THE LADDER OF LIFE *A Heart History*. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," etc. The readers of "Barbara's History" will be prepared to find, in the present work, a finely written and entertaining art novel. Nor will they be disappointed. It is equal, if not superior to that romance, and treats of music and art with all the ease of one intimately acquainted with what she describes. There is a pretty little love story, interwoven with the other matters, ending happily of course.

MAURICE DERING; *or, The Quadrilateral*. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." A brilliant novel, doing credit to its talented author. The four friends, so totally different in character, will find numerous admirers interested in their doings.

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

OVERLAND EXPLORATIONS IN SIBERIA, NORTHERN ASIA, AND THE GREAT AMOOR RIVER COUNTRY. By Major Perry McD. Collins, Commercial Agent of the United States of America for the Amoor River,

Asiatic Russia. This is a revised edition of a work which has already received the meed of popular approval. It is a most instructive and entertaining volume, relating as it does to a portion of the globe concerning which we have comparatively little information. There are incidental notices of Manchouria, Mongolia, Kamtschatka, and Japan, with a map and plan of an overland telegraph round the globe.

THE NEW INTERNAL REVENUE LAW, *Approved June 30, 1864, with Copious Marginal References, a Complete Analytical Index, with Tables of Taxation.* Compiled by Horace E. Dresser.

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

AZARIAN: *An Episode.* By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott, author of "The Amber Gods," etc. Miss Prescott writes only for poets and painters. Her story overflows with rich imagery, and flashes with all the gorgeous coloring of a Turnerian landscape. One who has a cultivated and refined taste, capable of a subtle appreciation of high artistic beauty and finish, will find a choice literary feast in "Azarian."

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

RETA: *A Novel.* By Hamilton Aldé, author of "Confidences," etc. This is the autobiography of a young girl whose lot is cast among most malignant influences. The detail of the temptations met on every hand, and the struggles by which they were overcome, is lively and full of interest. It has received, as it deserves, the approval of the English reading public; and it cannot fail to be equally popular in America.

THE FOREST ARCADIA OF NORTHERN NEW YORK. *Embracing a view of its Mineral, Agricultural, and Timber resources.* This is a small book, elegantly prepared, both as regards its contents and its style of publication.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

JENNIE JUNEIANA: *Talks on Women's Topics.* We have long regarded Jennie June as one of the liveliest, most piquant, and sensible of lady writers. She always writes something worth reading, and with a manifest point to it, whether she discourses of politics, morals, or fashions. As sprightly and original as Fanny Fern, she is, unlike the latter, invariably ladylike. "Jennie Juneiana"—the promise of a most absurd title to the contrary notwithstanding—is really a sensible and readable book.

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

THE FINGER-POST TO PUBLIC BUSINESS. Containing the Mode of Forming and Conducting Societies, Clubs, and other Organized Associations; Full Rules of Order for the Government of their Debates and Business; Complete Directions how to Compose Resolutions, Reports, and Petitions; Manner of Managing Conventions, Public Meetings, etc. By an ex-member of the Philadelphia Bar. This, we are assured, will be found to be one of the most complete and valuable compilations ever yet presented to the active business men of this country. The catalogue of its contents is a long one, and, we believe, embraces every branch of public duty, or field of private enterprise a man of knowledge and spirit is likely at all times and under all circumstances to become engaged in.

From a careful examination of the table of contents, we have no doubt of the importance of the information given the general reader, and at the same time those who seek for specialities will scarcely have to say their search was in vain in "The Finger-Post."

BRISBANE'S GOLDEN READY CALCULATOR. Calculated in Dollars and Cents, for the use of Traders, Wholesale or Retail; with Interest Tables, etc. By William D. Brisbane, A. M. Unlike many works of its class this little book possesses great simplicity of arrangement, and will be a useful companion to both buyer and seller.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL BALLADS. Arranged and edited by Frank Moore. This book presents us with selections from the best political and personal ballads that have appeared since the rebellion.

From P. C. BROWN, Cincinnati:—

ORA, THE LOST WIFE. This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

### A FEW REASONS FOR ADVANCE IN PRICE.

#### PLEASE READ THIS ATTENTIVELY.

Although we are not getting for the Lady's Book from our subscribers hardly the amount that the blank paper costs us upon which the Book is printed, yet we think our subscribers cannot perceive any difference in the attractions and merits of "the Book." We made a contract with them to furnish the Lady's Book at a certain price, based upon a specimen furnished them. We have adhered to that specimen and that price, although the cost and loss to us have been enormous. We can no longer take club subscribers at the present rates. They were always too low, and now we are obliged to raise them—to what price will be found in our November number. A publication of a high character like the Lady's Book ought to afford a profit to a publisher not founded on an enormous edition. The profit is infinitesimal. It takes a very large edition to pay a very small profit, and, caught as we have been this year, we are not willing to undertake another such responsibility. Paper and everything connected with our business have advanced at the most unprecedented rate. Here are the terms of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, both \$3 magazines:—

Terms for Harper: Every club of 10 subscribers, amounting to \$30, an extra copy will be sent. This is about \$2 75 for the lowest club subscriber for one year. The *Atlantic*, for every club of 10 subscribers amounting to \$27 50, furnish a copy gratis. This is at the rate of about \$2 55 for every one of the lowest club subscribers. Now,

the Lady's Book costs a great deal more to manufacture than either of the above magazines, and yet we propose to sell it lower.

The daily press throughout the country has advanced its price, in some instances more than 100 per cent., owing to the increased cost of paper and workmanship.

In our November number our new terms will be announced, but we give this timely caution that all money sent to us for clubs on the old terms will be returned at the risk of the person sending it.

OCTOBER, 1864.

"The Young Draught Player," a pleasing line engraving, and a superb Fashion-plate of seven figures. Look at the engraving of Leap Year, and read the illustrative matter in our editorial department.

Brodie has again favored us with one of his beautiful illustrations. Success to Brodie, he is one of the institutions of New York.

We commence in this number our illustrations for fall cloaks. We shall continue to give the most fashionable cloaks through the months of December and January. In the November number we shall also publish articles for winter wear that ladies themselves may work.

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

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

MARION HARLAND'S STORIES.—We again state that we cannot give permission to copy her stories. They are copyrighted by the author. We do not wonder at the request, as the stories are admirable.

AUTHORS must not be disappointed if we do not answer their letters as regards poetry. We could not do it unless the day possessed three times the number of hours it does. We never answer any letters of the kind. Mrs. Hale reads all poetry, and if it is accepted or rejected, she answers it in her "Notices to Correspondents."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—We have received from the publisher, J. C. Buttre, 48 Franklin Street, New York, a most admirably engraved and perfect likeness of this distinguished person. It is surrounded by appropriate emblems. Engraved on steel. Size of plate, 19 by 24 inches, and the price only \$1.

Also a portrait of General McClellan, which is equally well engraved, and furnished at the same price. Address as above.

WE take the following from the *Athenæum*:—

ETIQUETTE IN MUNICH.—What can be more troublesome than the rigor with which every one who goes into a shop in Munich is expected to take off his hat, and hold it in his hand till his purchases are completed? I do not object to the Parisian custom of prefacing business demands with some sort of salutation, of raising your hat to the lady at the *comptoir* when you go into a *restaurant*. But there are limits to politeness, and I think the holding one's hat exceeds those limits. It deprives you of the use of one hand, which you may want, and are very certain to want in examining what you buy; if the shop is small, as are the majority of shops in Munich, it is in your way and in that of your neighbor; and the amount of politeness conveyed to the shopman is so scanty as not to outweigh these inconveniences. In like manner, all who visit the Kunst-Verein have to keep their hats off; not because it enables others to see better—for though hats are often in the way in picture-galleries, they are more awkward in the hand than on the head—but because the Kunst-Verein, being supported by subscriptions, is a private institution. That is, because you pay a pound a year to have the right of seeing pictures, you must do your pound the honor of taking off your hat to it, though when you are admitted free to the Royal or National Galleries, you may keep yourself covered. This is a distinction indeed! Another form which is equally strange, though it is not enforced on every one, is the habit of knocking at open doors. You are going through your house with a workman or tradesman, and you open the door of some room in which repairs are wanted. You precede him into the room, of course, otherwise he would stand waiting forever. But even then he cannot follow you in without a ceremonious knock at the door, though you may be talking to him all the time, and though you may be almost abreast of him as you both enter.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Very often we receive a notice, "Change my address to such a place." This would be very well if we had only one subscriber, but as we have nearly 150,000, it would be as well if that self-complacent person would say where the Book had been previously sent; or, in other words, this would be the form:—

Please send the Lady's Book, formerly addressed to me at — city, — county, State of —, to — city, — county, State of —.

A LADY "moving in the first circles" having received a present of a pair of terra-cotta vases, was asked what kind of vases they were, when she answered with much pomp, "Terre-Haute, of course, madam." The same lady bearing a conversation about the just published *autobiography* of a poet, asked if it was anything like the *otto* of roses, saying that if it was, she was sure she should like it, for that was her "favorite fragrance." She was assured that, although not quite like it, it was equally *scents-ible*.

POETRY AND ACROSTICS addressed to particular persons are only of interest to those to whom they may be addressed, and had better be sent to those persons, and not to us.

THERE is an editor who duns his delinquent subscribers by sending their papers in an envelope embellished with a cut of a circus pony which has just accomplished the *feat* of climbing a ladder—*pony up*.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*Holloway's Musical Monthly*, for October, is now ready, containing, first, Oesten's last new melody, *The Brooklet's Lullaby* (Bächlein's Weigenlied), a delicate and pleasing composition, as beautiful as anything this graceful composer ever wrote; second, the *Autumn Eve Polka*; third, *Trust not all who Whisper Thee*, a sweet song by the author of *We Met and Talked of Other Days*, and *O Say that you Ne'er will Forget Me*, two songs that have given the highest satisfaction in former numbers of the *Monthly*. Since all other sheet music has advanced so considerably in price, and since we announced our determination not to advance the price of the *Monthly* until absolutely compelled to do so, the musical public has more than ever showed its appreciation of the work in large and constant orders. We give the same quantity of music as when other sheet music sold at five cents per page which now sells at seven, while the *Monthly* sells at *one and a half, or less!* It cannot be expected that we can hold to our present rates much longer. In another month, perhaps, as white paper is increasing in price every day, we may be compelled to put up our terms, and we therefore urge upon our friends once more to send in their subscriptions without delay. Terms \$3 per annum. Four months' numbers, or more, will be sent for 25 cents per number, three cents to be added to each number for postage. The *Monthly* is not for sale at the music stores. All orders and correspondence must be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post-office, Philadelphia.

*New Sheet Music.*—The following list is in continuation of that in the August number, and, like that, is offered at the *old prices*. This is the cheapest music now in this country. Price of each song 25 cents only: *Norah Mavourneen*, new Irish ballad. *Forget Thee*, beautiful song by Balfe. *What Joy to Listen*, by Balfe. *Among the Roses*. At the Gate. *O ye Tears*, by Franz Abt. *Home of my Youth*, by Glover. *Night on the Rippling River*. *All Day Long*, beautiful song, by Foster. *Poor Ben the Piper*, thirteenth edition. *Do not Forget Me*, same author. *Beautiful Valley*, same. *Around the Fire*, song and chorus, by the same.

In the *Starlight* is a beautiful duet by Glover, 40 cents. *When we are Married* is a capital comic duet by Glover, 40 cents.

Come Again, ye Noble Freemen, grand Republican rallying song and chorus for the campaign of 1864, by George E. Fawcette, price 30 cents, or five copies for \$1. This is a fine song for the army, and for political societies, clubs, etc. It is already in large demand.

*Polkas, Marches, Transcriptions, etc.* at the old prices: *The celebrated Shadow Air*, from *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, 30 cents. *Magdalena*, fantasia, by the author of the *Maiden's Prayer*, 40. *Evangeline*, one of *Baumbach's* most exquisite transcriptions, 35. *A Night on the Ocean*, nocturne brillante, 30. *On the Rialto*, barcarole, by Oesten, 30. *Gov. Stone's Grand March*, with fine portrait, 50. *Marche Militaire*, by Glover, 30. *Cavalry Quickstep*, by Glover, 35. *Volunteer's Quickstep*, easy, 25. *Our Governor's Schottische*, easy, 25. *Moss Basket Waltz*, 25. *Immortellen Waltz*, 15. *The Listening Mother*, by Brinley Richards, 35. *Maiden's Prayer*, 25. *Prayer Answered*, 35.

*Easy pieces*, 10 cents each: *Celebrated Marguerite Waltz*, from *Gounod's Faust*. *Lily Leaf Polka Schottische*. *Windsor Forest Galop*. *Gilt Edge Polka*. *Unadilla Island Waltz*. *Ingleside Mazourka*. *Silver Lake Waltz*. *Union Brigade Quickstep*. *Starry Night Galop*. *Winter Green Polka*. Not less than five ten cent pieces can be sent.

Address all orders as above to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

## FROM A CORRESPONDENT:—

ALL HALLOW'E'EN.—"All Hallow'E'en is the last day of October, and the eve of All Saints' Day, and one supposed particularly efficacious for the practice of all kinds of charms relating to love and marriage. I have myself seen and participated in many scenes of innocent mirth on the occasion. Three is the magic number; but whatever the number, it must always be an odd one when engaged on these same charms. One peculiar to the day is the placing of three basins on a table, one of which must be filled with clean water, one with dirty, and one left empty. The inquirers enter the room successively, blindfolded, and three times, and according to the dish into which they thrust their hand, their fate is to be. Clean water indicates a good husband, dirty water a bad one, whilst the empty basin threatens the dreaded life of celibacy. I have also heard of melting lead on this occasion, and pouring it through the handle of the door-key into cold water—a rather dangerous experiment. According to the shapes it assumes in the pure element, such is to be the trade, profession, or occupation of the fair one's husband. But some, learned in the mysteries of so-called charms, say that this is only appropriate on midsummer day in the sun, and as the clock strikes twelve. The custom of sowing hempseed, mentioned as a superstition, is, I think, equally well known. I have heard of many of my mother's juvenile friends trying the experiment, and have performed my own part, years ago, in such a ceremony, as the clock tolled the midnight hour, pale with fear and trembling. No spectre came mowing after me, and the only result was an extraordinary crop of thistles in our garden, and many ejaculations on the part of *paterfamilias*, to the effect that he could not think where so many thistles sprung from. Little did he know that we had been laying charms for spectral bridegrooms, really half hoping to see the shadowy figure with the scythe, or black coffin for the old maid of the party. There is another traditional spell for evoking the insignia of the future husband's social position, less dangerous than lead; it is breaking an egg into cold water in the sun, as the clock strikes twelve on Midsummer Day, and deciphering the shapes formed by it. But whatever claims Midsummer Day may have upon tradition, All Hallow'E'en is the day of days, or rather night of nights, for every species of witchcraft and devilry, for the working of spells, and for the appearance of uneasy ghosts and souls located in purgatory. Shrove Tuesday, also, has a harmless custom, which consists in putting a wedding-ring in the batter from which the pancakes are made, and whoever gets this ring is to be married before the year is out. The dumb-cake, the binding of bread and salt, the burning of dragon's blood, the shoulder of mutton bone, the crossing of shoes, the key in the Bible, the casting of apple rind, and the sleeping on wedding-cake, are all relics of heathenish and dark times, to find traces of which we need not travel out of our own country."

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY, PHILADELPHIA.—The twenty-ninth semi-annual session of this boarding and day school will open at 1615 Chestnut Street, Wednesday, September 14. Principals, Miss Borney and Miss Dillaye. Particulars from circulars.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. —

Let me Die with my Face to the Foe. The last words of General Bice.

The Sunny Side Set, for Piano. *Norah, Dearest!*

When Dear Friends are Gone. By Stephen G. Foster.

Give this to Mother. By Stephen G. Foster.

Friends of the Union. A rallying song.

The Dying Soldier Boy. A ballad.

My Jamie is a Soldier brave. Song and chorus.

I'm Willing to Wait. A song.

The Sign in the Heart. Waltz sentimental.

How goes the Money? Words by John G. Saxe.

My Little Angel. A song.

From Bloech & Co., 110 William Street, New York:—

After the War; or, Won't we all be happy then?

The Hemlock Tree. Words by H. W. Longfellow.

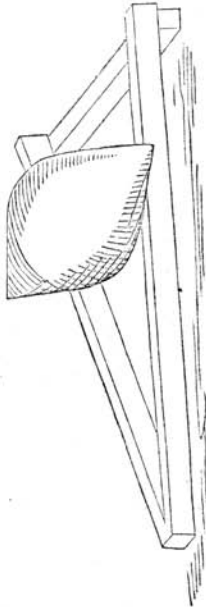
Alert. Polka brilliant.

MOTTO for the head of a proposed paper:—

"An independent paper, devoted to the benefit of its patrons and the pecuniary profit of its publishers."

**MECHANICAL PARADOX.**—This amusing puzzle, in which a solid body apparently runs up an inclined plane, is not, perhaps, very generally known, though it may be constructed at a trifling cost.

Get a turner to make a double cone of any hard wood: that is to say, a shape like two sugar-loaves joined base to base: the size is unimportant; four inches long by two inches in diameter will do very well. Then procure two slips of wood about half an inch square and eight inches long, join them at one end, and let the other extremities diverge nearly four inches apart. To keep them at the proper distance glue a slip across at the wide end underneath; this piece may be three-quarters of an inch square, and will form, with the others, a triangle. When placed upon the table, the cross piece makes the wide end considerably higher than the other; nevertheless, the double cone, on being placed on the lower end of the triangle, immediately travels towards the higher extremity, seemingly in defiance of the laws of gravitation. In truth, however, it strictly obeys them, as the centre of gravity of the cone is situated in its axis; and owing to the divergent character of the railway, it sinks more and more between the rails as it proceeds, and therefore, in reality, rolls downwards. This will readily be perceived if either apex of the cone is carefully observed during its progress.



**"A COLD" OF THE IMAGINATION.**—Once, at a large dinner party, Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass; it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination, that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, "Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no nightcap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of packthread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a nightcap on; consequently I catch no cold at all." This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.—*Baggage.*

In a description of a late raid the following passage occurs: "Underneath a majestic oak lay a number of Godey's Lady's Book for June, 1862! the leaf turned down at the fashions for that month."

PERSONS must not, in future, send us money for subscriptions at the old club rates. The prices will be announced in the November number, and on no account will less than the rates then announced be received.

#### WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

I'm sitting down to muse awhile,  
I very often do,  
And memory brings back the time  
When this old hat was new.

Kind loving friends with cordial smile  
Come crowding on my view,  
For fortune beamed on me the while  
When this old hat was new.

And are they not as loving yet,  
Those whom of yore I knew?  
Misfortune, true, his seal hath set  
Since this old hat was new.

Ah no! the hat has rusty grown,  
And friends no longer true;  
My *pelf*, not *me*, they sought, 'tis shown,  
When this old hat was new.

But cold neglect nor bitter scorn  
This heart can e'er subdue;  
It beats as proudly now as when  
This good old hat was new.

Pass on—laugh on—your silly pride  
Perchance you yet may rue;  
A battered hat some brains may hide,  
An empty pate the new.

DEAR SIR: You ask for anecdotes of servants. I have one that is original. At a time "Aunt Rena," a colored servant, lived with us, my young brother and I talked of having a library. She said she did not know what we wanted one for, when there was one libara (meaning Liberia) where poor niggers was sent. B. D.

**COMET-GLASSES.**—Two modes of constructing cheap telescopes are given by a contemporary. Fix in a tin or paper tube, which has been blackened inside, a spectacle glass of thirty-six inch focus, with a small double convex glass of one inch focus. This instrument will magnify thirty-six times, and Jupiter's satellites can be seen by it. But a better one can be made with an achromatic glass of thirty-five or thirty inches focus and two inches diameter: a first-rate comet eye-piece for this is made by getting two plain convex glasses of three inches focus each, and one and three-eighths inch diameter, fixing them together with the convex surfaces next each other, about half an inch apart, leaving as large an aperture of glass as possible. Such a telescope as this will bear a magnifying power of from eighty to one hundred times. With the comet eye-piece, a most beautiful view of the groups and clusters in the milky way can be obtained.

THE following was taken verbatim from a tombstone at Williamsport, Pa., last summer, by a son of Rev. Dr. R—s, of New York:—

Sacred to the  
memory of  
HENRY HARRIS,  
Born June 27, 1721.  
of Henry Harris and Jane  
His wife, died on the 4th of  
May, 1737, by the kick of a  
Colt in his bowels, peaceable  
And quiet, a friend to his  
Father and Mother, and respected  
By all who knew him.  
And went to that world  
where horses can't kick, and  
where sorrow and weeping  
is no more.

## LEAP YEAR.

*(See engraving, page 283.)*

GIRLS, old and young, maids and widows, this is Leap Year! Leap Year, when it is your inestimable privilege to bring all the bashful men to the proposing point, or, failing that, to do your own proposing, and learn by great experience how a "feller" feels when refused or accepted. You may storm bachelor apartments, and carry the owners to the altar; you may besiege students' dens, and victoriously dislodge the occupants; you may broadly hint that "Barkis is willing," and suggest that "pa" sets aside one business hour per day for the consideration of advantageous offers. Remember it will be four years before this delightful chance will come again, and do not neglect your opportunities. And, as a certain distinguished person would remark, "this puts me in mind of a little story."

The heroine thereof was Miss Pattie Hobson, of the classical town of Pryordale, which town was the centre of the county for fashion and literary standing, by virtue of its containing the college and court house. Now, Pattie's papa was the president of the college, and, having lost his wife years before he attained that honor, Pattie became at seventeen the hostess of the presidential mansion. No lady in the White House ever received more respectful homage than was laid by square-capped professors and students at Pattie's little feet; but she was a coquette by nature, and dispensed her smiles liberally but capriciously, driving all the students to writing miserable verses, and the unmarried professors to "marrying somebody else." There was one exception, however, to the last rule, in the person of one Sylvanus Carson, the professor of dead languages, who had emerged, to everybody's unutterable amazement, from his scholastic dreams to flutter in the light of Miss Pattie's smiles for a month, lay his honest heart at her feet, pick it up when spurned, and retire back to the company of Homer and Virgil, a shade graver and more dreamy, but otherwise unaltered.

Now, Pattie, spite of her coquetries, had somewhere in her light heart a streak of womanly tenderness, and something in this quiet, humble, yet dignified acceptance of her caprice touched the woman in her nature. More than ever she dared public opinion by her flirtations; she became fast, rode horses that many a man would have hesitated to manage, walked incredible distances to witness college races and contests, discarded her guitar, and learned the violin from a love-stricken musician, and, in short, set the Pryordale Mrs. Grundies nearly frantic by her eccentricities. Of course the professor of dead languages had his share of her oddities. He would meet one day, in his passage across the hall, a smile of sweetness or a word of cordial greeting, and the next get a chilling salutation or a half laughing snubbing for his awkward gait and long nose. But nothing moved him from his quiet reserve. In vain Miss Pattie lavished courtesies to win him back to his allegiance; in vain she tried to rouse his anger by saucy threats; he moved along the "even tenor of his way" as if her image had never ruffled the calm serenity of his heart.

Affairs began to look desperate when 1860 opened upon the world. It was a superb day, this January 1, 1860, and Pattie greeted the bright winter sun with her brightest eyes and richest color. Pattie had resolved to do a deed far surpassing all her former daring efforts. It was a holiday. Students were scattered broadcast over the whole State, professors were at home or away for a holiday, and but one "den" in the whole college building was occupied.

Here, happy in a day of leisure, the professor of dead languages was writing Latin verse—to Pattie? No; to a still stronger minded woman—Minerva. He had risen to find a passage in his beloved authorities, and, reaching book after book from the shelves, was returning to the table with both arms full, when the door snapped open, and Pattie Hobson, followed by Spot and Hector, the college watch-dogs, burst in upon him. The rich brown hair of Miss Pattie swept down in a graceful fall from a most masculine hat, her habit, held in one gloved hand, revealed a dainty boot and most unmistakably "never mention 'ems;" and the apparition so suddenly appearing gave the heavy books an impetus that carried them from the professor's hands on the floor.

"Miss Pattie!" cried the astonished man.

"Happy New Year!" said Pattie, cheerfully, extending her hand.

"Thank you. I—same to you," stammered the professor.

"I called in upon a little matter of business," said Pattie.

"Business?" The professor was getting dreamy.

"Yes—I—this is Leap Year, Sylvanus, and"—and here womanly modesty began to get the better of bloomerish daring, and the rich blood mantled up in my heroine's cheeks, and her large eyes fell to the floor.

"Miss Pattie! Miss Pattie! don't play with me again. Two years ago I offered you my hand, and you refused it."

"Now," she said, softly, encouraged by his tone, "I offer you mine. Will you retaliate?"

"Thus!" cried the enraptured professor, catching the little hand in his, and pressing his lips upon it.

How the professor was won from his dreamy life to one of active intercourse with society, and what a domestic, cheerful little housekeeper his wife became, is recorded in the history of Pryordale gossip; but I very much doubt whether any but Pattie, the professor, you, and I know what happened in the college last Leap Year.

## STAR CITY, HUMBOLDT CO., NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

MR. L. A. GODEY: Thinking a little sketch of this wild country might not prove uninteresting to you, sitting so cozily in your luxurious easy-chair there in the old Quaker City, whilst many of your friends, that is, the ladies, for they are all your friends, are disputing with old Boreas for possession of foothold in this stormy land. But we anticipate a good time hence, though things are not very flattering at present. We expect this territory to occupy a proud place in the array of States. The climate is rather mild, considering the altitude, which is near 1400 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains are destitute of trees or vegetation to any extent, and water, during the long dry summers, becomes very scarce. The mines, however, are our grand redeeming feature, and there is certainly untold wealth yet to be developed from those rugged mountain sides. I will send you some specimens of ore taken from Sheba Mine, Star District, and Gem Mine, Sierra District. Humboldt County is where these mines are situated. Yours, etc. E. E. L.

Specimens received. Accept our thanks.

STREET LITERATURE.—A vender of hot roast chestnuts in our city has the following chalked on his stand: "Hat Voast Cesnots."

WHY is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Ans.—Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of Jug or not (Juggernaut).

**PINS.**—The pin was not known in England till towards the middle or the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII.; the ladies until then using ribbons, loops, skewers made of wood, of brass, silver, or gold. At first the pin was so ill made that in the 34th year of the king parliament enacted that none should be sold unless they be "double-headed, and have the heades soudered faste to the shanke of the pynne," etc. But this interference had such an influence on the manufacture that the public could obtain no supply until the obnoxious act was repealed. On referring to the statute-book, the act of repeal, which passed in the 37th year of the same reign, contains the following clauses, which tend to show how cautious the legislature ought to be not to interfere with any manufactory which they do not perfectly understand. The act of repeal, having recited the former act, it then goes on to say: "At which tyme the pynners playnly promised to serve the kynge's liege people wel and sufficiently, and at a reasonable price. And forasmuch sens the making of the saide act, there hath been scarcitee of pynnes within this realme that the kynge's liege people have not ben wel nor completely served of such pynnes nor ar like to be served, nor the pynners of this realme (as it doeth nowe manifestly appere) be hable to serve the people of this realme accordyng to their saied promise. In consideration whereof it maie please the kynge, etc. that it maie be adjudged and demed from hensforth frustrated and nihilited and to be repealed for ever."—*Stat. Henrici Octavi, xxxvii., cap. 13.* The consumption of the whole nation was, in 1863, estimated at *twenty millions* of pins per day.

We give the following because it is simple, but take the advice of a physician first; don't depend upon any published receipt:—

"In New York a young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced a lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless. An old nurse then took her in hand, and applied pounded beet roots to her foot, removing them as often as they became dry. The result was a most complete and astonishing cure."

**EXPERIENCE** of a celebrated artist with the Editorial Corps in Australia. An independent editor:—

"A few days after my arrival, I paid my visits to the different editors of Sydney. At my first call I came to a palace-like house, the ground floor occupied by the printing office. On the first floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time: accordingly everybody, without exception, is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour, costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; fifteen minutes, 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price-current of time.

"I went into the waiting-room, and buying from the Australian negro, in red livery, an hour of his master's time, I entered the parlor with a strong feeling of curiosity. The editor received me in a very unprepossessing and sluggish manner. 'You are an artist, and come from Europe to make money?' said he, in a not very friendly tone. But when he understood that I had come from South America and California, his face lighted up, and his voice became less abrupt. He asked me, without longer preface, what pecuniary sacrifice I was ready to make in order to be puffed by his paper. I was startled by his bluntness, and replied that, in case of success, I would surely give him material proofs of my gratitude; but he did not find my answer precise enough, and requested me to come at once to a definite understanding, and to pay a certain sum, without which, according to him, it would be impossible for me to succeed. Telling him that I wished to adjourn the conference, as I could not at once come to a decision, I left the temple of editorial integrity and public spirit. The other editors were less rapacious and more friendly; they gave me, indeed, the best advice about my concerns."

**MEDICAL ITEMS.**—The hours most fatal to life are thus determined by a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, from the examination of the facts in 2,880 cases:—

"If the deaths of the 2,880 persons had occurred indifferently at any hour during the twenty-four hours, 120 would have occurred at each hour. But this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this, two *minima*, in fact—namely, from midnight to 1 o'clock, when the deaths are 83 per cent. below the average, and from noon to 1 o'clock, when they were 20½ per cent. below. From 3 to 6 o'clock A. M. inclusive, and from 3 to 7 o'clock P. M. there is a gradual increase, in the former of 23½ per cent. above the average, in the latter of 5½ per cent. The *maximum* of death is from 5 to 6 o'clock A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next, during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, being 17½ per cent. above. From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. the deaths are less numerous, being 16½ per cent. below the average, the hour before noon being at the most fatal.

"From 3 o'clock P. M. the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to 11 P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below the mean. During the hours from 8 to 11 o'clock in the evening there is a *minimum* of 6½ per cent. below the average. Thus the least mortality is during the mid-day hours—namely, from 10 to 3 o'clock; the greatest during early morning hours, from 3 to 6 o'clock. About one-third of the total deaths were children under five years of age, and they show their influence on the latter more strikingly. At all hours, from 10 o'clock in the morning until midnight, the deaths are at or below the mean; the hours from 4 to 5 P. M. and from 9 to 10 P. M. being *minima*, but the hour after midnight being the lowest *maximum*; at all the hours from 2 to 10 A. M. the deaths are above the mean, attaining their *maximum* at from 5 to 6 o'clock A. M., when it is 43½ per cent. above."

**CONSUMPTION OF PAPER IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty folio volumes or ledgers are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts! To produce these sixty volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses are continually going within the bank! In the copperplate printing department twenty-eight thousand bank notes are thrown off daily, and so accurately is the number indicated by the machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

**AN EDITORIAL BRUTUS.**—An editor out west thus talks to his non-paying subscribers and patrons: "Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our need, as you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts to keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide; he ain't the chap neither. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout, for he's the man we're after. His name is Legion, and he's owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six years—long enough to make us poor, and him rich at our expense."

CONFESSIONS OF A SPIRIT-RAPPING MEDIUM.—“It was about the middle of September, when I had paid no rent for nine months, no taxes for six, and no tradesmen for three, that I first began to hear a series of rappings of a most persevering character. To account for those rappings was extremely difficult, and I made no attempt to answer them, for I knew it would be quite useless, as I had not a rap in the house. At length it occurred to me that though I could not answer the rappings, they might in some way be got to answer me; and, as my whole life had been of a rather questionable nature, I resolved on trying the experiment.

I was sitting alone about the middle of March, when I thought I heard a rapping, which soon became very violent, at the outer door. Having heard some talk of the spirit rappers, I determined to try and find out whether the rappings which were so frequent at my house could have anything to do with the phenomena alluded to. Having lighted my pipe, I began to ask myself the question, “Can that be a creditor?” when there immediately came a very loud “rap.” As the spirits, I am told, answer by a “rap” when they intend to express an affirmative, and give no sign when they mean to apply a negative, I made sure there was a creditor at the door. “Is he alone?” I asked. No answer! “Were they all creditors who have been rapping during the last few weeks?” I inquired, calmly; but there was such a thunder of “raps,” lasting for several minutes, that I could not ask myself another question immediately, as I knew I could not have heard myself speak. “Has the butcher been here?” was my next inquiry, which was answered by several “raps” in quick succession; but when I hastily added, “And will he trust me any longer?” the rapping suddenly but most decidedly ceased.

I had read in some books on the subject that the spirits frequently moved furniture in the most eccentric manner. I determined, therefore, to choose the darkest hour of the night to see whether it would be possible to get my furniture moved by the aid of such spirits as I might be able to command. I got a poor fellow who kept a truck to come to me, and intending to make him a “medium,” I brought him into communication with all the “spirits” I could get together; but the “medium” I had chosen was quite unable to preserve a happy “medium,” and the “spirits,” having taken complete possession of him, began to throw him about in the most mischievous manner that can be conceived. They bumped him up against the wall, and when he tried to lift a table under their influence, they threw him down on the top of it. While this was going on, the rappings became so violent that I, who was pretty well used to them, became alarmed, and especially when I heard something like the forcing open of a door, which made me apprehend that there was some frightful “process,” perhaps a writ or a summons, with which the rappers intended to serve me out—rather at home—if they could get hold of me. Seizing the first friendly wrapper—a Macintosh—that I could lay my hands upon, I made my way out by the back door, and did not return till the day following. When I came back to my dwelling, I became convinced in the most unpleasant manner that the “rappers” can really do what we attribute to them. I had been told that there are “rappers” who have positively written with pen and ink, as well as moved furniture; and I could not doubt either fact when I found all my furniture had been carried away, and an inventory regularly written out lying on the floor. It was clear that not only was the house haunted by “rappers,” but the furniture had become “possessed” by

some evil spirit in the shape of a “man in possession,” who had carried it away. From this time forth the house had become a source of such alarm to me that I left it; but I have been told that the “rappings” still continue as vehement as ever, and some of the “rappers” who possess the power of writing have placed a written notice on the door, which I have not ventured near enough to read, but which, I have been told, conveys an intimation that they are acting as the “medium” of the landlord, in whose name they will go upon the premises to take possession of them in a few days.”

A GENTLEMAN sends us the following: A few years ago, having received an accident which injured my foot, so that I was obliged to use a crutch and a cane temporarily, I was on my way home, on one of our fine lake steamers, having been cast for medical treatment. On the boat was a Frenchman, fresh from the Revolution of '48, who took a great interest in me. We were promenading the forward deck, when a sudden lurch of the boat threw me with such force against the door of a state-room as to burst it open, and I was plunged headlong almost into the arms of a lady, sitting up in her berth in a condition scarcely fitted for receiving calls from strangers. My cane flew one way and my crutch another. The lady set up a succession of piercing screams, which brought the whole cabin about her doors, and foremost among others her husband, who, seizing poor me by the collar, dragged me to my feet much sooner than I could have otherwise got there. Wrath paled his countenance; his wife continued to shriek; his arm was uplifted, threatening vengeance, when the Frenchman, rushing forward, understood at a glance the whole catastrophe. Planting his hand against the bosom of my antagonist—“Stop!” he says; “my friend have ze accident! two legs verree good on ze water, but three legs not worth one sou!”—pointing to my fallen crutch and cane. The indignant husband looked, comprehended, and burst into a roar of laughter, in which he was joined by everybody but the unfortunate lady.

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—We ask attention to the advertisement of Mr. S. Ott on the cover of this number. We have known Mr. Ott well and long, and he is a man of his word. If he pronounces an article good, his word may be taken.

Mrs. HALE is not the Fashion Editress. Will our subscribers please remember that? Address your letters “Fashion Editress, care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa.”

GORGEOUS APPAREL.—The Duke of Buckingham, says Oldys, in the reign of Elizabeth, would have his diamonds so loosely set on that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers up, who were generally *les dames de la cour*, of whom he never accepted them again. For ordinary dances (this historian adds) his cloak was trimmed with great diamond buttons. He had twenty-seven full suits, made of lace, silk, velvet, trimmed with silver, gold, and gems. The queen herself left three thousand changes of dress in the royal wardrobe.

THE BEST PARTNERS.—For whist the cleverest and most indulgent; for dancing the handsomest and most amusing; for business the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the three.



## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

WE give, this month, some instructions to our young friends of how to make needle-books. They will be found very simple in their character.

## NEEDLE-BOOKS.

MANY useful and very pretty things may be formed with fancy shells. Needle-books can be made with very little trouble, and are highly ornamental. The following directions will serve as a beginning:—

## SHELL NEEDLE-BOOK.

Procure two shells of the same kind and size; perforate nine small holes round the front of the top one, at equal distances, about half an inch from the front, and two more at the top part of both shells. Take a narrow piece of sarcenet ribbon, put one end into the left hand hole and fasten it there, then over the front of the shell, under, and through the second hole, so on to the last, and fasten it off. Cut out two pieces of fine white flannel a little less, and also the form of the shell, bind it round with the same blue ribbon; put these inside, and with another piece tie them together through the four holes at the top in a neat little bow. For the strings in the front, take some more of the same blue ribbon, and after fastening to each shell tie together in a little larger bow.

## CARVED NEEDLE-BOOK.

Take a piece of nice white card-board, and cut out two pieces the size of the above; perforate two holes in the back of each, and one in the front for the tie. Draw out the pattern of the flowers very slightly in pencil, and with



a very sharp-pointed penknife cut out the figure, using the knife sideways; to do this cleverly it requires a little practice, and it will be necessary to make a few experiments before attempting a finished design; when you have cut out the pattern, bind the outsides all round with a thin strip of gold paper. For the inside, take a piece of fine flannel, a little less than the size of the card, pinked out round the edges; then, with a piece of narrow green satin ribbon, begin and tie a little bow at the top; carry this down the inside to the lower holes, and fasten in another small bow to match, the ribbon inside securing the flannel; make another larger tie for the front to complete it.

The outsides may be both the same, or the designs may be varied according to the taste of the manipulator.

## MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

## THE PAINTER AND THE COLORS.

ONE of the party assumes the character of a painter, the other players adopt the names of the various colors. The painter pretends that he is employed to paint a picture, and when he mentions the word *palette*, all the rest of the players cry "*colors.*" If he mentions the word *colors*, they all cry, "*Here we are!*" If he says *pencil*, they answer "*brush.*" If he asks for his *brush*, they cry "*easel.*" If the painter mentions any color by name, the person who represents that color cries out the name of another color, and then the player representing the last-named color says, "*There you are, Mr. Painter!*"

Any deviation from these rules incurs a forfeit, and the principal fun of the game is in the *color* cited by the painter, naming a color ridiculously unfit for the purpose required. For example:—

*Painter.* At last my talents have been recognized, and I may now consider my fortune made, when a nobleman of great taste has commissioned me to paint him a picture representing Antony and the beautiful Cleopatra. I now proceed to charge my *palette*.

*All the Colors.* Colors! colors!

*Painter.* The most beautiful colors.

*All.* Here we are!

*Painter.* I can't use you all at once: my *pencil*.

*All.* Brush! brush!

*Painter.* True, I will give you the *brush*.

*All.* Easel!

*Painter.* Silence, or I will not employ any of you. Now I commence the hair of my Cleopatra, which must be *black*.

*Black.* Red! red!

*Red.* There you are, Mr. Painter!

*Painter.* The eyes must be *blue*.

*Blue.* Yellow! yellow!

*Yellow.* There you are, Mr. Painter.

*Painter.* For the cheeks I will have a superb *vermillion*.

*Vermillion.* Green! green!

*Green.* There you are, Mr. Painter.

*Painter.* All the colors—

*All.* Here we are! here we are!

*Painter.* Will find their place, thanks to the delicacy of my *pencil*.

*All.* Brush! brush! (Great confusion.)

## METALLIC TREES.

The *Lead Tree* is produced as follows: Put into a glass bottle about half an ounce of sugar of lead, and fill up to the neck with distilled or rain water; then fasten to the cork, or stopper, a piece of zinc wire, so that it may hang in the centre; then place the bottle where it may remain undisturbed. The wire will soon be covered with crystals of lead, precipitated from the solution, and assuming a tree-like form, very pleasing to the eye. For the *Tin Tree*, proceed as before, and put in three drachms of muriate of tin, and about ten drops of nitric acid. The tin tree has a more lustrous appearance than the lead tree. The *Silver Tree* is prepared by a solution of four drachms of nitrate of silver, in distilled or rain water, as before; to which add about an ounce of quicksilver. These experiments are very easy, and highly interesting.



YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The twentieth session of this school will commence in September, 1864.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

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

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

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

CARTES DE VISITE.—Our subscribers had better send for a catalogue. We have already supplied our friends with many thousands of the cartes, and in all cases they have given great satisfaction. Our list embraces nearly 600 subjects.

#### 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.

S. R. M.—Sent hair ring July 20th.

S. B. Me.—Sent pattern 23d.

E. A. S.—Sent pattern 23d.

G. W. W.—Sent pattern 23d.

V. W.—Sent articles by express 27th.

Mrs. G. D. J.—Sent hair by express 27th.

Miss H. W.—Sent ring 27th.

Miss K. C. H.—Sent dress shields 25th.

Mrs. E. R. L.—Sent pattern 25th.

C. H. H.—Sent lead comb 25th.

R. S. B.—Sent lead combs 25th.

Mrs. R. L. G.—Sent articles by express August 2d.

Mrs. M. B.—Sent articles 2d.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent canvass 22d.

Mrs. M. W.—Sent pattern 2d.

S. S. C.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. J. A. S.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. A. S. J.—Sent pattern 2d.

J. R.—Sent hair rings 3d.

S. J. S.—Sent pattern 3d.

H. P. K.—Sent rubber gloves 3d.

N. G. McH.—Sent articles (box) 2d.

Mrs. E. W. T.—Sent gloves 3d.

R. B. B.—Sent morning cap by express 3d.

Miss C. T.—Sent India-rubber gloves 6th.

L. B.—Sent hair ring by express 6th.

Mrs. A. B.—Sent box by express 6th.

Miss C. H.—Sent tassels 6th.

Mrs. A. M.—Sent articles by express 8th.

Mrs. M. B. B.—Sent pattern 11th.

L. J. S.—Sent pattern 11th.

Mrs. E. T. K.—Sent pattern 11th.

L. K.—Sent pattern 13th.

Miss S. H.—Sent pattern 13th.

Mrs. W. W. W.—Sent marking cotton 15th.

Mrs. F. C. D.—Sent nets 15th.

Mrs. W. H.—Sent dress shields 15th.

Miss E. T. W.—Sent net 15th.

A. M. E.—Sent zephyr 15th.

Mrs. A. B. B.—Sent lead comb 15th.

F. J.—Sent lead comb 15th.

L. B.—Sent hair pin by express 16th.

Mrs. S. E. L.—Sent pattern 16th.

Miss H.—Sent articles 16th.

E. S. P.—We do not send the Book gratis for poetry; we have too much now on hand.

M. N. E.—Much obliged for the patterns.

O. P. Q.—Lead combs are used for darkening the hair. Price \$1 50.

L. E. R.—To prevent unnecessary repetition, stars are placed between certain paragraphs which have to be repeated. In the directions for working crochet d'oyleys, the stars are always followed by repeat from \*, meaning that from one star to the other the work must be done over again.

A Mother.—Write to the Fashion editress, and inclose a stamp to pay for answer.

Mrs. J. H. G.—The delay was caused by your writing to Mrs. Hale. We have stated twenty times that Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion editress.

Mrs. L. V. B.—It is a fact that any soap into which sulphur enters as an ingredient will spoil the color of jewelry, or sulphur taken internally will spoil the color of jewelry worn on the person; but the jewelry can easily be cleaned and polished again when the use of sulphur is discontinued.

Kiddeminstor, England.—The work was paid for by the American News Company of New York, for six months, and the subscription expired with the September number.

J. W. Montelius.—A presentation copy of your poems received for Miss Caroline May. We do not know her address.

S. H. H.—Very much obliged; but we do not publish children's sayings when the name of God is irreverently used.

## Fashions.

#### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

*Fig. 1.*—Dress of black silk, with Zouave body trimmed with bands of green silk, braided with black braid, and edged with guipure lace. The skirt is also trimmed with green silk to match the body. A flounce a quarter of a yard deep edges the skirt. White muslin shirt with standing collar. The hair is rolled off the face, and arranged in a waterfall style at the back. The waterfall is covered with a chenille net, and above it is placed a scarlet rose.

*Fig. 2.*—Wrapper of white cashmere, trimmed with bands of purple silk and a purple cord and tassels. The petticoat is trimmed with ruffles arranged in the apron style. Hair waved in front, and arranged in a Grecian at the back. White muslin cap, trimmed with roses.

*Fig. 3.*—Blue cloth habit, made with a very short point in front and a jockey at the back. Felt hat, bound with black velvet. Mask veil of white lace, spotted with black and trimmed with a black and white lace.

*Fig. 4.*—Brown silk poplin dress, trimmed with velvet ribbon arranged in points up each side of the skirt. Tassels ornament the front of the skirt and also trim the velvet points. The corsage is made with points in front and a coat tail at the back trimmed with velvet and tassels. The hair is arranged in the Russian style in front, and in a bow at the back.

*Fig. 5.*—Dress of black and white silk, trimmed with fluted Solferino ribbon. The body is a tight Zouave, worn over a Garibaldi skirt of white cashmere. White straw hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with peacock tips and flowers.

*Fig. 6.*—Purple silk dress, trimmed with a chenille fringe and caught up in festoons with cords and tassels. Black velvet wrap, trimmed in the coat style with chenille fringe. White silk bonnet, trimmed with scarlet roses.

#### CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See engravings, page 289.)

*Fig. 1.*—Gray poplin dress, trimmed with a fluted ribbon of Tartan colors. Gray straw hat, trimmed with plaid velvet and gray feathers.

*Fig. 2.*—Solferino merino dress, trimmed with black silk and Solferino braid.

*Fig. 3.*—Napoleon blue cashmere dress, trimmed with rows of black velvet. White muslin guimpe, finished at the throat with a worked edge. White muslin de laine petticoat, trimmed on the edge with a fluting of the material. Above this are three rows of black silk braid.

*Fig. 4.*—Gray cashmere skirt, trimmed with a bias band of white cashmere, edged and braided with scarlet velvet. Garibaldi and sash of white cashmere, bound and braided with scarlet velvet. Scarlet cloth jacket, braided with white and trimmed with black drop buttons.

*Fig. 5.*—Blouse, pants, and gaiters of gray cloth. Blue neck-tie and black velvet cap.

#### FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

(See engravings, page 291.)

*Fig. 1.*—White silk bonnet, with a double cape of Eugenie blue silk. The bonnet is bound with blue silk, and the puffings are also of blue silk. Black and white grasses with a few scarlet berries are arranged on the outside of the bonnet, and also form part of the inside trimming.

*Fig. 2.*—A white silk drawn bonnet, edged with black velvet and white drop buttons. The trimming is composed of crimson tulips and white feathers.

*Fig. 3.*—A black Neapolitan bonnet, with a white *crêpe* cape covered with white blonde. The trimming of the bonnet is black lace, black ribbon, and salmon-colored flowers.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THE trees, hitherto decked in the garb of spring, are now changing to the gorgeous colors of autumn, and hill-side and forest are bright with their exquisite hues. As in nature, so also in fashion. The store windows, which have so long been filled with the quiet, delicate shades and light, gauzy materials of spring and summer wear, are now filled with goods of the richest dyes.

Plaids of the most brilliant and decided combinations; stripes of the plaid colors, sobered down by others of the soft mode shades; alpacas, merinos, and poplins of the new and always pretty self colors; ribbons of the richest and most striking styles, from the beautiful sash width to the neck-tie. All these, with the delicate embroideries and lace, combine to render the shop windows so attractive that to pass them without examining the beautiful goods is almost impossible.

For travelling or promenade suits the newest material is *grain de laine*. It is a soft gray wool material, speckled with tiny silk spots of a lighter or darker shade.

Milliners are now very busy, but are principally stripping the bonnets of their spring attire, and dressing them with the bright ribbons and flowers of autumn.

Most of the bonnets have soft cap-like crowns, though not hanging. The capes are small, so also are the bonnets. The ribbons are very bright, and yellow and scarlet much used, particularly on black bonnets.

Among the new flowers are tufts of brown, feathery grasses, through which are spears of grass formed of some brilliant metal, changing color continually as the light plays on it.

A very elegant trimming for a black Neapolitan bonnet would be a narrow binding of cherry velvet on the edge of the front and a cherry cap crown. A bow of black ribbon or lace, with a tuft of these metallic grasses, should be placed on one side of the crown. The cape should be of black lace, over a thin cape bound with cherry velvet.

Bias velvet, made into pipings, and formed into a very large rosette, placed over the crown, is a pretty style for a miss. Rows of the velvet pipings can be arranged on a silk cape, which should be of a contrasting color. Have, for instance, a white straw bonnet, trimmed with a rich

Eugenie blue velvet, and the cape of white silk. The inside trimming can be of rosebuds and blue velvet.

We give these hints for the benefit of amateur milliners who wish to exercise their skill in trimming summer bonnets suitably for autumn.

Mantles are still made of broad checks of various colors, trimmed with woollen chenille fringe and chenille cords and tassels. Plain shades, however, will be the most popular, and buttons will play an important part in the trimmings of both cloaks and dresses this winter.

The latest style of button is square, and makes a very effective garniture. They are also very pretty for the trimming of little boys' dresses and blouses.

Crochet trimming still continues to be fashionable, and is now manufactured in the most exquisite designs, which stand out on velvet in bold relief.

Ball and chenille fringes, with a profusion of jet and steel, with lace, are the chief ornaments for velvet wraps.

Paletots with hoods will be worn. These are trimmed with ribbon or velvet arranged in loops like a fringe, each loop being fastened with a large button. Others are trimmed with bands of velvet studded with jet or steel buttons, arranged to simulate a coat.

The latest style of belt is quite wide, and shaped to the figure. These are worn with colossal buckles of mother-of-pearl, enamel, steel, jet, or gilt. Some have the initials, interlaced with bars and scrolls.

Fancy jewelry is very much worn, such as a pansy formed of enamel the exact colors of the flower, bees, butterflies, grasshoppers, all true to nature. The latest novelty, however, for pins and earrings, is a small promenade hat, with a plume on one side.

The newest comb has a gilt network attached, trimmed with small pendants. This hangs over the waterfall, and has a charming effect. For the bow coiffure the combs are formed with either a band or ornament, which seems to clasp the bow in the centre. The newest nets are covered with tiny gilt or steel spangles, and are very brilliant and pretty for evening wear.

Ivory earrings and pins are still worn, also crescent shaped earrings, studded with stones, or having a quantity of small pendants attached.

Thanks to those great resources, trimmings, rarely do we see two dresses alike. Most all, however, are made with a coatee, but trimmed differently. Buttons arranged in patterns on dresses are very effective. The best plan is to cover moulds of different sizes with velvet of silk to contrast or match with the dress.

Rows of narrow velvet, placed slanting on the body and fastened at each end with a loop and button, is one of the fall styles. A rosette of lace is sometimes substituted for the loop, and the effect is more dressy.

White waists will be very much worn during the winter. Alpaca, mohair, and cashmere will take the place of white muslin. They will be braided and trimmed with bands of bright-colored silk or velvet. Buttons will also trim them very effectively.

As some of our readers may have a dress soiled round the edge, which they would like to trim up for the fall, we will give them an idea. Cut the skirt a quarter of a yard shorter than required, then cut each breadth in the form of a deep scallop. Complete the length of the dress by adding a flounce of a contrasting color, which should be even at the bottom, but must follow the undulations of the scallops on the upper edge. If the flounce is of a contrasting color, of course the body must be trimmed to match. This can be done by adding cuffs and epaulettes to the sleeves and a fancy point or revers to the body.

Jackets will be much worn, and steel buttons arranged in the pyramidal style on black cloth, silk, or velvet will be a favorite style of trimming.

Many dresses are trimmed in the sash style; that is, the trimming is sewn on the breadths to simulate a sash. It is an economical arrangement, and quite pretty, though, of course, not so dressy as a regular sash, and we would not advise it for a very handsome dress.

Most all skirts are cut in deep scallops round the edge. These scallops are trimmed with flutings of ribbon, velvet, or braid. If the dress is plaid, the scallops should be bound with a plaid braid, or else they are bound with different colors matching the colors of the dress.

Lace sashes or scarfs are frequently arranged on the dress as a *berthe* at the back; they are then carried over the shoulder like an epaulette, pass under the arm, and fall in long ends at the back. This is a pretty style for an evening dress. Other sashes are of silk or velvet, matching the dress; they are cut quite wide, form a point at the back, cross in front, and fall at each side in long ends.

Another pretty style of sash, suitable, however, only for evening—commences on each side under the arm, drapes the hips, and is fastened half way down the skirt—is a large bow with ends.

For evening dresses, the *nuage* or cloudlike style prevails. These dresses are generally of puffed tulle or tarlatane. Over these skirts is another plain skirt of illusion; this is termed a veil, and is frequently looped up with flowers.

A pretty style for a tarlatane is to cover it entirely with bows of the same, caught on to the dress with a flower, such as a rosebud, violet, daisy, or a spray of lilies of the valley.

Another style, suitable for tarlatane, but prettier for illusion, is *capitoné*, or tufted. The illusion skirt, which should be of enormous length and width, is caught into tufts on a gored skirt of stiff net. In the centre of each tuft is a flower. This is a charming style for a wedding-dress.

The newest collars are the *Garde Française* and the Cardinal. The former is made of muslin trimmed with lace, and terminates in two long ends trimmed with lace, which tie in a bow after the collar is on. The Cardinal has at either end a pleated piece of muslin, trimmed with lace. These ends close together, and fall straight in front, like a minister's bands.

We copy a description of a very elaborate christening costume, worn by the infant daughter of the Countess de Beaumont: "The baby, who is two months and a half old, and who was carried by a Normandy nurse, wore an Indian muslin robe over a white taffetas skirt. The robe was opened in front *en tablier*, and described at each side two scalloped rows of Valenciennes lace. The *tablier* was covered with rows of Valenciennes insertion, alternating with rows of insertion embroidered in satin-stitch, both bearing the same design. The low bodice was trimmed with a *berthe*, upon which the same ornaments were repeated; a wide sash of white taffetas was tied at the back with a large bow and three hanging loops. The small cap was composed of a large star of very fine guipure, lined with white silk; it was trimmed with a coronet of Valenciennes lace, and with small rosettes of white ribbon. These rosettes were not of equal size all round the face, as they diminished at the sides. The long white muslin cloak was embroidered with a garland of rosebuds and grapes, and was edged with Valenciennes lace eight inches wide. It was lined throughout with white taffetas."

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